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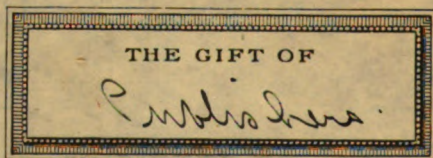
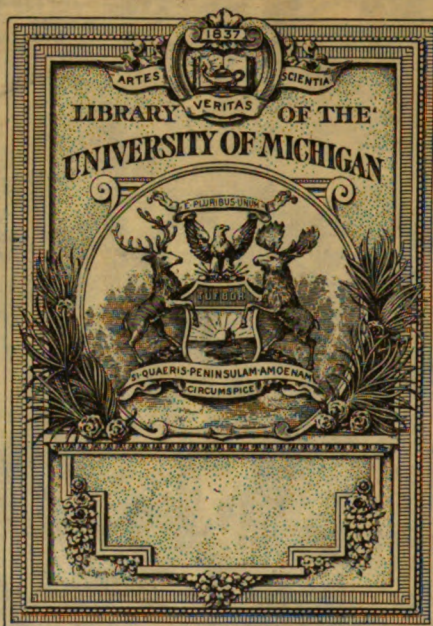
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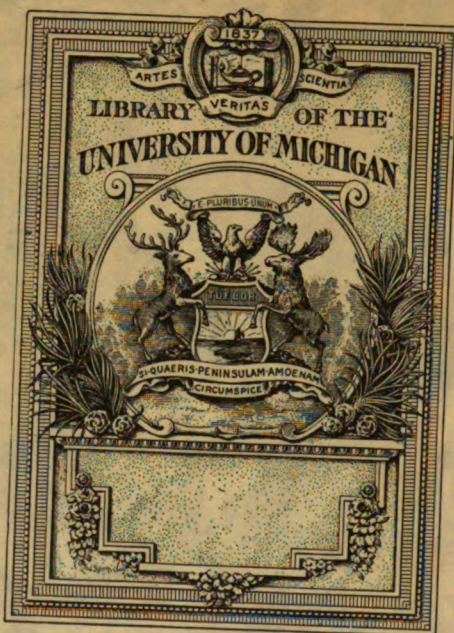
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FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 512, vol. 22.)

[In the Eighth Month, 1826, he informed his Monthly Meeting (Alton) of a religious concern to visit the meetings of Friends in Scotland; also some other meetings in his way thither and in returning: a certificate was granted, and he left home on the 19th of that month, taking the meetings of Newcastle and Edinburgh in his way; he then proceeded to Aberdeen, and there attended the half year's meeting. The following are extracts from his letters written during this journey.]

25th of Eighth Month, 1826.—[From Edinburgh he writes:]—How poor do I feel, and yet an engagement of heart in this line of duty—how humbling is it! What but the power of Truth, livingly and fresh communicated, can preserve, much more enable to do any thing to the glory of God. O! I feel my own childish growth, as well as that inability we all share as men and creatures; and I long that the Lord would be pleased to endue me with more skill and capacity to advocate His cause, as well as with simplicity to lay aside every weight, and keep clear of every snare. Do often think of me for my good, and help me with thy most earnest fervent desires to the fountain thereof, that I may be thoroughly furnished for every needful time,—endued with wisdom and an understanding

heart, with clearness also of spiritual sense and with might in the inner man. The Lord direct my way and prosper it, for He knows that in integrity I have sought His will only to do it.

URY NEAR STONEHAVEN, Ninth Month.

Our meetings (the General Meeting,) have been pretty large, and much favored with the manifestation of the ancient arm of power; so that in the strength thereof a remnant could say,—“one generation shall praise thy works to another, and declare thy glorious name and goodness.” I had, on First day morning, my time of silent admiration at this, which is the Lord's doing; but in the afternoon meeting, which was very largely attended by strangers, I was led to stand up and open that great mystery, but to us most true ordinance, of waiting on the Lord,—with the excellent benefits to be derived from this practice in respect to spiritual attainments. The people were very quiet and attentive, though still flocking in. There were many Friends in the ministry who confirmed these things, and further set forth the Christian life and doctrine. Second day, the General Meeting was held, when the Lord was pleased to appear amongst us to our great refreshment: much instrumental labor was bestowed, especially on the unfaithful, who were warned in a solemn manner again and again.

On Fifth day, I was at the Aberdeen meeting, in which I had under a sweet feeling to encourage the little flock to hold on their way..

O! how precious did the Lord work that day; I shall not easily forget it.

This place (Ury) has for some years been surprisingly improved, especially of late, the walks and woods planted by the father of the present proprietor, are beautiful; a bold rushing stream winds not far from the house, through a bed of rocks; and the inequality of the ground is pleasing indeed. It is a sweet spot. The proprietor, Robert Barclay, received me very kindly, and welcomed me. I am made very comfortable here, but must get through my business and be gone: accordingly I have this morning examined the library throughout, and found already several interesting things; but the correspondence is what I want, and hope to see.

On Second day I completed my business here to my satisfaction, having brought with me what was valuable.

16th, 4th day.—Was at Dunfermline, where a little solid company sit together: none of them are yet acknowledged members. The Lord was good to us, in bowing our hearts together low before him, and I trust it was a favored time; pretty much counsel was handed. I thought there was evidently to be felt a good work upon some, and I trust it will stand, even in the face of a crooked and perverse generation of professors of the Christian name, among whom, living, powerful, operative religion is much wanted. On Fifth day, I attended the meeting at Edinburgh in course; I took my seat, hardly knowing any besides the family in which I was received; but the Lord gave me to labor abundantly, for their arising out of their present low state: I rose early in the meeting, going into things very particularly, laying before them the causes of weakness, under which I apprehended they labored; with much more respecting the only sure foundation and resting place, and what a building on this would make them: The Lord was near to help,—blessed be his Name!

At Carlisle I attended the meetings on First day; wherein the great heavenly Shepherd's crook was extended, and his care was over us. O! wonderful is the help handed to me, to do whatsoever I find to do. Many hearts were I trust humbled that day; for the Lord was surely among us. I met with some young plants, and made a call on a precious family, and my heart was refreshed in the hope that they are bowing under the yoke of Christ. I sometimes feel a temporary disadvantage in my youthful appearance, until my Master makes way for me in the hearts of my friends. I went to the Monthly Meeting held at Pardshaw, a country meeting mentioned in George Fox's Journal as 'Pardshaw Cragg:' here, as I went, my friends pointed out the rock, where he preached among the mountains: they also showed where John

Burnyeat, John Banks, James Dickinson, and others lived. At this meeting at Pardshaw the Lord was pleased this day to manifest his name, and glorify it, which is as ointment poured forth: O! he worked marvellously, giving His blessing and presence amongst us, who were a large company; so that the flow of exhortation was as a mighty stream. I felt the Lord to be very near, and my poor spirit was greatly refreshed; and my soul somewhat filled with their company: but I find day by day, that former things must be left, and not rested in, that the mind may be free and unshackled against the next service.

To E. H.

EDINBURGH, 14th of Ninth Month, 1826.

My Beloved Friend,—On the receipt of thy account respecting our endeared companion, who is gone before to his rest and reward, my heart was wonderfully helped to a degree of acquiescence in the blessed purposes of Divine wisdom and goodness; so that though few, very few are nearer to me than he among the flock of the faithful in Christ Jesus, I could not hold him on this side the grave; but seemed entirely prepared and resigned to lose him, as to the outward; well knowing our oneness was not to be destroyed by death. Ah! dear ———, when we can look with anointed eyes on these things, and are permitted to enter into the purposes and will of our heavenly Father, whose ways are higher than ours, who doeth all things well, nor any thing in vain,—what a favor, what a mercy is it, that the message is given to the quickened soul, "Time to thee here is no longer,"—"Come up hither." O! what a release, what a dismissal, what an enlargement to the poor tribulated spirit, laboring amidst temptations and the assaults of the prince of darkness, yes, amidst many infirmities, afflictions and doubtings: but how unutterably awful is the voice of warning conveyed in this dispensation to others, among whom that dear servant has gone testifying in his life-time of the powers of the world to come, and of the terms on which alone the gates of heaven are opened. Surely, my soul said, on first hearing of his illness, this was a seal to his testimony, and a crown to his labors of love, which the Lord hath set; and let his will be done. And now how is such a circumstance calculated to bind us who remain, one unto another, and above all, to the great Head of the church,—to stimulate us to an earnest heed to the things that make for such peace as our beloved Edmund [Janson] had, and is centred in;—for here is a fresh and indisputable evidence, that "these things are faithful and true,"—that "the Lord is at hand," and watches over us for good,—that "verily there is a reward for the righteous,"—that "in due season even we shall reap, if we faint not."

My heart flows in gratitude to the fountain of god, in remembering all that He wrought for our dear E.; for truly the Lord was with him, whatever were his snares or infirmities in common with many of us; my prayer is, "let my last end be like his;" let me only get to the end of this appointed warfare safely as he has! There is a blessing upon those who hold fast the beginning of their confidence in the Lord steadfast to the end; who mourn not as those that have no hope: for as certainly as he who is taken from us, hath "received the end of his hope, even the salvation of his soul," so in due season they also shall surely reap, who faint not; their tribulation will work patience; and though they cannot as yet go to him, yet those who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, after their measure and testimony for Him is filled up, we well know, will have of Him a place prepared for them.—Wherefore the language runs in me, "let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid." My mind is often raised secretly in supplication, that this dispensation may prove the raising of some from their grave in a spiritual sense, to glorify the God of their lives, (in whose hands their very breath is,) both, in body, soul and spirit. For the Lord hath spoken to them by his servants as yet much in vain; and he hath now given them a sign and token of what He can do, by even snatching them from the earth, it may be in anger and not in mercy, unless they repent and turn speedily, yea wholly unto Him.

I have been to the meetings in Scotland with certificate. The Good Master is tender to me a poor creature; and while sufficient strength seems to come in every needful hour, I have nothing to spare, being borne along through heavy conflicts and deep baptisms.

J. B.

To L. C.

WELLINGBOROUGH, 3d of Tenth Month, 1826.

My Dear Friend,—Truly the feeling of love towards my many dear friends in Cornwall is so expanded, that I thought it nearly impossible to confine my address to any one in particular; thence discouragement ensued,—general epistles being much out of date now-a-days. But O! how often do I think of some in particular in your district; yet longing for the preservation, yea, the growth of all. What a noble company is the Captain of our salvation seeking to gather; how glorious would be his arising among you, designed indeed to form part of his "army with banners," and called to be more than conquerors through Him. The Lord remains to be to his devoted servants the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, unless they withdraw from his service: the Lamb and his followers shall now, as ever, have the victory. But some are ready to say with

one of old, even to the mothers in Israel, "Except thou go with me, I will not go down;" and the answer to such must be expected to prove not altogether to their honor: for such look too much to the poor prophesies, instead of diligently setting themselves about their own business,—which is, indeed, to fight the good fight of faith. The example of dedication set by many in Cornwall, oftentimes refreshes me; and the more I think of them in this way, the more I long that they may "abound more and more;" for yet these many privileges and surely gracious visitations, are to be improved accordingly.

I may now tell thee how wonderfully the Lord's mercy has encompassed me about, and his aid been afforded me in every hour of need; enabling me to do, I trust, his will in some small measure, while in this awful engagement of visiting the churches in the love of the great Head thereof. O! my heart overflows, when I think how great has been the condescension vouchsafed; whereby preservation has been hitherto known in good degree from the devices of the enemy, and under all the discouragements and provings of the day, which are very many; yea, strength has been known at times boldly and largely to advocate the good and great cause, and to testify of that grace by which we must be saved through faith in its operation in the soul. I have been at all the meetings in Scotland, and at several of them more than once, and have taken some others both in going and returning: they have generally been to my great relief and comfort, and I trust, lasting benefit; so that my soul is in degree qualified to utter the language,—O! how great is Thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that desire to fear, serve, suffer for, and trust in Thee! How thankful ought we to be, dear friend, for all the mercies still handed to us, even day by day; and O! how ought we to walk before Him, who thus deals with us!

[He returned home the 6th of Tenth Month, 1826, having attended the meetings in Cumberland, York Quarterly Meeting, and some meetings in Northamptonshire.]

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS.

BY CHANNING.

I cannot but pity the man who recognizes nothing godlike in his own nature. I see the marks of God in the heavens and the earth, but how much more in a liberal intellect, in magnanimity, in unconquerable rectitude, in a philanthropy which forgives every wrong, and which never despairs of the cause of Christ and human virtues! I do, and I must reverence human nature. Neither the sneers of a worldly skepticism, nor the groans of a gloomy theology,

disturb my faith in its godlike powers and tendencies. I know how it is despised, how it has been oppressed, how civil and religious establishments have for ages conspired to crush it. I know its history, I shut my eyes on none of its weaknesses and crimes. I understand the proofs by which despotism demonstrates that man is a wild beast, in want of a master, and only safe in chains. But, injured, trampled on, and scorned as our nature is, I still turn to it with intense sympathy and strong hope. The signatures of its origin and its end are impressed too deeply to be ever wholly effaced. I bless it for its kind affections, for its strong and tender love. I honor it for its struggles against oppression, for its growth and progress under the weight of so many chains and prejudices, for its achievements in science and art, and still more for its examples of heroic and saintly virtue. These are marks of a divine origin, and the pledges of a celestial inheritance; and I thank God that my own lot is bound up with that of the human race.

For Friends' Intelligencer.
FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

For some years past there has been a growing concern in several branches of our Society in relation to the religious training and instruction of our junior members; and in many minds it has been accompanied by a consciousness that, as a body, we are not performing our whole duty to this interesting class. This has led, in some places, to the establishment of First-day Schools for the teaching of children in scriptural knowledge, and of Bible classes in which persons of both sexes and various ages meet for mutual instruction.

We have reason to believe that in the early days of the Society no people were so thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures as Friends, for we find in their writings a continual reference to them, and it appears that in their public ministry and in their controversies they brought an abundance of scriptural testimony to prove their doctrines. They were members by conviction, and, like the noble Bereans, they "received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily whether those things were so." Their successors have generally been less earnest and devotional, as has been the case in the experience of other religious organizations, and one of the consequences of this declension in zeal has been a less assiduous study of the sacred volume.

In order to remedy this acknowledged defect, the Yearly Meetings of Friends have for many years past very frequently sent down advices to the subordinate meetings, enjoining upon the members more attention to the reading of the Scriptures in their families, as well as more practical reliance upon the spirit of truth, which alone

can render available the treasures of wisdom they contain. It must be acknowledged, however, that there are in the Society many heads of families, who, from indifference or some other cause, do not comply with these advices. Their children grow up without the acquisition of scriptural knowledge, except what they hear from the lips of ministers in our meetings for worship. It is evident that some parents do not feel a religious concern on this subject, and probably others, who at times feel it, do not act upon it, from an apprehension that they are not qualified for so grave an undertaking. How is this concern, which has so often been felt in our Yearly Meetings, to be carried out in practice? There appears to be no other way than for those who have the welfare of the Society at heart, who believe the Scriptures are "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works," to make an effort to supply the deficiencies of parents, and to bring to bear upon this concern the stimulus that results from associated action. There is a debt due from the Society to its juvenile members; if we expect them to bear our testimonies, we must instruct them in our principles. We must show them by example and precept that true religion is not stern and repulsive, but genial, attractive and consoling.

Let us not be so fearful of forms, which may possibly become lifeless, as to remain inactive when opportunities for usefulness are presented and the impulse to do good is felt within us. There should be no idlers in the church of Christ; but there is a diversity of gifts adapted to different fields of labor. Some are called to preach the gospel; others to instruct the young, to educate the ignorant, to elevate the degraded, to visit the sick, or to console the afflicted. By helping others we help ourselves; for every effort to do good, arising from a pure impulse, will have its reward; "He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

Our religious Society has always set a high value upon the Scriptures, as a means supplied by Divine Providence to afford instruction in the way of holiness; placing them, however, in subordination to the teachings of the Holy Spirit, from which they derive all their efficacy. An English author, writing on "The Education of the World," says, "Had the Bible been drawn up in precise statements of faith, or detailed precepts of conduct, we should have had no alternative, but either permanent subjection to an outer law, or loss of the highest instrument of self-education. But the Bible from its very form is exactly adapted to our present want. It is a history; even the doctrinal parts of it are cast in a historical form, and are best studied by considering them as records of the

time at which they were written, and as conveying to us the highest and greatest religious life of that time. Hence we use the Bible—some consciously, some unconsciously—not to override, but to evoke the voice of conscience.”

It must, we presume, be admitted by all, that no other book has had so great and salutary an influence in the education of the most enlightened nations; and could it now be blotted out and lost to the world, an incalculable injury would be sustained. Taking this view of the subject, which few will controvert, and remembering moreover the literary merits of that greatest work of antiquity, we must consider that person who is not well acquainted with its contents as very imperfectly educated.

Looking at this subject in a rational point of view, it appears really astonishing that so many who live in a Christian land should be well instructed in heathen mythology, through the classic authors of Greece and Rome, and yet almost unacquainted with that book which contains the recorded experience of the holy men of old, the precepts of the Son of God, and the writings of his apostles.

So far as this deficiency is chargeable to the members of our religious Society, we trust that it will be remedied, and that measures will be taken by those who feel a concern on the subject, to supply the neglect of parents in the religious training of their children.

We look upon the movement already begun as an evidence of spiritual life,—an awakening of interest in heavenly things; and we earnestly desire that it may be so guided and regulated by the Shepherd of Israel, that the sheep of his pasture may be fed and the lambs of his flock gathered.

S. M. J.

BAALBEK TO DAMASCUS.

BY W. W. PATTOY, CHICAGO, ILL.

The road from Baalbek to Damascus carried us across the anti-Lebanon range, winding in and out along its valleys, and up and down its separate mountains. The scenery was bolder than any that we met in crossing Lebanon from Beirut. Occasional showers by day, and a heavier fall of rain at night, told us that the rainy season had commenced, and called into use our india-rubber overcoats and leggings. I noticed single cedars occasionally, one of which was four feet in diameter near the ground. The soil in the valleys and on the mountain-sides was everywhere put to use, being rich, though very stony. The plows in this region are entirely of wood, and amount to very little more than a pointed crooked branch, which makes a scratch in the loose earth four inches deep. The plows are drawn by all sorts of animals in Syria—horses (rarely), camels, oxen, cows, and donkeys, single or in couples. The plowman in the morning shoulders his plow (I once saw a woman start-

ing off with her plow on her shoulder, and once I saw a man carrying two plows); and when at work he walks not behind, but at the side, and guides it with one hand by its single upright handle. In the other hand he carries a long pole, with an iron “prick” on one end, to urge his oxen on—(Acts ix. 5)—and a flat iron on the other, to scrape the dirt occasionally from the plow. Our route was through many narrow gorges, in one of which we came upon the site of Abila, the capital of the district of Abilane (Luke iii. 2), in the Wady Barada. The ruins consisted of a few broken columns, some tombs hewn in the side of the mountain, and the remains of a road cut in part through the solid rock to the depth of twenty feet by the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, A.D. 164. The villages along our way were of a very poor description, the houses being of small stone and mud, eight or ten feet high, close together, with flat earthen roofs, continuous from one end of the village to the other, and without windows usually. The gardens and houses had a curious wooden lock on doors and gates, that I shook and rattled, but could not open, while I could see no reason for the wooden slide remaining fixed. Dr. Thompson’s “Land and Book” explains the mystery. There was a hole by the lock, through which to put in the hand with a key to unlock it, as in Solomon’s Song, v. 4. At Ain Fijj we came to a most beautiful and romantic glen, where the principal source of the Pharphar of Scripture bursts out copiously at the base of the mountain, making at once a stream twenty or thirty feet wide, of the purest water. Above the rock under which the water issues is a small temple, and another a few feet distant by its side. Both are built in massive style, with thick walls and large stones, and are supposed to be very ancient, or not less than 2,000 or 2,500 years old. As we drew towards Damascus the strata of limestone rock were much contorted, and at last the mountains assumed a chalky appearance. Hermon stood out in bolder relief to the south, with a fine cap of snow upon the summit. Then we ascended a height, with a monumental tomb, or *wely*, on the top, and Damascus, in all its far-famed beauty, was at our feet. The view from that hill-top has been noted for ages, and certainly it is not exceeded by many views the world over. Damascus is on a level plain, immediately at the base, and the eye takes in the city, with its minarets, embosomed in gardens, which spread out for miles on every side, owing to the irrigation of the river Barada, the ancient Pharphar, which Naaman preferred to all the rivers of Israel. At this season, the vast plain beyond these gardens was dry and brown, being parched by the summer’s heat, and thus the contrast was more marked between this green oasis, embosoming a city, and the surrounding desert. Then beyond the broad

expanse rose mountain-peaks in every direction, clearly visible at a distance of from twenty to forty miles, giving a horizon of noble character. Much of the beauty of Damascus, as of all other Oriental cities, vanishes on approach. The gardens look ragged and untidy when near at hand, and are beautiful simply because trees and shrubs are always beautiful, and not because industry and skill have done much for or with them. And then the architecture, that had such an airy and romantic appearance afar, proves to be cheap, and tawdry, and ruinous. The houses are dull-looking without, having few windows, and those covered with lattice work—the dependence for light being on the inner court. Step through the doorway into these, and the scene changes instantly. Thus we dismounted at the hotel (of the "*Universe*,") stooped to get through the low door, walked on a few steps, and were in a court of Oriental beauty. Two fountains gave forth their little streams, a small pond was filled with gold fish, lemon and citron trees hung full of fruit, and a raised divan, with cushions, invited us to rest. Damascus is noted for the interior splendor of its better class of dwellings, which have their courts paved with marble, and rooms opening upon them, with walls inlaid with marble slabs and pilasters, and adorned with gilding, and containing highly ornamental furniture. The good taste of all this adornment is another matter. Orientals and Occidentals will hardly agree in that respect. We do not believe in so much glitter and tinsel; and they do. The bazaars of Damascus are very extensive and curious. The trades occupy their respective portions along the narrow, dingy, and dark passages, and the various mechanics and tradesmen may be seen at their occupations in little seven-by-nine shops; those at work, sitting down to it on the floor, and those waiting for a customer, in the same posture amid their wares, with a resigned and placid expression upon their faces. Damascus is not yet affected by European ideas, and as one of the oldest cities mentioned in history (Abraham's servant Eliazar having been born there) keeps on in its ancient ways. The dogs are as lean and numerous as in Constantinople, and barked at us furiously, knowing that we were a set of "infidel dogs," according to Mohammedan notions. The grand mosque contains some very fine Corinthian columns around its court, stolen from some ruin, of course, and was previously a Christian church, and before that a heathen temple. A singular proof that it once had a Christian use I saw with my own eyes. For, ascending to the roof of a neighboring bazaar, that is built against it, and walking along some distance, I found an old gateway, just lifting its upper portion above the bazaar roof, and on it an inscription in Greek, ascribing to Christ eternal dominion. This had evi-

dently been cut on an unoccupied place on the lintel, after the building passed from heathen to Christian hands, and it is singular that Mohammedans have allowed it to remain. But there it is, in hope of a better day.

There are many Jews in the city now, as in Paul's day. I visited their quarter to see the interior of a house. It was on a Saturday afternoon, and the females were in their best costume, in the streets and in the doorways. The younger ones were rather handsome, and all were richly and gayly dressed, with their dresses marvelously open at the top, making a full display, such as explained the language of Solomon's Song, vii. 3, and viii. 10. I did not omit to walk through "the street which is called Straight," and which still bears that name, and deserves it, in comparison with the streets in general, there and in all Eastern cities. Thinking of Paul, as I rode and walked about the city, I was not a little pleased to observe houses built directly upon the outer wall, and having a window through which one could easily be let down by a rope, either in a basket, like the apostle, or otherwise. As I passed the Lord's day in Damascus, my mind was much filled with the thought that here Paul was converted and first preached the Gospel, beginning that wondrous career whose influence has affected the entire world, and will do so to even a greater extent hereafter. Alas, there are but few traces of his labors there now. The city is most bigotedly Mohammedan! There is a mission sustained by the Scotch and Irish Presbyterians, and I had a very pleasant interview with Rev. Messrs. Robson and Wright. Damascus is full of odd sights and curious objects. In the street Straight was a Mohammedan school, in a room 15 or 18 feet square. The teacher, in his turban, sat squatted on the floor, with an Arabic book before him. The boys, about thirty in number, sat in a similar manner around, as thickly as possible. He and they were all talking at once, and the clamor was quite deafening. As they spoke they moved their bodies to and fro like so many weavers. The scene was very amusing, and precisely the same each time we passed. In one of the principal streets is a huge plane tree, in perfect vigor, that measures forty feet in girth; and another just in the suburbs, and hollow within, is used now as a shop, and was formerly a custom-house office for the road leading out of the city on that side. At the post-office a man sat with a basket of letters at his feet, and each person who came in looked them all over and selected his own! But my sheet is full, and I must stop.—*Exchange Paper.*

November 5, 1866.

It is ever to be remembered that in Divine Grace there is not only light but power. It softens all that is hard, and levels as with the

dust all that is lofty within us. Those, then, who are subject to it, will of necessity become tender, contrite, and lowly in heart.—*J. J. Gurney.*

MARRIAGE AND CHRISTIAN MORALS.

One of the great forces which, after three hundred years of conflict, and after every sort of examination and opposition, placed Christianity upon the throne of the Cæsars, was the last thing which seemed likely to do so—its teachings in regard to marriage, its opposition to divorce, polygamy and licentiousness of all kinds. The heathen temples, priests, priestesses, worship and mysteries were all connected with lusts and abominations so gross that respectable Roman matrons and maidens of high moral sense could not bear to go near them. The priests and philosophers tolerated and encouraged all this to get strong men and rich on their side, and the religion of the masses became worse and worse. Christianity opposed it all. This contest began about divorce at pleasure. The first divorce issued in the Roman Empire was about three hundred years before Christ, when one high in rank and influence publicly divorced his wife, just as Napoleon I. divorced Josephine because she was childless. Hitherto the Romans had fought, and robbed, and murdered, and farmed, but had been manly and pure in their domestic relations. But now followed, with increasing wealth, scandalous licentiousness, and the heathen temples encouraged it, and the Jewish doctors tolerated divorce about at pleasure on the part of the husband. At last powerful wives sometimes divorced weaker husbands, to ally themselves to more ambitious and successful men. Herod the Great had ten wives, some murdered by him, some by the intrigues of the various children, and a few divorced. His sons and grand-children did worse; and Herodias, a grand-daughter, divorced one uncle to marry another, i. e., the Herod who beheaded John and mocked Jesus. Drusilla, another grand-daughter, divorced two husbands and married Felix.

Now, a hundred years before the first divorce in Rome, Malachi, the last of the old prophets in Judea, had protested vehemently against divorce at pleasure, as contrary to natural justice in leaving a wife without comfort in age, when youth and beauty were gone, and leaving the children without proper education—indeed as a crime against all right religious feeling, and the true companionship for age, (ch. 14–16.) John the Baptist, 400 years later, commenced a practical denunciation against the Herods on this account and lost his head. Jesus announced the true idea of marriage, and was crucified, but the Christian Church, as Paul's writings show, fixed here one of the greatest practical contests with the paganism and corruption of the age. Then,

to avoid divorces, Christians become *more careful about their marriages*. This was one of the wonderful and good effects. The Church was informed of each intended marriage and consulted, and the Christian minister pronounced the nuptial benediction in the name of God, and registered the names of all married thus in the church book. This was the origin of marriage, being considered not only a *civil* contract, but one religiously blessed. With the heathens all was different; there were no registers, and such was the concubinage, the divorce and polygamy and loose connections, that no one knew what woman was married and who was not, or what children were legitimate. No wife was safe and no mother, no husband and no father, except only among the Christians. Their marriage was open, registered for life, and sanctioned by the religious community as above reproach. And a father could feel sure when he gave away his loved daughter to a Christian that it was to a protector *for life*, when her beauty was faded and he was dead. By degrees the best people wished their children to be *thus* united, and all other connections were looked upon, as the Church looked on them, as suspicious, disgraceful, and where not real marriages, *wrong*. This was Christianity. It restored the original law of God. This was the great battle it fought for family ties, and it banished paganism and conquered, just as slavery has been banished more slowly.

Now, the question is, Will the world ever be willing to part from this? One might as well ask the Southern slaves if they will ever wish to re-enact slavery. Revolutions do not move backward. Christianity will be better understood and better lived up to in all future ages, but such a system will never be given up. It has always been just on this ground that the battle has had to be fought between Christianity and its foes, practically. Many in youth, therefore, from ignorance or error, oppose this religion, but as men get settled and are fathers and men of weight and respectability they abandon their opposition, because they see how essentially and fundamentally Christianity is connected with all the truest and dearest ties of earth—all that makes it safe now to give away a daughter in marriage—all that can give a sure and comfortable companionship for old age in the wife of youth. Take away the Christian ideas of marriage and its holy laws, rightly understood, and there can be no peace for the world.

Many persons bring forward the laws of Christianity to disprove and correct loose views of the relations of the sexes, for it suits both ways. But this, though proper enough, is not the chief object of this article. The point is, that Christianity is a true and divine power in the earth, as is proved by the great victory over man's lower nature, and upon which the whole

progress of mankind, the education of youth, the preservation of age and the respect for woman all depend. If marriage is not divine, there is nothing divine, nothing solid on earth, nothing left that a good man, woman or family need wish preserved in all the institutions of mankind. And marriage and Christianity support each other as divine gifts to man.—*Phila. Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 9, 1867.

In the commencement of a new volume our thoughts naturally turn to the objects which incite us to continued labor. Among these, the desire to furnish our readers with mental food that will not only be pleasant to the taste, but which will strengthen a love for Truth and its testimonies, holds a prominent place. We learn through letters from a number of friends that this object has been attained in many instances, and this affords us encouragement. By an increased subscription, the pecuniary difficulties, which threatened a discontinuance of our paper, have been removed. We had hoped the terms might have been reduced this year, but a recent increase in expenses renders such a course injudicious at the present time. The present rates, however, should not be an obstacle to its free circulation.

If Friends who are qualified, and who feel an interest in the cause which we have at heart, would employ their talents upon subjects of general and vital interest to the Society, and would contribute more freely to the columns of our periodical, we should be less dependent upon matter which has before appeared in print.

The selections which have been made, have not, as our readers are aware, been confined to the writings of the members of the Society of Friends; but such illustrations of Truth, as we have believed were calculated to impress the mind with the excellency of that spirit "which thinketh no evil and speaketh no guile," have been used, irrespective of sect or name.

For the promotion of the blessed cause of truth and righteousness, we dedicate ourselves anew to the work, trusting that our efforts may be blessed.

THE AGE WE LIVE IN.—The age we live in is one of remarkable activity, both in civil and religious concerns, not only in this country, but in other parts of the civilized world.

In Europe there seems to be among the educated classes an increasing breadth of view in relation to the rights of man and the responsibilities of those who hold the reins of power; while among the great mass of the people, there is a growing disposition to assert their rights, and to claim political privileges hitherto denied them.

In Italy great progress has been made in promoting national unity and constitutional government. Even in Rome, the slowest of all communities to reform abuses, and the most inveterate in its adherence to tradition, some signs of advancement may be seen, in the desire of the people to throw off the yoke of ecclesiastical domination.

In France the education of the people is advancing, and with increasing intelligence among the industrial classes, a yearning for greater civil and religious liberty begins to prevail, and to make itself felt by the government.

In Germany, so recently involved in a tremendous conflict of arms, there is manifested a determination to lay the foundations of government on principles far more liberal than have hitherto prevailed, and to provide against future dissensions by establishing a great national unity.

In Russia the liberation of many millions of serfs, and the measures taken for their elevation, indicate on the part of their absolute ruler, a degree of enlightenment and benevolence, that entitles him to a high rank among the benefactors of mankind.

In Great Britain the spirit of reform is probably more active and potent than at any time during the last two centuries, as may be inferred from the great mass meetings and processions demanding the extension of the elective franchise. These demands will doubtless be met by concessions on the part of the government, for the English aristocracy have generally been wise enough to yield to the demands of the people when danger became imminent, and thus by conceding a part of what justice demanded, they have been enabled to retain their ascendancy.

In our own country, a stupendous revolution has been going on, and is not yet fully accomplished. It brings to mind the language of the Most High through the prophet Ezekiel: "Remove the diadem, take off the crown, exalt him that is low, abase him that is high. I will overturn, overturn, overturn, until he come whose right it is, and I will give it him." A proud oligarchy has been overthrown, and millions of human beings that were subjected to degrading bondage, now enjoy the sweets of liberty and are permitted to receive the light of knowledge. For their elevation and instruction an amount of treasure is poured forth, and an earnestness of effort displayed, that has seldom, if ever, been exhibited in any age or country. The desolations of war are being effaced by the benefactions of peace.

It is well known to the student of history, that the human mind makes most rapid progress when it is stirred to its utmost depths by events of momentous importance. The language of Moses, describing the Deluge, may be figuratively applied to our country: "The fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened." Thought is no longer stagnant; but, rushing forward with irresistible force, it sweeps away the barriers of prejudice, that have been raised by centuries of oppression. Accordingly we find a progress in public sentiment unparalleled in any other period of our history. The overruling Providence of God, the universal brotherhood of man, the just and elevated position of woman, are now claiming a degree of consideration hitherto unknown.

It is with nations as with individuals, the darkest days in our experience—the seasons of our deepest affliction—may, through Divine Goodness, be made to yield the richest harvest of instruction, if we humble ourselves under his mighty hand, and place our trust in Him, whose right it is to reign.

Notwithstanding the profanity, intemperance and fraud that so much abound, there are evidences on the part of vast numbers of an earnest effort to do right, and, perhaps, there never was a time when candid investigation of religious truth and widely extended benevolence were more conspicuous. May we not hope that, in the conflict between good and evil, the

righteous cause will prevail, and that the Redeemer's kingdom—the reign of peace and love—will be extended.

There is, among most religious sects, an increasing disposition to acknowledge the supremacy of the great fundamental principle we profess—"the universal and saving light of Christ;" or, in Scripture language, "the grace of God that bringeth salvation." May we then, as a religious society, having entrusted to us precious testimonies to bear before the world, be more fully aroused to the importance of our position, and the consequent responsibility that rests upon us. If we place our light "under a bushel, or under a bed," being engrossed with worldly cares, or indulging in luxurious ease, we shall be held accountable for the misuse or neglect of our talents; but if, on the contrary, we cherish an earnest, sincere, fervent piety,—fruitful in good works,—we shall, in doing good to others, promote the glory of God, and secure for ourselves eternal life.

MARRIED, on the 13th of Second month, 1867, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Woodstown, N. J., according to the order of Friends, HOWARD BASSETT, D. D. S., to Clemence A. Hinchman, all of Salem Co., N. J.

—, on Fifth-day, the 14th of Second month, 1867, according to Friends' order, at the house of Edward Cooper, Upper Greenwich, N. J., DAVID BALLINGER to RACHEL C. COOPER.

—, on the 27th of Second month, 1867, at Brookfield, according to Friends' order, Jos. CANNY, of Bensalem, Bucks Co., Pa., to Margery, daughter of Sarah and the late John Paxson, of the former place.

DIED, on the 14th of Tenth month, 1866, in Upper Makefield, Bucks Co., Pa., WM. RYAN, aged 84 years; a member of Wrightstown Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 16th of Twelfth month, 1866, TIMOTHY ATKINSON, aged 82 years; a member of Wrightstown Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 26th of Second month, 1867, at his residence, Bensalem, Bucks Co., Pa., JOSHUA K. WILDMAN, aged 47 years; a member of Byberry Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 28th of Twelfth month, 1866, at his residence in Milton, Ind., MATTHEW FERRIS, aged about 61 years. This dear Friend was a kind, devoted husband and sincere friend. His disease was pneumonia, and a short time before his decease he was struck with paralysis. His suffering during his illness was very great, and when near the close almost insupportable, but he bore it with Christian fortitude, desiring that strength might be given him to wait patiently for the time of his departure, desiring those around him to pray that he might be released from such intense suffering, adding, "I believe the prayers of the righteous are availing," and frequently repeated, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done." He retained his consciousness until the close. So passed away an honest, upright man, and

a humble and sincere Christian. He will be greatly missed in the meeting of which he has been a member thirty-eight years. Thus are called one after another those who are looked to for counsel and advice.

DIED, on the 9th of Eleventh month, 1866, at Portsmouth, R. I., HANNAH GIFFORD, in the 92d year of her age; a member of Rhode Island Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 9th of First month, 1867, CALVIN CAMMACK, in the 24th year of his age; a member of Henkle Creek Monthly Meeting.

—, at her residence in Baltimore County, Maryland, on the 24th of Second Month, 1867, MARY M. PRICE, aged 88 years.

In the death of this dear Friend, Gunpowder Monthly Meeting, of which she had been an Elder for about fifty-one years, has lost one of its most faithful laborers in the cause of truth and of church discipline, the neighborhood one of the most unostentatious, yet sympathizing and self-sacrificing of its members, and the Society of Friends one of its most earnest and consistent exemplars. While she was ever studious to avoid giving trouble herself, her hospitalities to others knew no bounds; she seemed never to weary in waiting upon the many who came under her hospitable roof. She was very diligent in her attendance of meetings, rarely allowing, even in her extreme old age, any thing to interfere with her prompt attendance. Her close was in accordance with her long and useful life. She passed away with her intellect, apparently unimpaired, and we cannot doubt is now reaping a rich reward.

—, at his residence in Harford County, Maryland, on the 15th of Second Month, 1867, ASAHKL HAVILAND, in the 81st year of his age; a member of Forest Preparative, and an Elder of Little Falls Monthly Meeting.

Thus has passed from earth one who, in his intercourse with his fellow man, through a long life, evinced the quiet, unobtrusive traits of the Christian's character; and we believe it may be truly said that he died without enemies on earth, and with friends in Heaven.

Though suffering much during his last illness of two weeks' duration, he bore it with fortitude and resignation, frequently expressing his desire to be gathered to the mansions of rest, which he had an evidence were prepared for him, whenever it should be his Master's will. And there are those who can testify that to them death was never before so robbed of its terrors, or the grave of its victory, as when standing by the bedside of this dying Christian.

—, on the 7th of Second month, 1867, ELISHA STUART, son of John D. Stuart, aged 32 years; a member of Lower Greenwich Monthly Meeting, N. J.

—, in this city, on the 26th ultimo, ALICE P. TODD in the 100th year of her age; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting. This Friend, who had attained an age rarely allotted to any one, was born in Lancaster, Pa., on the 22d of First month, 1768. Her father, Thomas Poultney, a member of our Society, emigrated to this country from London in 1730, and came with his family to reside in this city when the deceased was nine years old. She was married in 1788 to James Todd, a merchant of Philadelphia.

By the death of her husband, she was left with a family of five children, all of whom except one, she survived, and passed through many of the trials incident to widowhood. Though retaining her memory and clearness of intellect to the last, her sight and hearing were nearly gone, and in a sense of the infirmity of extreme age, and of having

survived all the friends of her youth, she often longed to depart. A short time before her death, she desired her daughter to pray for her, and when this was complied with, seemed consoled and comforted. The close of her long sojourn on earth was calm and peaceful.

DIED, on Seventh-day, 5th of First month, 1867, REBE MELVINA, infant daughter of George W. and Amanda De Gour, in her 4th year.

—, on the 24th of Second month, NATHAN WRIGHT, in the 72d year of his age, a member of Green St. Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 24th of Second month, 1867, at his residence, Hulmeville, Bucks Co., T. BURROWS TILTON, in the 55th year of his age.

—, on the 5th of Second month, 1867, ELIZABETH, wife of Joel Burton, in the 88th year of her age, a member of Pilesgrove Monthly Meeting of Friends, N. J. This aged beloved mother had been unable to walk alone, for near eighteen months, on account of dislocation of hip joint; and a few days before her death, she fell again, and dislocated her shoulder, under which her strong powers of nature gave way.

Letter received by Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen in return for supplies sent.

Fort Monroe, 2d mo. 18th, 1867.

My dear Friends.—I cannot express to you with pen and ink how thankful I feel for your kindness in sending the box of clothing and the money. The latter came when so much needed. You know a little of the starvation among our people. The snow lasted for nearly a month, and it was a hard month indeed. Many of the men had been in the country working, and came home to spend Christmas week with their families, and were stormstaid; had no money, for many of them were not paid off,—and what could be done? Some had their feet so terribly frosted they could not wear their shoes for weeks. This country being flat, the woods were filled with water, so that those who went for their wood, to carry home on their heads, had to wade to get it. What could the women do, and especially the old? It was quite distressing to go into some of the cabins and find a family of little children sitting over a few coals, or perhaps none; and so hard to see the old men and women, after toiling hard and receiving nothing in return, now to suffer from hunger and cold. This, I trust, is in the past, not to be remembered. I feel that much was done by us with the means you provided, to alleviate the distress. I have tried to be judicious with the money, and have it go as far as I can. This is a great country for pine, and many of the women get what they call *light-wood* for kindlings, and bring it to us to cook our meals. One woman came two miles the other morning, before we had our breakfast, with a great basket of this light-wood. It was a very cold morning, and she seemed to feel it very much. I had her come in and sit down by the cooking stove, and gave her her breakfast. She said

she had eaten a small corn cake the morning before; she was very hungry. Her husband has been sick with consumption ever since August, and no doubt they have suffered greatly. I went there about three weeks ago, and soon had them made more comfortable by getting some bed clothes and wearing clothes for them; there are two daughters. The same day another old woman came in and said she had had nothing in her house since Friday morning,—and this was Monday. I gave her some soup we had left from dinner, and it must have been refreshing to her. I could multiply instances of this kind. I have the men chop wood for the school and house purposes, and have the women take turns helping me wash, iron, scrub, &c. It is more trouble for me, but I have to occasionally give them a meal; and if they can come and help me, they will feel as though they were paying for it. Those that can sew well I give sewing to do, either for myself or for those who cannot. I often want a dress made for an old person, or for a child, and let these women make it, and give them a pair of shoes, or dress, or whatever they need, in return. All this keeps me busy, I assure you. And now to talk a little about the clothing. I found a great many excellent articles,—coats, vests, dresses, &c. Wherever I felt a family needed my especial care, I assorted out what I thought suitable. In this way I supplied some of the very needy the first thing. I had just received a box from home, and putting the articles together, enabled me to do much good in some families. I did what I never did before; I sold at a moderate price some things that I knew would do a certain class of the people more good, and took the money and bought goods for the others; so I have been enabled to supply a greater number of people than I could otherwise have done. Many of them are going on to the farms to work, and had to be supplied with clothes to travel with. A great number are leaving here this spring. I am glad they have concluded to go. They settled down here as if they were to stay forever. They are beginning to understand what freedom is. Some at first thought they would have nothing to do. They don't yet understand how to lay up their winter's store, but they will learn, by receiving hard lessons. It is astonishing, too, how some of them get along. I know some women who have made five dollars a week digging and selling bones,—the old mule bones, that were buried at the time of the war. They also pick up rags, coal, iron, &c. A woman came this morning before breakfast and wanted some meal; said she had seven cents Friday night, and bought some turnips with that, and it was all she had until this morning. She is a widow with two children. I gave out four tickets before breakfast for meals. One old woman said

she had not a bit in the house, and her husband could get very little work. Another old woman came two miles with a basket of light-wood. I went into one house and found four little children hovering over the fire. I asked them where their mother was, &c.? She had gone to buy meal. There was a nice load of wood in the house, and I asked them who paid for it. They said mother gave an iron pot and a big pitcher for it. Still another woman, who was very poor, and had three little children, obtained a quart, or not that much, of milk, one evening, and after giving her children half of it, took the rest to divide among three children of another family, equally poor with herself. I would not write these cases of destitution and suffering, but to tell you your money and clothing have in a great measure relieved their wants. I never like to say, "Be ye clothed and filled," without giving the wherewithal that it can be done. Another case I will mention of a woman who was living with another woman, no relation to each other, both equally poor. I brought down the last flannel dress, and told her to try it on; but she refused, saying she had rather give it to the other woman, as she had no dress; and taking up her old thin calico in her hand, said, "I have this one yet." I let her do as she wished, and secretly resolved she should not go unrewarded. As I am kept so very busy, I have little time to write, but I will try to write you another letter in the course of a few weeks. I am interrupted continually with raps at the door. But I am here to attend to them, and I must be patient. The number of pieces in the box were as follows: Ninety new garments—forty-five part worn—a few shoes, copy-books, &c. The barrel contained 60 pieces, besides a few stockings and shoes. We tender our many thanks to you for your offering, but if you were to see the happiness it produced among some of my poor, you would need no thanks from me.

Remember me as your true friend,

S. H. CLARK.

CHEERFUL WORK.

One of the most valuable, and one of the most infectious examples which can be set before the young, is that of cheerful working. Cheerfulness gives elasticity to the spirit. Spectres fly before it; difficulties cause no despair, for they are encountered with hope, and the mind acquires that happy disposition to improve opportunities which rarely fails of success. The fervent spirit is always a healthy and happy spirit; working cheerfully itself and stimulating others to work. It confers a dignity on even the most ordinary occupations. The most effective work, also, is always the full hearted work—that which passes through the hands or the head of him whose heart is glad.

GOD'S THOUGHTS NOT OUR THOUGHTS.

God's thoughts are not as our thoughts : we look on
Dreading to climb some mountain far away,
Counting the sharp stones on its tedious way.
He cares for our small troubles, day by day
Smoothing them down.

We keep our patience for our greater cares,
And murmur unrepenting o'er the less ;
Thinking to show our strength in our distress.
His patience with our hourly fretfulness
Still gently bears.

God's ways are not as our ways : we lay down
Schemes for his glory, temples for our king,
Wherein tribes yet unborn may worship Him :
Meanwhile upon some humble, secret thing
He sets His crown.

We travel far to find Him, seeking still,
Often in weariness, to reach his shrine :
Ready our choicest treasures to resign.
He, in our daily homes, lays down the line,
Do hear my will.

There in the lonely valley, walking on,
Some common duty all we have to do ;
His higher thoughts of love make all things new ;
His "higher way" we tread, yea, leading to
God's holy throne.

BROAD CAST THY SEED.

Broad cast thy seed
Although some portion may be found
To fall on uncongenial ground,
Where sand or shade, or stone may stay
Its coming into light or day ;
Or when it comes, some pestilent air
May make it droop or wither there ;
Be not discouraged : some will find
Congenial soil and gentle wind—
Refreshing dew and ripening shower
To bring it into beauteous flower,
From flower to fruit to glad thine eyes,
And fill thy soul with sweet surprise.
Do good, and God will bless thy deed,
Broad cast thy seed !

—Chambers' Journal.

FRIEND JOSEPH.

(Concluded from page 523, vol. 23.)

Not far distant from the farm lived an old man of very secluded and eccentric habits. He was born in Vermont, but had early removed to one of the Carolinas, where he lived many years and purchased many slaves. He was reputed to be rich, but his manner of living gave no indication of it. His dress, his house, and the vehicle in which he rode were as plain as those of the Quaker farmers in his neighborhood. His only servants and companions in the house were a colored man and woman, who had been his slaves in Carolina, and who afterward married and had a small family. This man died while I was at the farm. Nothing had been previously known of his opinions concerning slavery ; but the state of his conscience on that subject was revealed by the fact that by will he emancipated a large number of slaves in Carolina, and left each of them a legacy to enable them to quit the State, as the law required. To

his faithful household servants he left \$30,000, and appointed two Quaker guardians for the children ; one of whom was Friend Joseph, who took the children to board with him for the convenience of attending school. They were good-looking, intelligent, and well-behaved ; but because God had given them brown complexions the neighbors were as shy of them as if they had been young gorillas.

There were two schools in the vicinity, under the management of Quakers. The parents of both sects of scholars manifested equal uneasiness at having their children learn to read and spell in the same class with children of darker skins. When Friend Joseph and his family took them to meeting, and sat side by side with them, it caused as much commotion as if those healthy, bright looking brown children had been infected with some fatal contagious disease. The Elders of the Society decided that it was proper for them to sit in a small gallery by themselves. Friend Joseph, always averse to strife, readily assented ; but he signified that, as guardian of the children, he should consider it his duty to go and sit with them, and that his wife and daughter would also feel it to be their duty. Now that was precisely the most troublesome thing he *could* have done. Strangers, who visited the meeting occasionally, would naturally inquire why that one family sat by themselves in an out-of-the-way, inconvenient place ; and, if the true reason was given, peradventure some of them might say that Quakers must have degenerated greatly since the days of George Fox and William Penn. They had an unpleasant consciousness of this ; and, because it made them uncomfortable, they felt as if Friend Joseph was a disturber of the peace. Assuredly, if George Fox had reappeared among them in his suit of leather, they would have dealt with him as a very disorderly member. The Quakers proved themselves no better and no worse than other sects. Every sect, after it has sought its way to toleration, and thence passed into respectability, gradually becomes lethargic, and fails to apply its original principles to the moral diseases of its time. The manna of the Lord has to be gathered fresh continually ; it will not keep. Individuals who are alive in defunct societies are sure to be impeded at every step of their straightforward progress. Friend Joseph, who earnestly desired to live in peace and friendship with all men, found himself engaged in a series of struggles. Duties, not of his own seeking, came to him, as did the guardianship of the colored children ; it was his nature to perform duties conscientiously, and in the performance of them he could not avoid jostling the prejudices of his neighbors. These little discords where he longed for harmony sometimes saddened him ; but they never made

him either weak or stern. He went quietly on his way, trying to help everybody, and systematically ignoring all distinctions of class or color. When I saw him so inflexible in his uprightness, while his gentle spirit yearned for the sympathy he forfeited, I frequently thought of Kable's beautiful words:

"Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme."

In the case of the colored children, Friend Joseph's quiet persistence carried his point. They were allowed to sit with him and his family in their accustomed seats in the meeting-house, and the teacher of the Orthodox Quaker school received them into her classes. They behaved well, and no disastrous consequences followed this mingling of different complexions.

No one could justly bring against Friend Joseph the charge of being a Quixotic philanthropist, who neglected his own business to look after the wrongs of others. He was diligent and frugal, and thus earned for himself a right to indulge in the only luxury he cared for—the luxury of benevolence. His large heart saved him from being penurious, while his orderly and thrifty habits prevented that careless expenditure which too often results in making other people pay for the gratification of our good impulses. Though an old-fashioned Quaker, in dress as well as principles, his course of reading was never sectarian. He was eager to learn from all advocates of justice, freedom, and humanity, and the fruits of it were visible in the enlargement of his mental and moral vision. Years ago, he wrote to me: "There is much said about the decline of the Society of Friends. Some grieve over it, while others rejoice. I am not much affected by it either way; for I firmly believe there is as much genuine Quakerism in the world as there ever was, although it may not always appear under the form of a straight coat or broad brim. I can fully subscribe to a sentiment I once heard thee utter, that a very good heart may beat under a fashionable dress. If every member of the Society of Friends should abandon its principles, it would not affect the truth of that glorious declaration of spiritual independence and individual freedom which its founders proclaimed to the world. In my estimation, it was far superior to the justly celebrated declaration of personal freedom and political independence put forth by the founders of this republic. I believe that genuine Quakerism, instead of declining, is actually reviving and increasing. The spirit is not dead, or dying; it has merely removed from its old, narrow tenement, and taken possession of more spacious and better-lighted apartments.

Truth once promulgated can never be stopped in its course till its mission is accomplished." Large and liberal views these for a self-educated farmer.

Friend Joseph, in common with other mortals, has encountered many trials and afflictions. But it is an excellent foundation for a tranquil old age to love labor so much that work is recreation; to take friendly interest in the birds and all of God's little creatures; to be temperate in all things, and habitually frugal, not from love of accumulation, but for the sake of imparting freely to the unfortunate; to find an ever-pleasant resource in the perusal of good books; and to have a conscience void of offence toward God and man. Time has silvered Joseph's hair, and the aches and pains of years have plowed furrows in his face. But he thinks more of his blessings than of his troubles, and uses what strength he has for the benefit of others. He gathers his grandchildren round him, and writes for them little stories or verses, which always contain some lessons of justice or kindness. On his sixty-seventh birth-day he gave a picnic party to all the girls and boys for a mile round. Some of them had flaxen hair, and some had black; some had white faces, and some had brown; for this picnic was one of his practical sermons on the brotherhood of the human race. He wrote simple verses for the occasion, freighted with hints of profitable truths. The tables were spread in his woods, and abundantly supplied with bread and butter, cakes, melons and apples. Large crates were fastened to the trees with strong ropes, so that the little ones could swing safely at their ease; and there were plenty of hoops and balls. It was a merry time, and Friend Joseph was as happy as any of the young folks. In spirit he was like unto a little child; and "of such are the kingdom of heaven."—*Independent.*

THE WOODPECKER'S FORESIGHT.

The woodpecker in California is a storer of acorns. The tree he selects is invariably of the pine tribe. He bores several holes differing slightly in size, at the Fall of the year, and then flies away, in many instances to a long distance, and returns with an acorn, which he immediately sets about adjusting to one of the holes prepared for its reception, which will hold it tightly in its position. But he does not eat the acorn; for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorn exhibits acute foresight, and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding Winter the acorn remains intact, but becoming saturated with rain, is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, who seem to delight in this special food; it is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when the ground being covered with snow,

he would experience a difficulty, otherwise, in obtaining suitable or palatable food. It is a subject of speculation why the red-wood cedar or the sugar-pine is invariably selected; it is not probable that the insect, the most dainty to the woodpecker's taste, frequents only the outside of wet trees; but so it is, that in Calaveras, Mariposa, and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen covered all over their trunks with acorns when there is not an oak tree within several miles.—A. B. Barton.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

(Concluded from page 320, vol. 23.)

And now, finally, within the bounds of Christendom—at any rate, within the bounds of that happiest and most blessed portion of it which we occupy—a new and higher sentiment than even that of compassion, through the grace of God and his Son, animates our hearts when we look on the multitudes,—the sentiment of confidence and hope. Fear gave way, in our Saviour's courageous and loving mind, to compassion, when he saw the multitude. Have not the reasons for that compassion—at least within our immediate sphere of life and influence—most sensibly lessened, and almost totally disappeared, under the influence of the Saviour's own ever-advancing work? He himself, new as compassion then was, did not fail to add exultation to it in the triumph which humanity, under his guidance, was finally to accomplish over all its degrading conditions. He “saw Satan as lightning fall from heaven,” when the Greeks came to inquire into his gospel. How literally pierced with lightning is the enemy of souls, when DISTANCE, that scatters men abroad and makes them faint on the long way, transfixed on the darting thought of the lightning, dies in mid-heaven and falls headlong into the sea! How long is superstition to make it irreligious to recognize the fulfilment of any of our Lord's promises, the answers to any of his prayers? Is the world's progress never to be confessed; and is a mock humility to drape the very mid day of hope, and cheer, with curtains of despondency, lest it outshine the Christian dawn? The stones would cry out if we were silent, when the very key-stone has so evidently been put into the arch of Christ's triumph over the barbarism and want and dispersion of his scattered flock of humanity. Be it said, then, to his eternal honor and God's everlasting glory, that the day has come when we can look upon the multitude with something better than compassion,—even with confidence and joy. And this, if we mistake not, is the great distinction, as it is the glorious conquest of the times and the day, to which the recent triumph of enterprise and art,—the Atlantic Cable, so naturally and properly sung, feted and illuminated, is but a tongue and voice. That slender

thread of fire explodes a mine of emotion, conviction, and experience that had been slowly but long accumulating in the bosom of our age. That delicate cord moors nations together that were drifting to each other in spite of seas and icebergs. That swift messenger, dark and silent as night, but keener and subtler than light, carries words of brotherhood, long waiting for their vehicle; that syphon, so slender and so patient, empties hearts into each other whose blood had for ages yearned to mingle. God in his providence, by making us the last-born of the great nations and powers of the earth, and giving us half the world for our home; by emptying the blood of all nations into our national veins; by diversifying us with all climates, without colonial separation, and by the vastness of all the circumstances and conditions of our territory, our origin, our growth and history, as well as by the happy fortune of the splendid age of commerce, liberty, and inventive genius in which our lines have fallen, has prepared us, as no people is prepared, to demand, to expect, to understand, and to enjoy *universal ideas*,—feelings that embrace the world, schemes that include the race, hopes that outrun place and time, destinies that are perfect and complete.

We look upon the multitude—blessed be God's providence and Christ's gospel for our power to do so!—no longer with fear, and not even characteristically, in this land, with compassion, but with sympathy and hope, and almost with reverence. For we see them no longer faint, and no longer scattered abroad; and every day we are, by economic science and motive art, eliminating the unknown or suspended elements in the great equation of human progress. That vast problem is no more a bottomless mystery and a baffling speculation. The obstacles which oppose the advance of the race, immense as they are, are measurable; dense as they are, are penetrable. There is nothing hopeless or desperate in human affairs. Progress is possible, is real, is certain, is inevitable. The relative forces of good and evil, of peace and war, of truth and error, of civilization and barbarity, of brotherly love and selfish antagonism, are weighed, and the balance is favorable *for once*, and *therefore forever*, to the kingdom of God in the salvation of our race. The multitude is accordingly to be trusted and respected. We thank God that we are able, and are compelled by the highest convictions of the heart, to trust and respect them. Nay, in this country, we trust and respect them far more than we do those who make them objects of secret suspicion, and who would gladly reproduce the repressive systems of aristocratic governments. The cultivated and refined classes in America understand less of the true spirit of our institutions, and do far less to maintain

them, we fear, than the body of the people at large. Sensitive to defects, fastidious in tastes, overborne by memories of the past, they overlook the enormous advantages, the broad magnificence, the grand general effect of institutions where human nature, for the first time, is trusted with liberty, education, and plenty, and cultivate the poor satisfactions of a superiority based on criticism, doubt, and evil prophecies. A distinguished and most acute English visitor to this country told us, just before the war, that he had scarcely talked with an educated and thoughtful man in America who had not expressed doubts and fears of the success of our institutions. Thank God, the people have no doubts and no fears. Thank God, those who make and uphold our liberty, love it, trust it, and estimate it at its value, believe in its durability. They have no misgivings of God's clear intention; no backward looks, no cautious apprehensions. And they are right; wiser, because simpler and more childlike, in their patriotism. They are animated by the fresh instincts, the original convictions, the startling realities, of a new era. And thus, while learned science, and thoughtful philosophy, and even grave experience, shake their heads and mutter, "Impossible," the mighty hope of the people, sure of God's willingness and help, attempts the impossible, and changes it into the accomplished. "I thank thee, O Father! that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

The great popular instincts of a new era in the life of man are the vast powers, the mighty discoveries, the wonder-workers, of the age. The multitude is doing for Christ the miracles he did for them. They, too, say "Peace" to the sea in his name; they, too, are in and out, where all doors are shut; they, too, repeat the Pentecostal marvel, and bring all tongues together, and make them alike intelligible to all. Like Joshua, they stop the sun, not to fight their battles, but to paint their pictures and perpetuate their friends. "Canst thou send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are?" asked the scornful Job; and the multitude now first is able to answer, "We can."—"Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea, or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?" and the multitude now first replies, "We have."—"Who hath laid the measures of the earth, or who hath stretched the line upon it?" and the multitude again answers, "Glory be to God who has first given such power to men, in our own days."

The great and all-emboldening confidence of our time is, that the multitude—historically and naturally incapable of estimating human nature as it is, or suspecting their own latent powers, and therefore absolutely dependent on the delivering mercy and energy of the providentially

awakened and inspired portion of the race—has now got beyond this syncope and self-oblivion, beyond its dependence on any powers but God's direct inspirations through that same human nature, aided by all recorded revelations, which, to this time, he has kept in pupillage to indirect human instrumentalities. The multitude now elects its own teachers, judges of its own wants, chooses its own creed, rejects and accepts, on its own judgment, the propositions of the learned, the philosophical, and the exalted. Of course, it makes great mistakes, does very rash and injurious things, and gives skepticism and aristocracy abundant superficial arguments for their despairing creed. But what are all the mistakes it makes, compared with the astounding fact of an *attempted self-government, an attempted self-education, an attempted self-reliance*, on the part of the people? When, in 1858, we heard that a single sign had flashed across the Atlantic, what cared we for the stuttering and stammering of the instruments? The great thing was done; the miracle was wrought: and, had the cable parted the next moment instead of a month later, the hemispheres would not have moved an inch from the close moorings effected by that single fact. And so no wretched local rulers, no inefficient police, no insecurity of life and limb, no mistaken outbreaks of self protection, no exceptional blots and blotches in the fabric of our prosperous, safe, and successful life of freedom, shall introduce one ray of despondency or doubt into the patriotic conviction, that—measured by positive, not by negative standards; measured by the sum of intellectual, moral, and physical activity; by the amount of happiness, intelligence, and virtue, by openness to improvement, by tendencies to truth, by humane sympathies, by religious aspirations—the multitudes were never, in human history, so little an object of compassion, so much an object of hope, confidence, and joy, as here and now.

If our hearts swell with pride and gratitude at the contemplation of this truth, let us not conceal, let us not fail to blazon the fact, that it is God's power manifested in man that has brought about this result; let us not forget how entirely it is the Divine wisdom that has planned the great drama of human history, and which is now permitting us to see the beauty and benevolence of the plot, and the bliss of the consummation. Let us not forget that, because it is God who is working in us to will and to do of his good pleasure, it is all the more our bounden and grateful duty to work with him,—to work indeed with a new kind of fear and trembling because of the greatness of the inspiration and the enormous importance of the task; to work, in short, as the high-hearted projector, the original supporters, the scientific operators, the officers and sailors, of the

Atlantic Telegraph Company worked, when, after repeated failures and terrible difficulties, they at last laid in silence and amid prayers, but with herculean toil and almost deadly anxieties, God's bond between the nations, God's bow under the sea; not dissolving and inconstant like the first which was over it, but a steadfast sign from heaven to our generation, that no deluge of ignorance, barbarism, and despair shall ever again cover the hopes, the interests, and the destiny of a United Globe and an inseparable Human Family.

ITEMS.

Sixty years ago there was hardly a craft larger than an Indian canoe on the great western lakes. In 1841 the lake trade amounted to \$65,000,000; in 1851 to \$300,000,000; and in 1864 to \$550,000,000, and it bids fair in 1871 to reach the enormous sum of one thousand million dollars.

COMPARATIVE DENSITY OF POPULATION.—Of civilized nations Great Britain is the most densely populated, and the United States the least. The former has 265 inhabitants to the square mile; Italy, 198; Prussian Germany, 186; France, 179; Austria, 167; Russia, 31; Turkey, 20; and the United States, 19. In 1861 there was in London one inhabitant for every 1,220 square feet covered by the city, while in Paris there was one to every 500 square feet.

COMMERCE.—Among the bills introduced into the Senate the past week, to be acted upon at the next session, was one for the consolidation of the national debt, and providing for its payment. It authorizes the issue of six per cent. bonds for the redemption of securities held in this country, and five per cent. bonds to be exchanged for securities held abroad. A joint resolution was passed providing for the exchange of public documents with other countries. An act was passed authorizing the removal of certain law cases from State courts to United States courts, when either plaintiff or defendant shall apprehend that adequate justice will not be done him on account of prejudice or local influence. The bill for the redemption of the compound-interest notes was passed, after being amended so as to direct the Secretary of the Treasury to issue temporary loan certificates at three per cent. interest. The amount of certificates outstanding is not to exceed one hundred million dollars, and they may be used as a reserve by the banks. The Colorado bill was taken up, and, on the question to pass it over the President's veto, the yeas were twenty-four and the nays nineteen. Two-thirds not voting in the affirmative, the bill fell. A committee of conference was agreed to on the compound-interest note bill. A bill was introduced providing that temporary buildings erected by the United States in the District of Columbia, and now in use by the Freedmen's Bureau, should be continued in use of the Bureau during its continuance. The bill establishing a Department of Education was passed without amendment, and goes to the President.

HOUSE.—A bill was introduced to establish a National School of Science. The joint resolutions of the Wisconsin Legislature, ratifying the constitutional amendment, were presented. A resolution was offered instructing the Ways and Means Committee to inquire into the expediency of providing for the issue of five per cent. bonds to the amount of five hundred million dollars, principal and interest payable at such places as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe, to be disposed of only in

exchange for United States six per cent bonds held in Europe. The Tariff bill was called up, and after debate, a motion was made to discharge the Committee of the Whole from the further consideration of the subject, and so bring the matter directly before the House. This necessitated a suspension of the rules, which required an affirmative vote of two-thirds, and two-thirds not voting in the affirmative, the rules were not suspended. Various motions were made to endeavor to bring the matter before the House in some manner, but all were unsuccessful. Committees of conference were appointed on the compound-interest note bill, on the bankrupt bill, on the transfer of the Indian Bureau, on the Supreme Court allotments, and on the Indian and the legislative appropriation bills. The bill to further an exchange of public documents with foreign governments was passed.

The 39th Congress adjourned sine die on the 4th inst., and in less than an hour the Fortieth Congress was organized by the election of Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, President of the Senate, and the re-election of Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, Speaker of the House.

THE FREEDMEN.—Gov. Orr recently addressed the freedmen of Charleston, in the African Methodist Church, the meeting being presided over by a colored president and opened with prayer by a colored chaplain. The governor not only promised them protection against lawlessness and outrage, but commended their schools, and predicted that a common-school system for whites and blacks would be established by the next legislature. He further said:

"I am prepared to stand by the colored man who is able to read the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. I am prepared to give the colored man the privilege of going to the ballot-box and vote."

The opposition of the Louisiana planters to the education of colored children has generally abated, thinks the *New Orleans Tribune*; has even been converted into active efforts to organize schools and obtain teachers:

"This happy result is due mainly to the firm attitude of the laborers, who, though deprived of education, and, perhaps, because deprived of it, appreciate to its full value the price of acquiring knowledge. They have made the education of their children an absolute condition of their remaining on the plantations. Very few of them would work at all, this year, on a place where no school for the tuition of their children will be in existence. So that this result, at least, has been secured, that the benefit of a common education will be extended to a large number of children of the oppressed race.—*The Nation*."

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received the following amounts since last report:—

From a Friend, West Philadelphia.....	\$30.00
" Rachel Haines, Fallston, Md.....	10.00
" Friends of Wakefield Pro. Meeting.....	51.00
" " Concord, Delaware Co.....	20.00
" Mullica Hill Freedmen's Relief.....	33.70
	<hr/> \$144.70

Also seeds from Letitia S. Cadwallader; clothing from Ed. Hoopes and R. Downing; box of clothing from ladies of Pennville, Bucks Co., Pa.; two bags from Mullica Hill Relief Association.

HENRY M. LAINO, Treasurer,

3d mo. 24, 1867.

No. 30 Third St.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 3.)

1827, *Ninth month 17th.*—Left home with certificate granted me by our Monthly Meeting, to visit the meetings in Berkshire, Bedfordshire and Herts, Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire.

[Extracts from his letters written when on this service are here subjoined.]

WROOMB, 20th of Ninth month, 1827.

We reached Reading in time for the Select Meeting, where was T. B. I was favored to my unspeakable comfort, to break through the load by which I have seemed to be enveloped for a long season, and had to declare of the goodness of the Lord, and I trust something of the simplicity of the gospel, greatly to my peace of mind; that season appearing like an earnest of future help and guidance. J. P. was there, and he and I went hand-in-hand, being greatly favored in being so one in our line of labor. The next day I had, in some degree, to take the lead; others confirmed the word to my humbling admiration at the condescension and wisdom of our Holy Head. On sitting down in the second meeting, a sudden exercise came over me about going into the women's meeting, which, endeavoring well to sift, I thought it might be passed by, unless some other had a similar feeling; when presently after J. P. rose, and said he had such a

concern, though without a certificate; he knew not why, but wished to leave it with Friends: they fell in with it, and then I named how it had been with me; when it was fully united with. We went; and I trust the work of the Lord prospered by our giving up thereto. I have been favored to get along very simply, without reasonings, forethought, or after reckonings; all is made good to me, and my soul dwells in a calm, easy way, not over careful about any thing. The Lord does all things well in and for me, and I have no lack, though nothing to boast of, yet nothing to complain of,—blessed be the name of the Lord; and may thy soul continue in this acknowledgment, yea more and more; for what can we render? Time would fail me to say all I could of his mercy to me, even these few days back; so that I hope I may humbly say, all is well, and that I am in the line of duty. My prayer is, that when favored to meet again, we may be enabled to build one another up in every thing good; and more and more abound therein, to our mutual comfort, to the animating of others, and to the praise of Him who has done great things for us, in helping and sustaining; so that we have not been utterly consumed, though deserving nothing short of it. Farewell.

To M. B.

BURKHAMSTEAD, 25th of Ninth month, 1827.

I feel sometimes a very poor creature; but

we are not our own, nor have we any real occasion of regret or discouragement, that we have given up all for the sake of Him, by whom we enjoy all things. It is a great favor that I am enabled to say, the Lord has helped me on my way.

On Sixth-day I went to Chesham meeting; I trust the Lord was amongst us there in an eminent degree; nor do I recollect often being so enlarged in the heavenly gift. O! may the word have entrance and prosper, among a backsliding and halting generation. That evening we returned as far as Amersham, having a meeting there with Friends.

On Seventh-day we went by Jordan's meeting-house; it is well known as the burial place of William Penn, Isaac Pennington, and Thomas Ellwood;—a secret solitude in the midst of a woody and hilly district. I saw some original letters of Isaac Pennington, &c.

On First-day morning I attended Wycombe meeting, and was favored to declare the truth without fear of man. That evening we reached this place, (Berkhamstead,) a newly settled meeting, and were comforted, I hope, together. Yesterday we went to Hemel Hempstead, an appointed meeting, and returned hither. My health is preserved, but at the end of some days' work I feel much wearied; it is a comfort to have some evidence, that, however small my measure of labor, it is nearly as much as my frame is equal to; yet the Lord makes up all.

1827, Tenth month 7th.—First-day I attended the meetings at Devonshire House; was silent in both; glory be to the great name!

First-day, the 14th.—Attended the meetings at Uxbridge; on the 17th, the Monthly Meeting; and on Second-day following I reached our comfortable home at Alton, through the matchless condescension, goodness and forbearance of my Maker, Preserver and Redeemer!

To ———.

ALTON, 15th of Twelfth month, 1827.

Be assured thou hast my very tender sympathy under the important circumstances thy letter unfolds; and that my best, though feeble desires are, and will be, for thy best welfare. I cannot doubt but preservation and sufficient help will be extended, while a simple, upright, unreserved surrender of the will is sought after and abode in. I have thought, in a case of this kind, there is always abundant condescension, gentleness, forbearance and long-suffering manifested towards us poor fallible creatures. He that putteth forth and goeth before us knoweth our frame, and himself took our infirmities; when we take a step a little awkwardly, or with too much forwardness, or mistakingly, mercy is near to hold us up and re-

store us; so long as we are not wilful, but singly desire to be right in our movements. We may be, and some of us know we have been, long borne with, in much that borders on, and, indeed, proves to be little better than thorough unbelief and disobedience. We read that "rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft:" we may have held back on different grounds, very reasonably as we have thought; but we have been chastised for this,—leanness and feebleness have come over us, so that when we would afterwards have given up, the Divine sense, strength and blessing have receded:—neither have we enjoyed the answer of, "Well done." Our situation, perhaps, has somewhat resembled that of the Israelites, who, after refusing, attempted to enter the promised land; there is, nevertheless, forgiveness with Him, that he may be rightly feared,—and also plentiful redemption. I believe we are safe in resting under a holy, simple fear and caution, as to so awful a proceeding as the first exercise of the ministry; but how far this should be carried cannot well be defined for another; vessels are variously moulded, and variously dealt with or used;—there may be too much of this, as well as too little,—for our snares and our tendencies differ. Even though we wait for what we may suppose only adequate strength and clearness for the occasion, this may stand in the way of our having that degree of it, which was intended for us, had we used more self-renunciation, or been more disinterested in our service. It is plain we are not to expect to have just what evidence would please or satisfy our own feelings, which may have become somewhat morbid by dwelling on things too much. Ah! the simplicity of a true babe in Christ is what we want most, far more than that kind of assurance we covet thus greatly: a little of this goes a great way; it is the faith which pleases God, and removes the mountains; and by which we are to walk, rather than by sight: it leads to look not at self with anxiety how we shall be provided either with discernment, courage, or what else is needed; but to rest in the Lord, and cast our burden on him, knowing he is ready to sustain such, so that they shall lack nothing; nor are they much moved by what arises to perplex, discourage or prove them,—trusting over all in never-failing goodness.

I hope if what is now handed should feel to thee to be as a word in season, and in any wise coming from the right source, thou wilt not hesitate to accept it through the fear of leaning on man. I consider that when instruments are rightly engaged for the help of others, they act not in their own name: such are ordained and needful in the church; and if our eye be single to the great Head, the giver of every good and perfect gift, and to his inward appearing and

sense as to what comes through others, we shall not be in danger of hurt,—bearing always in mind his injunction, "Take heed how ye hear."

1828, *Second month 9th*, (Alton).—Thus far brought on my way through the gracious condescending care and preservation of my God. Since I last wrote in this rough memorial, how much do I owe for all the mercies poured upon me every day! Disease has prevailed all around; some of our acquaintance cut down in the midst of youth and health; why are we so dealt with, even in this one respect; and why in all others so blessed? O! is it that we walk more acceptably before the Lord than those who may have been less privileged than ourselves? No, far from it! who so worthless, so graceless, in proportion to the talent bestowed as myself,—in dedication either in my family or in the church! O! how the enemy wounds and smites my life down to the ground! so that my faith is ready to fail, and mine eye in looking upward. To whom shall I go, to whom flee in every conflict, if not to the only resource and refuge? O! that my poor cry may be regarded,—“Let not the enemy vault and triumph over me;—let not that which thou hast begun in me, O! Lord, the author and giver of all good, be evil spoken of; and they that hate me rejoice when I am moved. O God! the strength, the power, the victory are thine; let me at this time return thee thanks out of an humbled and honest heart, for what thou hast hitherto effected in drawing me out of darkness into thy marvellous light. O! let me hope that thou wilt henceforth preserve, guide and uphold my poor soul amidst the sea of temptation and conflict, in which thou mayst permit me again and again to be plunged. Let me trust thee for mercy, renewed pardon, and plenteous redemption,—yea, for victory over all my besetments and weaknesses; so that I may put on strength in thy invincible name, and under thy holy banner make war in righteousness against the world, the flesh, and the devil. O Lord! thus undertake and overcome for me, who cannot do anything without thee. Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation! Break my bonds, I beseech thee, and loose my captive spirit, which, through thy grace, longs for deliverance more and more;—nothing can satisfy my cravings but thy unbounded goodness.

1828, *Fifth month 18th*.—First day during the Yearly Meeting. Every meeting day, yea, every day, every hour of my life do I stand in the presence of Him, who is the God of the spirits of all flesh, the Master of the assemblies of the faithful, the King of saints, the Judge of all the earth! “Fear ye not me? saith the Lord.”

To ———.

ALTON, 29th of Fifth month, 1829.

Our Quarterly and Monthly Meetings were seasons of sadness and depression, as thou mayst suppose; but some of us were given, through and over all dismay and affliction, to trust and to cling to that which yet remains an immovable rock and refuge; and therein to rejoice and be thankful on many accounts, though in tribulation. Surely the effect of such shakings and provings of the foundation, whether it be the true one, and whether we be rightly established and preserved on it, must be ultimately strengthening and beneficial, at least to a remnant in our poor Society; who desire, in some degree of sincerity, to be searched and tried, and to be purified even seven times.

[In the Ninth month of this year, 1829, he removed to Croydon, within the compass of London and Middlesex Quarterly Meeting; he had been much engaged in the preparation of works for the press, and he believed the neighborhood of London would afford him greater facilities for such engagements. One work, which occasioned him great labor about this period, was the *Diary of Alexander Jaffray*, the original manuscript of which he had discovered at Ury in Scotland. The decyphering of this manuscript, as well as its preparation for the press, called for much laborious exertion; memoranda frequently occur in his private note book of his being engaged “at Jaffray” “seven” to even “nine hours” a day; and though it may be feared such close application was prejudicial to his health and delicate constitution, nevertheless he would often say that he believed it to be a line of service marked out for him by the Divine hand.]

(To be continued.)

The Spirit is given to be our teacher, and to lead us into all truth, and as such He is a Comforter; for by rectifying our mistakes and setting things in a true light, he silences our doubts and fears, and sets things in a pleasant light. The Spirit is our remembrancer, to put us in mind of that which we do know, and as such He is a Comforter; for, like the disciples, we distrust Christ in every exigency, because we forget the miracles of the loaves. The Spirit is our Sanctifier; by Him sin is mortified, and grace is wrought and strengthened, and as such He is our Comforter; for nothing tends so much to make us easy as that which tends to make us holy. The Spirit is our Guide, and we are said to be *led by the Spirit*, and as such He is our Comforter; for under His conduct we cannot but be led into ways of pleasantness, to the green pastures and still waters.—P. Henry.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING.

Every age has its peculiar trials and embarrassments to contend with; but success has ever attended all those who have persevered in strict obedience to individual duty as inwardly revealed by Him who writes his law upon the heart. It was a conformity to this that gave the victory to the Apostle Paul, and to the righteous of all generations. He (Paul) "conferred not with flesh and blood, but gave up to the heavenly vision."

In many places the members of the Society of Friends have become so reduced in number as to render meetings small; and, indeed, some can hardly be kept up at all, and this doubtless tends to discourage the attendance of those who are not members. The diminished state of these meetings forms a powerful influence for discouraging and paralyzing the labors of the living well-meaning remnant scattered here and there, and perhaps little known to each other. This is one of the trials of our day, and great as it is we may still be thankful that it forms not an impassable barrier to doing right. The fundamental principle professed by Friends is just what it was when first espoused by George Fox; by its power, then, some laws, which were in direct conflict with the divine law, were abated or abolished, and the evils and hypocrisy of a man-made ministry exposed. From this same principle of light and grace sprung up and grew those Christian testimonies by which the Society became distinguished, and by its power these testimonies were upheld and maintained, the strong arm of law and persecution to the contrary notwithstanding. The principle being heavenly and divine, it is all powerful for good; and its first work in the way of reform is effected in the hearts of those who espouse it as their leader. Under its government these become willing subjects of the cross of Christ, patterns of self-denial, and thus demonstrate the efficiency of divine grace for leading a Christian life, notwithstanding besetments and trials on the right hand and on the left. Surely, then, there is no occasion for any to slacken and become indifferent to well doing. It is important rightly to estimate the character of the work to be accomplished by the operations of divine grace, it being no less than the salvation of the immortal soul. Hence the zeal and earnest solicitude which so strongly marked the movements of the apostles, and likewise, George Fox, who seemed to be prepared to make any and every sacrifice in their power for perfecting the work of this sanctifying principle in their own and the hearts of others. Surely this presents a field for labor of such vast magnitude and importance that it should engage the candid consideration of the great

family of man. Should it not be the chief business, the leading concern of our lives, to let this heavenly seed of divine grace have its perfect work—so that the great end and object of our being might be answered in agreement with the design of divine wisdom. How unwise, then, for any to adopt the conclusion that "there are four months, and then cometh harvest," when behold the "fields are already white unto harvest." Now, in consideration of the undiminished, unchanging power and excellency of this principle professed by Friends, a principle adapted to every emergency, how little is the occasion for becoming weary of well-doing. Is there not on the contrary much encouragement for an increase of faithfulness and dedication in this the best of all causes abiding under a daily concern to stand open to the further manifestations of duty, and for its performance, seeking ability from the author of all good?

The testimony of Friends against all war has been made to hold an important place in forming the Christian character of the Society. Hence, the disciplinary exhortation that its members should demonstrate, that they are uniform in profession and practice. Again, "Friends are earnestly advised not to unite with any directly or indirectly in a way calculated to promote the spirit of war, or which may encourage or strengthen them therein." The war system has long had the powerful influence of law and custom on its side, and the exhibition of its subjects has opened the way for some Friends under the feelings of charity to come to the conclusion that these are in the line of their duty, and, having seen no further, are in the fulfilment of their mission, according to the light received, not having attained to the Christian state. Is the promulgation of such views calculated to place the testimony of Friends on its proper ground? Is it saying in effect to one class of the community, who claim to be acting from a series of duty, be valiant in fight—go on, the cause is good—and to another class, war is all wrong? The Apostle, in his persecuting career, might have claimed that he was acting from duty; for he testified that herein he thought he was doing God service. Was he not under a gross mistake? But why not, instead of pleading excuse for the warrior, leave that to be settled between him and the great Searcher of hearts? The testimony of the blessed Jesus in his sermon on the mount against war was full and complete, adapted to the best interests of all men, and was without reservation. "The sons of God are led by the spirit of God, and it is declared that 'God is love,' and also that he 'is light.' Is it possible, then, that, under the influence of this love, and guided by this light, any can embroil their hands in the blood of their fellow-men? If this

be too inconsistent for belief, shall we conclude that this true saving light, by which some are preserved from engaging in war, has not reached the hearts of others? Nay, this would be assuming that God was partial or imperfect in his provision for the preservation of all men. We believe the principle professed by Friends on the subject of war to be sound and sufficiently broad to embrace the human family. In this view of the subject, would it not be well for all who espouse a testimony against war to beware of attempting, also to bear a testimony in its favor, lest they pull down with one hand what they are aiming to build up with the other? D. I.

Dutchess Co., N. Y., 12th of 2d month, 1867.

The following letter, read at "Friends' Social Lyceum," has been sent to us for publication:—

WEST CHESTER, PA., 2d mo. 21st, 1867.

Esteemed Friend,—Since my return home, thy request as to "where a description of the Basket-worm might be procured" has recurred to my mind; and I have therefore taken the liberty of sending thee a rough and hasty sketch, compiled partly from my own observation, and partly from my correspondence with Professors Stauder and Rathvon. This particular species is mostly confined to the "Cone-bearing" family, although occasionally detected depredating on the Maples, and other genera of deciduous trees. It is especially fond of the Arbor-vitæ (Thuja and Biota), Deciduous Cypress (Taxodium distichum), and the Larches (Larix), evidently attracted by their peculiar terobinathinate properties. In this country it is known as the "Basket-worm," "Drop-worm," &c.; and a friend who had a fine conifer entirely defoliated, suggests the name of "Little-villain." In Germany they are known as the "Sack-bearers" (Sackstrager), and Hubner called them "Basket-carriers" (Canephoræ.) The scientific name of the most common species has been the subject of some controversy; it is, however, a *Lepidopterous* insect (Butterfly family), and belongs to the *Oiketicus*, of Harris, which should be spelled *Eceticus*, according to Guilding. Rathvon describes it under the name of *Thyridopteryx ephemeræformis* (a convenient name for a student to practice on), believing it to be synonymous with a species described under that name in the Smithsonian Report for 1864, but of which, however, there is some doubt.

During the winter months their numerous spindle-shaped follicles or sacks may be noticed hanging from the branches of trees, the greater portion of which having been the former residences of the females, consequently contain her remains with a large number of eggs,—the male

cases being empty. Upon the approach of warm weather, the eggs hatch, and the little worms may be observed suspended by single threads from the cocoons. They soon detach themselves, however, and each individual commences to prepare a silken house for itself, enlarging the same as the occupant increases in size, and incorporating pieces of green leaves and bark therein, so that it may resemble the surrounding verdure. These cases are exceedingly tough and leathery in texture; and are securely fastened to twigs until the owners have devoured everything green within a circumscribed limit; it then removes its home to a fresh spot, refastens it to a fresh twig, and once more commences its work of destruction.

An aperture at the top, which may be closed and opened at the little owner's will, is so contrived, that upon the very slightest disturbance, appears as if it was hermetically sealed. Indeed so durable is the whole structure, that birds are unable to dislodge it, and no change of weather affects it in the least; even man, in his efforts to eradicate these pests, finds a difficult task. Whilst the insect is in the caterpillar state, it never wholly leaves its case; but at maturity, the male moth selects the night time to sally forth in search of a mate. The habits of the female are thus beautifully described by Dr. Leidy: "The female never leaves her silken dwelling, nor does she ever throw aside her pupa garment; it is her nuptial dress and her shroud. Within it she deposits her eggs, enveloped in the down stripped from her body. The eggs thus protected and enclosed in the mother's habitation, remain suspended from the branches of the tree, secure from the storms and the cold of winter, until the following season."

The *Ichneumon Fly*, a curious insect, somewhat like a wasp in general appearance, is the basket-worm's most deadly enemy. The former pierces the body of the worm of the latter and deposits therein her eggs, which quickly hatch out, and the young ichneumons commence feasting upon their foster-parent. I have thus hastily thrown together a few facts that I thought might possibly prove of interest to thee, as they have oftentimes to the writer. Indeed the more I learn of the wonderful operations of nature in her beautiful provision for every dependant creature, the more interesting does the study become, and well can I understand, that at the end of a long life, one has only just commenced the rudiments of his education.

Sincerely thy friend,

JOSIAH HOOPES.

If we are one with Christ, all things are adapted to promote our joy, enlarge our glory, become ours forever. We are enriched with all spiritual blessings in Christ, and all things are ours.—*Tyng*.

From the Western Christian Advocate.

PARENT AND CHILD.

It is a momentous inquiry how the great obligations of the parental relation can best be discharged. If results indicate the true method, we cannot but be convinced that some of the best of people have been sadly mistaken. If devoted piety, intense anxiety, perpetual watchfulness, and agonizing prayer could have perfected the training of their children, these children would in cases we wot of been paragons of excellence. But these were, perhaps, the very things that chafed and ruined the child. The piety was not childlike. It had in it no sympathy with the youthful heart, no appreciation of youthful desires. It forgot entirely its own childhood and youth. It draped the cross and its unspeakable glories with sackcloth. It made religion a yoke, but not an easy one; a burden, but not a light one. Parental solicitude became loathsome to the child, even when it went in tears to the Supreme Father in heaven, and the child was driven farther from God and good, while the parent was left to keenest disappointment and a shattered faith in Him who heareth prayer.

There is too much of beauty in Christ to have it thus made deformity; too much power of holy living and believing prayer to have it so paralyzed. There is an "altogether loveliness," there are "garments of praise," there is a "beauty of the Lord our God," to which the sensitive heart of childhood will readily open, and the absence of which it will bear with difficulty. He who would exert a religious influence over young minds must cultivate a cheerful piety, be he parent, preacher, or instructor, or friend.

If we would have an influence over our children, we must preserve our own youthfulness. When we find ourselves annoyed by their activities and noise; when we find their sports, their hopes, their fears, their griefs, all becoming of little consequence to us, let us beware,—all this foreshadows gray hairs and wrinkles. Look in the glass, they may have already come. The links of that golden chain of sympathies by which alone we can bind youth to our persons and to duty are weakening, it may be breaking, perhaps already sundered. On Christmas eve last we heard a friend lamenting that of late years so few good toys were made for children. We put him down with the grandame who despairingly lamented the smallness of the eyes of modern needles.

This youthfulness cannot be put on, it must gush like a living fountain from the heart. Leave your business at the office, store- or shop, and as you enter your home let sunshine gleam all through it. Romp with the little ones awhile. Show them how much of youth there is in you. You can so postpone considerably old age, and make life happier. As life matures, maintain your interest in the advancing pleasures of

your children, and let no period come when a caste will spring up in the household, separating the old and young from each other by an impassable gulf.

There is an excess, however, even in this direction. Perhaps we should say *mistake* rather than excess. It builds a gymnasium in the garret, fills it with the costliest apparatus, and then wonders the child prefers the street to its skylit prison, society to isolation, and mutters on about the ingratitude of children. Let common-sense say who is at fault here, child or parent. Where this is not the precise form of the mistake, it perhaps makes provision for nothing but amusement. If wealthy, it has its billiard-room and ten-pin alley at home; or, in any event, it has its dances, and its wines, and its games of doubtful propriety. It conceives that these provided in the sanctuary of home may prevent the ruin that so often accompanies them abroad. They compromise with either the world, the flesh, or the devil, or all three, in delusive hope of gaining by it. One half of the money expended if used in interesting children in some praiseworthy association or enterprise of their own, or in providing them with good books, or in cultivating head rather than heels, would produce abundantly beneficial results.

Well do we know that all parents are not so educated as to be in advance of the children sufficiently to do these duties as they would. They can but approximate to what is desirable. Very few indeed there are who might not, in some way, maintain fireside interest were they but in earnest to do it. But the wrinkled brow must be put off and the heart bent to the work.

So strong is the instinct of a child on this matter that you will find it, before you know it, on the knee of a stranger who is in sympathy with childhood, and shying off, and even fleeing, from one who is not.

We dare not enter in detail upon this subject, beset with practical difficulties as it is. In our last and present articles we purposed only to indicate the true spirit of a Christian parent. He needs something more than unquenchable love and devout piety. These must be rightly directed, or they may ruin instead of save. We have shown how piety may do this, and your own memories will supply lamentable cases where the love of the parent, unbalanced by wisdom, has had a like effect.

The world in which the child is trained should be analogous to the world in which he is to live. Sometimes we see a boy housed from all knowledge of the world and its temptation, brought up with girlish delicacy and purity, and for a while cheering his parents by his propriety. The time comes when he must go out and brave the temptations of real life. Then his virtue uncoils like the main-spring of a

watch when the chain, that has so long held it, is suddenly detached, and, so to speak, he runs entirely down with a rapidity that startles all and breaks the hearts of his parents. Bring him up in the world in which he is to live. Warn him of its vices and follies. During the period when he is too young to choose his own associations, choose them for him; as he matures, gradually put responsibility upon himself. By every possible tie bind him to yourself, his home, the Church, and to God. Fortify him well with moral principles and wise instructions. Happy if he is early identified with the people of God. In such a case he can scarcely help being the honor of your old age and a blessing to his race.

ASPIRATIONS TO BE RICH.

A youth writes us as follows—and his case is like that of so many others that we treat it thus publicly, suppressing his name:

"Dear Sir: I am a poor boy. I would like to get rich. Now what shall I do? I would like to quit this section. I don't want to remain on my father's farm. Please give me the best advice you can, and oblige yours, G. G. S."

Answer. The aspiration to be rich—though by no means the highest that can impel a career—is, in our view, wholesome and laudable. The youth who says, "Let me be rich *any how*," and before all other considerations," is very likely to bring up in some State Prison, but he who consistently says, "Let me first be just, honest, moral, diligent, useful; *then* rich," is on the right road. Every boy *ought* to aspire to be rich, provided he can be without unfaithfulness to social obligation or to moral principle.

But how shall he set about getting rich? We would concisely say:

I. *Firmly resolve never to owe a debt.* It is the fundamental mistake of most boys to suppose that they can get rich faster on money earned by others than on that earned respectively by themselves. If every youth of 18 to 25 years were to-day offered \$10,000 for ten years at seven per cent. interest, two-thirds of them would eagerly accept it; when the probable consequence is that three-fourths of them would die bankrupts and paupers. Boys do not need money half so much as they need to know how to earn and save it. The boy who, at the close of his first year of independence, has earned and saved \$100, and invested or loaned it where it will pay him six or seven per cent., will almost surely become rich if he lives; while he who closes his first year of responsibility in debt, will probably live and die in debt. There is no greater mistake made by our American youth than that of choosing to pay interest rather than receive it. Interest devours us while we sleep; it absorbs our profits and aggravates our losses. Let a young man at twenty-five have

\$1000 loaned on bond and mortgage or invested in public securities, and he will rarely want money thereafter: in fact, that \$1000, invested at seven per cent., will of itself make him rich before he is sixty. There is no rule more important or wholesome for our boys than that which teaches them to go through life receiving interest rather than paying it. Of the torments which afflict this mortal sphere, the first rank is held by Crime; the second by Debt.

II. *Acquire promptly and thoroughly some useful calling.* Some pursuits are more lucrative, some more respectable, some more agreeable, than others; but a chimney-sweep's is far better than none at all. No matter how rich his parents may be, a boy should learn a trade; no matter how poor he may be, a boy may learn *some* trade if he will. This city is full to-day of young (and old) men who have been clerks, book-keepers, porters, &c., &c., yet can find nothing to do, and are starving because their foolish parents did not give them trades. A trade is an estate, and almost always a productive one. A good, efficient farm-laborer can generally find paying work if he does not insist in looking for it in a city where it cannot well be; while many a college graduate famishes because nobody wants the only work he knows how to do. Let nothing prevent your acquiring skill in some branch of productive industry.

III. *Resolve not to be a rover.* "A rolling stone gathers no moss," but is constantly thumped and knocked, and often shivered to pieces. If you are honest and industrious you must be constantly making reputation, which, if you remain in one place, helps you along the road to fortune. Even a hod carrier or street-sweeper who has proved that his promise to appear on a given day and hour, and go to work, may be trusted, has a property in the confidence thus created. If you cannot find your work where you now are, migrate; but do it once for all. When you have stuck your stake stand by it!

IV. *Comprehend that there is work almost everywhere for him who can do it.* An Italian named Bianconi settled in Ireland some sixty years ago, and got very rich there by gradually establishing lines of passenger conveyances all over that island. Almost any man would have said that he who went to Ireland to make his fortune must be mad. He who knows how, and will work, can get rich growing potatoes in New England, though he hasn't a five-cent stamp to begin with. There is work that will pay for a million more people on the soil of Connecticut alone. There are millions of unproductive acres within a day's ride of this city that might be bought and rendered largely fruitful at a clear profit of \$100 or more per acre. A man in Niles, Mich., declined to go gold-hunting in the Rocky Mountains because

there was more gold in Niles than he could get hold of. The reason was a good one, and it applies almost everywhere. If you can find nothing to do where you are, it is generally because you can do nothing.

V. *Realize that he who earns six-pence per day more than he spends must get rich, while he who spends six pence more than he earns must become poor.* This is a very hackneyed truth; but we shall never be done needing its repetition. Hundreds of thousands are not only poor but wretched to-day, simply because they fail to comprehend or will not heed it. We Americans are not only an extravagant but an ostentatious people. We habitually spend too much on our own stomachs and our neighbor's eyes. We are continually in hot water, not because we cannot live in comfort on our means, but because we persist in spending more than we need or can afford. Our youth squander in extra food and drinks, in frolic and dissipation, which does them harm instead of good, the means which should be the nest-egg of their future competence. When cares and children cluster about them, they grumble at their hard fortune; forgetful that they wasted the years and the means which might and should have saved them from present and future poverty.

All these are very trite, homely truths. All our boys have heard them again and again; but how many have laid them to heart? We assure G. G. S., and every other youth, that each may become rich if he will—that "to be or not to be" rests entirely with himself; and that his very first lesson is to distrust and shun by-paths and short cuts, and keep straight along the broad, obvious, beaten highway.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 16, 1867.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The agent of Friends' Intelligencer would be obliged to subscribers to send their names and subscriptions as early as possible. The names should be *plainly* written in full; the name of the Post-office given, and when a change of address is contemplated, the one proposed and that before used should be *plainly* written. Persons getting up clubs sometimes send a part of the club at one time and part at another. Where it is possible, the agent would like to receive the list entire. It would greatly lessen his labor if names, addresses, accounts, &c., were given explicitly and clearly.

TESTIMONIES OF FRIENDS.—It is by contrast that the preserving tendency of the im-

portant testimonies held by the Society of Friends is brought more forcibly into view. We have been led to reflect upon this subject by the increase of crimes of various grades in our midst.

In a collection of five or six hundred children at the House of Refuge, there is not one who is a member of the Society of Friends, and in the prisons, which are now uncomfortably crowded with convicts, no Friend is found. This speaks favorably for a community, the morality of which is respected by all, while its principles and testimonies are so little understood by many.

We are ready to believe that even some of our own members do not duly value the hedge which has surrounded them from early childhood. That this hedge is occasionally broken down or overleaped by the thoughtless is no proof of its weakness. The testimonies referred to, lead to the fulfilment of the first and second commandments, and an adherence to them produces the healthful condition of doing unto others as we would they should do unto us. If this were our abiding place, the sufferings of one would meet with the sympathy of the whole, and the bond of Christian brotherhood would be strengthened by the exercise of those virtues which expand our higher nature and increase heavenly treasure.

The direful effects of the late war are seen on every hand, teaching in their aspects the "exceeding sinfulness of sin." A war-spirit ever produces fruit after its kind, and this fruit is scattered broadcast over the land, even after a national peace may have been proclaimed. Intemperance, the habit of which, if not formed upon the battle-field, is greatly strengthened by its depressing influences, perhaps is the most prolific source of evil. The greater majority of those who are now being committed to the penitentiaries are returned soldiers. What a comment upon the system which leads to such fearful results! Let not Friends falter in the maintenance of the testimony against war in all its phases. By nipping every germ of an aggressive disposition in ourselves, we shall be prepared by precept and example to encourage others to dwell in love, and instead of resisting evil, to overcome evil with good. Were the people impressed with the necessity of uphold-

ing our testimony against the "distillation and sale of spirituous liquors, and the use thereof, as a drink," how reformatory would be the measures, in these particulars! Many homes that are now wretched and desolate would be made comfortable and happy. By the removal of the cause of their trouble, not a few individuals, instead of being a burden to society, might assume the dignity of manhood and become useful members of it. And again, by the observance of the testimony against lotteries of any kind, the temptation would be lessened to encourage the widespread evil, which is assuming gigantic power in the insidious form of benevolent projects. We have observed with gratification the efforts of a few influential persons, not members of our Society, to check these fraudulent measures, and we would affectionately urge Friends to be watchful, and to maintain inviolate the testimony against lotteries of any kind.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.—The result of the first experiment of Universal Suffrage, which occurred in Alexandria, Va., on the 5th inst., as reported by the press, has been satisfactory, and we are highly gratified that those to whom has been awarded a right so long unjustly withheld exercised it in a becoming manner. We hope that the friends of this class will continue to impress their minds with the importance of their position as citizens of the United States. Many of them appear to appreciate their situation, and feel that it is necessary, in order for a proper elevation, that the people of color should be circumspect in all their movements. We want them encouraged to perform faithfully their part, so that they may possess and enjoy all the rights and privileges which pertain to our Republic. The municipal authorities of the city of Alexandria are disposed to contest the election, as a military governor had not been appointed previously to it; but under the reconstruction bill, the right of the colored man to the elective franchise is only a matter of time.

MARRIED, on the 7th of Second month, at the house of the bride's father, in Chester Township, Delaware County, Pa., under the care of Chester Monthly Meeting, JAMES F. LEYS, of Philadelphia, to RACHEL P. WEST.

DIED, on the 1st of Twelfth month, 1866, at his residence, Easton, Washington Co., N. Y., SMITH BORDMAN, aged nearly 88 years; a member and elder of Easton Monthly Meeting. His consistent, exemplary life no doubt largely contributed to preserve his physical and mental powers in a remarkable degree to the last, and endeared his name and memory to a large circle of friends and acquaintances, surrounding his pathway with Heaven's choicest blessings. Having been so peculiarly blessed in the conjugal relation as to be permitted to live with the chosen companion of his youth in unbroken and undiminished affection for more than threescore years. The testimony borne at the funeral by one who had known him long and well was especially appropriate—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

—, on the 27th of Twelfth month, 1866, THOMAS LEWIS, aged 77 years; a member of Plainfield Monthly Meeting, Belmont Co., O.

—, on the 28th of First month, at Normal, near Bloomington, McLean Co., Ill., RACHEL, relict of the late William Brown, of Tazewell Co., Ill., formerly of Lancaster County, Pa., in her 81st year.

—, on the 21st of Second month, 1867, at the residence of his parents, Emily and Josiah Wright, near Springboro, O., EDWARD WRIGHT, in the 18th year of his age.

—, on the evening of First month 25th, 1867, in Ledyard, Cayuga Co., N. Y., CORNELIUS WEEKS, aged 89 years, 9 months and 25 days. For more than a half century friend Weeks was a resident of the old town of Scipio. He was for many years a highly esteemed member of the Society of Friends. For industry and integrity he stood pre-eminent. Faithful in the performance of every duty which devolved upon him, his life was an excellent model for others to imitate. Strictly temperate in his habits, he was remarkably exempt, even in his latter years, from disease and the infirmities of age. Gradually and calmly, peacefully and resignedly, he yielded up his breath. His work was well done; and his memory will be fondly revered and cherished by those who knew him best.

—, on the 29th of Eleventh month, 1866, at her residence in Ledyard, Cayuga Co., N. Y., MARY, wife of Benjamin Batty, in the 72d year of her age; a worthy elder of Scipio Monthly Meeting, N. Y.

—, on the 28th of Second month, 1867, in Philadelphia, MARTHA DICKINSON, in her 83d year.

—, on Second-day, the 4th of Third month, MARLON BETTS, in his 72d year; a member of Wilmington Monthly Meeting, Del.

—, on the 6th of Third month, HENRY BARTRAM, son of Charles K. and Annie B. Gazo, and grandson of Henry W. Bartram, of Wilmington, Del., aged 11 months.

—, on the 5th of Third month, in Ridley Township, Delaware Co., Pa., JACOB PARRY, aged 72 years.

—, on Sixth-day, the 8th of Third month, at Germantown, Pa., RACHEL H., widow of Wm. Jones, late of Gulf Mills, Montgomery Co., Pa., in her 74th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

—, on the 10th of Third month, JOSHUA LONGSTRETH, son of the late Richard Price, of Philadelphia, in his 47th year.

Friends' Fuel Association for the Poor will meet this (Seventh-day) evening, Third month 16th, at 4 o'clock, at Race St. Monthly Meeting Room.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, Clerk.

INFORMATION WANTED.

The address of Superintendents of "First-day Schools" amongst Friends (particularly within the compass of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting) is requested. Address "First-day School," care of 144 N. 7th St., Philada.

Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will meet at Green St. Meeting-House, on Fourth-day evening, Third month 20th, promptly at 8 o'clock. All interested are invited.

J. M. ELLIS,
ANNE COOPER, } Clerks.

The Executive Committee of "Friends' Publication Association" will meet at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room, on Sixth-day afternoon, Third month 22d.

LYDIA H. HALL,
Clerk of Committee.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Abstract of a Lecture on "The Education of Girls," delivered on the 12th of Second month, 1857, by Wm. Henry Farquhar.

After some prefatory remarks upon the object of lectures, urging the duty of expressing, in simple phrase, the earnest convictions which have taken root in the speaker's mind from the experience and reflection of his own life, the lecturer went on to state—that in taking for his subject "The Education of Girls," it was not proposed to keep his audience in the school-room. Although that was the place where the greater part of his active life had been spent, he was never able to feel, while at work there, that they were realizing the true idea of education. The plan pursued, which included the ordinary elementary, scientific, and linguistic instruction, always seemed to be extremely imperfect. There was so much *left out*, which the nature of the subject was felt to require, that an abiding impression of dissatisfaction, a want of something broader, deeper, and better, was continually experienced.

Adam Smith (an authority always worth listening to) tells us that "it is a law of educational progress,—that its impulse and stimulus come from *without*. Hence writers on political economy expressly except education from the operation of the general law of supply and demand. For the *demand*, in this case, must be awakened by external influences and agencies." This view was amply confirmed by the experience of the lecturer in organizing a system of public schools among a people not accustomed to the institution. The power required to introduce knowledge into minds darkened by densest ignorance, must indeed come from a source without the subjects of it; as, in the physical world, darkness is dispelled by light from above; and not by internal fermentation among the particles of the dark body.

From this principle it follows, that any radical improvement in schools must be from

the diffusion of knowledge among men and women, and be preceded by the spread of more enlightened views in the community. Of course this growing illumination comes up largely from improvements in the schools; the action is reciprocal. But it is impossible to raise school instruction to its proper standard until the community becomes aware of what is really included in the vast idea.

The lecturer assumed that the true idea of education was now admitted, at least in theory: namely, that it consists in the full development of each power of our nature, according to the constitution impressed on it by the Maker's hand, and with the object of enabling each to fulfil His design in so constituting it.

In applying this idea to the present subject, two inquiries presented: What the young being is? And what we want to make of her?

The solution of these two questions must be sought in two ways; one being the historical, the other the scientific method. Great difficulties arise in exploring the former way. There is no comprehensive history of woman—it is yet to be written. We have biographies, more or less reliable, of remarkable specimens of the sex, in various ages of the world, but these individual histories serve to bewilder as much as to enlighten us. Semiramis, Cleopatra and Elizabeth, Deborah, Jeanne d'Arc, and Pocahontas, possess such exceptional characters, that the accounts we have of their lives give us very little insight into the real condition of the sex, in their respective eras, or into the gradations by which this half of the race has ascended from its original inferior position. Yet, that progressive elevation, that ever-changing and steadily rising position of one-half of the human race, in its relation to the other half, is the most remarkable fact in history.

[After relating some familiar facts, showing the degraded condition of the female sex in former ages and in barbarous countries, the lecturer proceeded.]

Still it is worthy of note, that from the earliest ages we may catch gleams, shining out through the darkness, brightly pointing to a nature and destiny for woman, which, in these latter days, and among the most favored nations, are just beginning to be realized. Amongst these better prophetic intimations stands first and most conspicuous that simple but sublime statement, in the first chapter of Genesis: "Male and female created He them." Mark the full meaning and force of that truly inspired passage. Never was a clearer statement given of the Creator's work, never a fuller pledge and token of His high design. It stands the strongest testimony in favor of the two most important doctrines in our present ar-

garment. These are, the *perfect equality* and *absolute distinctness* of the two halves of the compound being. "So God created man in his own image; male and female created He them."

It was all right in the beginning. But it has pleased Providence so to constitute His world, that it must struggle upwards, through long periods, and many painful experiences, before attaining the perfect type, that was shadowed forth in the beginning. Researches into the great Stone-book, where lie petrified the leaves of the earth's early history, discover to the inquirer, scattered through the vast series by which living things have ascended into higher forms of being, evident types of the superior organisms to come.

As Goethé expresses the idea, "Nature then appears to us in the form of a sybil, who has beforehand laid down a testimony of what had been determined from eternity, and was not to be realized till late in time."

So, in the fragmentary history of woman's progress, we may catch glimpses of the future elevation designed for her.

Having referred discursively to some of the steps in woman's progress toward the position she was meant to occupy, the natural inquiry next presents,—how near has she approached to it? Is it at length attained? So rapid and decided have those steps of progress been, it is supposed by many that women have quite risen above the position of inferiority to which law and custom so long confined them, and attained the equality designed in the beginning. What is the actual situation in this respect?

[Various proofs were here alleged, going to show the actual inequality;—as the national example, exhibited in the refusal of Congress to give equal salaries to the female government employes, though doing the same work as men, and doing it as well; the inequality in the salaries of female teachers; the inferior status of the Philadelphia Female High School, &c. &c.]

It would be very easy, though quite unnecessary, to multiply the proofs establishing the actual existing inequality in the condition of the sexes. While this lasts, the relation cannot be permanent. It must go on, as it has been doing ever since the time of Eve, to change. *Entire conformity* to the full design of the Creator is absolutely necessary, before any thing can stand on an immutable foundation. How, then, is it to be brought about? Obviously in the only way that such conformity has ever been attained: by leaving free to develop all the natural powers and capacities of the female character. Perfect freedom to develop, and wise assistance in the process, that is, proper education, are the essential matters.

Without fear, then, let us, metaphorically

speaking, fling the women into free space, and see what will become of them. Whatever they ultimately find to be in accordance with their own nature and capacities must be the right thing for them. That much talked of mythical sphere of woman can be compassed in no other way, than by leaving her field and opportunity to seek, and by experience attain.

But it will be said by some, that there is great danger in allowing too much freedom to women. It is taken for granted that women are more inclined to go to extremes than men. Possibly they are. Yet must it be always safe to let the faculties unfold harmoniously, according to the plan marked out by Him who gave them. To doubt of this appears like atheism.

It is worthy of remark, that men, by the coarse temptation that impels strength to show its power, have always been inclined to interfere in determining questions which belong much more properly to women. An interesting instance of this disposition was shown in the affair of nursing the sick and wounded of the late war. Masculine medical exclusiveness, and masculine delusions on the question of propriety, did their best to alarm sensitive feminine delicacy, and to banish those gentle ministers of mercy from the hospitals. Fortunately for the poor sufferers, woman's tenderness and common sense were too strong for the success of the attempt. And the brightest feature that marked that long, terrible agony, was seen in the noble deeds of the American followers of Florence Nightingale.

Men may offer counsel; but the idea of their *dictating* to women, in these questions of delicacy and propriety, is simply preposterous.

Yes; woman is constituted the *equal* of man, but *not* the equivalent. Her distinctness and difference are as certain as her equality. "Male and female created He them."

It is not proposed here to determine the line that separates the distinct spheres of man and woman. That were a difficult task, blended as they are.

"Yet, though the colors soften and unite"

A thousand ways;—is there no black and white?"

The line is one which will be found and respected, rather by woman's instinct, than by man's reason. Now and then a woman will cross the line, and invade her neighbor's province; but her whole peculiar character forbids the fear of any persistent invasion. The distinction is too radical for that.

[The lecturer here detailed his experience as a teacher of girls, which had brought him to discern and acknowledge the intellectual difference of the sexes; but he declined to estimate their comparative excellence, as mathematicians never make an *equation of incommensurable quantities*.]

[On the question of giving to women the

right to vote, it was urged,] that men could not maintain their refusal to confer this privilege, by the considerations of logic. Other and stranger considerations stand in the way. The exercise of the right to vote does not appear to be in accord with that peculiar, distinct, feminine nature, which, it is believed, is destined to unfold in a very different direction, and to aim at a higher mark.

Many wise and good men, perceiving the beneficial nature of female influence on society hitherto, have been impressed with the belief, that the sex were yet designed to be the great reformers of the world. Now, if woman's influence is to stand pre-eminent in the happier future, it must obviously be from the more perfect performance of the work she has hitherto done so well. What are the elements of that work? By what means accomplished? To obtain a clear perception of the way it was done, we only need to remind ourselves that we combine two natures: the one which allies us to the beasts that perish; the other, by which we are brought near to the angels, and crowned with glory and honor. The history of civilization—that is, of man's real progress—is simply the struggle of man's higher nature to subdue the lower. While the animal and selfish portion was strongly in the ascendant, while the physical world was being subdued, woman necessarily played a very secondary part. So soon as "the superior or moral sentiments" became a decided power, the being whose excellence consists in *their* activity began to rise to her place. Then gentleness was found to be a stronger power than violence; faith, than reason; reverence, than self-exalting; love, than strength and courage. Now, it is exactly in all those higher attributes that woman's genuine excellence consists. Disclaiming wholly the language of sentimental gallantry, it is stating only a simple fact, established by history, and founded in mental science, to declare that gentleness, faith, ideality, with all its refining influences, reverence and love, are essentially feminine qualities; and their contrasted attributes are masculine. It was by excelling in those virtues, that woman became a power in the world; it must be by continued cultivation of them she is to grow in useful influence.

[The lecturer then proceeded to examine the actual course pursued in the present system of female instruction; selecting, for example, Vassar College. After mentioning the deep interest he had felt in watching the organization of that institution, and eulogizing the arrangements for the health, comfort, and physical culture of the pupils, he expressed his disappointment at finding the old college curriculum adopted for the system of instruction, and the study of the classics regarded as the best means for securing *mental discipline*.]

Not doubting that girls can study Latin and Greek quite as well as boys, the question recurs, what do they gain in return for the large amount of time and labor required to learn those languages? Are their minds thus furnished with materials for thought or with information of practical value? Are they filled with high moral and religious sentiments in being kept for years in close communication with those old Pagan writers? Very little that tends to elevate the female character can be gathered there.

But these studies are recommended as a means of *mental discipline*, a sort of intellectual gymnastics. In the case of bodily gymnastics, the attempt is not made to strengthen one set of muscles by putting into action quite a different set. In the study of the ancient languages, although several faculties are called incidentally into operation, it is the one faculty of language which is primarily and directly trained. An important faculty certainly; yet not the most important to develop and cultivate. It is still more important to learn to think.

And even for the thorough culture of the one faculty of language, there is good ground for denying that Greek and Latin, though brilliant examples of the degree in which the power of expression may be polished, have any exclusive or paramount claim to study. Our mother tongue is, in structure and spirit, more Saxon than Latin; as the best points of our national character, sturdy integrity, reverence for humanity, and especially respect for woman, come to us by our descent from the Northern, not the Southern nations of Europe.

Further, in regard to "mental discipline," it was suggested that the same blunder was sometimes made as that which had been productive of so much mischief in the case of moral discipline: namely, that *occasions* should be *sought* for making the young "bear the cross," for teaching them "to surrender their wills," as a preparation for life; just as if, in the real life before them, there were not sure to be abundant lessons of that nature; yokes enough to bear, without contriving artificial ones. So, for mental discipline, the problems of existence, the great art of living, (or science, as it well deserves to be called,) will furnish the best lessons.

As it is surely better to learn ten new ideas than ten words for the same old idea, the progressive sciences, botany, natural history, geology, chemistry, physiology, natural philosophy, are better exercises than the classics.

An exhaustive examination of this subject may be found in Herbert Spencer's work on education. It is his conclusion, that "for every purpose of exercising and disciplining the judgment and the moral and religious feelings, science ranks far before the classics." "These

may be studied, he says, "by way of ornament; but as their benefit can apply only to the leisure part of life, so should their study occupy only the leisure part of education."

When all is done at our schools, for the training of the physical powers, the culture of the intellectual faculties, and for mental discipline, by a curriculum adapted to the inherent nature of those faculties, and the design of the Creator in bestowing them, has the problem of female education found its solution? Far, very far from it. The domain of the emotional part of the feelings is only just touched. Wide and deep as is their influence in the world for happiness or misery, susceptible as they are of development and culture, they surely claim a degree of consideration beyond what they have yet received,—most especially in the education of girls.

If the introduction of music into our schools is deemed inexpedient, it is well to be reminded that a substitute, to some extent, may be found in the kindred influences of poetry, whose study should form part of every woman's culture.

* * In glancing over the wide field selected for the evening's meditation, nothing has been said about certain matters which usually occupy a large space in essays on the proper bringing up of girls. Reference was had to the well-meant but rather ineffective measures recommended for repressing those foibles to which the sex is supposed to be particularly prone: such as novel-reading, devotion to dress and fashion, and frivolity in general. It was suggested that the tendency had been to turn moral education into "a circumlocution office," and show "how *not* to do it." Long enough has the world, especially the world of youth, groaned under testimonies *against error*. Would it not be better to stop scolding, and rely upon impressing the loveliness of *positive good*? Face the light! and turn the children's eyes in that direction.

In regard to novel-reading, the suggestion was made, that girls who were fond of that sort of literature should agree to a proposition like this: for every work of fiction they read, there should be at least three books of solid character perused.

It was contended too that dress was a very refining institution—a civilizing agent. And the hope was expressed that when this truth was properly appreciated, the dear women would, perhaps, come to indulge their fondness for it in a less expensive and more sensible and æsthetic fashion.

[The lecturer concluded with some remarks upon the future of women.]

From reason and experience of past history, we come to the conclusion, that it is unphilosophical to suppose that this particular 19th

century has witnessed the full development of her character and influence. Her relative position is not likely always to continue the same as now. No revolutionary war will be required to secure all the independence her happiness demands. [Some lines were here read from Tennyson's "Princess," filled with the spirit of true prophecy.]

A much wider and more diversified field of employment will be opened, adapted to her measure of bodily strength and her quick perceptive intellect. But these will lead to no jostling with men in the pursuit of business. Her inborn love of home will ever be a controlling principle in all the arrangements of life.

She will be eminent as a teacher. She will be (it was thought) a physician—perhaps the physician of the future. She will be in word and life a preacher; her quicker intuitions and more spiritual nature will have the wider field, and bear the richer fruit. She will be nearest God, for she is fullest of purity and love; "and they that dwell in love, dwell in God, and God in them." Man will journey forward also, appreciating his companion more and more as they tread together the onward and upward road; and feeling that, next to reverence to God, respect for woman is the best sentiment of his heart.

At the conclusion of the lecture some comments were made by those present, in which the idea was maintained that the education of the sexes should be in all respects equal, and that no partial culture would meet the requirements of woman's high calling. The great bane of female education is the idea that it should be directed to make women attractive, the preference being given to music and kindred ornamental pursuits, at the expense of those substantial, linguistic, mathematical and scientific studies which have been selected for young men as the result of long experience, to develop the intellect, improve the memory, and evoke the power of classifying and expressing thought.

THE BROOKLET.

The following little Poem was written by Sir Robert Grant, who died of consumption at the age of nineteen.

Sweet brooklet, ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The lone vale now dividing,
Whither away?

"With pilgrim course I flow,
Or in summer's scorching glow,
Or o'er moonless wastes of snow,
Nor stop nor stay.

'For O, by high behest,
To a bright abode of rest
In my parent Ocean's breast,
I haste away!"

Many a dark morass,
Many a craggy mass
Thy feeble force must pass;

Ye', yet delay!

"Though the marsh be dire and deep,
Though the crag be stern and steep,
On, on, my course must sweep,
I may not stay!

"For O, be it east or west,
To a home of glorious rest
In the bright sea's boundless breast,
I haste away!"

The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that hide thee,
With soft accord they chide thee;
Sweet brooklet, stay!

"I taste of the fragrant flowers.
I respond to the warbling bowers,
And sweetly they charm the hours
Of my winding way;

"But ceaseless still in quest
Of that everlasting rest
In my parent's boundless breast,
I haste away!"

Knowest thou that dread abyss?
Is it a scene of bliss?

Ah, rather cling to this;
Sweet brooklet, stay!

"Oh! who shall fully tell
What wonders there may dwell?
That world of mystery well

Might strike dismay;

"But I know 'tis my Parent's breast;
There held, I must needs be blest;
And with joy to that promised rest
I haste away!"

*Letter from one of the Teachers sent by Friends'
Association for the Aid and Elevation of the
Freedmen.*

LEESBURG, VA., 2d month 10th, 1867.

To L. J. R.

Dear Friend.—It is a month since I returned to my post of duty, somewhat refreshed, both in mind and body, by my trip home. I had just begun to feel a little at home, in Leesburg, when I received intelligence to the effect that I could not be accommodated with board at _____'s any longer, as they were going to break up housekeeping, in a week or so. What was to become of me? I knew of but two families who would be likely to take me: to those I immediately made application, but with no success,—they had no place. Thus matters rested, until Sixth-day afternoon, when S. L. Steer came and took me home with him to Waterford, where I remained till Second day morning, enjoying myself with his pleasant and kind family; then he brought me to Leesburg in time for school, where he spent some time in trying to secure a home for me, but was not successful. Somehow I did not fail heart; never once did I feel like packing up and going home. This I knew, there was yet one earthly means left untried; the one that has never yet failed when called upon—the colored people.

I felt assured they would do all in their power to help me; but were they able to furnish me with all I should need? That was the question. I could but try; so that evening was the time for their regular Monthly Meeting for school purposes. Capt. Smith and I met them. Captain made known my needs, and directly one man arose and said, "Miss, you are welcome to the *best* I have if you would think it is *good* enough." Then another and another,—all offering their *best*. It was really touching to hear some say, "Oh, Miss, how glad I would be to have you with me: it would please me *mightily* well." So, after thanking them heartily for the proffers of their hospitality, and making a selection of the one which I thought would best accommodate me, and transacting some other little matters of business, we left. The next day, after school was out, I started on an exploring expedition. I went to the place which was to be my future home; found I could have a room to myself, with bed and bed-clothes, a stove, chairs, table, and stand, wood and light furnished, and my meals also furnished, for four dollars a week. They would not fix any price, but left it all to me. I thought that would be about right; they are very kind and attentive to me. One thing I must not forget to mention, my beautiful *sunkit* window, nor my pretty pure white primrose and scarlet geranium, which I bought at the gardener's yesterday,—and here I am.

The people with whom I board are nice and respectable. Many little things they have which denote refined taste: most of them are old to be sure. I noticed the sheets on my bed were darned and mended beautifully; not only carefully, but beautifully,—just like mother mends things; also the carpet, which consists of four different patterns, so worn that you can scarcely tell what the original was. There is a large sized picture of Abraham Lincoln, framed, and hung up, with the Emancipation proclamation printed underneath, with Grant, Meade, Sherman, and Sheridan,—one in each corner. This hangs right over my little table where I eat my meals; so thee sees I dine with illustrious company. So now, dear friend, I believe I have told thee all about my new home, and have filled a sheet without saying a word about my school. I have lost some of my old scholars, and have a good many new ones. I will write to thee soon again, and make my school the subject of remark. I expect to go to Quarterly Meeting next week, at Waterford. I will tell thee about it when I next write. Love to all.

Thy Friend, C. THOMAS.

"A finished life—a life which has made the most of all the materials granted to it, and through which, be its web dark or bright, its

pattern, clear or cloudy, can be traced plainly the hand of the great Designer; surely this is worth living for."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

SECOND MONTH.

	1866.	1867.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	2 days.	6 day.
Rain all or nearly all day,...	4 "	4 "
Snow, including very slight falls,	2 "	3 "
Cloudy, without storms,	4 "	7 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	18 "	8 "
	28 "	28 "
TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1866.	1867.
Mean temperature of 2nd month per Penna. Hospital,	34.14 deg.	40.21 deg.
Highest do. during month,	80.50 "	55.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	7.00 "	17.00 "
Rain during the month,	6.61 in.	2.89 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year,	1148	1056
Average of the mean temperature of 2nd month for the past seventy-eight years	30.67 deg.	
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1857,	41.03 "	
Lowest do. do. 1815, 1836, 1828	24.00 "	

FALL TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three Winter mos. of 1866 and 1866,	33.68 deg.
Mean do do do do	
months of 1866 and 1867	33.24 "
Average of the Winter temperature for the past seventy-seven years,	31.66 "
Highest Winter mean occurring during that entire period, 1850, '51,	38.33 "
Lowest do. do. do. 1814, '15, and 1835, '36	26.66 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1866.	1867.
First month	3.14 inch	1.70 inch.
Second month,	6.61 "	2.89 "

The above exhibit discloses the fact of a very high temperature for the month just closed; so nearly unprecedented that we find only two years equal to it in our records, running back to 1790! viz.: 1851, 41 degrees, and 1867, 41.03 degrees.

Notwithstanding the steady continued cold of *First month*, we find the mean temperature for the winter to have exceeded the average by two degrees, while the quantity of rain thus far the present year is less than half for the same period last year. It may be remembered, however, that more rain had fallen during the second month of last year than for any corresponding month on record at the Pennsylvania Hospital, commencing with the year 1825.

It may also be noticed that the deaths have been about one hundred less.

J. M. E.

Philadelphia, Third mo. 5th, 1867.

AN EXTINCT RACE.

One of the most remarkable races that ever inhabited the earth is now extinct. They were known as the Guanches, and were the aborigines of the Canary Islands. In the sixteenth century, pestilence, slavery, and the cruelty of the Spaniards, succeeded in totally exterminating them. They are described as having been gigantic in stature, but of a singularly mild and gentle nature. Their food consisted of barley, wheat, and goat's milk, and their agriculture was of the rudest kind. They had a religion which taught them of a future state of rewards and punishment after death, and of good and evil spirits. They regarded the volcano of Teneriffe as a punishment for the bad. The bodies of their dead were carefully embalmed and deposited in catacombs, which still continue to be an object of curiosity to those who visit the islands. Their marriage rites were very solemn, and before engaging in them, the brides were fattened on milk. At the present day these strange people are totally extinct.

Report of Forwarding Committee for Second Month, 1867.

- No. 103, 1 package, School at Suffolk, Va., containing books.
- 104, 1 barrel, R. M. Biglow, Washington, D. C., containing 75 garments, &c.
- 105, 1 barrel, E. Ella Way, Falls Church, containing 82 garments, shoes, &c.
- 106, 1 box, Mary K. Brosius, Vienna, Va., containing 80 garments, books and shoes.
- 107, 1 box, T. Shepherd Wright, Woodlawn, Va., containing clothing, books and seeds.
- 108, 1 barrel, Capt. Hines, Vienna, Va., containing books and seeds for seven schools.
- 109, 1 box, Susan H. Clark, Fortress Monroe, containing 223 new and old garments, seeds, &c.
- 110, 1 barrel, Deborah K. Smith, Gum Spring, containing books, seeds, shoes and clothing.
- 111, 1 barrel, Eiza Heacock, Washington, D.C., containing 125 garments.
- 112, 1 barrel, S. A. Cadwallader, Bladensburg, containing trimmings, clothing and seeds.
- 113, 1 package, H. P. Martin, Bethel, N. C., containing clothing, books and seeds.
- 115, 1 box, Hettie Painter, Painter, Va., containing clothing, books and seeds.
- Also packages of seeds to Leesburg, Accotink, Waterford, Va.; St. Helena and Mt. Pleasant, S.
- HENRY M. LAING, President.
- Phila, 3d mo. 1, 1867.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received since last report:—

From City contributions,	\$115.00
" N. & E. T. Potter, Battle Creek, Mich.	1.00
" a Friend, for the needy,	1.00

\$117.00

Also, a box seeds, from Wilson Dennis, Applebackville, Pa.

HENRY M. LAING, Treasurer,
3d mo. 9th, 1867. No. 30 Third St.

ITEMS.

Advices from the Cape of Good Hope bring the sad intelligence that Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African explorer, has been killed by the Caffres.

GEORGE PRABODY.—The latest gift of this benevolent gentleman has been the donation to a Board of Trustees of \$140,000, to be by them and their successors held in trust for the promotion among the inhabitants of his native county of Essex, Massachusetts, of the study and knowledge of the natural and physical sciences, and of their application to the useful arts. He directs that \$40,000 be applied to the purchase of land in the city of Salem, and the erection of such buildings as shall be necessary for the purposes of this trust. One hundred thousand dollars are to be kept invested as a permanent fund, and the income used for the purposes designated.

A Peace Congress, it is announced, will be held in Washington on the 1st of Fourth month, under the auspices of the United States Government. It is the intention of the Government at this conference, if possible, to mediate between Spain and the South American republics, so that the unfortunate war on the Pacific coast of South America may be ended. Plenipotentiaries from Spain, Peru, Chili, Ecuador and Bolivia will attend the Congress, and it will be presided over by some person designated by the United States Government. In case of disagreement, a foreign State, not one of the belligerents, is to be designated as a mediator, and an armistice to the war is to take place as soon as all the belligerent States communicate to the United States their intention to send plenipotentiaries to the Congress, and it shall continue until the end of the Congress.

It is stated that in England, France and Germany women have been admitted to practice medicine, and in the two former countries women's medical schools have been opened. There is also in England an increase of female preachers noted. A late London paper states that in addition to Mrs. Thistlethwaite and Mrs. Booth, who occasionally address congregations in London, Miss Macfarlane has been holding services at the Polytechnic Institution; Octavia Jary has been addressing large congregations at Atherstone; Geraldine Hooper, besides "her usual ministrations at Bath," has been holding services at various other places; and J. L. Armstrong has been preaching at Arbroath and Dundee.

CONGRESS.—A communication was laid before the Senate, from the Secretary of War, transmitting a statement of General Howard, Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, in response to a resolution of the Senate calling for information in regard to extreme want in the Southern States, etc. The report states that from official sources, and confirmed by gentlemen from different sections of the South, he estimates that 32,662 whites and 24,238 colored people will need food from some source before the next crop can relieve them. The number of rations required for one month will be 170,700; for five months, the probable time required, 8,535,000. At 25 cents per ration, the estimated cost will be \$2,133,750. Of this \$625,000 has already been appropriated, leaving \$1,508,750 to be provided. A bill was introduced supplementary to the act for the government of the rebel States, which provides for a registration of loyal citizens, to be made before Ninth month next, after which an election for a convention is to be held; the convention is to form a State Constitution, which is to be submitted to the people for ratification and to Congress for its approval. The joint resolution appropriating fifty thousand dollars to further the purposes of the Paris Exposition was

agreed to. A resolution appropriating fifteen thousand dollars for the relief of the freedmen in the District of Columbia was passed. The bill reannexing Alexandria to the District of Columbia was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

HOUSE.—A communication was presented from the Secretary of State, acknowledging the receipt of the act for the government of the rebel States, and announcing his intention to promulgate it. A resolution reciting the fact that the Thirty-ninth Congress had had the subject of the impeachment of the President under consideration, and providing for a continuation of the investigation by the Judiciary Committee of the present Congress, was finally passed. A resolution extending the sympathy of the House to the people of Ireland was offered but objected to; subsequently it was taken up and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The motion to suspend the rules so as to allow the introduction of a resolution authorizing the application of surplus funds in the Treasury to the redemption of the compound interest notes came up and was lost. The resolution in reference to the Paris Exposition was passed. A bill repealing the act retroceding the county of Alexandria, District of Columbia, to Virginia, was passed.

The colored messenger of the Secretary of the Treasury was recently elevated to a clerkship of the first class.

THE FREEDMEN.—The Legislature of Tennessee has provided by law for a common-school system for the State without distinction of color. It is not perhaps an obvious, but it is an entirely truthful remark, that the blacks would never have been embraced in this provision except for the previous experiment and example of freedmen's schools, sustained by the benevolence of the North, in every part of Tennessee. In them the capacity of the negro and his ambition to get knowledge have been forever established; and they have also proved themselves here, as noted by Superintendent Tomlinson in South Carolina, the handmaids of civilisation, and restored public order. The patient and obscure toiling of three years has wrought this great revolution in Tennessee. The Philadelphia Society alone, aided for the last eighteen months by that at Pittsburg, has effected and sustained seventeen distinct educational organizations, five of which are normal classes for the preparation of colored teachers, besides an orphan asylum at Nashville; and has distributed more than \$10,000 worth of supplies, clothing, and fuel. At Murfreesboro', says a very high authority, "there is scarcely a department of culture, whether social, literary, or religious, which has not received an impetus from our teachers;" and the same might be said of the other stations, as indeed at Stevenson: "The teacher is an advisor of the colored people in everything." "Gradually, we are reaching the parents through the children."

We understand that the N. Y. Branch of the American Freedman's Union Commission, having, together with the Pennsylvania Branch, borne the burden of the schools in the District of Columbia, will presently withdraw its teachers and its care from all but a single school. This action is the result, in part, of the charge imposed upon the District by Congress, of furnishing to blacks and whites equally the benefits of education; in part, of the suffrage which the blacks have obtained, admitting them to the control of their own destiny; and especially of the mental and moral improvement in the colored people which has been brought about in its own province by the New York Association.—*The Nation*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 19.)

[In the Eighth Month, 1830, he obtained a certificate from his Monthly Meeting (Kingston,) for religious service, in the Quarterly Meeting of Dorset and Hants, his concern being to visit the meetings, as well as the families generally; with liberty to include the counties of Kent, Sussex and Surrey, if Truth should open the way.

In the First month, 1831, he returned the certificate, at the same time acknowledging the gracious dealings of the Lord, in supporting him through this engagement, and in granting the sweet incomes of peace.

The following are brief extracts from some of his letters, written during this engagement.

ALTON, 22d of Eighth month, 1830.

Having now got through this part of our humiliating path, and being about to depart on the morrow, I thought I might attempt a few lines to tell thee that we got well here; and we have been so closely engaged, as indeed hardly to leave time for conversation with Friends, or for relaxation of any sort. It is humbling work indeed, and I have been so low, that it seemed as if I should not have held out; but the water seems turned into wine, beyond all expectation. I have not been silent in any sitting, though nearly so in both meetings this day. Oh, may the Lord continue unto us strength and wisdom; and, if it be His will, may He enlarge

my poor soul a little, to testify and sing of his power.

HORSHAM, 1st of Tenth month, 1830.

I trust I do feel, however inadequately, that it is through renewed mercy and favor I am here, and again made willing to do and to suffer whatever may be meted out for me, if it be but for the Lord's precious cause and to His glory. O! saith my soul, that the dwelling of each one of us may be so near the right spot, that we may not only truly and fully discern, but appreciate, what may make for our own peace, and our progress heavenward. However heavily the hand of the Lord may in any wise be laid upon us, is it not for good, and should we not even kiss it, as well as bear and submit? It is but little, very little, that we can give up, and but for a short season, unto Him, who hath given us all things that we hold dear: O! then, that we may prize and cherish the privilege of lending to the Lord; who will assuredly love the cheerful giver, and restore and enhance his own gifts to such, with increase.

We have had a sweet, precious uniting season together this day, not only in meeting, but since; and though with myself it has not been a high day, yet I have been sensible of that which has stayed and sustained, and even animated my soul to run on with patience. I am intending to be on First-day at Godalming, at the interment of a Friend, whose awfully sudden removal will be affecting to thee:—when sitting at dinner with her family, she was

smitten as it were in a moment, and was a corpse in a very few minutes: I understand a striking silence prevailed with them, from the time they sat down at table.

GUILFORD, 6th of Tenth month, 1830.

Since I wrote last, I have been favored to get along comfortably, having been well in health and spirits, cheerful in mind, and wound up in some good degree, I humbly trust to my business, from hour to hour. I have been enabled to go through what has come before me as duty, even with alacrity; so that often the acknowledgment has arisen,—“By thee I have run through a troop, and leaped over a wall.” Do not, however, suppose that I am unduly elevated; but am rather preserved in a calm, steady trust, and in resignation to the Lord and to His disposal; desiring only to do all his good pleasure, or that it may be fulfilled and accomplished in me; ever bearing in mind, that I am not yet (so far as I can see of the future) putting off the armor or harness, but have still to fight and to labor, still to keep under this poor frail body; and in soul and spirit, also to seek to be sustained and subjected in all things unto the end.

I attended the Monthly Meeting at Horsham, on Seventh-day, and was (notwithstanding the flow of doctrine and exhortation we had had the day before) led pretty largely to testify among Friends. I proceeded to Godalming on First-day morning, where the interment was to take place. I concluded to join the mourners at dinner, and attended their evening meeting. We commenced the next morning visiting the families, which we have now concluded, much to my relief and satisfaction: after much exercise and endeavor for a long season to know what might be best as to this service, and as to the time, I believe that I have been well directed thus far. I feel that the Lord will fulfil his precious promises, and be unto me all I stand in need of, while I look unto Him in simplicity and faith, striving to obey Him.

FOLKSTONE, 13th of Twelfth month, 1830.

We have now completed at Dover, and have entered this day into our labor here. O! surely the Lord is no hard master, and sendeth not any forth at their own charges; but is very graciously disposed to fit out according to his own purposes: thus are removed all sufficiency or dependence on any thing short of the fresh and humbling ability that He gives. We have had some precious seasons, reviving to our drooping spirits, when even at the lowest ebb; and we are bound to rejoice and give thanks, and go on our way in faith, with alacrity and patience of soul, come what may.

[He was favored to return home from this close and laborious service in peace, the 25th of Twelfth month, 1830.]

To ———.

Second Month, 1831.—While writing, I cannot well forbear expressing something of the sense I often have, of thy deep unremitted interest in the welfare of our Society, and the sympathy which, I believe, very many besides myself, feel towards and with thee, under the many exercises and engagements which are thy portion, and which may be said nearly to absorb the whole man. I trust it will not prove unwelcome, if I venture to say how I have longed that thy hands may be strengthened according to all thy need. No doubt thou hast at times occasions of dismay and discouragement on various accounts: but it is consoling and animating, to have the truth of the declared decree sealed afresh to our wearied spirits,—“yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion;” and again,—“the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs, into smoke shall they consume away.” Be assured there are many with thee, (and with others that desire to be true-hearted laborers,) when and wherein thou little thinkest this to be the case: and though the fathers and mothers in our Israel be removed, without any doubt, it is the same almighty, all-wise hand, who removes these, that is able of the stones to raise up children. It is often remarkable, how from time to time the Head of the church, possibly after a time of treading down and humiliation, raises up instruments and aids in all the different offices, one here and another there; even so, that we cannot find any cause to murmur against “the good man of the house,” although it be according to His own purposes, grace, and goodwill, and not according to our mere human apprehensions of what would be best. Thus he renews the face of his earth spiritually, and brings forth a song in the hearts of his children, somewhat similar to those beautiful words in Psalm lxxxix. 6, 7, 8, 16, 17 verses—“Who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord,” &c.

1831.—O! the glory, the excellency of the power and wisdom and truth of our God and Saviour! How was he manifested, and his grace and goodness, and plenteous redemption, when the groans and cries of some of his poor oppressed and exercised ones went up as mingled clouds of incense! “For the sighing of the poor, for the cry of the needy, now will I arise, said the Lord.” When things are apparently at the lowest,—when our prayers seem to return into our own bosom,—when the heavens are wrapped in thick folded curtains of darkness, then the coming of the Lord on high is often as the vivid lightning, enlightening the skies, from the east to the west; in effect declaring to poor mortals, that it is He alone who can create light and darkness,—can cause the light to shine in and out of darkness,—and can turn the night season spiritually into the noonday.

1832, 14th of First Month.—Employed on Jaffray nine hours. Some days this week, I was exceedingly stripped, low, and tempted, almost beyond measure: but on Fourth-day, had a good meeting, and a sweet silent opportunity with a young person who has applied for membership. These words were impressed on my mind, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

1832, 21st of Fifth Month.—I resume these notes, and it is under a sense, greater if possible than ever, of my incompetency to set forth my many feelings and exercises, either in reference to my own condition, or that of the gathered church with whom I associate. I cannot recur in this place to what has transpired, since I last wrote in this little book; suffice it to say, my soul does feebly desire to bless the great name of the Lord, my Saviour, for the very thought and hope now presented before me—that because He lives, I live also. To be preserved alive in the Truth unto this day, and once more to meet with and recognize my friends in the Truth, in the life of it,—this is indeed a favor. And to be given to know, in any measure, what has aimed at the life, and is yet seeking to devour, leads to some hope of a complete deliverance from the snares of death. Ever since I have attended this Yearly Meeting, my mind has been deeply exercised, according to my capacity, for the welfare of this people. As I proceed in my pilgrimage, I trust my confidence is increasing, that the great "I AM," the King of Sion, still reigns, and will reign to the overthrow of all his enemies; and that he alone is equal to take care of his church, and to overrule all things for the good of his little dependent ones. Yet, O! how awful do the times appear in which we live; and how awfully critical is our standing among the various professions around us: doubtless, it always has been so, perhaps more so, than those of any particular age may have thought. Every period has had its dangers, its temptations, its responsibilities. Yet surely ours are, if not new, very specious snares; and when I look around, I am ready to think, who, even among the highest, in knowledge, in faith, or in gifts, is not fearfully liable to fall into some of these snares. O! I have this day seen, as I think, in the light of the Lord, the enemy endeavoring to deceive, if it be possible, the very elect. There are baits already laid, golden baits, which if they are not seen and shunned, will even devour those who devour them. I see not how some, who now take the lead amongst us, will or can escape being carried away, as with a sweeping flood, by that which they are now swimming in; unless the Lord prevent, I see not how this Society can escape being landed, yea, stranded, on a rock. Every day, every fresh occasion of wit-

nessing the spirit and proceedings of these times, convinces me beyond all hesitation, that we are fast verging to a crisis—an alarming crisis, and a shaking sifting crisis,—when every foundation will be discovered,—every covering removed. And though many will say, "Lo, here is Christ, and lo there!" is he not with us, and do we not own him and follow him? Yet a clean separation will take place between the chaff and the wheat; and nothing will be able to endure the refining heat of that day, besides the beaten gold. O! how loose, how crude, how mixed are the views of many; how accommodating, how shifting is the ground they stand upon; how lofty and superficial is their edifice, though beautiful and apparently solid also. O! for more humiliation, fasting, waiting! O! for less activity, less self-conceit, less taking of the name of Christ in vain! May such a view of things conduce to drive and keep me yet nearer to the Source of all safety and of all succor; that I may abide in Him, and grow up in Him in all things, who is the Head.

[In the spring of 1833, he was first attacked with an inflammatory complaint in the knee-joint, brought on by a longer walk than usual, but aggravated it was believed by a depressed state of constitution, consequent in some degree on his too close application to the Diary of Alexander Jaffray, &c.;—this left a weakness upon him so as never after to be able to take his former portion of exercise, on which he had felt his general health so much depended: the limb was kept for some time under surgical care, and many means were resorted to for its restoration, but without success.]

(To be continued.)

CHEERFULNESS.

Would that women could be taught from their childhood to recognize, as an evil spirit, the spirit of causeless melancholy; this demon which dwells among the tombs, and yet which first shows itself in such a charming and picturesque form that we hug it to our innocent breasts, and never suspect that it may enter in and dwell there till we are actually "possessed;" cease almost to be accountable beings, and are fitter for a lunatic asylum than for the home circle, which, be it ever so bright and happy, has always, from the inevitable misfortunes of life, only too much need of sunshine, rather than shadow or permanent gloom. Oh, if such women did but know what comfort there is in a cheerful spirit! how the heart leaps up to meet a sunshiny face, a merry tongue, an even temper, and a heart which from conscientious principles has learned to look at all things on their bright side, believing that the Giver of life being all perfect Love, the best offering we can make to Him is to enjoy to the full what he sends of good, and bear what he allows of

evil!—like a child, who, when once it thoroughly believes in its father, believes in all his dealings with it, whether it understands them or not. I will put it to most people's experience, which is better than a hundred homilies, whether, though they may have known sincere Christians, who, from various causes, were not altogether happy, they ever knew one happy person, man or woman, who, whatever his or her form of creed might be, was not in heart and speech, and daily life, emphatically a follower of Christ—a Christian?—From "*Women's Thoughts about Women.*"

There are many toiling ones whose time is not at their own command, but there is no one who cannot hold converse with God. His ear can hear amid the clang and roar of machinery, or the hum of hundreds of voices. The heart can go up to him no matter what the surroundings. Wherever Abraham pitched his tent, there he raised up an altar to the Lord. So, wherever the Christian heart is, there is also an acceptable altar from which the incense of prayer and praise may ascend.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

I have felt that it would be a satisfaction to myself, as well as a duty I owed to my dear, worthy and greatly afflicted friend, Sarah G. Rich, to preserve from oblivion some of her letters to me, hoping they may be as waymarks to some sincere traveller Zion-ward, and that the impressive language, "Follow me as I have endeavored to follow Christ," may be conveyed through them. We are so constituted as to need all the help we can obtain, to enable us to pursue steadily and without faltering the "high and holy way" which is cast up for the "ransomed and redeemed to walk in." And how often does the experience of those who have gone before have the tendency to stimulate us who remain on the active stage of life, to "run and not be weary, walk and not faint."

May we, one and all, be willing to cast "our mite into the treasury;" resting assured, that if it be even comparable to that of the "poor widow," we shall in no wise lose our reward.

Second month, 1837.

M. L. B.

PHILADELPHIA, Second month 28th, 1847.

My dear Friend.—My mind had been so much with thee, that I thought I would write, but had not done so when we heard of thy illness; and then of course it was postponed until we should hear again from thee, which we had not done till—called with thy letter; and now, if strength is granted me, I desire once more to converse with my absent friend, whom I look upon as one almost raised from the confines of the grave; for such have been the accounts we have had of thee. I doubt not thou hast fully felt the solemnity of being passed as it were be-

tween time and eternity. I think our spirits can dwell upon this subject understandingly; though I oftentimes fear for myself, that I do not yet feel it in its reality; but for many months have considered my disease in its nature incurable; yet not until within a few weeks has it so fully depicted its true character, and when that evidence did appear, I felt as if the view I had taken of it, though not changed, was yet reduced to an indescribable feeling of reality. Yet even then I was jealous of my own heart, fearing I was experiencing a solemnness and resignation, when perhaps I ought to have felt otherwise. But often does the aspiration ascend from my spirit, Oh, may I not deceive myself and cry, "Peace, when there is no peace;" but oh, Father! do thou show my spirit in its true light; and may not thy "hand spare, nor thine eye pity, until *all*, *all* is done away that is not in accordance with thy blessed spirit. Oh! my dear, I am not insensible of my frailties; no indeed! I feel that I have been encompassed by them all my lifetime; but magnified and adored be His ever blessed spirit, which has ever followed me, and been as a swift witness, reproving whenever through error I have concealed myself from His presence. Oh! is it not an unspeakable blessing that His divine unceasing love thus follows us; and when in the cool of the day, a time when we are best prepared to listen to His fatherly reproofs, to be able to hear His voice, calling to us as unto Adam, "Where art thou?" This to me, the nearer I feel myself approaching that crisis which truly must prove a "detector of the heart," is a blessing of invaluable weight, for truly can and do I reflect upon past trials and vicissitudes, and have humbly to cry out, "Where, oh! where should I ere this time have been landed, had it not been for these proofs of a Father's love!" Yea, truly do I often mentally exclaim, "Bless the Lord, oh! my soul, and magnify his ever adorable name." I know not why I have been led on to express my feelings thus, for I seldom do the like, desiring most earnestly I may never make an ostentatious display to others of feelings which are only intended as a support to my own soul; for truly though at times I am led to praise and adore, there is no moment of time that I do not know my only safety is in constantly keeping on the watch-tower, sensibly feeling that it is only through mercy that I am not wholly cast off and forsaken; and it is this feeling of unworthiness that inspires in me such deep gratitude for every token of a Father's love; and I feel that I can indeed thank Him for all—"most for the severe."

3d mo. 27th.—I took the pen two days ago, intending to finish this letter, but was prevented. Yesterday was one of my very suffering days, therefore it had to wait, and to-day, though more comfortable, I feel unlike interesting any one;

but I feel disposed, while I can write at all, to do my part toward stirring up the pure mind of thee, my friend, by way of remembrance, that the link of friendship which existed in former days brightly between us might not become dim or rusty, because we are debarred personal intercourse. I have not entered into particulars of my situation, neither can I, without a longer detail than I feel like entering into, therefore, will only say that my infirmities increase. It is about sixteen months since I sat up half-an-hour at a time. My limbs are contracted greatly, being many months since they could be straightened, even forcibly; and the pain in them at times very severe; besides, there is much internal disease, which causes much extreme suffering of various kinds. I am able to vary my position scarcely any, from week to week, yet through all this, I feel that I have much, very much to be thankful for; and may my heart more and more be filled with that love, which only can qualify us in any state to live as we should. Affliction, abstractedly, will not enable us to do it, but when we allow afflictions to have the softening, tendering influence upon us which they should, then indeed may we turn them into blessings, and then we would view suffering, not as an avenging dispensation, but as sweet proofs of a Father's love. For do we not feel that we are oftentimes in danger of either soaring above a safe spot, or becoming buried in the earth and its cares, to the neglect of that which would be to our peace, if it were not for the gentle admonition of a Father's love? and does not this enable us to see that our affliction is no proof of a vindictive Providence, but rather the consequence of some infringement of the law of nature, and that suffering must as inevitably follow as pain does upon exposing the finger to the fire. In this view we see that nature's laws are God's laws. Well, my dear friend, this may be difficult for thee to read, and my pains warn me to stop, unless I go on transgressing those laws I have been speaking of. I must close; but let me first say, if thou hast sufficiently recovered for writing, a letter from thee would be very cordial to my feelings; particularly so, being so much curtailed in my intercourse with my friends; and I think no one enjoys social intercourse more than I do. If thou find it difficult to read this, thou must remember, it was written lying directly upon my back, with a box lid resting upon the cushion, which I have to support my limbs, with my paper upon it; therefore, I trust, no apology is needful.

Affectionately thy friend, SARAH G. RICH.

PHILADELPHIA, 5th mo. 13th, 1847.

My dear M.—The receipt of thy letter was so cordial to my feelings that the desire to answer it was almost irresistible at the time; but it was put off until the present time, thinking it

among the possibilities that thou might be strong enough to have come on with —, and made me a visit. As this has not been the case, the pen must be the substitute for personal intercourse; and in this way do we not at times experience a sweet mingling of spirit? Yes, I feel in it a cementing influence, by which the bond of sisterly feeling is strengthened, often to the invigorating of the mind, when almost ready to sink into despondency, under accumulated trials. How often do we feel in perusing these testimonials of love as though a new spring had been touched, and we vivified with reverence, strength and hope in that influence which thus brings minds into near and sweet fellowship, when many miles may separate our bodies. Thy W. made us a pleasant little visit yesterday, by whom I am pleased to learn that thou art still improving; trust thou wilt be restored to at least usual health, which no doubt thou feels to be very desirable, circumstanced as thou art with the charge of an interesting family, notwithstanding thou didst feel the mind brought to a state of resignation to leave them, had thy day's work been done.

What beauty! what strength there must be in that attainment which can enable the mind to exclaim, "Or life or death is equal; neither weight—all weight in this; Oh! let me live to thee."

This I feel, my dear sister, to be where I desire—oftener than the morning—my mind may be brought to; then indeed will *neither weigh*; but experience teaches us that when for a time we are favored to arrive at this point, nothing but continual watchfulness can keep the mind there; and I find it hard work oftentimes to arrive at perfect resignation, when the idea suggests itself, that a length of time may possibly yet be before me of an entirely helpless state.

This, I can assure thee, is far beyond human strength to bear up under; but even this I feel it my bounden duty to be resigned to, if it is to be so, for doubtless it will be in wisdom; but this I look not forward to for a very long time, having every reason to believe that the disease, (a tumor of an incurable character,) is progressing. The fore part of this week I experienced a time of very severe suffering therefrom, but for the last two days I am better, which I esteem a great favor, for it would have been a trial not to be able to see my friends, who are in attendance of the Yearly Meeting. (After giving more of the particulars of her disease, and the progress thereof, she adds,) And now all I desire is, that the mind may be brought to a true state of resignation to suffer either a longer or shorter time, that the designs of an all-wise Father may be fulfilled, and that my soul may be redeemed, purified, and prepared to enjoy Him for ever and ever. Amen, sayeth my soul! Under this feeling I have an assur-

ance that I may safely commit my cause to the great Disposer of events, who created man to glorify and enjoy Him for ever; therefore, the fervent aspirations of his dependent children He will hear, and arise for their deliverance, and on the banks thereof will enable them to sing praises unto Him.

Thy friend, S. G. R.

(To be continued.)

A black cloud makes the traveller mend his pace, and mind his home; whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do conceal our comforts; for I perceive, if I should find too much friendship in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my Father's house and my heritage.—Lucas.

PHILADELPHIA IN 1685.

A gentleman of this city has in his possession a pamphlet of twenty pages, which is styled "A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE PROVINCE OF PENNSYLVANIA AND ITS IMPROVEMENTS, FOR the Satisfaction OF THOSE THAT ARE ADVENTURERS, AND ENCLOSED TO BE SO." It bears the signature of Wm. Penn, having been published by him, by way of an advertisement of his infant colony, on his return to England in 1685. He sets out by giving as a reason for his leaving the province and returning home, the fact that he had had a dispute with Lord Baltimore concerning the "lands of Delaware." After speaking of the resources of the country and of the increase in the population, he goes into an account of Philadelphia, of which the following is an exact copy, peculiar spelling and all:

"*Philadelphia*, and our intended Metropolis, as I formerly Writ, is two Miles long, and a Mile broad, and at each end it lies *thot* mile, upon a *Navigable River*. The situation *high* and *dry*, yet replenished with *running streams*. Besides the High-Street, that runs in the middle from River to River, and is an *hundred foot* broad, it has Eight Streets more that run the same course, the least of which is *fifty foot* in breadth. And besides Broad-Street, which crosseth the Town in the middle, and is also an hundred foot wide, there are twenty streets more, that run the same course, and are also *fifty foot* broad. The names of those Streets are mostly taken from the things that Spontaneously grow in the Country, As *Vine-Street*, *Mulberry-Street*, *Chesnut-Street*, *Wallnut-Street*, *Strawberry-Street*, *Cranberry-Street*, *Plumb-Street*, *Hickery-Street*, *Pine Street*, *Oake-Street*, *Beach-Street*, *Ash-Street*, *Popler-Street*, *Sassafrax Street*, and the like.

I mentioned in my last Account, that from my Arival in *Eighty two*, to the Date thereof, being ten Moneths, we had got up *Four score* Houses at our town, and that some Villages were settled about it. From that time to my coming away, which was a Year within a few Weeks, the Town advanced to *Three hundred and fifty seven houses*; divers of them, large, well built, with good Cellars, three stories, and some with *Belconies*.

There is also a fair *Key* of about three hundred foot square, Built by *Samuel Carpenter*, to which a ship of *five hundred Tuns* may lay her broad side: and others intend to follow his example. We have also a Ropewalk made by *B. Wilcox*, and cordage for shipping already spun at it.

There inhabits most sorts of useful Tradesmen, As *Carpenters*, *Joiners*, *Bricklayers*, *Masons*, *Plasterers*, *Plumbers*, *Smiths*, *Glasiers*, *Taylers*, *Shoemakers*, *Butchers*, *Bakers*, *Brewers*, *Glovers*, *Tunners*, *Felmongers*, *Wheelrights*, *Millrights*, *Shiprights*, *Boatrights*, *Ropemakers*, *Saylmakers*, *Blockmakers*, *Turners*, &c.

There are *Two Markets* every Week and *Two Fairs* every year. In other places Markets also, as at *Chester* and *New-Castle*.

Seven *Ordinaries* for the Intertainment of *Strangers* and *Work-Men*, that are not Housekeepers, and a good Meal to be had for sixpence, sterl.

The hours for Work and Meals to *Labourers*, are fixt, and known by Ring of *Bell*.

After nine at Night, the *Officers* go the Rounds and no Person, without very good cause, suffered to be at any Publick-House that is not a Lodger.

Tho this *Town* seemed at first, contrived for the Purchasers of the *first hundred shares*, each share consisting of *5000 Acres*, yet few going, and that their absence might not Check the Improvement of the Place, and *Strangers*, that flockt to us, be thereby Excluded, I added that half of the *Town*, which lies on the *Skulkill*, that we might have Room for present and after Commers, that were not of that number, and it hath already had great success to the Improvement of the Place.

Some *Vessels* have been here Built, and many *Boats*; and by that means, a ready Conveniency for Passage of People and Goods.

Divers *Brickerys* going on, many Cellars already Ston'd or Brick'd and some Brick Houses going up.

The *Town* is well furnish'd with convenient *Mills*; and what with their *Garden Plots*, (the least half an acre,) the *Fish* of the River, and their labour, to the *Countryman*, who begins to pay with the provisions of his own growth, they live Comfortably.

The Improvement of the place is best measur'd, by the advance of Value upon every

mans Lot. I will venture to say, that the worst Lot in the Town, without any Improvement upon it, is worth *four times* more than it was when it was lay'd out, and the best *forty*. And though it seems unequal that the Absent should be thus benefited by the Improvements of those that are upon the place, especially, when they have serv'd no Office, run no hazard, nor as yet defray'd any Publick charge, yet this advantage does certainly redound to them, and whoever they are, they are great Debtors to the Country; of which I shall now speak more at large."

Following this quaint description of Philadelphia is an account of the products of the soil, and the re-ources of the river and the sea. Whales abounded near the mouth of Delaware bay, and in the rivers there were great abundance of a fish which the "ignorant call shads."

A portion of Penn's publication is a letter from Robert Turner to the Governor. It bears date, "Philadelphia, the 8d of the 6th month, (Augst,) 1685." Mr. Turner gives the following account of the city and of the progress of improvements here, which read whimsically at this time:

"Now as to the Town of PHILADELPHIA it goeth on in Planting and Building to admiration, both in the front & backward, and there are about 600 Houses in 3 years time. And since I built my Brick House, the foundation of which was laid at thy going, which I did design after a good manner, to incourage others, and that from building with Wood, it being the first, many take example, and some that built Wooden Houses, are sorry for it: Brick building is said to be as cheap: Bricks are exceeding good, and better than when I built: More Makers fallen in, and Bricks cheaper, they were before at 16s. English per 1000, and now many brave Brick houses are going up, with good Cellars. Arthur Cook is building him a brave Brick House near William Frampton's, on the front: For William Frampton hath since built a good Brick house, by his Brew-house and Bake-house, and let the other for an Ordinary. John Wheeler, from New-England, is building a good Brick house, by the Blew Anchor; and the two Brickmakers a Double Brick House and Cellars; besides several others going on: Samuel Carpenter has built another house by his. I am building another Brick house by mine, which is three large Stories high, besides a good large Brick Cellar under it, of two Bricks and a half thickness in the wall, and the next story half under Ground, the Cellar hath an Arched Door for a Vault to go (under the Street) to the River, and so to bring in goods, or deliver out. Humphery Murry, from New-York, has built a large Timber house, with Brick-Chimnies. John Test has almost finished a good Brick House, and a Bake house of Tim-

ber; and N. Allen a good house, next to Thomas Wynns, from Lot. John Day a good house, after the London fashion, most Brick, with a large frame of Wood, in the front, for Shop Windows; all these have Belconies. Thomas Smith and Daniel Pege are Partners, and set to making of Brick this Year, and they are very good; also, Pastorus, the German Friend, Agent for the Company at Frankford, with his Dutch People, are preparing to make Brick next year. Samuel Carpenter, is our Lime burner on his Wharf. Brave LIME STONE found here, as the Workmen say, being proved. We build most Houses with Belconies. Lots are much desir'd in the Town, great buying one of an other. We are now laying the foundation of a large plain Brick house, for a Meeting House, in the Center, (sixty foot long, and about forty foot broad) and hope to have it soon up, many hearts and hands at Work that will do it. A large Meeting House, 50 foot long, and 38 foot broad, also going up, on the front of the River, for an evening Meeting, the work going on apace. Many Towns People setting their liberty, Lands. I hope the Society will rub off the Reproaches some have cast upon them. We now begin to gather in some thing of our many great Debts."

The Meeting-house in the "center" was built at Centre Square, which, in the original plan of the city, was several hundred feet east of the present Centre Square. It was so distant from the city that the Friends refused to attend there, and after falling into disuse it was torn down long since. The Meeting-house "on the front of the river" stood on the west side of Front street, above Arch. It was used for purposes of public worship until the year 1789, when it was torn down. The brick house which Mr. Turner built for himself stood at the northeast corner of Front and Arch.

When the city was first settled the Founder gave to purchasers of town lots a certain portion of land for farm purposes outside the city limits, to wit: north of Vine street and south of South street, where it was expected that they could plant potatoes and raise cabbages for all time. These were the "liberties lands" referred to in the letter of Mr. Turner. The name Northern Liberties was borne by the portion of the city which now comprises the Eleventh and Twelfth Wards, until 1854, when the Act of Consolidation swept away all the distinctions between the old city and the outlying districts.—*Evening Bulletin*.

Matt. iii. 3.—"Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight." Isaiah lxii. 10, says: "Prepare the way of the Lord; cast up, cast up the highway; gather up the stones." In 1845 the Sultan visited Brusa, and the Emirs and Sheikhs sent forth a proclamation, somewhat in the style of Isaiah's exhortation, to all

the inhabitants to assemble along the route and prepare the way for him. The command to gather up the stones was peculiarly appropriate, as the farmers do the exact reverse,—gather up the stones from their fields and cast them into the highway. This practice renders the paths uncomfortable and dangerous. See also Jer. xxiii. 12.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 23, 1867.

FAMILY VISITS.—Elizabeth Plummer, a Minister of Baltimore Monthly Meeting, has obtained the consent of that meeting to visit the families of Friends composing it.

INSTITUTIONS FOR THE BLIND.—We have received the annual report of the "Indiana Institute for the Education of the Blind," by which we learn that it is in a highly prosperous condition. During the past year the number of pupils received into the schools was greater than that of any previous year. Combined with the report is an interesting essay upon the accompaniments and effects of blindness by the superintendent Wm. H. Churchman, A. M., from which extracts will be found in another part of the paper. By the reception of the Indiana document we were reminded of our remissness in not noticing the 34th annual report of the Pennsylvania Institution for the same class of the community, published at the commencement of the present year. The managers of that Institution speak favorably of its condition so far as its capacity will permit, but regret their inability to extend to the numerous applicants for admission the benefits to be derived from a term of years within its precincts. They have in prospect an enlargement of the present building or a removal to another location better adapted to their wants, as the demand cannot long be delayed. The "Home" connected with the Institution has been of essential benefit in furnishing a home for some of the meritorious pupils, but it is totally inadequate to relieve the many equally worthy who are pressing forward for support.

There are now twenty inmates in this department who in part support themselves either as teachers or in the manufactory. Of the 181 pupils in the institute but five pay in full. By the appropriation of the Legislature, the de-

ficit in the finances of the institution is partially met, but not wholly; without this assistance its sphere of usefulness would be extremely limited. We direct attention to the suggestion contained in the following extract from the report of the Principal in relation to a Home for the industrious and worthy blind—a class which we fear has not the active sympathy of the community which their situation demands.

Extract from the Report of the Principal,
WM. CHAPIN.

While we are gratified to report the successful working of the literary and musical branches of the Institution, and also the favorable progress of our Manufacturing Department in teaching and employing blind persons in useful trades, experience every year confirms the necessity of a house of industry for the regular employment of pupils whose term of instruction has terminated, and of the adult blind.

The education of the blind is a simple matter; nor is it susceptible of much improvement in the way of securing their future welfare. The great idea which encourages the establishment and support of all such institutions by the several States, is the preparation of the blind for future usefulness and happiness by self-dependence. Their misfortune unfits them for the large number of industrial and professional pursuits open to the seeing. But there are mechanical arts in which they become good, if not rapid workers. The difficulty with many—especially those without friends and homes—is in securing employment, and in earning fully enough for their support. Without this, the failure, idleness, and demoralization which too often follow, prove how imperfect is their previous instruction in this direction.

The "Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind," founded in London, by Miss E. Gilbert, is an example of a very practical organization for the employment of the blind, which has been alluded to in our former reports. It gives work in various ways to about 170 adult blind persons, many of whom were previously begging in the streets. The deficiency of their earnings is supplied by annual subscriptions and legacies—the usual sources of support in Great Britain for the benevolent institutions.

Such institutions will never be self-sustaining. But the support of an industrial association which enables every blind person to earn 100, 200, or 300 dollars a year is certainly better than to throw such persons upon the charities of the wayside, or consign them to pensioned idleness. In a neighboring city, with a large blind population, the adult blind receive an annual pension of fifty dollars each

from the city government, but are without employment. It is stated that a large number of these city pensioners spend their days in begging and their nights in revelry. Without pretending to vouch for this statement, it may well be received as a probable result in any community where the blind capable of working are pensioned without employment.

RELIEF FOR THE SOUTH.—The movement in Congress and the action of our own citizens in relation to the starving population in the South is creditable to humanity. Should the sum of one million be appropriated by Congress, we are informed, through a telegram from General Howard, that an additional 500,000 will be needed to supply the urgent wants of the people. We are assured that, as a general thing, what has appeared in the public newspapers has fallen short of what has been made known through reliable private sources. The latter confirm the sad stories of starvation in some parts of the States of South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. It is not a reduction merely of the luxuries of life, but an absence of a sufficient quantity of food to keep the people from perishing with hunger. In the States named, both white and black, men, women and children are in this abject condition. Meetings for the purpose of forwarding relief to the South have been held in Boston, New York and Baltimore, and Philadelphia is not generally behind her sister cities in works of benevolence or acts of charity. It seems scarcely worth while to do more than state the simple fact of the extreme destitution of our fellow creatures to awaken a response that will bring about the necessary relief.

MARRIED, on the 14th of Third month, 1867, in Philadelphia, according to Friends' Order, **DAVID PARCOAST, Jr.**, of Woodstown, Salem Co., N. J., and **ELIZABETH B.**, daughter of Aaron A. Hurley, of the former place.

—, on Third-day, the 5th inst., with the approbation of Little Falls Monthly Meeting, Harford Co., Md., **JONATHAN W. BRANSON**, of Frederic Co., Va., to **E. CAROLINE CUNNINGHAM**, of the former place.

DIED, on the 11th of Third month, in Philadelphia, **LAURA**, daughter of Chalkley A. and Emeline R. Wildman, aged 6 months.

—, on the 15th of Third month, in Philadelphia, **EMILY P.**, daughter of Thomas E. and Hannah E. Lewis, aged 14 years.

—, on the 3d of First month, 1867, at his residence, Woodstown, Salem Co., N. J., **SAMUEL LIPVINCOTT**, aged nearly 82 years.

DIED, on the 11th of Second month, 1867, in Farmington, Ontario Co., N. Y., **JOSEPH E. CONVERSE**, in the 82d year of his age; a member of Farmington Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 4th inst., at the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. Wm. A. Hunt, near Anderson, Ind., **WM. WRIGHT**, formerly of this city, in the 79th year of his age.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

An Association has been formed for the publication and general distribution of Friends' books, and of other useful literature not inconsistent with their principles.

The need of an effort of this kind must, it is believed, be generally acknowledged, and it is hoped will meet with liberal encouragement. In forming this Association, it is desired that its operations may be of so comprehensive a character as to place its benefits within the reach of every Friend's family, and while attention is thus being bestowed to the wants of our own members, it is proposed to extend the benefits of our labors among those by whom we are surrounded.

The mission of early Friends was to bear testimony to the spirituality of true religion,—they were constrained to testify against the emptiness of forms and ceremonies as a part of, or substitute for, the religion of the heart. In their earnest labors to spread the glad tidings of the gospel, they were guided and sustained by the revelation of Divine Light in the secret of the soul; and, as they were obedient to this, they were enabled in measure to become lights to the world. The light shed abroad by their example and their writings has been widely diffused. Its beneficent influence has been felt, even in the formation of governments, and distinguished statesmen, philosophers and historians have borne testimony to its efficacy and power. Their energy and zeal, as manifested by the multiplicity of their publications, are remarkable. A Catalogue of their works, published in 1708, contains the names of 528 writers, and the titles of nearly 3000 books and pamphlets.

In a recurrence to the labors of our predecessors, and in a survey of the fruits which it is acknowledged these labors were the means of producing, the inquiry may well arise, Whether, in these respects, we, as professors of the same faith, are following their example of energy and faithfulness?

The Articles of Agreement of Friends' Publication Association are hereto appended, and the general attendance of Friends is invited to the Annual Meeting, to be held on Second day evening, Fifth month 13th, 1867, at 8 o'clock, at Race St. Meeting-House, during the week of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting:—

Articles of Agreement of Friends' Publication Association.

ARTICLE 1.—Friends' Publication Association shall consist of such Friends as contribute annually to its funds, and who are willing to be enrolled as members.

The Annual Meeting shall be held during the week of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, in the Fifth month, at which the Officers and Executive Committee shall be appointed.

ARTICLE 2.—The objects of this Association are as follows:—

1st.—To publish and encourage the writing of books, pamphlets, &c., calculated to spread a knowledge of the principles and testimonies of Friends, and suitable elementary and miscellaneous works, and to enable Friends to procure such books for distribution in their respective neighborhoods.

2d.—To procure books not inconsistent with our religious principles, and to dispose of them by sale or gift to individuals, schools, and libraries.

3d.—To aid in extending the circulation of approved periodicals.

ARTICLE 3.—The Officers of the Society shall be a Clerk, an assistant Clerk, and a Treasurer, who shall be ex-officio Members of the Executive Committee.

The Executive Committee shall consist of 12 Friends. They shall be empowered to draw on the Treasurer, audit his accounts, and report their proceedings to the Annual Meeting.

Executive Committee.

NATHANIEL RICHARDSON,	RACHEL T. JACKSON,
SUSANNAH M. PARRISH,	ANN A. TOWNSEND,
JOSEPH C. TURNPenny,	LYDIA GILLINGHAM,
MARTHA DODGSON,	LYDIA H. HALL,
DILLWYN PARRISH,	EDWARD PARRISH,
THOMAS GARRIGUES,	JOSEPH POWELL.

All who may desire to contribute, or to be enrolled as members, can forward their names and contributions to

JOS. M. TRUMAN, Jr., *Treasurer.*

717 Willow street, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Third month 17th, 1867.

MEETINGS FOR READING AND CONVERSATION.

The Meeting at Race Street Monthly Meeting-house on the 27th ultimo was opened by reading a portion of the 12th chapter of Luke, after which, by the reading of the minutes of the preceding meeting, and a portion of the Discipline under the head of "Conduct and Conversation," the subject of our testimony to moderation was introduced. The clauses of Discipline, adopted at different periods since 1697, showed a marked improvement in society, several of the ancient rules and advices having become obsolete in the progress of civilization.

In view of the inequalities of means existing among us, a considerable field for friendly offices may be found within the pale of the society. A timely loan, on generous terms, to those struggling into business, will often be blessed, while we may so arrange our purchases as to aid and encourage such. Channels

of beneficence may always be found by those disposed to seek them, into which their surplus gains may be poured to the advantage of others and of themselves. All whose gains amount to more than they need for the reasonable requirements of life, should early cultivate the habit of giving wisely and liberally, according to their means. This would prove a wholesome check to the love of money, which is so often a result of success in its acquisition, and would, perhaps, prevent the accumulation of such large estates by some, while others are so comparatively poor. The desire to be rich does not seem to accord with the spirit of our discipline, and should be especially discouraged in the training of our children, who should be taught to regard accumulated property as a means to promote the comfort of others as well as of themselves, and to advance all good works. While these views were held forth, it was admitted that great inequalities must always grow out of the difference of individuals in talent and aptness for business. It is, perhaps, wisely ordered that some should manage large concerns, and store up capital, thus developing the resources and promoting the interests of the community; but extensive means involve corresponding responsibilities and temptations. All who are blessed with large estates, while they should keep to the limitations of truth in their expenditures, striving against extravagance, which displays itself in vain and unbecoming dress, houses and furniture, were exhorted to cultivate a liberal spirit toward all with whom they are concerned in business, promoting employees to a participation in profits, secured by their labor, and letting the bounty of Providence flow out into every channel of beneficence which opens before and around them.

Much interest and concern being felt in regard to the evils of extravagance, especially in its effect on the training of the young, the subject was continued for further consideration at our next meeting.

The meeting on the 13th instant was devoted to the consideration of the subject of moderation as continued from our last. An original essay was read and will be found at the conclusion of these extracts.

The excellent paragraphs of our discipline under the head of Plainness, being also read, their salutary counsel was acknowledged by all. The testimony of our Society to simplicity of language and apparel is too important to be sacrificed to the caprice of fashion; but on the appeal being made, how far the discipline should be construed to impose uniformity in dress, the view prevailed that while in special instances conscientious convictions imperatively require the adoption of the peculiarities which formerly so generally distinguished Friends,

yet they should not be set up as a standard. The testimony to moderation in living and in dress is increasingly valuable now that by the accumulation of wealth among us the tendency to large expenditures upon personal luxuries is greatly increased. Whether Friends are known in the community at large by a uniform dress, or not, it is eminently important that they should not cease to be a peculiar people in their conformity to the restraining influence of truth, which will keep them from excess in using the good things of this life.

In the course of the remarks, which were participated in by an unusual number, the peculiarities of Friends were brought under review in a way to impress us with the importance of individual faithfulness to manifested duty, and we were reminded that by this means the vital testimonies which distinguished our forefathers and are still in a measure maintained among us, have been brought forth and diffused throughout the Society, and to some extent in the community at large. An interesting incident was related, in which, by a faithful and non-resisting adherence to the testimony against *hat honor*, a Friend in attendance upon a court of justice had *not only* vindicated the great democratic principle of which it is an external manifestation, but had called forth a public tribute of respect from an officer of the court. While the habit of wearing the hat in our meetings is, on some occasions, connected with inconvenience, and viewed as a habit, does not commend itself to general acceptance, yet the refusal to remove it on the pretext of the superior sanctity of a place, or the assumed superiority of a judge or minister is founded in truth, and may yet be required of many of those whom the truth has made free.

In the training of little children parents should be careful not to direct their attention to their dress and appearance, except so far as necessary to neatness and cleanliness. The effect of too much attention being paid to these subjects, can scarcely fail to be prejudicial to the permanent interests of children; whether they are unduly restricted and compelled to adopt peculiarity which render them conspicuous, or are taught to be very particular at all times to present an attractive appearance, the effect is in either case to give an undue prominence to a comparatively unimportant matter. It was also urged that the training of little children should lead them to unselfish and generous acts—to consider those obligations which in after life will make them useful members of society at large. In speaking to them of the uses of education, the idea should be held up that the cultivation of their faculties is not so much that they may gratify personal ambition or reach distinction in society, as that they may fulfil their mission in the world as rational in-

telligent beings, responsible to the giver of every good gift.

The interesting remarks made at this meeting are here very imperfectly sketched; there can be little doubt but that the subjects presented took deep hold on many who were present; they were continued for further consideration at our next meeting.

Essay on Industry, Economy and Moderation.

At our last meeting, the subject of moderation in trade and business, and the accumulation of wealth, was pretty freely discussed, as was also the obligation to appropriate wealth to worthy and benevolent objects. The testimony to moderation in our mode of living, holds a very prominent place in our Discipline, and was evidently regarded by the fathers of the Society as inseparably connected with its permanence and well-being; and I think an evening devoted to the consideration of this testimony in its various branches would be well spent.

There is a prevailing idea that, provided wealth be honestly and justly acquired, it is quite allowable to expend a large proportion of it in the purchase of a large house (whatever may be the size of the family,) in a fashionable part of the city, in expensive furniture, and clothing, and in the gratification of elegant tastes. Now, as regards any exact limit to the gratification of all these desires, no *standard* can be set up, without leading into false judgments and uncharitableness. But the watchful Christian, who knows by what imperceptible degrees he may be led from the right path, while he prays not to be led into temptation, will not only not rush into it, but will carefully avoid the first steps towards it. Even if this caution is not felt to be necessary on his own account, he will feel it deeply as regards his children. The neighborhood, and the style in which we live, the school to which we send our children, the business in which we place them, generally determine the character of their associates, and their most important connections in life. That industry, economy and moderation, so conducive to health of body and mind, and that satisfaction with simple, natural and elevated pleasures, which is one of the great secrets of happiness, are all imperiled by every step toward luxury. A large house, particularly if in the city, and in a fashionable neighborhood, involves the necessity of a certain number of domestics. These have each their special departments of labor, into which the daughters of the family may not enter without a sense of degradation. They are thus excluded from some of the most healthful bodily exercises, and often driven to the poor substitutes of horseback riding, gymnastics, &c., which, being unconnected with a sense of ministering to the wants or comfort of others, are therefore less ennobling to the mind than useful labor.

We are too much in the habit of associating ideas of refinement and cultivation with wealth and a certain style of living; and many parents, not wealthy themselves, are anxious that their children should get into what is called good society. But if this is supposed to be found, especially among those who live in a certain style, there is a great mistake made. True refinement is native to the character, and is independent of outward conditions; the adjuncts to wealth, which are sometimes mistaken for it, are often found in connection with innate coarseness.

The simple virtues of industry, economy and moderation, are too apt to be associated, particularly in the minds of the young, with parsimony, meanness, and a lack of culture and good taste. No doubt the ascetic habits of Friends in an earlier day, excluding as they did the exercise of taste, and confining themselves only to what was necessary and useful in dress and furniture, has given rise to this idea. May it not be, is it not the mission of modern Friends to divorce these improperly joined ideas? To show the young that industry is the best handmaid of grace; that moderation is not inconsistent with good taste and a love for the really beautiful; and that economy, the "doctrine of uses," the adaptation of means to ends, calls for the exercise of some of the highest mental faculties.

One of the sad results attendant upon the indulgence which comes in the train of wealth, is the idea, easily acquired, that the pleasures which cost the most money are the best; whereas a relish for simple, inexpensive pleasures, early imbibed, is a mine of enjoyment through life, of which those who have been accustomed to the artificial and exciting have no conception.

I have mentioned industry in connection with the training of our daughters; but the remarks apply equally to the sons. Those who acquire wealth, and live in a corresponding manner, are generally unwilling to place their sons in mechanical employments. This was not so in the earlier and more simple days of the Society, before wealth had corrupted it. The great-grandfathers, grandfathers and the fathers, too, of most of the eldest here, labored with their own hands at mechanical employments; and their honest toil was no barrier to their filling stations of the highest usefulness and honor. Will we not have to come back to simplicity, moderation and industry, if we expect to perpetuate a society which has for its pattern Him who was called the Carpenter of Nazareth?

God makes afflictions to be but inlets to the soul's more sweet and full enjoyment of his blessed self.

From "The Tent on the Beach."
THE BROTHER OF MERCY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Piero Luca, known of all the town
As the gray porter by the Pitti wall
Where the noon shadows of the garden fall,
Sick and in dolor, waited to lay down
His last burden, and beside his mat
The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.
Unseen, in square and blossoming garden drifted,
Soft sunset lights through green Val d'Arno sifted;
Unheard, below the living shuttles shifted
Backward and forth, and wove, in love or strife,
In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life;
But when at last came upward from the street
Tinkle of bell and tread of measured feet,
The sick man started, strove to rise in vain,
Sinking back heavily with a moan of pain.
And the monk said, "'Tis but the Brotherhood
Of Mercy going on some errand good:
Their black masks by the palace-wall I see."
Piero answered faintly, "Woe is me!
This day for the first time in forty years
In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,
Calling me with my brethren of the mask,
Beggar and Prince alike, to some new task
Of love or pity,—haply from the street
To bear a wretch plague stricken, or, with feet
Hushed to the quickened ear and feverish brain,
To tread the crowded lazaretto's floors,
Down the long twilight of the corridors,
'Midst tossing arms and faces full of pain.
I loved the work: it was its own reward.
I never couped on it to offset
My sins, which are many, or make less my debt
To the free grace and mercy of our Lord;
But somehow, father, it has come to be
In these long years so much a part of me,
I should not know myself, if lacking it,
But with the work the worker too would die,
And in my place some other self would sit
Joyful or sad,—what matters, if not I?
And now all's over. Woe is me!"—"My son,"
The monk said soothingly, "thy work is done;
And no more as a servant, but the guest
Of God thou enterest thy eternal rest.
No toil, no tears, no sorrow for the lost
Shall mar thy perfect bliss. Thou shalt sit down
Clad in white robes, and wear a golden crown
Forever and forever." Piero tossed
On his sick pillow: "Miserable me!
I am too poor for such grand company:
The crown would be too heavy for this gray
Old head; and God forgive me if I say
It would be hard to sit there night and day,
Like an image in the Tribune, doing naught
With these hard hands, that all my life have
wrought,
Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.
I'm dull at prayers; I could not keep awake,
Counting my beads. Mine's but a crazy head,
Scarce worth the saving, if all else be dead.
And if one goes to heaven without a heart,
God knows he leaves behind his better part.
I love my fellow men; the worst I know
I would do good to. Will death change me so
That I shall sit among the lazy saints,
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints
Of souls that suffer? Why, I never yet
Left a poor dog in the strada hard beset,
Or ass o'erladen! Must I rate them less
Than dog or ass, in holy selfishness?
Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought be sin!)
The world of pain were better, if therein

One's heart might still be human, and desires
Of natural piety drop upon its fires
Some cooling tears."

Thereat the pale monk crossed
His brow, and muttering, "Madman! thou art lost!"
Took up his pyx and fled; and, left alone,
The sick man closed his eyes with a great groan
That sank into a prayer, "Thy will be done!"
Then was he made aware, by soul or ear,
Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er him,
And of a voice like that of her who bore him,
Tender and most compassionate: "Never fear!
For heaven is love, as God himself is love;
Thy work below shall be thy work above."
And when he looked, lo! in the stern monk's place
He saw the shining of an angel's face!

ACCOMPANIMENTS AND EFFECTS OF BLINDNESS.

BY WM. H. CHURCHMAN, A.M.*

In treating of the physical and mental condition of persons who are afflicted with blindness, it is almost invariably the case that they are considered as forming a distinct class, separated from the rest of the human family, and possessing in common certain characteristics, corporeal and mental, which distinguish them as members thereof, whereas there is little, if any more reason, for thus abstracting and grouping them than exists in the case of any other set of persons, who happened to be afflicted with a common malady. This undoubtedly arises from the necessity of gathering them into separate institutions of learning, where they may have the benefit of peculiar apparatus and methods of instruction, devised to meet their wants, by adapting them to the tactual sense. But it is very desirable, on many accounts, that care should be taken to avoid this unphilosophical method of treating the subject. Its influence is an unhappy one upon the sufferers themselves, making them, in many instances, feel their misfortune much more keenly than they otherwise would, and in others, providing a plausible excuse for continuance in peculiar and unbecoming habits which they may happen to contract from improper associations, and which are as reprehensible in them as in any one else. Besides, it tends to mislead the public mind as to the capabilities of the human powers in overcoming the obstacles presented by blindness, and teaches it to look apologetically upon any shortcomings practiced by the smitten ones, as well as distrustfully upon their efforts to battle manfully against the difficulties they must needs encounter in their journey through life. Far better would it be, in every point of view, to pursue a contrary course, and endeavor to counteract every influence whose tendency is to foster the notion of isolation alluded to.

On the other hand there is a class who run to the opposite extreme and put forth sentiments which encourage false hopes in the objects of their care, as well as in the community at large. The result of this injudicious, though

humanely inspired course is to make those who are subject to its influence over-confident of their ability to surmount the obstacles interposed by their infirmity, and, in many instances, almost to persuade them that blindness is a blessing, rather than otherwise. This may be kindness; but if so it is of the cruel sort. Better would it be for all who are engaged in the management of institutions for the blind to deal frankly with their pupils, withhold nothing from them through fear of discouraging their hopes, but striving in every way to inspire them with fortitude to endure and strength to overcome the real difficulties of life, which, sooner or later, they must needs encounter.

It is laid down, as a fundamental proposition in the prevailing systems of mental philosophy, that the unfolding of the intellectual faculties, at least, is dependent upon the stimulus derived from the external world through the medium of the sense. In view of some of the phenomenal manifestations of the peculiar, spiritual organization which we denominate genius, the strict truth of this doctrine is sometimes deemed, in a slight degree, questionable; but, in the present state of knowledge, we cannot do better than receive it. At all events, to assume that the mind can grow into a condition of complete, harmonious action, with any one of its more important avenues to sensorial impressions closed, is to charge, that an All-wise Creator has endowed his creatures with a useless faculty.

There are those who, either through ignorance of the elementary principles of mental science, or from want of reflection, manifest great astonishment on discovering that a blind child is possessed of correct notions with regard to the form, dimensions and other tactual qualities of material objects, and straightway proceed to account for the phenomenon by declaring that the power which would have been exercised by the missing sense, had it been present, is mercifully distributed among the remaining ones. But this mode of reasoning, it is scarcely necessary to say, will not answer. Each sense has its especial function, and this function cannot be performed by another. True, after the particular notions which originally reach the mind through a given sense have been derived, through the functional operations of the appropriate organ of that sense, they may afterwards be cognizable by another sense, as acquired perceptions, but without the intervention of the special sense which forms the appropriate channel for the original conveyance of these notions to the mind, they never could reach it. Thus it is with regard to the notions of form, etc., just alluded to. In the absence of the tactual sense from birth, though the visual one be ever so perfect, they never could reach the mind; and so with the original cognitions of light and shade, which form the basis of acquired per-

* The author of this article is himself blind.

ceptions of the sense of sight, The mind must remain forever destitute of them, at least in its earthly state of existence, when that sense is missing. Hence it may be remarked, in passing, that the marvelous, unphilosophical stories which we sometimes hear, of certain blind persons being able to distinguish colors by touch, are utterly without foundation in truth. If, then, these premises are correct, while there is no just reason for astonishment at the blind child's possession of the kinds of knowledge before cited, there are, nevertheless, some notions of the qualities of material objects, of which he must remain essentially ignorant, and therefore his mental development must, in just so much, be unfavorably influenced. Now, it is a knowledge of the character and amount of this influence which we are, through our present inquiry, seeking to obtain, in the hope of being able to suggest some available means of counteracting it, so far as such a thing is possible.

The human soul, considered in its relationship to external nature, is sometimes beautifully likened to a musical instrument. "Regarded in itself, it is an invisible existence, having the capacity and elements of harmony." The senses, the brain and the nervous system generally, constitute the beautiful framework which the Creator has woven around its mysterious, invisible strings. This living instrument is, at first, voiceless and silent, but when it is properly wrought upon "by those outward influences which exist in various forms and adaptations of the material world," it gives forth ravishing strains of exquisite harmony.

Now, when some of the finer chords of this wonderful instrument, those which carry the beautiful windings of the melody, and contribute their rich blendings of color, light and shade to the deep, swelling harmonies of its ceaseless hymn of praise, remain untouched, save but lightly, by the finger of nature, though no disorders may result to mar the effect, yet there will be an absence of some of the parts necessary to that full, rich flood of harmony which alone can satisfy the perfect ear of Deity. And herein we find the sought for *character* of the influence referred to. Its *amount* will depend, first, upon the nicety with which the dormant strings are attuned to the rest, and their consequent susceptibility to sympathetic vibration, as in the manifestations of genius; and, secondly, upon the adaptedness of the means which may be employed by kind friends to counteract it.

But in order to present the matter in a clearer light, let us glance briefly at the operations of the sensorial faculties, or rather those of them which are sometimes denominated the intellectual senses, and trace the influence of these operations upon the more interior portions of the mental economy. To this end, and in order not

to stray beyond the established limits of mental science, the following summary is made up, in great part, from the writings of acknowledged authorities upon the subject.

The sense of touch is the medium through which we derive our first notions of externality, or the existence of a world outside of ourselves. Without it, we could have no such notion. The cognitions of this sense are exceedingly definite and perfect. "By it we not only know that a quality exists, but also what it is. We have the knowledge, and we know what it is that produces it. In this manner the perceptions by touch lie at the foundation of all our knowledge of an external world. We rely upon them with more certainty than any other." Many of the qualities originally revealed to us by touch, are subsequently cognizable by sight as acquired perceptions. If, however, in any case, we have reason to doubt the evidence of sight, we instinctively apply to the sense of touch, in order to verify our visual judgement.

"The principal qualities cognized by touch, besides externality, are extension, hardness, softness, form, size, motion, situation and roughness or smoothness." Besides these, however, there are various bodily sensations of pain and pleasure, given by this sense, which it were useless to mention here.

"Conforming ourselves, therefore, to the *perceptions* of touch, we find that they are almost exclusively given us by the hand. In this manner we obtain a distinct knowledge of extension, of size, of hardness, softness and form. When the body is small, or the discrimination delicate, we rely almost wholly upon the perceptive power of the fingers. In this manner we obtain, experimentally, nearly all our knowledge of the primary qualities of bodies."

"We learn by a proper examination of the subject, that not only does this sense enable us to make large additions to our knowledge, but that it is really the original source of a *great part* of our knowledge of the world around us. Of its intrinsic importance, we may form an opinion from the fact that there is no case on record in which a human being has been born without it. By it alone, as in the case of Laura Bridgman, we may learn our relations to the world around us; may be taught the use of language, and may even acquire the power of writing it with considerable accuracy. This sense is lost only in paralysis, and in those cases in which the individual, drawing near to dissolution, has no further need of any of the organs of sense."

The conceptions of tangible qualities, like the *perceptions* of touch, are exceedingly definite. It is sometimes said that the blind, who rely exclusively upon this sense for their knowledge of external objects, cannot form abstract conceptions of these, but must in all cases im-

apine themselves in immediate contact with the objects conceived. This, however, is a great mistake. Besides being inconsistent with the acknowledged principles of mental science, it is contradicted by observation and experience. Were such a view correct, it would be impossible for a person born blind to have any correct knowledge of distance, or of objects of great magnitude. Nor would he be able to derive information from descriptions of such objects as have never been brought within the reach of his tactual sense.

The sense of sight is, primarily, simple in its function. Nothing is original with it, but perceptions of light, and its various modifications denominated color. These perceptions, however, are exceedingly numerous. "In this respect, the intimations of the sense of sight stand on the same footing with those of taste and hearing. A part of that knowledge which we attribute to the sight, and which has the appearance of being immediate and original in that sense, is not so. Some of its alleged perceptions are properly the result of sensations, combined not only with the usual reference to an external cause, but also with various other acts of the judgment. In some cases, the combination of the acts of the judgment with the visual sensation is carried so far, that there is a sort of transfer to the sight, of the knowledge which has been obtained from some other source. And not unfrequently, in consequence of a long and tenacious association, we are apt to look upon the knowledge thus acquired as truly original in the seeing power." Thus it is with the cognitions of extension, figure or form, magnitude, solidity, distance, relative position and some others. These are all conveyed to the mind through certain dispositions of light and shade.

ANECDOTE.

The following admirable anecdote is from Breslau, and is of recent date. Not long since an elderly man with bare head stood in an eating-house, surrounded by a crowd of people. The landlord held the man's hat and cane in his hands, and an impudent waiter stood between the guest and the door. The confusion of the old man was indescribable. He seemed to be for the first time in his life in such a scrape—said nothing, looked down on the ground, and with difficulty restrained his tears, while all around mocked and jeered him. Just then a poorly-dressed Jew, with a long white beard, entered, and inquired what it all meant, and with an expression of almost feminine curiosity. He was told that the man had eaten and drank, and now that he must pay he searched his pockets in vain for money. "Well," exclaimed the Jew, "I see the old man for the first time, but I'll be bound he did not come here to cheat. And landlord, suppose he had no money to forget, couldn't you

for once give a poor man something to eat, for God's sake? How much does he owe anyhow?"

The debt was eight silver groschen, and the Jew paying this, took the poor man by the hand and led him to the door. Those present did not seem to enjoy the reproof which their brutality had received, and one insolent fellow cried out: "Hey! Jew, what have you done?—this is the Sabbath, and you have touched money!" [This is forbidden to the Israelites.] "You are right," answered the Jew. "Just now I forgot that I was a Jew, just as you forgot that you were Christians. But you may rest easy on my account; I understand my commandment which says, 'Honor the Sabbath-day and keep it holy.' Just get some schoolmaster to explain it to you, and if he is a reasonable man he will agree with me. Good deeds have no Sabbath." And with these words the good man left the room.

From the Evening Bulletin.

AN OLD DOCUMENT.

The following is a copy, verbatim, of a treaty of peace, and the appointment of a commissioner by William Penn, to treat with the Governor of Canada to establish a system of trade by which the people of the Province of Pennsylvania and those of Canada could be provided with such commodities of traffic as might be desired for the comfort of both Provinces. The original copy was written by William Penn, and addressed to the Governor of Canada in June, 1682 (185 years ago), and is now neatly framed, and adorns the walls of the Surveyor General's office. In size it is 30 by 24 inches, and is written in the old English style. In the same office may be seen many other valuable old documents, some of them written over two centuries ago. The novelty and singular style of writing is worth the time occupied in their perusal. The first letter of the first word is about four inches long, and is ornamental in its appearance.

"The Great God that made thee and me and all the the world Incline our hearts to peace and justice that we may live friendly together as becomes the workmanship of the Great God. The King of England who is a Great Prince hath for divers Reasons granted to me a large country in America which however I am willing to Injoy upon friendly terms with thee. And this I will say that the people who comes with me are a just, plain and honest people that neither make war upon others nor fear war from others because they will be just. I have set up a Society of Traders in my Province to traffick with thee and thy people for your commodities, that you may be furnished with that which is good at reasonable rates. And that Society hath ordered their President to treat with thee about a future Trade and have joined with me to send this Messenger to thee with certain Presents

from us to testify our willingness to have a fair correspondence with thee. And what this Agent shall do in our names we will agree unto. I hope that thou wilt kindly Receive him and comply with his desires on our behalf both with respect to the Land and Trade. The Great God be with thee. Amen.

PHILIP THEODORE LEHNMANN,
WM. PENN. Secretary."

DANGEROUS PAPER.

There is a great difference in the combustibility of common papers. Enamelled card paper, on account of its compact body and the presence of mineral matter, white lead or barytes, is quite disinclined to burn; in fact some kinds are practically fire-proof. White writing and printing paper can seldom be lighted by a spark, and when ignited by a flame, it requires dexterity to keep it burning. On the other hand, there is a common reddish-yellow paper which, in some circumstances, is as dangerous as gunpowder. It takes fire by the smallest spark, and burns like tinder; when once lighted, if left alone, it is sure to be consumed completely. All the yellow and buff paper which I have tested, out of which envelopes are made, partakes more or less of the same character. I have no doubt that such paper has been the occasion of some of the fires which have been otherwise unexplained, such as the fires in paper warehouses and offices of professional men. A spark of fire, or the stump of a lighted cigar, falling in a waste-basket containing yellow envelopes with other kind of paper, would have a good chance of setting the whole on fire.—*Prof. Seeley.*

God's gift of himself to us is not a miser's treasure, to be buried for safety in the earth.

ITEMS.

An International Anti-Slavery Conference is proposed to be held in Paris in the Sixth month. Dr. and Margaret A. Griscom, William C. and Rachel M. Biddle have been appointed delegates thereto from Friends' Association of Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen.

The First Report of the Citizens Association of Pennsylvania has just been published. The object is the reformation of inebriates. At present the principal effort of the association is to procure lands and buildings for the use and cure of the intemperate. A farm has been purchased in Darby, Delaware County, of 107 acres, easy of access, surrounded by woods, and admirably adapted for building houses of various sizes, being intended for from five to twenty persons. It has been calculated that about one person in every seventy-four is an inebriate, which would make in Pennsylvania between 49,000 and 50,000. The causes of this are ably treated in this report by Dr. Parrish.

AFFAIRS IN SPAIN.—The treatment of the people of Spain by their rulers is notorious, and that country has been for some time on the eve of a revolution. The latest exhibition of tyranny has been the announcement by the government that writers who

discuss public questions in a manner which it disapproves shall be punished with death.

Congress has passed a bill providing for a "Department of Education" in Washington. This new national department is for the purpose of collecting such statistics and facts as shall show the condition and progress of education in the several States and Territories, and of diffusing such information respecting the organization and management of schools and school systems and methods of teaching as shall aid the people of the United States in the establishment and maintenance of efficient school systems, and otherwise promote the cause of education throughout the country. The bill provides for the appointment of a "Commissioner of Education," with three subordinate clerks, and requires him to present an annual report of the results of his investigations to Congress. A bill in relation to the Indian tribes, which provides that they shall not be recognized as independent nations, but as communities, was introduced into the Senate. The supplementary reconstruction bill was called up, and the House amendments were acted upon. The first was adopted; the second, requiring for the adoption of the State constitution a majority of the registered voters instead of a majority of the votes cast, was disagreed to. The third amendment was concurred in, and the bill goes back to the House.

In the House a resolution appropriating \$500,000 for the expenses of carrying the act of reconstruction into effect was passed. The Senate resolution, appropriating fifteen thousand dollars for the relief of destitute colored persons in the District of Columbia, was passed. The resolution in reference to the coin claimed by the Richmond banks, ordering it to be paid into the treasury, was passed. The Senate resolution, proposing a joint rule to prohibit the sale or use of liquors in the Capitol, was passed. The Senate amendments to the supplementary reconstruction bill were acted upon.

The bill to allow colored persons to ride in all public conveyances has passed both Houses of the Pennsylvania Legislature. It only requires the signature of the Governor to become a law.

THE FREEDMEN.—The colored citizens of Georgetown and Washington are about organizing a joint stock association, for the purpose of establishing a daily and weekly newspaper in the National metropolis. It is stated that upwards of two thousand dollars have already been subscribed.

Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, by and with the consent of his Executive Council, has appointed a colored man, named Gengel Ruffin, a Justice of the Peace for the county of Suffolk. There are already in Massachusetts a colored member of the Legislature and a colored constable.

The *Memphis Post* says:—"The colored people have been so much better treated in Tennessee than in the surrounding States, that they will hire to Tennesseans at less wages than to others. Their enfranchisement will now add largely to our laboring population at the expense of the adjoining States. We are glad that many plantations have been divided up, and the parts furnished with houses and rented to colored lessees on shares.

We hear of instances of this in Mississippi, where last year it was made a misdemeanor to lease lands to colored people. Hands are generally found to work better on shares than for wages, and more are hired this year than last. A half of the cotton is usually allowed, from which all necessary advances are deducted. Wages vary, according to the hand, from \$20 per month, in some cases payable monthly, but more frequently at the end of the year.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 35.)

To E. J.

CROYDON, 17th of Eighth month, 1833.

My dear friend.—I must not longer omit assuring thee of the acceptance of thy letter, which was truly cordial to me; evincing that thy mind through all changes has remained, as I trust, firmly anchored on that Rock which cannot be removed; and comfortably proving to me, what I sometimes seem almost unable to assume, that my own poor tossed bark is yet preserved on the top of the waters, and this by the skilful hand of the unerring Pilot. Truly it is reviving to know, that we have companions in this wilderness and warfare; that we do indeed mutually desire to walk together by the same rule, and to mind the same thing; and that no temptation or strange thing has happened or is happening to us, but what is common to men, yea, even the beast; and that above all, He is with us who can alone do all things for us, and enable us to endure all things through faith, of which he is the author and the finisher.

I earnestly trust, that thy mind is too much one with the wrestling seed of Christ, to suffer thee to be in any wise moved away, from the humbling engagement of filling up thy measure of usefulness, in whatever way may yet remain for thee, or be pointed out; even that thou art endeavoring to be looking right on, turning

neither to the right hand, nor to the left; suffering nothing overmuch to absorb, disquiet, perplex, or divert thee from that which makes for peace; and pursuing the simple path of duty, wherever it may lead. Ah! how easy to prescribe all this,—how difficult to get to that spot and to keep there, where the yoke, the burden, the commandment are known and felt to be easy, light, and most pleasant.

I rest as ever thy affectionate friend,
J. B.

To ———.

CROYDON, Tenth Month, 1833.

Thy letter, my dear friend, I believe I have never acknowledged; but be assured it was in all its parts very acceptable, although it conveyed tidings of a truly mournful aspect. These things, however, must be expected; and those who are entering into discipleship, must bear to hear of what the Master forewarns them they must endure. Though they "hear of wars, and rumors of wars, men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things" that await, &c., yet "see that ye be not troubled;" and, "in your patience possess ye your souls," is still the watchword of perfect and divine Wisdom, coincident with the blessed experience of the Psalmist,—“My heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord;” by whom the very hairs of the head are numbered, and everything overruled for the good of his chosen, now as ever! And they are directed in all their movements, so far as the Master has need of them, in steady

the ark, or bearing it aright, without over much anxiety; trusting themselves and their cause, which is His, to his own keeping. We have signs of the times enough to assure us, that there is that at work in our poor Society, which if not averted, may beguile and corrupt, if not shake us as in a sieve, till we be reduced to a little remnant. O! that we may individually be concerned to know the will of our Master; doing neither more nor less, acting only in the obedience of faith, making faith perfect, as saith the apostle James.

Farewell, my dear friend: think of me for good, that I may hold out to the end safely.

To JOHN W——R.

CROYDON, 5th of Tenth month, 1834.

Most fully do I and many more unite in all thou hast conveyed in thy last; and especially in those clear views thou hast received to give forth (as I believe) relative to the state of the church. My heart salutes thee, and bids thee God speed on thy journey, travail, and service; desiring that no man, nor thing, may hinder thee from doing all that thou hast to do, in thy measure and in thy day, for Him and his glory, for his cause and people, while life and strength are graciously vouchsafed. O! how often have I remembered thee, and thought of thee, as one whom the Lord has made use of in an eminent manner, to uncover and bring out to view the working of the wily enemy, as it is this day; and to manifest the path of the Just One, and the work of God in and among his people. As surely as I believe the views, which we have ever held, to be according to Truth,—so I believe, that many up and down are preparing to acknowledge and embrace them; and that the old fashioned testimonies which are upheld in our early Friend's writings, will come to be admired and sought out. Oh, surely, there is a goodly company without our pale, who may even take the places and the crowns of those, (be they who they may within the camp,) that desert the cause, which once was dear to them, and which they honored; but who now seek to undermine, lay waste, or make of none effect; endeavoring also to lower the standard, and make it square with their own notions and practice. It seems to me, that the snares and temptations are more and more seen through by Friends at large, especially the lowly, contrite, little, teachable ones—the poor of the flock.

I have been absent from home three months this summer in Cornwall, &c., having liberty for religious service among Friends, as way might open; and found myself obliged to join hands with a beloved Friend, in visiting the families of Falmouth Monthly Meeting. I have had much occasion to notice, that, though the standing of many seems in slippery places and on shifting ground, and many of understanding may yet fall, there is nevertheless a worthy

remnant, whose hands, though hanging down, I trust will not let go their hold of that which they have truly handled, and which they know to be their only hope, strength and safety.

No convulsion apparently awaits us,—it might be better for us if it were so;—no, no; the enemy is wiser than to foment this:—only let us be induced to give up *the true foundation* for another, and he promises so gently and peaceably to glide us on it, that we shall not know it; except that it will be less rugged and hard to flesh and blood, without any cross or struggle; and there shall be nothing taken from us that we may affect to prize, such as our customs and traditions, our church system, and so forth,—nothing shall be disturbed of all this; and all the professors, and the world too, shall love us the better. How instructive it is to see, that the most eminently gifted instruments are only really useful, while in the Divine hand and ordering; and that the Almighty is not bound to work by them, but as he sees meet: and he can raise up striplings, that no flesh should glory! It is the distinguishing feature of this heresy, that it runs among the rich, and the great, and learned, and the eloquent, and the gifted, and experienced. Oh, that all who are not with us would even go out from us, and show their true colors; it would be more honorable, than to be endeavoring to insinuate something else among us, which our fathers could not, neither can we adopt,—nay, which we have protested against, and came out from, when we became a people.

Thy affectionate remembrance of us is very precious; and it is our sincere desire, that thou wilt continue to think of us for good, who often feel very sensibly what poor unworthy, unprofitable things we are, and how we are borne with and favored! Farewell, my beloved friend; may the Most High be our shield and exceeding great reward, and a very present help in trouble!

J. B.

To C. P. A.

CROYDON, Tenth month, 1834.

My beloved friends.—I am ready to believe you would not attribute my silence to neglect or want of feeling, were I even longer to forbear to communicate by pen and ink. I trust we are too much like epistles written in one another's hearts, that this should have place. Be assured, however, that it is very pleasant to me to salute you from my home.

I visited dear W. Byrd, and found him comfortable in mind; he had lately been taken into the garden, and was placed by the grave of his wife for a short time. I thought him more bright, and clear, and collected in his faculties and memory, than when his wife was living. The retrospect of my journey, leaves me nothing but peace hitherto; and my only disquietude is, lest I should not duly estimate this

blessing, with those also that have attended me throughout. I think nothing has failed, of what it seemed given me to expect beforehand would be allotted and meted out. It has been an instructive humbling time; and in this I rejoice greatly, for there is no state, I so desire to be preserved in, as that of pure dependence, fear, and tenderness of spirit. I gave in my report to our Monthly Meeting, and endeavored to stir up the poor flagging mind to faith, zeal, and love; but things are flat now-a-days: sometimes under a sense of it, one is ready to say, "My soul is sick with sighing," and "Oh, that I had in the wilderness a lodging place," &c. Yet at other times, when favored to rise above a selfish interest and anxiety, one cannot but see it is very needful there should be a falling away first, that the man of sin may be revealed, and more and more discovered, and that Zion may be more and more redeemed through judgment, and saved as by fire. Oh, may nothing in low and trying seasons be permitted to intervene and trouble us unprofitably, either as to our individual lot and state, or as regards our precious fellowship and unity in that which is unchangeable, or as to the state of the church or the world, but may we continue in faith and patience to the end.

J. B.

[In a letter to another friend about the same date, alluding to his late journey, he says:— "Though the humiliations have been frequent and great, a sense of preserving help has never been withheld in the needful measure, and at the needful time. I have found no wonderful enlargement; but in my little way, have endeavored to sympathize with the suffering seed, the wrestling remnant, who are concerned above all things to maintain the testimony of Jesus, by dying daily to themselves. And the Lord will still keep these in the hollow of his hand; and, amidst all exercises and tribulations, such will grow. May we ever be counted worthy of taking our lot among this number, drinking into one Spirit.

To ———

16th of Twelfth month, 1834.—Unless we have forfeited our privileges as Christians, and are utterly lost to all right feeling of Divine help, it is natural and likely, and consistent with the provisions of Divine wisdom, that as our day is, so should our strength be. And O! the invincible, the unutterable strength of the true faith, even but a grain;—it is calculated to overcome the world and the transient things of it; as embraced and laid hold of, and cleaved unto, it makes us heirs of life, and gives victory over death. O! then, what cause, and also what ability may we find, even to "rejoice evermore, and in every thing to give thanks," as poor J. Woolman told his attendant,—for this is, indeed, the will and purpose of God in

Christ Jesus concerning us,—that thus we should "glorify him in the fires." Our business is to stay ourselves upon the Lord, and fully to realize the truth,—that all things will be found to work together, and to have happened, for the very best, to those that above all things desire to love and serve Him. May we more and more exercise ourselves in these views, that we may in no wise be moved by these or any afflictions; but that the further we go, the more we may witness of the Lord's wonders in the deeps, and be confirmed in the experience of his mercy, faithfulness, and strength; though it should be continually made manifest and made perfect in our abundant weakness. O! the times and the seasons are well left in his hand, who ordereth or overruleth all things well. And in the present low and trying state of things, it is not to be wondered at, that oppression and obstruction are permitted to be felt, to the bowing down of the very souls of some!

(To be continued.)

Those whose souls are so far renewed that they can be said to have entered into the Divine Union, find that, in every season, they have evidence of God's nearness and intimacy. And it adds to their happiness to know, that He is present to them in the fulness and perfection of His nature,—just as much as if they were the only beings in the universe.—*Upham.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE TREATMENT OF SCHOLARS.

It is painful to observe, even in schools under the care of Friends, how readiness in memorizing lessons, or facility in acquiring favorite branches of knowledge, is made the ground of preferences among the pupils. The smart scholar too often enjoys the special favor of the teacher, though possessing, perhaps, less of the really commendable graces than some who are less apt at learning. Every loving parent must feel that this is wrong; the hindmost of the flock often claims the largest share of parental love. The very absence of that facility which is sometimes early developed, though by no means indicative of real superiority, is an incentive to affectionate care and encouragement on the part of the discriminating parent. So should it be in that larger sphere, outside the domestic circle, into which we are obliged to send our children for mental discipline and culture. Who can tell how much of the injustice and unreasonableness of men and women is to be laid to the charge of this vicious school discipline? how much of the selfishness and unhallowed ambition of adult life was fostered into growth and activity at school?

These thoughts have impressed the writer in contrasting the discipline of some schools with which he is acquainted with that of the "Aim-

well School," a small but very commendable charity school established more than seventy years since by Anne Parrish, an older sister of the late Dr. Joseph Parrish. This, which is believed to have been the first established of the now numerous free schools in Pennsylvania, has, from its origin, aimed to elevate, by guarded moral, literary and practical education, a class of neglected girls in our city, and its labors have been abundantly blessed.

From the printed "Regulations for Teachers" of this school the following extract is made, in the hope that it may be deemed worthy to be followed by others: "It is recommended that they (the teachers) endeavor to encourage the diffident, repress the forward and presumptuous, and bestow just and ample commendation on the diligent, attentive and orderly, however dull their capacity or slow their progress; and in an especial manner to endeavor to imbue the minds of the children with religious principles, which will be of far greater importance to them in more advanced life than any other part of their education."

E. P.

LETTERS FROM SARAH G. BICH.

(Continued from page 38.)

PHILADELPHIA, 11th mo. 12th, 1848.

My dear Friend:—"They who are afflicted often speak one unto another." This expression, or one with its import, I have met with somewhere, and the truth of it I feel, though the language may be in spirit only; and in this way has my mind been much with thee, my dear friend, since hearing of thy late trial, though I am not one who has ever felt gifted for imparting consolation on such occasions, as language appears to me too meagre for the expression of the feelings which are called forth into the sympathetic breast upon such events; and, indeed, what can expression do toward healing an aching void? Know from the alone true teacher, *experience*, that such wounds can only be healed from that source and fountain of love to which, my dear friend, thou hast access, and from which, doubtless, thou hast partaken of the balm of consolation, the streams of which I may say from past experience are ever ready to be poured into the stricken soul as soon as time prepares the mind to receive them; and then how astonishingly can the contrite heart, which, in the first moments of anguish, seemed closed to every avenue of consolation, be brought truly to feel "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed forever be His adorable name."

This I doubt not has been thy experience in parting with thy dear infant; and that, though the trial at first may have been like separating the "marrow from the bone," yet, in an unshaken reliance upon an overruling Providence,

thou hast had to believe that all is in wisdom, though to our finite view these events are unfathomable. And then, again, that indescribable joy (in the midst of grief) in first realizing the feeling that this cherub, which we loved with such intense love while on earth, is now among and one of the glorified spirits around the throne of bliss. But perhaps thou wilt say I know not a parent's feeling. I admit it; but I believe I have known the nearest possible approach to it, in the case of a brother's child, to whom I was attached with all the love short of a parent's; for it really seemed as if my life was bound up in his, and his attachment to me was nothing less than that for his mother. From the most blooming health, at the most interesting age, he was stricken down, and, with a very few hours' illness, taken from us; and until I was taken from his bedside in anguish, at the time almost insupportable, his eyes were hardly off me, and his tongue continued lisping my name as if claiming some relief; but *that* was not within human power to bestow, and his spirit fled to God, who gave it to us for a brief space. I think I may say the first moment of consolation was, when looking at his sweet but lifeless form, the impression forcibly arrested my mind—Weep not for him, for he already is a glorified spirit in the regions of bliss. I say realizing this feeling imparted a consolation I never lost.

Afternoon.—I received a letter from thee some three months since, and have many times thought of answering it, but frequently have not felt well enough, and it had to be deferred. The account to which thou alludes, published in *Friends' Miscellany* some years ago, I remember reading at the time. I remember well the awfulness of the feeling produced by it, and could I at that time have had the slightest intimation that my situation was ever to approach as near it as it has *already* done, I know not what a state of despair it would have led me into. For, although in the case alluded to, there was forcible evidence of a Christian resignation, yet to me the *dread*, the *horror*, may I not say of years of helplessness, would have plunged my mind into an abyss, from which it could not, I think, have risen. The exclamation of my heart often is—Oh! wisdom, how just in veiling from us poor mortals what is to be our lot in future years! and what *mine* may yet be is wisely hidden from me; and I desire constantly to render the tribute of a grateful heart for the blessings with which I am surrounded; and though my sufferings at times are great, increasingly so, yet I feel that I have much, very much, to be thankful for; and not the least is the ability to endure all in that spirit which I trust has some approach to resignation. But I must acknowledge there are times of *weakness* when *nature* gains the ascen-

dency, and in the anguish of feeling am ready to exclaim—Do with me, Oh! Father, as thou wilt; only give of thy holy spirit to support me under all, and *I ask no more*.

When thou feels like writing, a letter will be gladly received by thy affectionate and sympathizing friend and sister,
S. G. R.

PHILADELPHIA, 1st mo. 17th, 1850.

Dear Friend:—I judge thou hast ere this come to the conclusion either that I have given up all letter writing, or become remiss in thus long letting thy kind, welcome letter of Seventh month last remain so long unanswered. As to the former supposition, thou wouldst have been not far from the true state of the case, particularly during the heat of the weather; for truly may I say that never did a summer so prostrate me, so that much of the time it seemed to be as much as I had strength for; and, therefore, my pen mostly laid silent, except when engaged in writing to my dear brother; and since cold weather some of the time I have been *too ill* to guide the pen. As to the supposition of remissness, that would not apply, if the intuitions and purposes of the heart are looked into, for too grateful was the feeling of my heart for the full and overflowing kindness which breathed throughout thy letter for a moment, to feel like indifference toward a friend, the promptings of whose heart I know to be so full of sisterly love and interest toward her afflicted friend, as I know that of my dear M.'s to be. But I did not intend to fill a page with apology; therefore, I will leave that which is behind, and endeavor to press forward, not only as relates to this subject, but in all others; but oh, how can I adopt, as the breathing of my own spirit, the language of the poet—"Frail and irresolute is man," &c. The query often arises whether there are others who feel the same load of weakness and frailty that I do? Indeed, it sometimes seems as if no sooner is a good resolution, and as I hope and trust at the time, a *firm resolution* entered into to guard every avenue against the approach of the adversary, than, perhaps, before I am aware of it, weakness of some form or other I find I have fallen into, and all for want of keeping down that formidable enemy of my soul's peace—*self, unmortified self*. Oh! for strength to wrestle with and overcome this mighty foe!

Yesterday, when I laid aside the pen, the subject of self and selfish feelings seemed to fill the mind; and now no less so; for if we suffer ourselves to be wounded with what we may consider the inattention or even neglect of our friends, it is for want of dwelling sufficiently low. We allow that mightily *self to rise* and feel that it has claims upon the sympathy of Friends for more attention when, if there was this dwelling low, even as at the feet of Jesus,

would we not, instead of repining for the lack, as we may at times feel, of outward blessings and gratifications, rather breathe the exclamation—"Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all his benefits;" and, "What shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits." As thou observes, I have far more than many others as to the outward. Truly do I know this, having a devoted sister and kind cousins, who cease not in their endeavors to render me comfortable, for which, O! Holy One, cause my heart ever to overflow with gratitude for *these and every blessing*. Among these I feel bound to acknowledge the place which I know I hold in the sympathetic feelings of my friends, which is often evinced by many unlooked for visits, that I feel to be invaluable, as by some such visits I have experienced a renewal of faith, which had become so weak as to disqualify me from keeping myself from being overwhelmed by the waves; but by the silent mingling of the spirit of a friend, and sometimes by a crumb handed forth, it has, indeed, proved as a "brook by the wayside," or, "as the shadow of a mighty rock in a weary land."

Afternoon.—The above has been written at many intervals, and I find I have almost filled my paper without giving thee any information of the present state of my health, as I know thou wilt be interested to hear how it has fared with me. Nearly three months ago I was attacked, suddenly, with violent chills, attended with much fever and many distressing feelings. Some of the symptoms were indicative of such progress in the disease as to give reason for believing that it would require but a little time longer to wear out the shattered bark. I trust it is not presumptuous in me to say these indications, though attended with most acute suffering, were nevertheless received as a token of compassionate love; for what can be so desirable to one suffering, as I do most of the time, as to believe that the time of release is near, provided there is a preparation for entering into a haven of rest and joy. Though I am ever fearful of being deceived in this all-important point, still, when I believed death was near at hand, and endeavored to look into the most secret recesses of my heart, there was a feeling of calmness and confiding trust in that love which has been shed abundantly for all; and I felt it my place there to abide, and if so favored, to be still, and know the mind of the Lord, with strong desires to be shown if there was not a full surrender of all to his will.

If I was not wholly under a delusion, I had a comforting evidence, in the quietness which continued throughout the time of the greatest suspension as to the immediate issue of the attack, that "we have not a hard Master to deal with," but one who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and who will not turn a deaf

ear to the "sighing of the poor and the crying of the needy;" but for such He will arise.

Under this feeling it seemed to be my business to be still, and abide the turning of His hand upon me, confidently trusting that if there was not yet a full surrender of *all*, that in His adorable love and mercy He would be graciously pleased to show me in what I was lacking. And not only then, but at all other times, when desiring to see myself as I am, and truly wishing to have my heart laid bare before me, while ever fearful of deceiving myself on this all-important subject, and of warming myself by a fire of my own kindling, yet a confident belief has arisen that if we come unto Him in all simplicity of heart, with a desire to surrender all unto His holy requiring, it cannot but be consistent with His goodness to accept the offering, if of a "broken spirit" and a contrite heart. And may we not say, without making an ostentatious display, that in truth we have nothing of our own to recommend us to Him; but that it must be by dwelling in His spirit, and through His long-suffering mercy, we hope for redemption, looking unto Him as the Author and finisher of our faith, "our Alpha and Omega." If this is all a delusion—an "ignis fatuus,"—then I am in a deplorable state; for it seems to be the alone anchor of hope which I am able to lay hold of.

But I have digressed far beyond what I intended, and yet have not told what my present state of health is. Well, after a week or so of great suffering at the time I speak of, when I believe it was the opinion of all around me that perhaps the scene of suffering was near being brought to a close, there was an abatement of the symptoms, and I have gradually nearly regained my previous condition, though not entirely, being less able to assist myself, and having an increase of some kinds of suffering. But there is renewed call for gratitude that I have so far regained my strength, if I am to be continued longer here; and that I must leave to *Him who doeth all things well*.

I am afraid the length of my letter will prove irksome to thee, but it has seemed as though I could find no place to stop, although a great many intervals have been required for its completion. And now, with much love to thee and thy W., I am, as ever, thy friend,

SARAH G. RICH.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO PRAY.

Do not think it is necessary to pronounce many words. To pray is to say, Let thy will be done; it is to form a good purpose; it is to raise your heart to God; it is to lament your weakness; it is to sigh at the recollection of your frequent disobedience. This prayer demands neither method, nor science, nor reasoning; it

is not necessary to quit one's employment; it is a simple movement of the heart towards its Creator, and a desire, that whatever you are doing, you may do it to his glory. The best of all prayers is to act with a pure intention and with a continual reference to the will of God. It depends upon ourselves whether our prayers be efficacious. It is not by a miracle, but by a change of heart, that we are benefited, by a spirit of submission. Let us believe, let us trust, let us hope, and God never will reject our prayer. —Fenelon.

LIFE TO BE MADE THE MOST OF.

The sentiment that we should make the most of life; that as we go along we should enjoy every gift of God as ardently and as copiously as we can, consistently with sobriety and order,—is a perfectly right and proper one: it is more, it is one of our first and highest duties. To sell one's self to sensuality is one thing; thankfully to accept, and temperately to enjoy the honest pleasures of the senses, is quite a different matter. Sight and hearing, taste and touch, were bestowed for no other end than to be exercised on things congenial to them. The true way to enjoy most of heaven is previously to strive how much we can enjoy of earth; not, however, by striving to enjoy it exclusively as an earthly thing, still less as a sensuous one, to the neglect of the moral and intellectual; neither again by laying ourselves out for pleasure, purely *as such*, but by taking for our ruling motive, in our search for enjoyment, the higher development of our humanity. The golden rule of all is to connect, as often and as closely as we can, the terrestrial with the heavenly. The highest delight of which human intelligence is susceptible is that which comes of the habit of translating the ordinary circumstances of daily life into ideas that lead ultimately to God; there are no truly beautiful and nourishing ideas but such as are felt to gravitate imperceptibly towards Him, while none are so practical and efficacious, as ingredients of happiness, as those that are sucked, honey-like, from the merest trifles of existence. So in regard to the time for enjoyment. Though we may rely upon the recurrence of some few sources of pleasure, the greater part are so fitful, the total of the circumstances is so unlikely ever to be the same again, and our own changes of emotional state are so frequent and extreme—what enraptures to-day often becoming distasteful and even bitter on the morrow—that if we would realize life in its fullness, we must let no chance, not the slightest, escape, though at the moment it may seem utterly insignificant. Life is made up of minutes, and its happiness of corresponding little pleasures; the wise man secures the atoms as they flit past him, and thus becomes owner of the aggregate. Making every circumstance

of life, sensuous, moral and intellectual, and every day and hour, contribute a little something, he finds that though a brilliant and memorable pleasure may come but twice or thrice, the secret of a happy life is nevertheless his own. That fine secret is not so much to lay plans for acquiring happy days, as to pluck our enjoyment on the spot; in other words, to spend that time in *being* happy which so many lose in deliberating and scheming how to *become* so.

"I'll live to-morrow, 'tis not wise to say;

"Twill be too late to-morrow,—live to-day."

To accomplish this we have only, as said before, to make the most of each little incident and opportunity, contemning and repudiating nothing; always remembering, however, that the way to make such incidents and opportunities most prolific of enjoyment is so to humanize them that they shall flower into thoughts of heaven. Wilfully to let opportunities go by, is a wickedness and an inexcusable folly; whence the still more foolish regrets which tear the heart that has been so unjust to itself;—but a greater folly yet, is to stand waiting and wishing for opportunities, when in fact they circle us, if we will but keep on the *qui vive*.

As the best school in respect of high duties is the practice of the little ones of common life, so the best and shortest road to happiness is to make the most of what lies beside us and enjoy all we can of the life we have, leaving it to God to determine what fortune shall attend our steps.—*From Life: Its Nature, Varieties and Phenomena, by Leo H. Grindon.*

"YE ARE THE TEMPLE OF THE LIVING GOD."

In the great truth here announced by Paul we see the immense development that had taken place in the divine plan, and in religious thought. The age of ritualistic performance had passed by. Everything material and mechanical in religious worship and life was now to be eliminated. Pious, meditative souls were no longer to be pupils and minors. Puerility of spiritual ideas and character was to give place to a robust and symmetrical maturity. Believers became inhabitants of the heavenly city, and were brought into association with an innumerable company of angels, with the mediator of the new covenant, and with God the judge of all. When Fichte says that "man is the Isis-veil of Divinity," he is highly praised; when Richter tells us that "the true Shekinah is in man," we wonder; yet both of them have simply clothed the luminous idea of the great apostle in the garb of a mystical philosophy. God no longer dwells in temples made with hands. Christian life is the life of God in the soul. It is Christ in us the hope of Glory.

It is not to be supposed that a doctrine so sublime and wonderful as this is should be acceptable or even conceivable to those who limit

their beliefs to the sphere of their five hard senses. Nor will it be any more welcome to those who make boasted reason the only trustworthy capacity of mind and the sole judge of truth in heaven and earth. Sense and reason need not be underrated; but man has higher and truer guides to his proper destination. Sense may constitute the coarse but strong foundation of the human temple; reason, with rule and plummet, may square and poise its rising walls; but the spiritual nature alone can crown it with pediment and dome, serial spires, and "cloud-capt towers."

In approaching a subject like the present, we are trammelled by our sensuous, material modes of thinking. We have been taught in physical science that no two bodies can occupy the same place at the same time; and so, by a very natural transfer of conceptions, we find it difficult to apprehend how God can reside in the human soul. But we have learned that one substance can interpenetrate another without destroying its constitution. Water permeates many other bodies. Air is interfused through water and nearly or quite all other aggregations of matter.

Electricity penetrates all known substances with its marvelous essence and energy. So far, then, as a prejudice against the possible manifestation of God in the human mind has been derived from physical science, it is utterly unfounded. The analogy is in favor of that doctrine, rather than against it.

In what manner and by what means the infinite Father becomes a resident of the believing soul is hardly a proper question for discussion. The subject is mysterious, though not mystical. Yet there are some considerations which cast a few scattered rays of light upon the outskirts of this glorious mystery, and these may help our faith. We as yet know but little of the constitution of our own nature. Our consciousness has hardly penetrated beneath the surface of our being. Our deepest and most instructive experiences are only so many explorations of the unknown heritage of mind and soul with which we are endowed. What we have already learned gives us suggestive intimations concerning the unexplained remainder. We must conclude that our minds are not limited by our present narrow and partially developed consciousness, that we have outlying provinces of activity and capacity, bordering everywhere upon the unknown and infinite. We know that our immaterial nature is open to the beneficent approach of ministering spirit; we are even obliged to wrestle against malignant principedoms and powers; and certainly the Almighty Father has not hedged in our spiritual nature by barriers insurmountable even to himself.

It follows from this that God may be present and be working out his beneficent ends in our hearts, and yet we be unaware of the moment-

ous fact. We may not at first recognize the royal guest whom faith has introduced to us. But, once admitted to his temple, he begins his renovating task. That painful bleeding emotion may be the laceration of the "scourge of small cords." And what may be that tumultuous revolution within but the overturning of the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves? Then come hours of soft repose and penitential sweetness. From the discordant and broken instrument of the heart some strains of heavenly music are drawn by an unknown hand, which remind us of the celestial lullabys that soothed the slumbers of our childhood. And then dawns the blissful consciousness of God in the human soul. It is the bending of a loving father over a penitent child, the restitution of an estranged affection in a broken and contrite heart. It is the re-kindling of sacrificial fire upon an altar long dilapidated and desolate, the joyful re-lighting of the lamp of the Lord in the temple of God.

Of the many blessed consequences of the perpetual presence of God in the devout soul, an important one is its disciplinary and perfecting influence. It is here, ye weary, heavy-laden ones, that you will meet your great deliverance; here you will find your conquering strength. His voice will still every wave of passion, and there will be a great calm. But the divine presence is positive and perfective also. With our consenting will, he will garnish his temple with royal munificence. Coming in contact with every faculty of our being, he will communicate to us an undying impulse and inspiration. We shall realize more and more the powers of the world to come, till the noiseless, painless translation shall take place, and death shall be swallowed up in victory.—*From the N. Y. Independent.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, THIRD MONTH 30, 1867.

Friends sending marriage notices will please be explicit in the information as to whether they were accomplished under the care of a Monthly Meeting, and what Meeting.

"Christian life is the life of God in the soul." We have not unfrequently noticed some of the evils which seemed fearfully upon the increase in our land, with a view to encourage all to exert the influence with which they were invested, to stay the current which appeared to threaten the destruction of many of our fellow beings. We now present a brighter picture, as drawn from the records of passing events in another

sphere. We allude to the more liberal and spiritual views, which are evidently gaining ground in the public mind, in relation to the bond by which man is united to God, the author of all good, and brought nearer to his fellow man. These are publicly acknowledging the power of the spirit by which all moral evil is to be overcome, and they forcibly represent the idea that "greatness should be a synonym with goodness, for good men only can be truly great," and that "Christianity is a force which has its root in love, and with such an origin it is enabled to fight sublimer battles than human strength ever wrought."

In an exchange paper we find a synopsis of an address, commencing with a quotation from Scripture—"Ye are the temple of the living God." Parts of the address so clearly define the supremacy of the spirit, and its vivifying effects upon the heart, that we present them to our readers with the belief that they share with us the feeling of gratification in witnessing the frequent manifestations given by ministers of different religious associations, that they are gradually being prepared to teach the doctrine of the inner Light, awarding it its true place as the efficient Teacher, and that it is "Christ within the hope of glory."

We are aware that there are others who appear to be verging in form toward the Romish Church, but we would hope that even with them their faith will be in the internal Word, rather than in the increase of ceremonies. With the present diversity of opinions and the prejudices created by education, and fostered by existing relations, perfect union, even among those equally desirous to be the true followers of Christ, cannot be expected. But it is certainly a pleasant thought that, in the life to come, these barriers will be removed, and all will be absorbed in that *Love* by which the household of faith will be made one, in accordance with the prayer of the blessed Jesus, "That they may be made one as we are one, as Thou Father art in me and I in thee, that they, also, may be one in us."

We have received from the Editor the first number of "The Friends' Examiner," the Prospectus of which has appeared for several weeks in our advertising sheet. It is to be published every six months, or perhaps quarterly, if an-

ificent encouragement be given. The general appearance of the first number is much in its favor—of good type, and about 170 pages.

It was well said by C. Spurgeon that George Fox would not have subscribed to a creed, even if it expressed his own views of truth; and it is reasonable to suppose that in a society which has declared to the world that God has come to teach his people himself, there are different growths and various shades of opinion, while all may unite in what is fundamental. The object of this periodical, according to the Prospectus, is not to subservise "private interests or sectional opinions."

The Editor "does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in any article bearing the signature of the writer." Every one is allowed to express his own sentiments, under his own signature, on such subjects as he believes will conduce to the interests of the Society, and as a consequence there is some diversity of opinion on the great questions connected with its welfare.

This liberal feature in the publication before us commends it to our favor, for by this expression of its members (if made in an earnest and proper spirit) the Society may receive valuable suggestions, and be gradually prepared for such changes in its church discipline as its necessities may require. Although not in official correspondence with our transatlantic friends, we believe many of our subscribers will be interested in its contents, and we should be glad to see the time when such a publication can be sustained among ourselves.

From an advertisement in *Friends' Review*, we observe that Henry Longstreth, No. 1888 Chestnut St., proposes to publish an American edition of the *Examiner*.

MARRIED, on Fifth-day, the 14th of Third month, 1867, at the residence of Daniel Underhill, Jericho, L. I., Solomon S. Jackson, of the former place, to ESTHER L. POOT, of Westbury.

DIED, at Sandy Spring, Md., on the 9th of Second month, 1867, Wm. STABLES, son of Wm. H. and Eliza Stabler, in the 35th year of his age.

—, on the 30th of Twelfth month, 1866, in Lynn, Mass., at the residence of his son Moses F. Rogers, AARON ROGERS, aged 90 years and 4 months.

He was a faithful and consistent member of Danby Monthly Meeting, and occupied the station of elder for over 50 years. He was punctual in his dealings with men, and won the respect of all who knew him. He retained his mental faculties to the last. On his 90th birthday he made a minute of it in his memo-

randum, with appropriate remarks. He enjoyed unusual health, being able to walk about and wait on himself until within fifteen minutes of his death. Conscious of his situation, he exclaimed, "I am dying!" and soon expired. His remains were taken to Danby, the place of his nativity, and interred by the side of his wife, First month 3d, 1867.

DIED, on the 24th of Second month, 1867, in Philadelphia, AARON IVINS, in his 66th year; a member of Falls Monthly Meeting, Pa.

—, suddenly, on the 20th of Third month, 1867, in the city of New York, DAVID H. DAVIS, merchant, formerly of Philadelphia, in his 66th year; a member of New York Monthly Meeting.

—, on Second-day, 18th of Third month, 1867, ABEL SATTERTHWAITE, in his 88th year; a member of Abington Monthly Meeting, Pa.

—, on the 13th of this month, at the residence of her son-in-law, Charles Hambleton, RACHEL SHARPLESS, a member and minister of West Grove Preparative Meeting, Chester County, Penna., in the 91st year of her age. This dear Friend furnished a rare illustration of the green and beautiful age that may crown a life of devotion to God and of active love to man.

She had been a minister for about 66 years; and although never very extensive in her communications, the life and sweetness that attended them made her appearance in meetings a strength and refreshment to many hearts. She attended meetings and spoke several times during the last year.

She was regular in her habits, and neat, attractive and simple in personal appearance; industrious, practical, and remarkable for the cheerfulness and sweetness of her disposition.

The young people loved her society, her neighbors of other denominations paid tribute to her worth; instant in season, and full of holy sympathies, she visited the afflicted in body and in spirit, bearing comfort by her presence and words. "O, how I loved her, how we all loved her," said one at her funeral, who had known her intimately from his youth up, and whose words were the utterance of many hearts.

A respectable middle-aged man called recently at the house of one of her relatives in Philadelphia, to inquire for Rachel Sharpless, stating that he had been a poor, neglected reckless boy, thrown into her neighborhood years ago, but that her counsel and encouragement had been the means of saving him from ruin, adding, "All that I am I owe to her." She was, emphatically, a peacemaker wherever she moved.

Large and wide in her sympathies, she recognized good wherever it was found, encouraged temperance and anti-slavery movements when they were unpopular, and neither fear nor favor prevented her from firmly, but gently, maintaining what she believed to be right.

A widow more than thirty years; she had been twice married; and as a step-mother, as well as a mother, the power of her unselfish love brought the warm tribute of filial affection back to gladden her heart.

Her enjoyment in the society of her friends, her interest in the progress of truth, and her cheerfulness of spirit continued to the end. A few months ago, when the writer of this notice visited her, she dwelt touchingly upon the preservations and blessings that had attended her life, and spoke with sweetness of the near prospect of departure, knowing the faithfulness of Him whom she had trusted.

Her memory had become considerably impaired; time and space were vanishing, and earlier and

later events were sometimes blended; but even then it was surprising to observe the clearness of her judgment in regard to principles, and the niceness of her discrimination in reference to the points before her.

She rests from her labors, but her works follow her, and her example is a light to those who remain.

P.

The Executive Committee of "Friends' Publication Association" will meet at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room, on Sixth-day afternoon, Fourth month 6th, at 3 o'clock.

LYDIA H. HALL,
Clerk of Committee.

Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will meet at Race St. Monthly Meeting Room, on Fourth-day evening, Fourth month 3d, at 8 o'clock. Those feeling an interest in this class of our citizens are invited.

J. M. ELLIS, } Clerks.
ANNE COOPER, }

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A FREEDMEN'S EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY.

Extract from a letter received from one of the Teachers of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen.

Capt. Smith and I have been getting up a Society. It is called the Leesburg Freedmen's Educational Society; it is for the general improvement of their race and condition, and is governed by a Constitution and By-Laws. We have now forty-one members. Every one pays twenty-five cents when he or she is initiated, and twenty five cents each month. One object in getting up this Society is to teach them how to elect officers and how to vote. The Society is presided over by a President; we also have a Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Board of Managers and I act as Secretary. We meet on the first Second-day in every month. The money which is paid goes to defray the expenses incurred in school and meeting, to furnish wood, lights, or seats, desks, etc.

I expect to close my night school shortly; then I shall meet the people one evening in the week, to read to them; therefore I hope if any of you meet with anything you think would be good for me to read to them that you will send it to me. I received several numbers of the "Standard," but they have stopped coming. The article, "Chicago," in the March number of the Atlantic Monthly, I like very much, and I intend to read it to them,—not all at once; I want them to give some portion of the evening to conversation. I think it will be good for them to meet thus socially. What dost thou or the members of the Association think of it? Criticise it and give me your opinion. I want to do great things for these people, and I hope I may be directed in the right way.

Thy friend,

C. THOMAS.

Leesburg, Va.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together."—MATT. xxiv. 27.

This language of the beloved Jesus is figurative of deep instruction.

It teaches that however high our profession may be,—even though comparable to the towering wing of the eagle,—yet, like the eagle in another respect, the mind will be likely to center where the attraction is strongest.

Hence it is that some who profess the Christian religion, nevertheless, appear as eager after earthly riches as though "gain was godliness," rather than "godliness the greater gain," as testified by one truly enlightened in the Christian faith.

But those who have been regenerated and brought into that heavenly state in which is realized that holy communion and fellowship of spirit which truly is with the Father and the Son, with the holy angels, and one with another, in the overflowings of Divine love—in which they find it to be as their meat and their drink to do the will of their Heavenly Father—such can no more feel satisfied with mere earthly toys, and those things which perish with the using, than the most fastidious appetite can be satisfied to feed upon the carcass so eagerly devoured by the eagle.

As, on the one hand, it is impossible for those who trust in earthly riches [while in such a state] to enter into the "kingdom of heaven," so, on the other hand, it is equally impossible for those who have progressed in spiritual things, until they are really in that blessed state denominated the "kingdom of Heaven," to feel that grasping desire for earthly riches so apparent in the world, or even desire to hold fast to their earthly treasure beyond their real wants, when there are so many, as good by nature as themselves, who suffer for the want of a little help.

Once think of the millions in the South—who have not only suffered the want of food and raiment necessary for the comfort of the body, but who also suffer for the want of mental culture—then if you who hold the surplus wealth can see nothing to do, be assured that it is only because the "god of this world" has blinded your eyes.

It is said, and no doubt truly, that the Pope of Rome has ordered that the Freedmen of the South must be cared for by the Catholic Church, and means taken to educate and bring them under the influence of their religion.

I cannot doubt the truth of this statement; for since it was published, I have attended the Catholic Church* held in the meeting-house

* We are informed that the number of Friends at Battle Creek had become so reduced that the meeting-house was sold to the members of the Catholic Church.—Ede.

built by the Society of Friends in this place, where I heard the document read, as recently put forth by their council of bishops at Baltimore, in which the "Freedmen of the South" were specially named as an important field of labor for the Catholic Church, and that "religion should not be regarded as of less importance than arithmetic."

Now, while I rejoice that those who have so long been in cruel bondage are likely to be cared for, yet it is but natural that we should ask, "Is the Papal religion better than ours?" If it is, then we had all better join that church. But if ours is best, then certainly it is better for the Freedmen to be educated under our influence.

To me, this appears like a practical question. The Society of Friends have their teachers in the field already; and if we carelessly yield the field through fear of being called on to give some of our surplus wealth, may we not fear the fulfilment of that prophetic vision of Joseph Hoag, in 1802, in which he says he saw [after the overthrow of slavery] "a monarchy establish a national religion, making all tributary to its support; taking property from the Society of Friends to a large amount, &c."

Those who live to see such a time may then look back with shame and regret, if they now withhold the means to secure a better influence; especially if they should then see the Catholic power sustained by the votes, and perhaps by force of arms, in the hands of colored men in the South, as the result of the present Catholic efforts and our neglect. Then let us be engaged to discharge faithfully our own duty; for if we withhold more than is meet, we may find it tends to poverty, "both in temporal and spiritual things."

A portion of the Society of Friends have done nobly; but why should any of us withhold the mite which ought to be cheerfully given in so good a cause? N. P.

Battle Creek, Mich., 2d mo. 14th, 1867.

REST AND PEACE IN TRUTH.

I do not ask, oh Lord, that thou shouldst shed,
Full radiance here;

Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread,
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,—
My way to see—

Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine,
Like quiet night:

Lead me, O Lord,—till perfect day shall shine,—
Through peace, to light.

—A. A. Procter.

We should feel sorrow, but not sink under its oppression. The heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.

SELECTION.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF ALICE B. HAVEN.

Shut out the sunlight from the room,
I cannot bear its splendor,
While tears for one so young, so true,
A mournful tribute render.

I'm thinking of that silent hour
When last she smiled a blessing
To the young children at her side,
Who came with sweet caressing.

When eyes of love beheld in her
The sum of earthly treasure,
And a manly heart thanked God who gave
Such gladness in such measure.

Ah me, how dark that pleasant room
Where now her form is lying!
The laughter has to wailing changed,
The smiles give place to sighing.

The little ones with linked hands,
And voices low with weeping,
Come softly to the narrow couch
To see their mother sleeping.

They wonder at the rigid form,
Death's icy touch revealing,
And ask why still the heavy lids
Her soft eyes are concealing.

No pressure answers from the lips
That in their childish error
They fondly kiss, then shrink away
With new and nameless terror.

Her hands are folded on her breast,
Yet, in their silent clasping,
There seems a prayer for those she leaves,
Comfort and guidance asking.

Accept the token while ye weep,
And stricken hearts are throbbing;
She goeth calmly unto rest,
The grave of terror robbing.

To her the dusky gate of death
Is now no fearful portal,
Earth's keenest pangs are all forgot
In joys of life immortal.

The Ancient Fame and Impending Perils of the Profession of Law were the subjects of an address delivered by Dr. Morgan Dix, Rector of "Trinity Church," N. Y., before the Graduating Class of the Law School of Columbia College.

The following abstract is taken from the Ledger of this city. As some of our young friends are disposed to make Law their study, we would commend to their notice the counsel of Dr. Dix to the young Lawyer.—EDS.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS LAWYER.

A glance at the history of the legal profession will be certain to inspire for it respect. Although, when Egypt was in her dotage, Diodorus Siculus tells us that the advocate's profession was proscribed, because it was thought he darkened counsel and hindered the execution of justice, yet in Phœnicia, Greece and Rome law schools were established, and the succession

of them at Berytus, Rome, Constantinople, Salamanca, Bologna and Paris, have handed down a succession of principles to our own day that show how essentially all advances in justice and civilization have been based upon a profound study of positive law. The future grows out of the past, and it is only by the diligent comprehension of all that has been done to protect right against wrong that future progress can be attained. In the literature of international law this is still more evident. There was no such thing really as a book upon international law under the Greeks and Romans. It is the offspring of a more advanced study of law. Franciscus, at the University of Salamanca, held that nations cannot make war on each other without just cause or merely for the sake of getting their territory, and that every nation has a right to its own religious worship, and that a conquered people cannot be made slaves, even though they be pagans. Here was the beginning of the whole modern system of international law.

"Could any profession have made for itself such a history," asks Dr. Dix, "unless its principles and aims were sound and true, and its relations to manhood necessary and beneficent?" Surely not. What, then, was the idea, and what is still the idea, which forms the root of all this growth? It is that of the defence of the oppressed, the advocacy of the weak, and the conviction and exposure of the guilty. Liberty consists in being freed from the wrong which the lawless might inflict, and in being kept secure in the enjoyment of life, of limb and of possessions. These are the ends which law is to secure, and the place of the advocate is at the side of his fellow-man when that man is oppressed with wrong, assailed by the unjust or threatened with loss of goods or fame or life. The prosecutor must confront the transgressor and stop his destructive career. Originally their labors were held beyond price; what they did was not for hire. Gratitude often impelled the client to pay, but such recompense was called an "honorarium," and not a thing of legal charge or obligation; and in 1583 the whole Paris bar rose in protest against an ordinance by which they were required to make out bills and sign receipts for fees. They said their services were not to be estimated by a money value.

One of the dangers of the profession now is, that many men seek the law simply as a means of growing rich by getting practice any and every way. In the midst of the money greed and selfishness morals decline, the sense of honor sinks. Anciently, from the time of Constantine, the practice of taking cases on shares was prohibited. Another danger is because counsel use language to each other, unrebuked in courts, not fit for gentlemen. The judiciary is, to some extent, demoralized by party politics. "Main-

tenance" and "champerty" are not now in New York, as they were in Blackstone's time, offences against law. While these are dangers, it may well be doubted if there ever was an age in which the moral character of the bar as a whole stood higher, or so high; and if any one will look through such a work as Hoffman's *Course of Legal Study*, he will see what the studies and pursuits of a true lawyer always ought to lead him to become, and often do.

The qualities which Dr. Dix counsels the young lawyer to cultivate are such as these:—First, *Unselfishness*—the covetousness of wealth being that which, more than anything else, defiles the inner man of the heart. Second, A high sense of *Honor*—since the counsellor should be such a man that if we place ourselves in his hands we may trust him as long as sun and moon endure, and feel that so far as it rests with him to secure them we are safe. Third, *Conscientiousness*; no man may lie to save himself from the punishment due to his crimes, nor try to put his sin at another door. Such limitations also constrain his counsel. But beyond them he is to spare no pains in the defence. If guilty, he is to be legally proved so. Nor may his counsel abandon him by throwing up his brief, or avowing his belief in his guilt until it has been so proved. There is a close affinity in the aim and means of the lawyer and the minister. They both unfold that law which is the thought and Will of God. The minister deals with the Divine law, as well natural as positive, with principles recognized by reason alone, and with the precepts derived from revelation. The advocate deals with the positive laws of independent States, but at last all laws end in one Will, one Spirit, one Intelligence, one Being.

Counsels such as these by the Rector of Trinity will do extensive good to large classes.

THE ABUSE OF NAMES.

The following is from the "*Evening Bulletin*. The "absurd fashion" is creeping in, or rather galloping in, amongst *Friends*, and possibly an outside rebuke may do no harm:—

Nicknames will be used just so long as mankind exists, and just so long as those to whom they are applied have marked peculiarities of character or person, who elicit terms of endearment, or who have names that may be shortened with convenience. Andrew will be called "Andy" as long as there are any Andrews to be nicknamed; Jeremiah will be shortened into "Jerry," and William into "Bill" so long as there is a Jeremiah or a William in existence. But it does not follow that these names should become proper handles to honest surnames; and that boys should be christened by the nicknames of their fathers.

A fashion that is about as absurd as this

would be, has come into use of late in certain circles, and the rising generation will blush for the folly of their progenitors when they grow older and wiser. It is not practised so much in the naming of boys, but in respect to girls it has run to the extreme of sentimental silliness. Thus girls, instead of being baptized with such sensible, old-fashioned names as Matilda, Charlotte, Margaret or Sarah, are christened "Tillie," "Lottie," "Maggie" and "Saidie." Ellen dwindles into "Ellie;" Susan shrinks into "Susie;" Caroline is made ridiculous by being cut down to "Linie;" Emma becomes insipid in "Emmie;" and, most wretched of all, the beautiful name of Mary is frittered away in "Mamie." This nicknaming would be all very well if in its use it was confined to the family circle; but such names are given permanently to children, and the future wives and mothers of the land figure in every advertised list of letters, and in every school examination, as "Lid-ies," "Susies," and "Saidies." Think of the wife and mother of the Father of his Country christened by the names of "Mamie" and "Marthie," and of the mother baptizing the future hero and statesman as "Georgie"! The first Napoleon would have remained a bachelor forever, had his first wife been named "Josie," and he would not have troubled an Archduchess of Austria to take the place of the discarded Empress, had she been named "Minnie Louie," instead of plain and sensible Maria Louisa.

This sickly sentimentalism is about as foolish as the poetic lucubrations of bereaved fathers and mothers, who inform an unappreciative world that "dearest Johnny" has left them, or that the skill of physicians was unavailing to save "Billy" from the fatal consequences of the sore afflictions which he had borne so long. But misnaming a child sticks to him or her forever; and while the obituary nonsense which accompanies the record of death is soon forgotten, a sensible woman, with a foolish nickname, has an ever-present reminder of the silliness of her parents, and a source of continual annoyance to herself.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

An interesting discovery of stalagmitic bone breccia has lately been made by Professor Osborn, of Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania, in a cave opposite Riegelsville, Pennsylvania. The cave is near Lillie's Safe Foundry, and it is for the Furnace at the latter place that the workmen have been, for a long time, quarrying limestone from the entrance. For more than fifty years the cave has been the resort of visitors, and somewhat of a history of the place can therefore be traced.

Professor Osborn's attention was directed to the place by the rumor that the workmen had uncovered some *shells* in the solid limestone.

Upon examination, only two shells were obtained amid a mass of thousands of a fossilized grain, supposed by Dr. Joseph Leidy, of Philadelphia, to be frog spawn, though closely resembling cherry stones. In this mass were found bones of several distinct animals, in a most singular state of preservation—forming a perfect mosaic, not in the limestone, but in the stalagmitic rock, although at first appearance incorporated in the limestone. On application of a crowbar, a large mass was detached, showing the stalagmitic formation. Among the bones, beautifully preserved in the hard rock, Dr. Leidy has recognized those of the deer, (*Cervus Virginianus*), the bat, and other birds, together with numerous fragments not determined. Mr. I. N. Carpenter, of Easton, who has known the region for many years, recollects that just *fifty-two* years ago his father killed the only deer known to visit those parts, although they are frequent in Pokono mountains, forty or fifty miles westward. The inclemency of the weather has prevented further examination, but among other bones are those of animals much stronger than the deer, together with some so closely resembling parts of a human skeleton that they have been so pronounced by professional authority here. The former specimens have been removed to the College Cabinet, but the determination of the latter must await a more favorable season, as the face of the rock is entirely exposed to the weather. The breccia, so far recovered, was about twenty feet below the surface.

It is possible that, although the remains appear at so great a depth in the cave, they were deposited there from the surface of the ground, entering a crevasse which was distinctly traced some thirty or forty feet along the face of the rock to the surface, and explaining why these remains were never noticed until the workmen opened upon them in the rock. This crevasse might easily have formed a trap or pit, especially in snowy days, into which animals might have fallen and remained. This is the more likely from the appearance of fossilized vegetable remains mingled with the bones.—*Easton Evening Express*.

In addition to the above, Professor Osborn in a note to us remarks:

"If these bones were at the bottom of a fissure, which all seem to think proven, may not the mingled human and ancient fossils, supposed to militate against the scriptural age of man, have met under the same circumstances? fossil deposited *first*, then the human bones become commingled afterward, and not deposited at the *same time*."—*Els. Pres.*

ANNIHILATION.

It is ascertained, and is capable of the clearest proofs, that the simple elements of which all

substances is composed, cannot, by any conceivable means, be destroyed. They may indeed be so changed as to present not the least resemblance to their previous forms; they may be so mingled with other bodies that their identity cannot be traced; they may be dissipated into the invisible vapor, and be apparently annihilated; but we learn from the science of chemistry that, in every shape, the same elements remain inextinguishable and unaltered. The phenomena of solutions afford some of the most obvious illustrations of complete change produced in bodies without causing their annihilation. If a piece of silver be immersed in diluted nitre, in a short time the silver will be entirely dissolved. Its hardness, its lustre, its tenacity, its specific gravity, all the characteristics which distinguish it as a metal, are gone. Its very form has vanished, and the hard, splendid, ponderous, opaque metal, which, a few minutes before, was immersed in the mixture, is apparently annihilated. The liquid, however, remains as limpid as before; it presents no difference in appearance to indicate a change. What, then, has become of the solid piece of silver which was placed in the liquid? Must we conclude that it is annihilated? Put some pieces of copper into the solution, and the silver will reappear, and fall to the bottom of the glass in small, brilliant metallic crystals.—Though solution is one of the simplest processes of nature, the limited faculties of man will not permit him to comprehend the mode in which it operates. There is not one phenomenon of nature that the mind of man can fully comprehend, and after pursuing the inquiry as far as the mental capacity will admit, he is obliged to confess that there is an operating power beyond the reach of his comprehension.—*The Moravian.*

RURAL MISCELLANY.

What Dr. Trimble says of Birds. Those of our gardeners, and especially the fruit-growers, who lately listened to the reading of Prof. Russell's report on birds at a meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, cannot fail of being interested in the following extracts from an address which Dr. Trimble, of Newark, New Jersey, lately delivered on the value of insectivorous and frugivorous birds, both to gardeners and farmers. It is more important that this subject should now be considered, as it is rumored that an effort will be made to persuade the present legislators to modify or repeal the law for the protection of birds. While some are anxious to have this done, others are equally desirous that the law should remain and be strictly enforced.

Dr. Trimble having made the subject of birds and insects as they relate to the garden and orchard a matter of special study and observation, the following extracts from his address in relation

thereto, as reported in the Newark Advertiser, cannot fail to interest all parties, and especially those who would protect the birds, as the fruit-growers' co-workers, notwithstanding they eat some fruit, for, it should be remembered that they feed more or less on insects and their larvae for many months of the year, while it is comparatively a short space of time that they peck at fruits of the different species and various varieties. Would it not be better to employ persons for a few days to keep them away from fruit plots, than to engage in their indiscriminate destruction? So it seems to many who have considered this matter in the light of rural and horticultural economy.

Of the Baltimore Oriole, that beautiful bird and charming songster, Dr. Trimble said, "they are becoming numerous, and when they first arrive they feed on leaf-curling caterpillars, so injurious to fruit and ornamental trees and shrubs; also upon the canker worm, that destructive pest, and later in the season upon the drop-worm. He stated that by the aid of the microscope he had been able to prove positively that the orioles feed upon that terrible enemy of the fruit-grower—the curculio; that a small portion of a head, supposed to be that of a curculio, was found amongst the comminuted contents of the crop of one of these birds, and the microscope enabled him to count the 147 lenses in one of the eyes—the exact number known to make the eye of this particular species of curculio.

The Downy Woodpecker is one of the most valuable of all the birds of our country. It knows where to find, and is busy in searching out, the apple-worm—thesecond in importance of the insect-enemies, which, with the curculio are the chief cause of the ruin of the fruit business, especially in our State.

The Little Chick-a-dee also feeds upon the apple-worm, but finds it accidentally, and not by boring for it, as does the downy woodpecker.

The Cedar Bird, sometimes called the Cherry Bird, (Canker Bird) said the Doctor, is a gross feeder, consumes immense numbers of canker worms, and of injurious insects. This bird and the yellow bird, or finch, resemble each other in one respect, both remaining in flocks till midsummer, and are thus on hand in great numbers when their services are most required; while most other birds are at home attending to their domestic duties. The cedar birds are found in New York and Philadelphia in large flocks in June, after the worms, and if they could be properly protected by closing the parks, so that they should not be frightened away by the people, they would do much towards ridding these cities of these pests. The yellow birds, in immense flocks, are found in wheat fields where the midge is so destructive. They are in pursuit of the larvae of these flies in the heads of the wheat,

while the grain is in the milk; and farmers sometimes have supposed these birds are the cause of the trouble, not knowing that they are their best friends.

The Warblers include nearly forty species of small birds, and exclusively insectivorous, most of which are very beautiful, and many of them sweet singers. In the spring they feed on plant lice, as found in orchards; in the fall, as they migrate to the South, they stop and feed on the late brood of Palmer worms that so infest our elm and maple trees, thus becoming exceedingly fat.

The Whippoorwill is a nocturnal bird, and its beak is so formed that it takes in moths as a net takes in fish. The eyes of flies enable them to see all around them, and the muscular force of their wings is so quick that they can dodge the rain drops in a shower; yet the swallow and the house martin feed almost exclusively on winged insects, which are taken on the wing by these aerial feeders.

The foregoing are good and substantial reasons why birds should be preserved. Others will be given hereafter. Let these suffice for the present; and there can hardly be a doubt that, when all the reasons for preserving birds are weighed against the few for destroying them, they will be permitted to live, and sing to delight the lovers of Nature, as well as to destroy vermin.

Winter Floral Culture Indoors. Many beautiful plant and floral experiments can be carried on indoors during the winter. How many of the readers of the Transcript are doing so? Yet, how many more are doing nothing of the kind, that might pleasantly do so. The vine of the sweet potato may be trained over the mantel-piece, by placing a potato in a tumbler or other glass vessel, filled with water, passing a pin through the tuber so as to keep the lower end from an inch to two inches from the bottom of the vessel. Keep it on the mantel-shelf in a warm room, and every day give it sun for an hour or two, and in a few days rootings will begin to appear, aiming for the bottom of the vessel, and in two or three weeks the eye will begin to shoot and rapidly grow and run upon suspended twine or any little trellis-work prepared for it. The *dioscorea batatas* is the prettiest for this purpose, when it can be obtained. The "Morning Glory" can be propagated in parlor windows, where there is some sun, to perfection during winter; it flowers with its natural colors, and the delicate little vine can be made to run over the window. A hanging vase is the prettiest for this.

Suspend an acorn by a cotton thread so as nearly to touch the water in a glass vessel (a hyacinth glass is perhaps the best;) set upon the window or mantel, and let it remain there for eight or ten weeks, more or less, without be-

ing interfered with, except to supply the evaporation of the water, and the acorn will burst, and as it throws a root down into the water, a sprout or stem will be sent upward, throwing out beautiful leaves, thus giving you an oak tree, in full life and health, within your parlor!

There are many of the mosses which can be very successfully grown in the house through the winter, and with the foregoing afford an interesting and refined enjoyment for the inmates of a family, and give real pleasure to all who have a taste for the beautiful. We trust to see a greater inclination on the part of the ladies to introduce into their household arrangements this most agreeable addition to their domestic pleasures and home enjoyments.

Thorough Cultivation. Professor Voelker, of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, a distinguished agricultural scientist, remarks, in summing up on this subject, as follows:

Thorough cultivation involves—

1. The mechanical pulverization of the soil, giving a better seed-bed, and making the particles more accessible to the action of the roots.

2. Better drainage, and at the same time better ability to withstand drouth, the soil being moist and mellow where it would otherwise be baked and hard.

3. The coöperation of the atmosphere in further decomposing the comminuted particles of soil, and setting free the mineral elements of the growing plant.

4. The absorption from the atmosphere of a greater portion of its ammonia and carbonic acid for the direct nourishment of vegetable life.

5. The increased effect of manures, from their more complete intermixture and consequently more perfect action.

6. The cleansing of the land from weeds, which not only abstract the nourishment due to the growing crop, but also generate successors, continually multiplying themselves from year to year.

7. The better condition of the field for machine work; it dulls the knives of a reaper or mower, and leads to frequent breakages, to cut through the clods on a roughly-seeded field.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received since last report:—

From City contributions.....	\$10.00
" Rachel Haines, Fallston, Md.	10.00
" Women Friends of Sadsbury, Pa.	22.00
" East Jordan, Ill.	2.00
" Sarah C. Parke, Camden, N. J.	10.00
" Eliza Swayne, Xenia, Ohio.	20.00
" Friends of Byberry, additional.	2.50

\$76.50

Also clothing from Hannah Gilpin, Wrightstown Circle, J. J. Mendenhall, Wilmington Del. 600 papers from North Baptist Church, 200 from Chas. Bergman, HENRY M. LAING, Treasurer.

PAID. 3d mo. 25, 1867. No. 30 N. Third St.

Donations received in aid of "The Orphan's Home" of New Orleans, La., LOUISA DE MORTIE, Sup't.

From "Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen".....	\$250 00
" F. S. Wilson.....	10 00
" James Mott.....	25 00
" A Friend.....	4 00
" ".....	1 00
" ".....	5 00
" ".....	9 00
" " per E. Parrish.....	1 00
" G. W. Robbins.....	10 00
" H. M. Laing.....	50 00
" Deborah F. Wharton.....	20 00
" Charles Wharton.....	10 00
" Sarah Phipps.....	10 00
" E. J. Magionis.....	10 00
" Rachel W. Moore.....	80 00
" Jacob M. Ellis.....	20 00
" Abraham Barker.....	100 00
" "Friend," per W. H. Furness.....	10 00
" Ellis Yarnall.....	50 00
" Stephen Colwell.....	25 00
" Cope Bros.....	50 00

\$750 00

Remitted to Wm. R. Armstrong, Treasurer, New Orleans, La.

Philada., 3 mo. 21. H. M. LAING, Treasurer.

ITEMS.

CONGRESS.—Little of general interest transpired in Congress during the past week. The amendments to the reconstruction bill passed both Houses, and went to the President for his signature. The House passed the bill for the relief of destitution in the South. It provides that the Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau may use the fund under his charge for the purposes indicated. In the Senate a resolution was presented declaring that the longer confinement of Jeff. Davis without a trial, or without having a time definitely fixed for his trial, is not in accordance with the demands of justice, and that the national honor and public policy require that he should be brought to trial, or released from confinement on proper recognizances. The resolution was ordered to be printed. A resolution was reported exempting from duties objects of art imported for presentation to the United States, or to a State or city; and also on agricultural implements and machinery imported for experiment, or as models.

A veto message was received from the President on the supplementary reconstruction bill, and notwithstanding the objections, on being reconsidered, was passed by both Houses over the veto.

In the Senate the Committee on Indian Affairs was instructed to report upon the expediency of removing the Indians in the States to the Indian territory.

A resolution was adopted in the House recommending that each of the Southern States in the progress of reconstruction insert a provision in the Constitution requiring the Legislature to maintain and establish a system of free public schools, open to all the children of the State.

THE WESTERN PAPERS report a destructive flood along the course of the Ohio River. The Evansville Journal says: From Evansville almost to Newburg the wild waste of waters has no visible boundaries. The waters are pouring across the neck of land between Evansville and Henderson, with great violence. Enterprise is totally submerged, but the people wisely provided for such a contingency by

building their houses on stilts about a foot higher than high water mark, and are in no special danger of being washed away. No intercourse, however, can be held between neighboring houses except in boats. Taylorsport, Rome, Alton and the lower portion of Cannelton were inundated and the residents were compelled to move to the second story. Hundreds of houses along the shore are partially submerged, the inhabitants having been compelled to vacate. In many cases, houses are standing on a small elevation entirely surrounded by water, the residents having no means of intercourse with the rest of mankind except in boats. There are no river banks from Louisville to Cairo. On Green river, also, an unprecedented flood prevails, inundating nearly all the towns and villages. The towns of Calhoun and Rumsey are submerged. The Knoxville Commercial says that East Tennessee is literally covered with mud. The Holston river is over its banks and immense beds of flood-wood are floating by.

Dr. David Livingstone, the well-known African traveller, was born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, Scotland, in 1815. At ten years of age, being the son of a man engaged in a cotton mill, he began the labors of life, as a "piecer" in the same mill. Even at this early age he contrived to devote the little leisure allowed to a boy in such a life to mental culture, and through the medium of self-instruction and attendance at evening schools, he managed to obtain a competent knowledge of English, Latin and Greek, botany and geology, and other branches of natural science. In his nineteenth year, still being in the cotton mill, he commenced the acquirement of a knowledge of medicine and divinity, with a view of going to China as a medical missionary. A war between England and China frustrating his purpose, he went to Africa in the summer of 1840, and for sixteen years was engaged in travel and in his missionary labors at various stations in South Africa. In 1855, the Royal Geographical Society of England conferred upon him its Victoria medal, and in the same year he made his great journey across Southern Africa from ocean to ocean. Visiting England in the following year, he was received with the highest distinctions. In 1857 he published his "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa." He returned to Africa in 1858, to resume his geographical explorations, an account of which formed the subject of another work, which received the same marked popularity and approval as the first. At this time he made his last visit home, and again returning to the scene of his life-long labors, he has at last been sacrificed by the Caffres, a tribe of the people whose condition he was trying to ameliorate. His name will long be cherished as among the most celebrated of the world's famous travellers.—*Ea. Paper.*

THE FREEDMEN.—On the 20th inst. Gov. Geary signed the bill to allow colored persons to ride in all public conveyances.

At a meeting in Savannah, Ga., on the 18th inst., about three thousand negroes assembled, and were addressed by three white and five colored speakers. The speeches were confined to universal suffrage, and the right to sit on a jury. The meeting passed off very quietly.

A late citizen of Pittsburg, Charles Avoy, left \$150,000 in trust to be appropriated, according to the best judgment of the executors, to the "education and elevation of the colored people in the United States and Canada." \$25,000 of this amount has been paid to Oberlin College, which is to furnish free tuition to fifty of its most needy colored students who may apply for it.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF F. W. ROBERTSON.*

BY SAMUEL M. JANNEY

Books of sermons are usually accounted, by the reading public, peculiarly dull; yet the discourses of Robertson have, within a few years, passed through five English and ten American editions, being a circulation almost unparalleled in this class of literature. They do not come under the head of sermons written before delivery, but are mostly recollections of discourses delivered extempore, or from very brief notes, and afterwards written out in substance, by the preacher, at the request of his friends. The author of them had a very brief career,—he died at thirty-seven,—and great as was the impression produced by his discourses in the community where he lived and labored, still greater has been the effect of their publication on many thousands of thoughtful minds.

It may be queried by some members of our Religious Society, Can any good come out of Nazareth? Can we be profited by reading passages from the writings of one who occupied the pulpit in a National Church? Those of us who have read the writings of a Kempis and Fenelon, and the sermons of Dell and Blair, which have been favorite works in Friends' families, must acknowledge that from the Catholic prelate and the Protestant divine we have derived instruction and enjoyment.

While we object most decidedly to the system which educates men expressly for the ministry in schools of theology, and gives them a stipendiary support in reward for their services, we must admit that many of these, through the illumination of divine grace, have been instruments of good to mankind. Let us therefore accept what is good wherever we find it, and while we reject what we cannot approve, we should evince towards all a Christian charity.

Before we enter upon the life and labors of Robertson, it may not be inappropriate to advert briefly to the condition of the established Church of England, and the progress of religious opinion in that country. There is now a wide diversity of doctrine and practice in the Anglican Church. The parties existing in it are designated as the High Church, the Low Church, and the Broad Church.

The first of these are sometimes called Puseyites, and are distinguished for their devotion to forms and ceremonies; hence their worship is said to be a return to the ritualism of the Romanists. In many of their places of worship they burn candles on their altars, they bow whenever the name of Jesus is pronounced, their prayers and psalms are chanted by boys dressed in white, and the officiating priests are arrayed in gorgeous vestments. They preach the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, which means that the soul of a child is regenerated by sprinkling a little water in its face and pronouncing a form of words; they make

* Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

tain that the "Holy communion is a sacrifice" made on the altar, and that the bread and wine they offer become the body and blood of Christ, being presented as a sin offering to obtain pardon for their offences. The priest says to his congregation, "You must believe that the bread and wine become the real body and blood, with the soul and Godhead of Jesus Christ, when I pronounce the words, 'This is my body, this is my blood.'"

The manifest tendency of the High Church party is towards Romanism, and some of its prominent adherents have joined the Catholic Church; but ritualism is so repugnant to the spirit of the age, that we hope it will gradually decline, and ere long be regarded as an excrescence that has no proper connexion with Christian faith or worship.

The Low Church, or Evangelical party, worship in a manner less inconsistent with scripture and reason, and some of them denounce ritualism as idolatry. They retain, however, the litany or form of prayer; they sing instead of chanting, and administer the sacrament as a memorial of Christ's sufferings for the sins of the world; they adhere to the doctrines of original sin, the Trinity and vicarious atonement, on which many of them insist as articles of belief essential to salvation.

The great mass of Orthodox Dissenters in England coincide with the Low Church in essentials, and are embraced in the Evangelical party which represents the prevailing religious sentiment in Great Britain. They proclaim as the basis of their faith, "The Bible, and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants." "Human reason they affirm to be depraved, and consciousness wholly unworthy of reliance."

The term Broad Church is applied to a class of churchmen whose prevailing sentiments may be found in a volume entitled, "Essays and Reviews," republished in Boston under the title of "Recent Inquiries in Theology." The authors of this work occupy high positions in the church and in collegiate institutions, and being men of great ability and learning, it occasioned a profound sensation in England that has been felt to some extent in this country. The chief subjects discussed in the Essays and Reviews are Biblical researches, the relation of modern science to revealed religion, and the interpretation of Scripture. These and kindred subjects are treated with a boldness and breadth of thought seldom equalled in theological subjects. By some they are condemned as daring innovations on popular theology, by others lauded as the evidences of religious progress.

It is remarkable that a national church should tolerate among its teachers such a diversity of religious belief and expression. We live in an age when the investigation of such subjects

cannot be repressed, and the earnestness with which they are discussed may be regarded as a presage that some of the dogmas of popular theology are about to be discarded, and that ceremonial observances will be superseded by practical piety.

The position of F. W. Robertson was that of an independent thinker, willing to receive light from any source, and valiant enough to declare his convictions in the face of opposition. He had no sympathy with ritualism, neither did he unite in sentiment with the Evangelicals.

His position is thus defined in a letter to one of his friends: "My motto for life, my whole heart's expression is, 'None but Christ;' not in the (so-called) evangelical sense, which I take to be the sickliest cant that has appeared since the Pharisees bare record to the gracious words which he spake and then tried to cast him headlong from the hill of Nazareth; but in a deeper and real sense,—the mind of Christ; to feel as He felt, to judge the world and estimate the world's maxims as He judged and estimated. That is the one thing worth living for. To realize that, is to feel 'none but Christ.' But then in proportion as a man does that, he is stripping himself of garment after garment, till his soul becomes naked of that which once seemed part of himself; he is not only giving up prejudice after prejudice, but also renouncing sympathy after sympathy with friends whose smile and approbation was once his life, till he begins to suspect that he will be very soon alone with Christ. More awful than I can express. To believe that, and still press on, is what I mean by the sentence, 'None but Christ.'"

(To be continued.)

Truth is a bridge over which we travel from earth to heaven; take one of the arches away, and the bridge falls; or, like steps, take any away, and the passage is dangerous and difficult.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 51.)

To ———.

CROYDON, 6th of First month, 1835.

Thy communication of the 6th ult. was very welcome and refreshing to us. O! how remarkable are the ways of omnipotent Wisdom, infinite love! As Pennington somewhere says, —if its outgoings are stopped in one direction, it will break out with proportionate beauty and force in another. O! what can the enemy do to hinder the glorious arising and irresistible spread of the gospel of Truth and salvation? He may vaunt and do great things for awhile, such as may, if it were possible, delude and carry away the very elect; and all the world may wonder at the beast:—but the Lamb and

his followers must and shall have the victory; and the kingdom and dominion are given to the saints, even the tribulated witnesses and partakers of that power and faith of Jesus Christ, against which the gates of hell itself shall never be able to prevail. Though it would be very pleasant to be personally near to thee, and to the numerous company whom thou and I have seen coming forth to the barren wilderness of professions into the green pastures of life, and into the quiet habitation where none can make afraid,—yet it seems as if my right allotment for the present might be far otherwise; and with that and every condition I am desirous to be well content in the hope and assurance that while in this state of resignation nothing can be better for me, and all things shall turn to my good, and tend to His honor, who is all worthy forever.

It seems, indeed, as if the Lord was mustering his host for the battle,—his little remnant, whom he ever delights to hide in the hollow of his hand, while they are singly given up to serve Him in true heartedness: sometimes also he signally commands deliverances for them, though the enemy may seem to be coming in as a flood, and ready to devour all before him. But what, as thou writest, shall we say to these things? Is there not occasion for us, through all that we meet with here, in everything to rejoice and to give thanks. "The Lord liveth, and blessed be our Rock;" "because He liveth," whose mercies are so renewed to us, do we "live also" from day to day, and have at times a precious degree of hope given to us that we shall outlive all that can happen to us here, and be safely landed in the end where joy and peace abound for evermore. O! then, may we each in our allotment of labor, suffering, or rejoicing, fill up our measure; and work with a good heart while it is day,—while we see the way open before us,—in full assurance of faith and love; turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, and *endeavoring* (for we cannot always succeed herein,) to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of sound and true peace. I rejoice in every opening and appearance of good among any people; but I cannot rejoice in finding a falling short of that, in which Divine grace would establish all who know its teachings. Some of us seem to be made more use of in the way of inviting, attracting, grafting and gathering,—others in proving, confirming, settling and furthering those, who are brought into the fold or planted in the enclosure. I long that none of the laborers among you more particularly may interfere in their own will and wisdom with the services of others, that our comfort in the Lord and one in another may not be marred. May we all be builded together, and seek also to build up one another in the main thing—our holy faith,

which stands in power, in truth, in love, in peace, and in the abasement of the creature. O! may this blessed work with you and everywhere else go forward, notwithstanding all opposition or misgivings; and may all that would let, with every weight, be laid aside, and removed out of the way, saith my soul!

Whatever may be the good pleasure of Him who raised us up by the breath of his word, with regard to our undisturbed enjoyment of those sweet privileges of fellowship together, as a visibly distinct body of which we have so long and so unworthily partaken,—it is more and more clear to me that the faithful and those that humble themselves in the dust before Him will never be utterly forsaken or forgotten:—that these will never be altogether disappointed of their confidence, though they have the bread of affliction and water of adversity administered for a long season and in large measure:—the Lord will still have a people peculiarly formed for Himself, who shall purely show forth his praise, and be enabled to lift up His standard to the nations. Those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in very truth, not feignedly,—and who in proof thereof are given up to follow him in the regeneration and daily cross, I trust will not be permitted to be moved by afflictions, nor carried away by delusions nor exalted by abundance of revelations, nor turned aside by the business or the pleasures, the cares or the riches of this life, or by love of other things: but these are concerned to lie low before the Lord, and to be crucified with Christ; that so they may say in truth, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth," and moveth, and reigneth "in me."

J. B.

To ———.

12th of First month, 1835.—I understood — to say that she believed, from the extensive opportunities she had had of judging among all kinds of churches and professions, that the enemy was busily at work to scatter and divide; and that, therefore, we had great need of care, that we do not his work by giving way to unfounded or unnecessary surmisings, or misgivings, or apprehensions as to the existence of defection in doctrine among us. So far from uniting with this sentiment in an unqualified manner, it seems to me that though the enemy is busily at work, as has been said, this is not all; but that the Lord also is at work, breaking up the false rests and old formal settlements of people; and saying to many, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" and his design in all these shakings, and siftings, and overturnings is that *that* which cannot be shaken may be manifested and may remain; that men may see that it will not do any longer to go after the Lo! here's, or Lo! there's, in this or that system of observations; but that

the kingdom and power are to be found within. And so is Christ's own language fulfilling:—"I came not to send peace, (that is, a false peace,) but rather division:" he is separating, and will make a clean separation between the precious and the vile; and is purging away all old leavens of refined error as well as open evil! And we who look for all things being made and kept new, pure, and of God, and who desire all old things to be done away that are not wrought in God, should not shrink or be afraid. We that desire to be searched and tried, also to prove all things, and to be wholly given up to the Lord and his guidance, should not give way to unreasonable or unwarrantable fears, lest we be doing the enemy's work; but simply to eye our Captain:—and if He show us the enemy at work, attempting to insinuate poison into the church, and put us upon resisting and withstanding him and those deluded by him,—this is not the work of the enemy which thus engages us:—for Satan never yet did cast out Satan. The giving place to such fears would lead us to esteem the guidance and instructions of our holy Head by his Spirit uncertain and questionable: whereas the way of the Truth is a plain way, so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, is not to err therein; that is, as he looks to the Lord, alone, and does not lean to his own understanding.

J. B.

To ———.

8th of Second month, 1835.—May the blessing of heaven above and of the earth beneath attend you and yours,—the blessing which makes most truly rich, and adds thereto no sting of sorrow! This has been my secret petition in some of my best moments, when thinking of you; and, surely, I shall be excused for telling you so. There is *that*, which crowns all other blessings, as you well know:—there is *that*, (let the thoughtless, the unfeeling heart say what it may,) without which our very blessings are of no benefit to us, and every gift of Divine providence and grace is liable to be perverted and abused, instead of being faithfully held in trust, and duly appreciated and applied to the enduring good of ourselves and of all with whom we have to do. This is nothing less than a sense of the presence, counsel and aid of Him, who giveth us all things richly to enjoy, and will graciously condescend to show us how we may use these things as not abusing them,—how we may no longer live to ourselves; but whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, may do all to His glory. May this, my dear ———, be the first object in our eye, the very business of our lives, in all we undertake, in all we have to pass through. Then shall we not fail of that inheritance which our dear Lord and Saviour purchased for us by his coming and by his death; then shall

we be Christians, indeed; and when our little moment of probation is over, then the eternal weight of unmingled joy and glory shall follow!

J. B.

To Thomas E——s.

Oxford, Sixth month, 1835.

No sooner was my eye opened to see the excellency there is in the Truth, now just about twenty years ago, than I began to appreciate the blessed experience recorded by those worthies, (our early Friends,) who, in the same line of testimony, were counted worthy, as it were, afresh to 'cast up the way and revive the ancient simplicity of the gospel. Since that time, poor and feeble as I feel myself, and unworthy to bear the precious name by which we are called,—in the midst of blushing at my own dwarfishness and abundant occasion of humiliation and of exercise,—I may say that this feeling and love to the pure cause of Truth as professed by our poor Society has never slackened. How animating it is and comforting to believe, —as I have done at this time, in the reading of thy letter, and observing your exercises and efforts (in America) on account of this most precious cause,—that the Lord hath not forsaken those who desire to cleave to him with full surrender of themselves; that He is still near to help in the needful time, to limit the power of the enemy, and lift up a standard against him, and to overrule all for the good of those that fear him. O! how little do we know of the designs of His wisdom and goodness to his church:—His people are permitted to be bowed down, afflicted, oppressed;—He chastens them, and punishes them;—and then (as the history of the church sets forth,) He raises them up by his own arm of power, beyond all expectation;—He even works by poor, little, feeble instruments, and in unlikely ways, till he has effected, through suffering, the enlargement, strengthening, and glorifying of the house of his glory. Isaiah lx. lxi., &c.

It is remarkable that there is a numerous body of scattered and hidden seekers who have tried all other ways, and retired from them more or less; and who are sincerely looking to the spirituality of religion, and to us as holding up this view. By these the most primitive productions are increasingly sought and prized.

With regard to cutting down some of our Journals, &c., I have always looked upon this as a delicate or difficult matter to do unobjectionably. We are too apt, unconsciously to ourselves, to choose that which in our present state and turn of mind we are impressed with, or that which the present tendencies and exigencies of the times seem to us to call for; and possibly (for often it has been so) to the unequal upholding of divine truth, or a partial

exhibition of the character and line of testimony, which a Friend in his lifetime maintained. This, doubtless, can be much guarded against by a judicious hand, and under best direction; but still I have been afraid of paraphrasing upon, or extracting the experience of others; we may so readily give an aspect or coloring different from the original document. There has been, in my opinion, ever since the creeping in of degeneracy, a correspondent endeavor to refine upon, to remodel, and soften down the rugged plain truths delivered by these ancients; and I think I see this in many of the publications that have of late years issued from the press. The more pure days of the church yield to me much the most interesting and impressive experience. O! how is the simplicity overborne, even in dedicated minds, now a days; how refined, how self-indulgent, and full of reasonings are we! At what a low ebb in many places is our ministry; even strangers noticing the change, and the approach to their pulpit eloquence: Scripture words, indeed, there are, yet often attended with but little of that authority, weight, savor and life, which tends to baptize and bow down the spirits of all, and to humble the creature under the mighty hand of Him, who worketh all in all. Surely, among many causes, our being so mixed up with all sorts of people, sometimes for purposes very good in themselves, has contributed to this state of things:—"strangers" to the life of Christ inwardly revealed have "devoured our strength."—Hosea vii. 9.—I must conclude with saying, may the Lord by his power interpose, and show us whence we have fallen, and preserve us from falling still more generally and utterly!

Farewell! I shall be pleased to hear from thee whenever thou hast occasion or liberty to address me; and sometimes, at least, think of me as one that longs to endure to the end, to hold fast faith and patience, till the Lord say, It is enough.

I remain a poor and weak brother,

J. B.

There is one thing with which we ought never to be content. That thing is a little religion, a little faith, a little hope, and a little grace. Let us never sit down satisfied with a little of these things. On the contrary, let us seek them more and more. When Alexander the Great visited the Greek philosopher, Diogenes, he asked him if there was anything that he could give him. He got this short answer: "I want nothing but that you should stand from between me and the sun." Let the spirit of that answer run through our religion. One thing there is which should never satisfy and content us, and that is, "anything that stands between our souls and Christ."—J. C. Ryle.

LETTERS FROM SARAH G. RICH.

(Continued from page 54.)

PHILADELPHIA, 10th mo. 24th, 1852.

My dear Friend:—Why is it that I should feel so impressive an obligation to write thee; when already I have written one or more letters since any line has greeted my sight from thy pen? Must I infer from thy silence that thou no longer classes me among congenial spirits? Well, my friend, if this were the case, would the incomes of love so often fill my breast, creating a desire not only to write thee, but also to receive letters from thee? Would this be so, if the bond of friendship and love did not exist as in former days? Certainly not. And I believe if love to God the supreme and love to men were the ruling principle of every breast, no place would be found for a spirit of enmity and evil surmisings, arraying brother against brother; that spirit of coldness, and jealousy, which would bring every thing to its own contracted views.

Yes, this it is, this spirit, which assumes the judgment seat, which is causing us to become a reproach and a bye-word to the people; until some of us can know only confusion and shame in reflecting on things as they exist. And indeed, for myself, if I did not remember, that this life is short, and eternity long, I should, in view of the many discouragements from within and without, be utterly overwhelmed; but with this view, the feeling is, of what avail will it be, whether our path here be strewn with roses, or beset with thorns; it will soon be passed; and the end crowns all—and oh, if it can only be of that glorious, triumphant character, which Paul realized, when he said, "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not for me only, but for all those also who love His appearing." Of little moment will it be, whether this be obtained through many trials; yea, or nay. If we can only say, "We have fought the good fight, and have kept the faith"—a faith that is *saving*—a faith that is living—not a dead faith—but one which is an active principle—one which is shown by good works,—a faith in the newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter. If this living faith be abode in, we shall be able to endure all hard things; and if, to be evil spoken of is our lot, and our name cast out as evil; if we know the effect of this to be, to teach us not to lean on the arm of flesh, but to place our hopes on high,—then can we through this faith endure all, fearing not those who can only affect the body, or outward man's standing, but "have no power over the soul." For in the midst of the most fiery trials, we shall be made to feel that our *Redeemer liveth*, and as He liveth, "we live also." Therefore, above all, may our hopes soar, and dwell in that faith

which will lead into a religion which is not of sect or form, but one which is pure and undefiled; which leads to visit the widows and fatherless, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world.

31st.—A week has elapsed since writing the above. Yes, a week of as deep trials and provings as have often fallen to the lot of thy suffering friend to endure. And oh, that in all such seasons I may prove the efficacy of *that faith* above mentioned, which *will*—which *does*—beget a holy hope, and confidence, that there is that, beyond this vale, which is worth *all the suffering* of this life to obtain. Therefore, may I count all as gain if thereby I may win Christ, and be brought into that entire nothingness of *self*, which will enable me to feel that, “It is not I that live, but Christ that liveth in me;” and in confidence have a well grounded hope, that all will be well, when the time shall come for this mortal to put on immortality, and “death be swallowed up in victory.” Therefore, all I desire is *strength* to be able to bear *all things*, as becometh those whose hopes are in that power which is able to save to the uttermost all those who put their confidence in Him, who having been our *Alpha*, will, if abode in, be our *Omega*, if in sincerity we feel that the life we now live is through faith in Christ, faith in the Son of God, who gave himself for us—who *gives* Himself of his spirit within us, that we might receive the adoption of sons—whereby we cry, “Abba Father.” Thus, “through weakness, we are made strong;” yes, truly, for our trust is no longer in our own might, or in the arm of flesh, but all hope and confidence is upon Him, who is a “present helper in every needful time,” and who never said to the wrestling seed, “Seek ye my face in vain.” I had a sweet little visit a few days since from S. D. She was an entire stranger, brought by a mutual friend; she said her hearing was such that she could not converse much with the sick, but she was permitted sometimes to feel with them, which was soon proven, for, after a few minutes’ pause, she spoke as one knowing what it was to be taught in the school of affliction. Her language was both encouraging and instructing. After which, she knelt by my bedside, and poured forth the breathing of her soul in a deep and fervent supplication; which showed forth the aboundings of that sympathy and love with which her heart is filled—embracing all—knowing no bounds—no limits. It was a season of deep humiliation, not to be forgotten by thy poor unworthy friend; that thus the anointed ones should so often be led to my bedside; and did I not truly feel the aptness of her language, when she said, “Thou knowest, Oh! Father, who of this little company feel that they have none in Heaven but Thee, nor in all the earth beside

thee.” Did not my heart most truly respond—yes, most truly—Amen, sayeth my spirit.

We also had a deeply interesting visit from P. C., who is engaged in visiting families among us; and if her spirit is not one qualified to enter into sympathy with tribulated ones, then must I doubt all such things. Her language was all love, all sympathy with the afflicted. The commencement was, “Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth out of them all.” Yes, she added, He does deliver—He will deliver. Thus she proceeded, and a more *soul-refreshing cup of cold water* seldom has been handed to the desolate and thirsty traveller. She said much, though often pausing, as if willing to close, and then something more encouraging and strengthening she would quietly hand forth. And finally told us, that on entering the room the feeling was,—there was nothing for her to do, the Master having been here before her; but remarked, her spirit was so enlisted for us, and so knit to ours, that the arisings of her heart she dare not withhold. It was a most impressive season, and not a day, nor scarcely an hour passes, but that again and again her expressions revive in my mind; sweetly and encouragingly, and yet humbly to one, who feels, indeed, the least and hindermost of the flock, if indeed of that desirable number; but I trust I may hope, though desolate, I am not forsaken. She spoke of her many trials and afflictions, but through all, she said, *The Lord never forsook her*—no—she added, not for *one moment*; but that He did sustain; and continued,—Every heart knows its own bitterness, but if we can only say we thank thee for all, most for the severe, all would be well, and the end would compensate for all. Her burden seemed to be love, and love only, saying she felt no wish to call anything sectarian; for in Christ all were one; no sect—no coldness nor dissension; and to this alone, *Christ within*, did she commend us, as the alone true source of help. I remember thy request, dear M., that I would not omit informing how I am, but indeed, unless I could say differently, I fear my friends will grow weary. But, in truth, I can give nothing encouraging, for my sufferings increase, and, with the Psalmist, may say, “I am greatly afflicted.” “Look thou upon my pain,” “the sorrows of my heart are enlarged. Turn thou unto me;” and in heartfelt sincerity may add, and in thy good time release me; but until then, grant me patience to endure all things, “hoping all things—enduring all”—unmurmuringly, however trying my lot may sometimes feel. “He who is our holy Pattern, endured far more.” But for my weak nature, my sufferings are great, and so prolonged, that it requires great watchfulness to dwell in the patience which becometh those who wait for the

dawning of a brighter day—when this mortal shall put on immortality; but if I can be favored thus to wait, all will be well, for His promises fail not, and has He not said, "They who wait His coming shall be clothed upon with a 'robe of righteousness.'" I remain unchangeably thy sister in the bonds of love.

S. G. R.

(To be continued.)

A VOICE FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

[In the words of Cowper:

It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our mod'rate ills
And sympathize with others, suffering more.

The extract below, from private letters written by a friend living in a remote section of the State of New York, presents a lively picture, strikingly in contrast with the advantages enjoyed in winter by the dwellers in a city like ours. But the ice and snow that have surrounded the outward habitation of our dear friend have not chilled the warm current of feeling that flows toward his friends, and his words of kindly cheer were so animating that we felt like sharing them with our readers.—
Eds.]

Ed. mo. 14th. 1867.

"The calendar says it is now spring, but the earth still presents an unbroken sheet of white, as far as the eye can reach.

There has been, however, quite a let up in the weather for several weeks past, but the huge banks piled in early winter, seem slow in leaving, and sadly obstruct the ways—in many places rendering travelling both difficult and dangerous.

For six weeks the wind blew, with brief exceptions, a perfect gale; bursting over the hill-tops and down the mountain sides, as if each succeeding gale was endeavoring to excel the preceding one—the mercury all the time, with a few short intervals, nestling among the Zero's, till at length it suddenly dropped to 25° below nothing, where it rested, and finally slowly turned upward, and we are greatly in hopes it may not very soon seek that figure again. In your staid city of brotherly love, you have small conception of the freaks we have to encounter here, during the long winters of this almost arctic region. On rising one morning at the usual note of the clock, the room was yet dark; and on examining, we found that the wind, with busy hands, had been all night piling snow against the casements, until it had reached to the topmost pane, acting the part of a closed shutter; and our door-ways were obstructed by many feet of snow. Now the struggle commenced.

The first plunge, we were waist deep in the snow, no shovel short of the cattle barn; between us and it, huge pyramids of snow were to

be encountered—the poor four-footeds, housed to be sure, but not in stables of brick and mortar, defying wind and storm, but crevices through which the wind and snow is pouring, shivering with cold, suffering from thirst, the spring and the water trough buried many feet deep, so that no trace of its whereabouts is to be seen; lanes, pathways, and roads all full, and if cleared to-day, it is only to find them refilled on the morrow. No passing on the highway, no communication between neighbors, no mails for long periods. Such is life among these mountains. * * *

At our last Quarterly Meeting, held at Albany, I was the only one that attended from this Monthly Meeting. The usual route being quite impassable, I took a roundabout way by stage and railroad, travelling 160 miles in getting to and from the meeting, and using up five days. Some of my friends thought that, under the circumstances, I might be excused; but, being a representative, and having charge of the minutes, I made a little extra effort. The meeting was quite well attended, the railways centering there, affording facilities for Friends of neighboring meetings to attend, a number of whom were very acceptably with us, and we had as we thought a good meeting. I have but once this winter missed the attendance of our own meeting, and that from ill health. It was kept up through all the terrific weather twice a week, mostly by men, who passed on foot over the frozen snow. It has been a low time with us, though, as always, entire harmony has prevailed, and a few seasons of favor. Through the kindness of Friends we have had a more than usual amount of good reading matter this winter."

After enumerating a number of interesting volumes, he adds:

"It is surely cause for encouragement that the nature and character of Deity, the relation we hold to Him, the duties we owe to ourselves, to each other, and to the Great Supreme, are being better understood than in days gone by; and we cannot but conclude that there are other sheep not of this fold who are receiving the oracles of truth, and who are acting them out with greater faithfulness than many in our fold; and shall we not rejoice at this? My aspirations arise while I write that the striplings may not be dismayed; but, refusing the armor with which success is impossible, and girding on the simple sling and stone, go forth to victory. I was strongly impressed, when attending your last annual gathering, that there were in your borders some to whom the language had gone forth—"Arise, shine, for thy light has come." May these not prove unfaithful to this call, putting upon another what belongs to them, excusing themselves because they are "slow of speech and of a stammering

tongue;" but come faithfully up to the help of the Lord against the mighty influence of tradition—the influence of fear, of hesitancy, of doubt,—making straight steps toward Zion, the city of God, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 6, 1867.

THE ADVERTISING SHEET.—Subscribers who have their papers bound have objected to the last page being appropriated to advertisements, which are only of passing interest. Four additional pages are now devoted to that purpose. This will afford ample space for the accommodation of our business Friends, and their advertisements are solicited.

NOTICE.—Subscribers are requested to procure Post-office money orders in making remittances, or to send them in some other safe way, as some of the money lately sent has been taken from the letters.

THE FREEDMEN AND THE INDIANS.—It seems strange to see in the public papers accounts of large and enthusiastic meetings having been held in the South by the "*colored citizens*," in which addresses were delivered by colored men, and resolutions passed, bearing upon the condition of the country. At a "Reconstruction meeting" held in Charleston, S. C., on the 22d inst., a number of resolutions were offered, designed to promote law and order, the 15th of which reads thus: "Relying upon Divine Providence for wisdom in our counsels, efficiency in our action, harmony among ourselves—with malice toward none and charity to all, we pledge our earnest and best efforts for the return of peace and prosperity to all our people, and for an early representation of our beloved State in the Congress of the United States." May these prove the words of a *living inspiration*, by which, purpose will be combined with action; and may the hearts of this manumitted people be turned into the right channel to secure their individual good, as well as their country's welfare.

In the gratification felt that the millions from whom the boon of liberty was so long withheld are gradually being placed in a position to enjoy it, we are not unmindful of another portion of the inhabitants of the land, who are

still suffering great injustice from an overbearing spirit, manifested by many of the white race with whom they are brought in contact. We hear of the cruelty and revenge practised by the Indians on the frontiers, and are sometimes greatly shocked at the murderous assaults made upon the innocent emigrant or settler with whom they meet in their marauding expeditions. Much to be deplored as these things are, is there not some palliative for their crimes in the remembrance of the injuries which the red man has for many years borne from those upon whom it is natural for him to look as aggressors? For a pittance which will not bear the name of an equivalent, he has been driven from his home, the haunts of his childhood, and the graves of his fathers—all these have been wrested from him by a mercenary spirit with apparently but little compensation; but the seeds sown by wrong-doing, though they may apparently lie dormant for a time, will appear in some form; and the avenging spirit of the Indian, as he lifts his tomahawk and meditates the destruction of the "pale face" and his race, is undoubtedly the legitimate fruit of the oppression and deceit practised toward him by the unprincipled "civilized whites."

Before the Indians were influenced by the habits of the corrupt traders who furnished them with "fire-water," in order that they might the more readily impose upon their ignorance and credulity, there are instances recorded of their native hospitality and magnanimity, which are worthy of imitation even by a more enlightened people. The reverence in which the Indians hold the memory of Wm. Penn will illustrate our position, and will prove that "every seed will bring forth fruit after its kind." They have been taught to respect the Friends or Quakers, as descendants or children of one who extended the hand of friendship with a salutation of brothers to their forefathers, and whether these Friends are met upon the prairie or in the forest they are recognized as Friends, and have nothing to fear. Not long since we heard from a friend in Iowa that for several seasons past a depredatory band of Indians had visited a certain neighborhood in that district of country, and had become a great terror because of one or two murders that had been committed. But upon their coming again the past year, they were visited by Friends

and their immediate wants supplied. They were also told that if they required food or help, they should receive it, and the months of their stay passed away without any molestation or trouble from them.

We have observed with deep regret the causes for just complaint made by several of the tribes in relation to the treaties made by government, and broken, as the convenience of the increasing population of the whites seemed to demand.

We can but sincerely hope that the threatened difficulties with these poor ignorant people may be averted by the wise legislation in which their rights may be respected, and they may be made to feel that the government is their friend and not their enemy.

Died, at his residence at Rider's Mills, Columbia Co., N. Y., on the 2d of Eighth month, 1866, from the effects of paralysis, JONATHAN RIDER, aged 86 years; a member of Chatham Monthly Meeting.

—, at Roseville, Placer Co., California, on the 27th of First month, 1867, JOHN EVENS, aged 49 years. He was a native of Baltimore, Md., but removed with his father and mother, Edmund and Elizabeth Evens, to Richmond, Ind., where, in 1839, he married Mary, daughter of Oliver Kinsey. In 1843 he buried his wife and three children within three months. In 1849 he migrated to California. For a year past his health has been declining, although he was confined to the house but ten days. His close was peaceful and happy.

—, on Fifth-day morning, Third mo. 21st, 1867, CHARLES PALMER, son of David Palmer, of Lower Makefield Township, Bucks Co., Pa., in his 33d year.

—, on the 26th of Third month, 1867, at the residence of his brother-in-law, Chas. W. Reeve, near Georgetown, N. J., DARLING CONROW HANCOCK, son of the late Biddle Hancock, aged 30 years; a member of Green St. Monthly Meeting.

—, in Philadelphia, on the 26th of Third month, 1867, BENJAMIN A. SHOEMAKER, of Long Branch, N. J., aged 57 years.

—, on the 20th of Third month, 1867, ELISA, daughter of the late Isaac and Ann Thomas; an attendant of Germantown Meeting.

Friends' Fuel Association for the Poor will hold their fuel meeting this season this (Seventh-day) evening, at 8 o'clock.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, Clerk.

It is related of a well-known divine, that, when on his deathbed, he was dictating words to an amanuensis, who had written :

"I am still in the land of the living."

"Stop!" said the dying man, "correct that. Say :

"I am yet in the land of the dying, but hope soon to be in the land of the living!"

Beautiful thought! and it is so.

In his closing scene, the Christian is enabled to contrast this passing, dying world with that "which is to come."

The Commencement of the Female Medical College took place on the 16th inst., and the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred upon ten graduates.

The Valedictory Address was delivered by Mary J. Scarlett, M. D.

The following is an extract from it :—

A physician's life is not one of ease; no weather is too inclement, no night too dark for the calls of the sick to reach the medical adviser. The warm fireside must be forsaken; the night's wonted repose changed to toil, that the sufferer may receive timely aid or the bereaved friends feel that all human skill which they could command had been exerted. Nor is this all. The time spent in visiting the sick is only a portion of that required to be laboriously occupied. Thought, reflection, research, deep and long continued, into the causes of disease and the requisite treatment, belong to the works of the physician. However pleasant this work may be, it requires mental and physical endurance. It is not enough simply to read what is published. The reading and investigation must be so methodical as to make what is appropriated blend with one's own thoughts, and become as it were a part of our own mentality, that it may be available when needed.

The change in public opinion in regard to the capability of woman to practice medicine has been so great within the last few years that you will have far less prejudice and opposition to encounter than those had who have gone before you. Still these yet exist in some degree, and they can only be effectually overcome by those who become members of the profession, by possessing the ability to meet exigencies, and to discharge devolving duties in a calm, dignified, and skilful manner.

Progression is the law of the universe. Suddenly the world is startled by some unexpected innovation. Silently the elements of revolution have been at work; silently, but not sectionally. The causes of progressive development permeate society; a reformation in religion takes place. It is not confined to one section—the people are ripe for its adoption.

We live in an age when the right to labor in our own way is not denied us—when new avenues of usefulness are continually being opened to us—when our God-given, physical, mental, and moral powers may be expanded under the benign influence of active and ennobling work. Work is the great reformer—idleness the tempter to vice and immorality.

The day for discussing the propriety of women attending to other than household duties has passed. We would not advocate a position for woman that would in the slightest degree remove her from the home throne. The family

circle is the sanctuary in which life is most refreshed and refreshing.

A great need is felt in society—in all classes of society—of competent medical advisers of the same sex. It is among the most sensitive, pure and refined, whether rich or poor, that your professional skill will be brought most into requisition. It is in answer to the demand made by suffering women that you are here to-day. Your own innate sense of what belongs to the profession will teach you that it is not by following the example of a few women who have unfortunately taken erratic means to make themselves a name in the world that you will best serve the cause in which you have enlisted. Be true, modest, unpretending women, and if you possess skill, as we believe you do, there will be no need of pretentious display—your good works will speak in deep tones for you.

That you will be so clothed with the attributes of refined womanhood, that whether you enter the palaces of the wealthy, the comfortable homes of those in what is considered the middle ranks of life, or the hovel of the indigent, you will dignify the profession you have chosen, we are assured. That skill, tenderness, and compassion will not be governed by monetary considerations, we are also convinced.

This institution has been in progress for seventeen years, and has, from year to year, given evidence of increasing popularity. During the past session, forty-four students have attended, and among these are ladies of great promise. Attached to the building is the Women's Hospital, in which thousands are treated annually, and which affords clinical advantages to the students.

For Friends' Intelligence.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

NO. VI.

It is not intended in the present number to go into the details for each school under the care of Friends, but simply to present the aggregate number under instruction, adding some other little matters of interest.

Fourteen out of the sixteen schools were reported last month. These fourteen schools enrol 744 pupils, of whom 585 read and 682 write, while 585 are between 6 and 16 years of age, with only 23 of the entire number in the alphabet. All the teachers write very encouragingly about their schools, and from all we can learn, they are highly prosperous. Very creditable specimens of the penmanship of some of the pupils sometimes accompany the reports, usually with the assurance of the teachers that the composition and execution is all their own, without any assistance whatever, and often with the information that a few short months previously they did not know one letter from another.

A few quotations will be given—the first from a letter addressed to the Association by *D. Webster Minor*, a pupil of *Sarah Ann Steer*, at Waterford, Va., who states the writer brought it to her, and that she forwards it without any correction:

[Quotations in this, as in every other case that may follow, given "*verbatim et literatim*."] "

"Most high and benevolent friends—

"We take this opportunity to return our thanks to you for your money favors which you have bestowed upon us a poor downtr'den race, but we thank the grate God who is the ruler of all things for having broke the chanes of bondage and set the prisener free. We hav sum good friends here and we are happy to think that our dear friends of the north hav not forgotten us, for we know not what would have becom of us, if you had forgotten us. You hav sent your dearly beloved and faithful teachers among us, and tha are dewing us grat good by their good examples and advice. Tha have left their pleasant homes to com amongst us to instruct us, and we will dew all in our power to make their labors easy and agreeable. The valuable books which you hav sent to us are instructive messengers to our uncultivated minds. We thank you again for the clothen we hav received, also the money that we received to help on with our church which whould hav been nearer don than it is had it not been for the hard whinter.

"We hav a great money triels with our enemys but we do not mind the slurs tha are constantly throwing at us. We hav had verry good belth with us. The heard whinter has been verry much against us but I think with the help of the Lord we may get through."

Another letter addressed to the Association is equally expressive:

"Dear Friends—We feel as if we would like to answer your kind letter which we received from you, and we also thank you for the valuable boxes, and we feel that they have been of grate value to us. And we also thank you for the monney we have received from you towards our school house, and the presents for our children. And we thank our Heavenly Father, and you also. We feel that we are not able to express our thanks to you.

"You tell us we must love the beauties of nature: It hurries my mind back to the hours when our land were rapted in ware, and truble and sorrow. Grass and flowers all denotes that God is love, and when I hear the robben, lark, & dove warble prays to their maker above; membry [memory] seems to say all is right, but the heart of man. And [we] feel that we are greatly indebted to our kind and patient teacher; guring the cold winter no weather dident prevent her presents from the school. We hope you will make allowance for this badly composed letter.

"Written on behalf of the colored people," &c.

Some of the signatures to this letter might well put the blush on many of the pupils of our northern schools.

A portion of the pupils of *Mary McBride*, at Fairfax Court-House, forward the following:

"To the Philadelphia Association of Friends:"

"Ladies and Gentlemen—In the name of the pupils of the colored school of Fairfax C. H. we the undersigned beg leave to thank you for your kindness to us, not only in sending the clothing and gifts, but also in providing us a teacher, books, &c., for a school. We can simply say "*thank you*," and endeavor by our future behavior and improvement to prove that "*actions speak louder than words*."

The above was signed by *twenty-one* of the pupils, the teacher pencilling the ages opposite each name. Their ages range from 8 to 16 years—the writer of the address being only thirteen. The quotation marks are just as the manuscript gives them.

Sarah E. Lloyd, at Woodlawn, also sends a number of specimens, one of which reads:

"I will learn my lesson well—it is a grate thing to learn to write and read. I love to go to school and learn my lesson, and I love to tell the truth."

(Signed) HARRIETT JORDON.

Another of her pupils, after an attendance of *only eleven days*, writes, very creditably, with a lead pencil, "God can see you—man may not see you, but God can."

(Signed) FRANCIS BUTLER.

Some of the pupils of *Mary K. Brosius*, at Vienna, address the Association as follows:

"Our dear friends"—

"We thank you for being so kind as to think of us, and sending us clothing, and also a teacher which we all love. We will try and repay you in our good works, as this is the only way we can shew our gratitude to our kind friends. And we also thank our blessed Lord for giving us such kind friends; we would love to see you dear faces, but if we never meet in this world I pray that we may meet in heaven, and I will try and remember my dear friends in my prayers."

Yours respectfully

(Signed) FANNY DENNY.

Then follow the signatures of seven others, one of whom is *only five years old*.

A number of examples in Arithmetic have also been forwarded by *Caroline Thomas*, of Leesburg, Va., comprising Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division, accompanied in some instances with *proofs* of their results which are really wonderful; some of them involving over forty, and some over *fifty figures* in their execution.

One of the teachers sent a very pretty colored

map of North America, drawn *at home*, without any instruction, and without her knowledge, until brought to her as a surprise.

Much more of like character with the above compilation might be introduced, but enough has been given, coming as they do from various localities, to show the gratitude of those for whom we are laboring, as well as their satisfactory advancement. At the same time we must not forget how much we and they are indebted to the faithfulness of our teachers for these evidences of success.

It may be well to add that another letter has been received, from *Susan H. Clark*, at Fortress Monroe, gratefully acknowledging our second donation of clothing, as well as the money forwarded, (from individual contributions). Both came very opportunely, and her details of their distribution are full of interest.

Philada., 3d mo., 1867.

J. M. E.

WOMAN.

Is it not strange, after all the Bible says of woman and women, *ladies* should be preferred by many of her sex. "She shall be called woman," is the very first intimation that we have of her name. We read of the gentle, loving Ruth, the queenly Esther, and Elizabeth, the mother of John, all as women, and she who was the most exalted of all, Mary, the mother of Jesus. If lady had been a superior title, or something equivalent to it, it surely would have been conferred upon her. True, she was poor, the wife of a carpenter, her babe was born in a manger, yet the angels rejoiced, and the morning stars sang together, as she (a woman) held the child in her arms. Who bathed the Saviour's feet with her tears, and followed Him to the cross and tomb, and received the first blessing of the risen Lord? Woman. Ever kind and compassionate, the very name seems to breathe of love and adoration.

In all ages noble, heroic women were the mothers of true, brave men. Our grandmothers and great-grandmothers were all women; they loved their husbands, taught their children and made home happy; their sons grew up and called them blessed. The words, woman, mother and home, form the golden links that keep society together; there seems a comfort in each word, but the word *lady* brings to our mind's eye sickly children, little graves, a disorderly house, and a bankrupt husband. It is this love of show that is ruining the American people; we want women, good and true, to preside over the homes of their husbands and children, to fill the places that God intended them to fill, directing the minds of sons and daughters to future usefulness for themselves and fellow creatures. The perpetuity and greatness of nations depend on the high moral culture of the women.

*"Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth
Peace, Good will to men."*

"Two mighty lands have shaken hands
Across the deep wide sea;
The world looks forward with new hope
Of better times to be;
For, from our rocky headlands,
Unto the distant West,
Have sped the messages of love
From kind old England's breast.
And from America to us
Hath come the glad reply,
"We greet you from our heart of hearts,
We hail the new-made tie;
We pledge again our living troth,
Which under Heaven shall be
As steadfast as Monadnoc's cliffs,
And deep as is the sea."
Henceforth the East and West are bound
By a new link of love;
And, as to Noah's ark there came
The olive-bearing dove,
So does this ocean telegraph,
This marvel of our day,
Give hopeful promise that the tide
Of war shall ebb away.
No more, as in the days of yore,
Shall mountains keep apart,
No longer oceans sunder wide
The human heart from heart;
For man hath grasped the thunderbolt
And made of it a slave
To do his errands o'er the land,
And underneath the wave.
Stretch on, thou wonder-working wire;
Stretch North, South, East and West,
Deep down beneath the surging sea,
High o'er the mountain's crest;
Stretch onward without stop or stay,
All lands and oceans span,
Knitting with firmer, closer bands,
Man to his brother man.
Stretch on, still on, thou wondrous wire,
Defining space and time,
Of all the mighty works of man,
Thou art the most sublime.
On thee bright-eyed and joyous Peace
Her sweetest smile hath smiled,
For, side by side, thou bring'st again
The mother and the child.
Stretch on! Oh may a blessing rest
Upon this wondrous deed,
This conquest where no tears are shed,
In which no victims bleed.
May no rude storm disturb thy rest,
Nor quench the swift-winged fire
That comes and goes at our command
Along thy wondrous wire.
Long may'st thou bear the messages
Of love from shore to shore,
And aid all good men in the cause
Of Him whom we adore;
For thou art truly but a gift
By the All-bounteous given;
The minds that thought, the hands that wrought,
Were all bestowed by Heaven."

Prayer is nothing but the breathing *that* out
before the Lord that was breathed *into* us by the
spirit of the Lord.

From "Greece, Ancient and Modern."
Lecture delivered before the Lowell Institute by C. C.
FALTON, late President of Harvard University.

RURAL LIFE OF GREECE.

The idea of Greece usually entertained is that of a country of heroes, poets, artists, and philosophers; and in truth, the great significance of Hellas in the history of man is embodied in the individuals belonging to these illustrious classes of her sons. Yet the common life of man was lived there as well as by us. Through the openings of the splendid curtain which presents itself to our vision as the true picture of Hellas, we catch glimpses of familiar scenes—of the toil for daily bread, of the vulgar wants of humanity. The life of Greece was not all heroism, romance, poetry, and art. It rested, as life everywhere rests, on the bosom of the common Mother Earth. If the Greeks were pre-eminently a nation of poets and artists, they were no less pre-eminently a nation of farmers. They understood the theory and the practice of agriculture, though some of the sciences now deemed important to the best cultivation of the earth were wholly unknown to them.

In Homer we find lovely sketches of the primitive country life, and the rural tastes and habits of the most eminent personages. Hesiod's *Works and Days* is chiefly devoted to the rustic lore which experience had taught to the cultivators of the earth in his age, both with respect to the virtues of industry, temperance and thrift, and to the practical methods of husbandry. The precepts seem to have been drawn in a great measure from the poet's own experience. He was a Boeotian farmer, and, like the farmers of New England, had a great amount of proverbial philosophy at his tongue's end. The early Greek agriculturists carefully observed the phenomena of the heavens, and knew all about the weather. The habits of the animals; the flight of birds, according to the season; a knowledge of the properties of different soils, and their adaptation to different kinds of crops; the method of discovering springs—were among the subjects of their practical observation and study; and their skill in them would surprise those who think that sense and observation are of modern growth. Wagons, carts, ploughs, and harrows were generally manufactured on the farm, if it was a large one, or in its neighborhood, by smiths and carpenters; and the kinds of wood chosen for these purposes were determined with much care. Corn was ground, first, in a large mortar, with a pestle. The list of other implements—scythes, pruning-hooks, saws, spades, shovels, rakes, pickaxes, hoes, and the like—could hardly be extended now. The methods of enriching the soil were carefully studied; the utility of guano and seaweed, as well as of the common manures,

was perfectly understood and largely verified in practice. Land was allowed to recover its strength by lying fallow, as Xenophon teaches in his *Oeconomicus*. To protect the grain from birds, scarecrows were set in the fields; and to make all sure, they were accustomed to try a curious spell. Having caught a toad, they carried him around the field by night alive, and then put him into a jar, sealed him up, and buried him in the middle of the ground. After these precautions it was supposed that the growing blade was safe from enemies. Hay was an article whose value was well understood. The time for mowing was carefully determined; and the hay-ricks were made with due precautions against dampness on one hand, and spontaneous combustion on the other. When the time of harvest came, the laborers at Athens ranged themselves round the agora, and waited to be employed by the farmers. Homer has an animated passage in which he compares the rushing together of two hostile armies to rival parties of harvesters starting from opposite sides of the field:

As reapers each to the other opposite
With haste rush forward, mowing quickly
Stalks of wheat or barley in some rich man's field,
While dense before them fall the sheafy heaps;
So rushing terribly, with mutual rage,
Trojans and Greeks the slaughter wage.

In another place, the same incomparable poet presents to us a delightful harvest scene:

There, in a field, amid lofty corn the lusty reapers stand,
Plying their task right joyously, with sickle each in hand.

Some strew in lines, as on they press, the handfuls thick behind,
While at their heels the heavy sheaves their merry comrades bind.

These to the mows a troop of boys next bear in haste away,
And pile upon the golden glebe the triumphs of the day.

Among them, wrapped in silent joy, their sceptred king appears,
Beholding in the swelling heaps the stores of future years.

A mighty ox beneath an oak the busy heralds slay,
With grateful sacrifice to close the labors of the day.
While near, the husbandman's repast the rustic maids prepare,
Sprinkling with flour the broiling cakes whose savor fills the air.

The grain was trodden out from the straw by horses, oxen, or mules, on a circular threshing-floor, usually placed on an eminence in the open field. A pole was set up in the centre of the floor, and the cattle were fastened to it by a rope reaching to the circumference. As they moved round it the rope coiled itself about the pole until they were brought up at the centre; then their heads were turned in the opposite direction until the cord was unwound. Sometimes a rude threshing-machine, toothed with stones or iron, or a flail, was employed. As

early as the time of Homer winnowing-machines were used. The whole process is described by him in one of those similes which are finished off like elaborate pictures. The granaries were prepared with the utmost care; and when the fruits of the season were housed the event was celebrated by a festival in honor of Demeter and Dionysos, of which the distinguishing feature was that no bloody sacrifices were offered, but only cakes and fruit—fine loaves made of the new corn being among the offerings at the festival of the *Thyalysia*.

* * * * *

The vintage was a season of great rejoicing, as it is everywhere. In Greece it was particularly memorable on account of its connection with the origin of tragedy and comedy. A considerable portion of the grapes was reserved and kept fresh, or converted into raisins for the use of the table.

It would be endless to describe the variety of fruits, and the methods of raising and preserving them practiced by the Greeks. The olive was perhaps the most extensively used, as the oil was not only employed for lights, but was the basis of cookery. Figs, citrons, pomegranates, apples, quinces, and pears were among the principal; and from apples and pears large quantities of cider and perry were manufactured.

The farm-yard had a multitude of noisy tenants. Geese and ducks often waddled into the kitchen, in one corner of which might be heard the comforting sounds of the occupant of the pig-sty. The art of enlarging the goose's liver to please the fastidious appetite of the gourmand, by cooping him up in a heated room and stuffing him with fattening food and drink, was not left for German gastronomers to invent, but was well known to the Greeks, and to the Egyptians before them. Henneries, furnished with roosts, were attached to the kitchen, so as to receive its smoke, which was supposed to be agreeable to barn-door fowls. Peacocks, pheasants, guinea-hens, partridges, quails, moor-hens, thrushes, pigeons in immense numbers, many smaller birds, and even jackdaws, were found in the establishments of the wealthier farmers. The curious scenes in the *Birds* of Aristophanes show the great familiarity of that poet with the habits and character of every known species of bird.

The laboring animals were much the same as in modern times, except that the horse was less commonly employed in the work of a farm. Oxen were used as now. The arrangements of a Greek dairy were not unlike our own, and though butter was not much used in the classical ages, it is mentioned by Hippocrates, under the name of *pikrion*. Cheese was universally eaten, generally while fresh and soft. Milk was sold in the Grecian markets by women; and it frequently reached the customer in the shape

of milk and water. A method sometimes employed for detecting the fraud—perhaps it may be useful now—was to drop a little milk on the thumb nail; if the milk was pure it would remain in its place; if not, it would flow away.

These are only a few points in the rural life of the Greek farmer; sufficient, perhaps, to show the homely side of the life of Greece, or, at any rate, to open a glance into its labors, resources and joys, behind the splendid scenes that fill the theatre of history.—*Exchange Paper.*

Selected.

PUTTING OFF THE OLD MAN.

One of the surest signs by which we may know that the Spirit of God is striving with us, is our beginning to recognize our own sins and defects, so that they become a cause of grief to us. A good man one day in the presence of his wife gave expression to his fear that the Spirit of God would have nothing to do with him. "I have been reading the Gospel," he said, "and praying and meditating upon the things of God, during the last six months; but instead of getting better I am getting worse. Every day I am conscious of new sins and impurities which I never discovered before, and which cause me a great deal of sorrow and anxiety. I am of opinion that if God's Spirit were working in me, I should see my holiness increase and not my sins."

Whereupon his good and well-instructed wife answered: "My dear husband, you will never be able to see your holiness increase except by seeing your sins more clearly than you did before. Your case is very like that of our Johnny, when he was recovering from his dangerous and lengthened illness. You know how emaciated he was when he left his bed for the first time. He was afraid he would never get strong again. 'Oh, mother,' he would often say to me, 'I shall always remain a thin, weakly boy!' 'No, no, Johnny,' I would answer; 'you are growing stouter every day, and you will soon be as well as ever.' 'But I cannot *feel* I am growing,' he would answer. 'Well, my dear,' I would say, 'one cannot *feel* it, but it is none the less true. Other people can see it.'

"This answer, however, did not satisfy him, and he continued to be afraid that true health would never be restored to him. But one day he came to me and complained that his coat was growing uncomfortable for him, and his feet beginning to ache because of his boots. 'Ay, Johnny,' I said to him, 'there it is. You're beginning to *feel* now that you're getting stronger. The annoyance which your tight coat and boots cause you, tell a pleasant story—that healthy life is working within you.'

"And thus, my dear husband," the women continued, "your old man was a wide dress to you, which caused you no displeasure, so long

as you were dead to God and living only for yourself. But since the new man was born in you through the Holy Spirit, that old dress has become too tight for you and it makes your soul ache. This shows, my dear, that there is new life within you; and the best counsel I can give you is that which the Apostle gives to all who are in Christ: 'Put off the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts, and put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness.'"

LABOR-*SAVING* AMONG THE INDIANS.

The Indians, left to themselves, have no resources for food or clothing except the game and fish they take and the little patches of corn or potatoes they cultivate. For tilling the ground, they have only sticks for implements. For taking game and fish they have wooden bows and arrows and wooden spears pointed with stone or shell. Their only clothing is the skins of animals which they thus procure. To secure so much food and clothing as are required to sustain life needs great labor and intense eagerness of pursuit. Give the Indian a gun and ammunition, a few fish-hooks and knives, an axe and a spade, and he sees the labor of living reduced more than one-half. Leave him without any other cultivation, by which his scale of life may be raised, and his wants greatly enlarged, and he has no motive except to enjoy in idleness the respite from toil which is conferred by his newly found labor-saving instruments.

This is just the condition of the Indians on the great central plains. Our government makes treaties with the Indian tribes and gives them largesses, for the twofold object of promoting their welfare and securing their friendship for our citizens. The Indians have found that with the money they receive from the government they can buy colored cottons, gay blankets and shining trinkets, and especially plenty of whiskey and gunpowder.

But as the advance of civilization converts the plains into a thoroughfare of travel, the buffaloes disappear, the product of the government donation of ten or twenty or fifty dollars is soon wasted, and then the Indian finds his gun and ammunition capable of being converted into a labor-saving machine of a still more productive nature. That is, by attacking the trains of emigrants, or the caravans of merchandise, or the mail stage, he can secure in an hour a supply of horses, cloths, flour, sugar, and perhaps whiskey enough for a long carouse.

That this method of labor-saving involves the killing of a number of persons is a consideration of small weight with the Indians. White people are his enemies, who are encroaching on his hunting grounds, and rapidly exterminating his race; and the chance to make something by killing them is an additional satisfaction to him.

Our whole policy of largesses to the Indians is bad in principle and worse in practice. It does the Indians no permanent good, while it aggravates their greed, exasperates them by its unequal distribution, and inflames their pride by making them think that our very gifts are a confession of our fears and of their superiority. We have bound ourselves by perpetual treaties to continue these gifts. We find a partial statement to this effect:

"The finance report for 1866 reports that the Arapahoes and Oheyennes of Upper Arkansas River are to receive, in addition to the old instalment of nearly \$40,000 per annum, 'forty instalments, being an amount equal to \$20 *per capita* for 2,800 persons,' or \$56,000 per annum, for forty years, amounting in the aggregate to \$2,224,000. The Apaches, numbering 800 persons, are to receive a smaller sum for a similar period. The Camanches and Kiowas are to receive \$10 *per capita* for 4,000 persons for forty years, or in all \$1,600,000. The different bands of Sioux with whom treaties were made in 1865 are to receive \$76,400 per annum for a period of twenty years."

Most of these Indians are constantly committing depredations, which we call acts of war, against our citizens. The officers sent to defend our people and chastise the Indians find that the tribes keep themselves supplied with guns and ammunition by means of the government money, and buy them of the traders whom the government permits to go among them to sell such goods as they require. We furnish them the labor-saving machines which they use so diligently to increase their means of subsistence by the robbery and murder of our people.

It is now proposed to put the Bureau of Indian Affairs under the control of the War Department, so that military officers—Indian-killers—may regulate the distribution of our yearly tribute. If they forbid the sale of guns and ammunition, the Indians will perish, for the present race are no longer able to live by hunting with bow and arrow. Whether a supply of arms is likely to be kept from them, or any greater security given to our necessary travel across the plains under the severer discipline of military rule, we will not undertake to predict. It was not referred to us by the Supreme Ruler to decide whether there should be Indians, but only how we should deal with them. For this alone he holds us responsible.

It is humiliating to think that Anglo-Saxon sagacity has so utterly failed, both in America and on the other continents, of adopting any means of protection against the aborigines but that of brutal extermination—for it comes to just that. If our colonial, national and state governments had from the beginning pursued the policy of absorption, recognising the tribes as only aliens, and urging upon the individuals

the adoption of civilized habits by the offer of the privileges of equal citizenship, the cost of Indian wars in blood and treasure might have been mostly saved. But by recognising their tribes by erecting each little body, that is to say, into a separate state, while denying all personal rights to individuals, a false pride of nationality has been prolonged, and a spirit cultivated among them which nothing but extermination could subdue.

If even now the older states, in which a few nominal tribes still exist, would abandon the tribal policy and give to the individuals the rights of citizenship, the newer states would follow, and then the national government would adopt a similar policy, by incorporating all the Indians under the jurisdiction of the territorial governments, and securing to them, as fast as they will consent to an industrious life and a fixed residence, the same rights of citizenship and the same protection of the law which are possessed by white citizens.

Then some good can be accomplished by the largesses. Then the means of education and the other appliances of civilization will produce proper effects. Then the Indian will learn to value other labor-savers besides the gun and the clasp-knife. The tribes may disappear even more rapidly than they do now; but they will go where the Picts have gone, and the Allobroges, and the Ditmarshers, and other aboriginal tribes, whose names remain in history and whose posterity make up the race of Anglo-Saxons. They will go to swell the citizenship of the Republic of the Future, and becoming American citizens, will never regret that they are no longer Camanches or Arapahoes, Mohawks or Sioux.

THE REVELATIONS OF SCIENCE MORE WONDERFUL THAN FICTION.

If men can love fiction, they can love science better. Men love fiction because they love wonder and excitement; but nothing is more true than that truth is more wonderful than fiction. No invention of the imagination is so exciting as the revelations of science, provided only that the faculties which comprehend the latter are as much developed as those which comprehend the former. Amid the marvels which science is yet to unfold, the wonders of Aladdin's lamp will lose their splendor, and posterity will look back upon those whose imagination could be satisfied with the "Arabian Nights," or stories of fairyland, with as much pity as we look upon the savage whose highest idea of regal adornment can be satisfied with beads of glass and jewelry of tin. The tricks of the juggler, the craft of the sorcerer and the magician, will die out; for the lovers of wonder will seek for the exhilarations of novelty and amazement in the laboratory of the chemist and in the lecture-

room of the philosopher, where nature, inspired by God, works miracles with fire and water, with attraction and repulsion, with light and lightning, at once kindling devotion and dispensing knowledge.—*Horace Mann.*

INCULCATE JUST VIEWS OF GOD.

The Golden Rule, of doing unto others as we would have them do to us, covers a large and important part of our duty to our fellow-men, and he who does his duty to and loves his brother whom he has seen is most likely to love God whom he has not seen. But in order to induce a child, as well as an adult, to love God whom he has not seen and cannot see, his character and attributes should be represented to the child in such a manner as to develop in him love and gratitude, rather than fear and dread. Show him his Heavenly Father in such colors that his instinctive sense of justice and mercy shall not be outraged. "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear, *because fear hath torment.*" In teaching a child the fear of God, it should not therefore be such a fear as was taught me, a fear that "hath torment," but such as an affectionate child would feel when tempted to do what his conscience told him would be offensive to a kind, loving and beloved earthly father. When a frightful being is set before the susceptible mind of a child, whether he be called God or Lucifer, he will be feared, and when a lovable being is set before the child, he will be loved, whatever may be the name by which he is called. But in telling a child of his Heavenly Father, do not describe a being with a character that the child would be unable to love in an earthly father.—*Christian Register.*

ELISUS.

ITEMS.

RUSSIAN AMERICA.—A treaty has been formed and sent to the Senate, by which Russia surrenders to the United States its sovereignty over all Russian America, and the adjacent islands. The price to be paid for this territory is about \$7,000,000. The territory covers 394,000 square miles, and nearly, but not entirely, excludes British America from the Pacific Ocean. Its chief value consists in its fisheries and its fur trade. The treaty was signed to-day and sent to the Senate shortly afterwards.

CONGRESS.—Among others, the following bills and resolutions were passed in the Senate. A bill fixing the first of Sixth month as the time at which the bankrupt bill shall go into effect; a bill to establish a port of delivery at Chester; a joint resolution, declaring that the proposed establishment of the Canadian Confederation cannot be regarded by the people of this country without extreme solicitude, was passed; a resolution expressing sympathy for the Fenians in Ireland and the Oretans; and a joint resolution, transferring fifty thousand dollars from the Freedmen's Bureau to the Agricultural Department, for the purchase of seeds, to be distributed in the rebel States.

In the House, the Committee on Indian Affairs was authorized to visit the Indian Territory in pursu-

ance of the investigation recently ordered. The resolution in regard to educational interests in the District of Columbia was passed. A resolution was adopted requesting the Judiciary Committee to report on the impeachment resolution in print, on the first day of the adjourned session. Also, the resolution for the distribution of seeds in the South. In accordance with the concurrent resolution of both Houses, Congress, on the 30th ult., adjourned until the first Fourth-day of Seventh month next.

In accordance with a proclamation from the President of the United States convening the executive session, the Senate reassembled on the 12th inst.

INDIAN LANDS.—In nine cases out of ten, Indian difficulties arise from questions about Indian land. By the latest intelligence it appears that settlers are rushing upon and taking possession of the Indian reserve lands in Kansas. The Government of the United States, or rather the Indian Bureau, invited the Kansas Indians to Washington this winter. Representatives of these tribes are, or have been, at the Capitol on such invitation. The reserves there, held mostly by patent from the United States, were guaranteed as perpetual homes, being bought for the price of far greater quantities of land elsewhere. The present purpose was to induce the Indians to sell these lands and purchase fresh tracts in the Indian Territory, south of Kansas, where there is to be a community of civilized Indians. No sooner is the intelligence sent West that such treaties are pending than a horde of settlers, or rather of dealers in pre-emption rights, rush on these lands and take possession. When the Indians get home, should the treaties not be ratified, and it is doubtful, they are doomed to find their people turned out of house and home, and forbidden to cut their own timber.

Last year the Government compelled a sale of the Cherokee Neutral Lands in Kansas. Secretary Harlan attempted to sell them for \$800,000. The sale was not made. The Cherokees have sold them for \$1,000,000, on much better terms as to payment. Meanwhile several thousands of persons have intruded on them, and are cutting and selling the timber. Some members of the Senate demur to this just sale for fear that it may interfere with the rights of settlers. By the treaty the settlers get the lands they occupy at a fair appraisement. These lands were conveyed by the United States in fee simple, and have cost the owners \$1,400,000. To postpone a just sale, leaving the intruders in possession, is a gross wrong to the holders. So far as settling on the public lands of the United States is concerned, we are glad to see it; but just so long as the Government encourages such gross invasions of individual rights, so long will they be grossly invaded.—*Late paper.*

THE FREEDMEN.—Wm. F. Mitchell, in his report men's Schools have had in determining the moral for the 3d month, says: "The influence which Freedmen of the colored people will probably never be known; but it has been immense. I hazard nothing in saying that the action of such Southern legislatures as have recognized the claims of the freed people, has been largely influenced by the general good character of the latter; and this is due in a great measure to the 'line upon line' counsels of their teachers."

The Maryland and Delaware Legislatures have both adjourned. The former failed to pass the bill admitting the testimony of blacks in the courts of the State on an equal footing with that of the whites. The latter equalized by law the punishment of offences, without regard to the color of the criminal.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF F. W. ROBERTSON.

BY SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

(Continued from page 65.)

In order to understand fully the position occupied by our author in the religious movements of his day, a brief sketch of his life and character is deemed appropriate.

Frederick William Robertson was born in London in the year 1816. His grandfather was a Scotchman who was engaged in this country as an officer in the service of Great Britain. His father was a captain of artillery, and three of his brothers served in the army. Having sprung from a military ancestry, it is not surprising that he imbibed a martial spirit, and that he evinced, in early life, a predilection for the profession of arms. In this respect he may be compared to Wm. Penn, who, in early manhood, aspired to a captaincy, but was led by Divine Providence to engage in that nobler conflict—the Lamb's warfare against all evil.

In the early life of Robertson there appears to have been a singular blending of earnest piety and enthusiastic admiration of the military profession. In accordance with his wishes, a commission in the cavalry service was solicited for him, which, after long delay, was granted; but, happily, it came too late. He had already, at his father's request, entered as a student at Oxford, to prepare himself for the pulpit. In thus sacrificing his own inclination by yielding

to parental authority, he conceived that he was obeying the divine law, and he determined to devote himself sincerely and earnestly to the work that had been chosen for him.

This is, obviously, a very inadequate ground on which to base a call to become a teacher of Christian truth, and doubtless has in very many cases led to a formal and lifeless ministry that could not profit the hearers. It appears, however, to have been the turning point of his life; and being sincere in his efforts to do the divine will, so far as he saw it, he was blessed with an increase of light, which enabled him to obtain clearer views of spiritual religion than those inculcated by his teachers.

The High Church party was then in the ascendency at Oxford, and ritualism was advocated by some of the ablest professors; but Robertson, after patient investigation, became satisfied that it had neither warrant from scriptural authority nor efficacy in promoting the growth of genuine religion. His views at that time were those of the Evangelical school, with a decided leaning to moderate Calvinism, but mingled with charity and toleration.

After completing his studies, he began his ministerial career at Winchester in a poor parish where there was much immorality and ignorance, the result of neglect on the part of those whose position in society gave them the power to mitigate these evils. The young minister went earnestly to work, his labors being especially directed to the instruction of the

poor, who found in him a steady friend and counsellor.

At this time he endeavored to overcome the temptations that assailed him by a life of labor and austerity. "He restricted himself to all but necessary expenses, and spent the rest of his income on the poor. He adopted a system of restraint in food and sleep. For nearly a year he almost altogether refrained from meat. He compelled himself to rise early." "Thus," says his biographer, "he passed through the domain of the law before he entered on the freer region of the gospel." His motto always was—"If any man will follow me, he must deny himself, and take up his cross daily."

His health having declined, he resigned his curacy at Winchester, and travelled on the continent. While invigorating his frame by exercise in Switzerland, where the grand and beautiful scenery restored the buoyancy of his spirits, he met in that country an English lady to whom he became soon after united in marriage. On returning to England he accepted a curacy at Cheltenham, where he remained four years. It was there he was led to review his religious opinions. The professors of religion were excited by an earnest controversy between the Evangelical or Low church party and the Puseyites, who were called Tractarians, on account of a series of tracts they issued. To hold certain doctrinal views, or to be engaged in certain ceremonial observances, was accounted by the respective parties the test of orthodoxy. Practical piety and Christian charity were little regarded, and the essence of true religion had evaporated in the heat of disputation.

The truthful and tolerant character of Robertson made him recoil from the spirit that was manifested in the professedly religious circles with which he mingled. Writing to a friend he said—"I think Doctor Pusey's doctrine on the Eucharist just as dangerous, but much more incredible than transubstantiation." "As to the state of the Evangelical clergy, I think it lamentable. I see sentiment instead of principle, and a miserable mawkish religion superseding a state which was once healthy. Their adherents I love less than themselves, for they are but the copies of their faults in a larger edition. Like yourself, I stand nearly alone,—a theological Ishmael. The Tractarians despise me, and the Evangelicals somewhat loudly express doubts of me."

Having no sympathy with either of these parties, he was led to an examination of the ground he occupied, and soon began to entertain doubts concerning some of the theological views he had held. It became painful to him to preach, because his religious convictions were unsettled. He was regarded as belonging to the Evangelical school, and began to feel that his position was a false one. The painful

conflict in his own mind that ensued during this state of transition from the religion of his education to the clearer views that began to dawn upon his mind, was so excruciating that his health gave way, and he again resigned his position.

In order to recruit his health he re-visited Switzerland, and found great benefit from its pure air and majestic scenery. He then went to Germany, where, for a time, he was deeply engaged in investigating the religious writings of that indefatigable people. On his return to England the Bishop of Oxford offered him the charge of a congregation in that city, where he preached two months, and then received an invitation to become the rector of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, which, in accordance with the Bishop's advice, he accepted.

In that fashionable watering place, situated on the English Channel, and surrounded by delightful scenery, there was much to cheer and invigorate the mind. Here a wide field was open for religious labor, among a population where the two extremes of society met, the upper class consisting of the English aristocracy, among whom were many cultivated minds, and the less privileged class consisting of tradesmen, laboring men, and servants.

He found the congregation assembled in his chapel was chiefly composed of tradesmen, but in a very short time all classes, from the highest to the lowest, began to flock thither, attracted by his earnest, fervid eloquence, and his lucid expositions of Holy writ. Thoughtful, eager-minded men were delighted, and while the learned were instructed, the laboring classes hung with reverence on the accents of one whose sympathy and love were so manifest in his teaching and in his life.

In his ministry he took independent ground, uttering with earnestness and reverence his religious convictions, which, on several important points, were not in accordance with the popular theology. In the course of six months, says his biographer, he "had put himself into opposition with the whole accredited theological world at Brighton, on the questions of the Sabbath, the Atonement, Inspiration, and Baptism. The results were sad and dreary for him. His words were garbled; passages from his sermons, divorced from their context, were quoted against him. Persons who could not understand him came to hear him, and look at him as a strange phenomenon; he became the common talk of all the theological tea-tables of the town. People were solemnly warned against him; those who knew little of his doctrines, and less of himself, attacked him openly, with an apparently motiveless bitterness. He had dared to be different from the rest of the world, and that in itself was revolutionary."

One of the objections urged against him by

the Evangelical party was the liberal sentiments he entertained towards some whose creeds were at variance with his own, and especially were they offended at his high appreciation of the life and writings of Channing. He had risen above the various bounds of sectarianism, and rejoiced in the contemplation of every noble character, whether within or without the pale of his own church.

Writing to a friend, he says:—"Dr. Channing's life is full of interest, but of a calm, thoughtful kind." . . . "The purest love for man, the most unconquerable trust in human nature, seem to have been the very basis of his being. He was a Unitarian; but that is a very wide term, including a vast variety of persons thinking very differently on essentials. I can only say that I should be very glad if half of those who recognize the hereditary claims of the son of God to worship, bowed down before his moral dignity with an adoration half as profound, or a love half as enthusiastic as Dr. Channing's. I wish I, a Trinitarian, loved and adored Him and the Divine goodness in him, anything near the way in which that Unitarian felt. A religious lady found the book on my table a few days ago, and was horror struck. I told her that if she and I ever got to heaven we should find Dr. Channing revolving round the central Light in an orbit immeasurably nearer than ours, almost invisible to us, and lost in a blaze of light; which she has, no doubt, duly reported to the Brighton inquisition for heretics."

(To be continued.)

The great secret of Christian usefulness is to be awake to opportunities, and intent on doing what we can, rather than bemoaning that it is in our power to do so little; and, in this respect, he who faithfully improves the one talent bids fair to be intrusted with the five or ten.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 69.)

[In the Third Month of this year he became very ill with a severe attack of influenza, and was reduced to such a feeble state of health, as to afford little hopes of his recovery, either to himself, or to those around him. In this very weak condition, he was desirous of being removed to the Isle of Wight for change of air, which was accomplished by slow degrees and great care; and at the end of ten days the improvement was surprising. During the summer of this year, by frequent change of air, he was favored to regain nearly his former state of health; but in the Ninth Month, in returning with his wife from a journey in the west of England, he was again attacked with inflammation in the knee joint, which was so severe, that

he became from that time almost wholly deprived of further use of the limb; great pain and suffering came on, and it was not until many weeks after, that he could be removed home. During this afflicting dispensation, whilst laid up at the house of a Friend at Melksham, who, with his wife, were very kind and most attentive to him, he wrote thus:—]

I hope there is no cause for discouragement on my account up to this time: Oh, I trust I have some sense of the tender mercies of Him, who deals gently with me! But I think there is no need to express much to thee, as to my feelings and state of mind, in reference to this dispensation of Providence. Thou knowest I wish to hope the best, and to prepare for what may seem the worst,—to be prepared for all that may be in store for me: and this is what I long for all who are near and dear to me. O! how much occasion there is to possess, as though we possessed not, and as those that are liable to be cut off from any of these enjoyments at a moment! May we be strengthened to take every cup as at the Lord's hand, and he will not fail to sweeten it.

J. B.

To ———.

26th of Eleventh month, 1835.—"Day unto day uttereth speech;" and while every day brings with it its peculiar duties and trials, there is enough of merrcy and help manifested, to give abundant occasion for the engagement—"While I live will I praise the Lord; I will rejoice and give thanks while I have any being." O! that you may have found, and may always find, the Lord near to you in the time of need, as your bow and battle axe, your shield and refuge! I feel persuaded the Lord would do wonderfully for you, and make you a blessing to many; that he waits and watches over you for good to build you up, and to enable you to build one another up in the most holy invincible faith,—to animate and strengthen each other in the good work,—to hold the beginning of your confidence steadfast unto the end,—to endure hardness—run with patience—war a good warfare, and win the unspeakable prize of salvation. Faithful is he that hath called, who also will accomplish all that He hath promised, if we do but cleave close to Him, and trust in Him at all times, pouring out our hearts before Him, and giving up all, even what is most near and most dear to flesh and blood. How much hath He brought about, how great things hath He wrought;—the strong men, the high towers and fenced walls, and pleasant pictures hath he marred, and the lofty city laid low. He hath in exchange given to apprehend the simplicity, the excellency there is in the Truth. O! what a high calling, what a talent is consigned to us! See that thou magnify His work, said one: and Oh, that our

desires may be from day to day renewed, that Christ and his thorough work may be exalted over all, in and by us,—come life or death,—come wintry storms or genial sunshine across our path.

J. B.

To Thomas E———.

Stoke Newington, First month, 1836.

My dear Friend.—I have delayed, longer than I wished, to answer thy brotherly communication of Eighth Month last: one indirect cause of which, perhaps I may say, has been my own invalid condition; which has laid me by on the sofa for more than three months, a cripple reduced to crutches; and suffering some considerable pain at times, but far more from restlessness, helplessness, and various feelings of infirmity, not readily enumerated. Inflammation which had attacked my knee-joint near three years ago, and by which I had been greatly tried, was renewed upon me; and notwithstanding all means used, I have not been able to bear any weight upon the leg, nor to lift it off the other when lying across it, except by hand. Thus situated, wearisome days and nights having been my portion; attentions to the poor body have much taken me up, and perhaps shut me out from much active participation in many things that have been passing. Yet this only in a certain way;—for never have I had a livelier interest, and as I think a clearer sense of the state of things up and down. As 'the tidings' reach me in my chamber, of different movements and circumstances that transpire, my mind seems permitted to travel on into the future, and to see what some are contriving and concerting to strengthen their cause, and to possess themselves as it were of the strongholds and the passages. Oh, the deceit and the workings of that spirit, in those that despise and forsake the light of Christ in their own consciences! Yet through all, though I have sorrowful cause to believe some of understanding must and will fall, yea, many tall and beautiful cedars,—I never felt more strongly confirmed in the ground taken by our early Friends, and in the belief that all will be made (as thou expressest it) to work together for the good of the poor little remnant, who are concerned through all sufferings to keep to this ground. O! I often feel inwardly cheered and animated, in the midst of the most gloomy prospects: for the power of Truth is the same that ever it was; and the Lord can confound, even by feeble instruments and unlikely means. It matters not through whom help comes, so that it comes from Him who made heaven and earth, and has set a bound to the roaring waves. Ah! I often think of the language of one of our ancients on his death-bed,—'The Spirit that now lives and reigns in me, shall yet break forth in thousands:'—and this is my full belief, even if the number of active and influential

members in our Yearly Meeting were greatly diminished or even swept away. Oh! the Lord can turn the fruitful field into barrenness, and make the desert to blossom as the rose.

J. B.

To ——.

Stoke Newington, 2d of Second month, 1836.

I can truly say, that with me often there has been no want of feeling and sympathy, where I have been but little drawn forth into expression, perhaps checked in myself from it: not that there are in the mind unpleasant reserves in such cases; but, on the contrary, this course naturally leads to great plainness, undisguised simplicity, and honesty towards all. It is in my view of much importance, to endeavor to maintain entire the "uncorruptness," the genuineness, the unsophisticated artlessness, which is of the Truth. Every little habit, every compliance with custom in things that are thought indifferent, and which trenobes upon these, endangers the tender principle of life; and indirectly, perhaps almost imperceptibly, lands us in bondage, impedes us in a straightforward, unaffected course of acting, thinking and judging. Thus the mind and character becomes involved and prejudicially affected. The character of George Fox is as good an illustration as I can give of what I desire in this respect for myself and for my friends. If I might venture to throw in a little counsel, who am sensible that I also am not above the need of it most certainly,—I would say, in a very tender feeling with thee, under whatever occasion of disquietude,—'Look not so much at them, as for the poor mind to be much taken up therewith; endeavor to look over them up to Him, who orders all things that concern us, and will not lay anything out for us to pass through, but what is really needful for us. Do not let us dwell too much upon anything that happens to us; but let us simply seek to be conducted through the circumstances that attend us, and our allotted conflicts, with filial simplicity of submission, and in a cheerful surrender of our all into the hands of our tender Shepherd and Preserver, our Father, and ever constant Friend. When we reflect upon the low condition we are in, it is seen to be a great mercy, that we are not left to ourselves; but are led about and instructed by many painful dispensations. And when we look at the trials of the faithful in all ages, bitter almost in proportion to their faithfulness,—also at the sufferings of the Church as well as of the Head of the Church; what are we that we should be spared,—or rather what are we, that we should be honored with them? How light are our grievances, how great are our privileges and mercies, how gently are we dealt with: we are as wayward children, that are ready to complain, if aught be taken from us, with which we might have injured ourselves.

Ah! like as a father or a mother pitieth her babe, so doth he who watcheth over us for good!
J. B.

To ———.

8th of Second month, 1836.—“I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake;”—and great tribulation must be passed through, in order to have our garments washed and kept clean, in and by the blood of the Lamb:—and these have often the sentence of death in themselves, that they should not trust in themselves, nor in any other, but in the Lord Jesus Christ. Bonds and afflictions may, and must await them; yet none of these things move them, for they know they are appointed thereunto, even as it was appointed unto their Captain to be made perfect through suffering. Indeed it is by these dispensations they live; that is through their submission and faithfulness under them; and in all these things, the spiritual life is exercised, maintained, and even raised; though they, as poor worms, may be trampled upon and be very low in their own estimation, and may be ready often to say, ‘Surely I shall go softly all my days, in the bitterness of my spirit.’ Well, I long greatly for thee, as for my own soul, and for every one that is raised up, to stand as a monument of mercy, truth and righteousness, in and unto the Church; that neither heights, nor depths, principalities, nor powers, things present, nor things to come, may ever be able to separate us from that clear manifestation of Divine love, in which we have felt near to Him, who has visited our souls, and one to another. May we, my dear friend, and all that are near and dear to each of us in the covenant of light and life, go onward in that faith which gives the victory; laying aside every weight, every hindering thing, every discouragement; enduring and holding out to the end of all these bonds, trials, temptations, humiliations, fastings, bruises, or occasions of disquietude, that may attend; esteeming nothing strange, which may prove even as a fiery trial; but rather counting it all joy, that we are found worthy to suffer in anywise for His cause, who suffered so much before us and for us, that He might open us a way out of this prison-house and place of proving. O! my dear friend, my mind is enlarged, and my eye opened to see something of the excellency of that quiet habitation, where none can make afraid; where the Lord is “our peace,” having ordained peace for us, and being the portion of our cup; though the earth be removed, and the mountains carried away, our hearts are then fixed and stayed; though a host encamp against us,—“though thou thyself slay me, yet will I trust in thee;”—“though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me;”—“though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,” for even

there shall thy right hand lead me, and help me, and save me. It is in my best moments, when such considerations as these weigh duly and fully upon my poor weak spirit, that I feel that the present afflictions are comparatively light indeed. However dark may appear to be the heavens above,—however inclement the elements around,—though the proud waters may seem to come in unto our own souls as individuals,—and the church laboring and tossing like a little vessel in the mighty deep;—yet the Governor being on board—the Controller of winds and waves, He is engaged to conduct her safely through all that He permits or appoints; and not one of those who commit themselves to Him is made desolate. Doubtless many will fall on the right hand, and on the left: for it seems a time of sifting and shaking, and but only just begun. But I must not distress thee, no, no,—cheer up; for if Jerusalem become as heaps, our holy invincible Head can raise up stones of the street to be children, can comfort all her waste places, and make the streets thereof full of boys and girls playing, as the prophet says:—“therefore,” adds he, “love the Truth and peace;”—so will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing: “fear not, but let your hands be strong.” J. B.

(To be continued.)

There are many more blossoms on a tree in spring, than there will be apples in autumn. Yet we are glad to see blossoms, because we know that if there are no blossoms, there can be no fruit.

LETTERS FROM SARAH G. RICH.

(Continued from page 71.)

PHILADELPHIA, 1st mo. 1st, 1854.

My dear friend:—Thy letter by ——— was acceptable; but I felt discouraged about answering it, as the great and increased suffering in my head weakens and affects my eyes so much that writing is difficult, and often impracticable; and while indulging in those feelings, our beloved friend, S. D., made me a visit, which so nearly brought thee to my best feelings, that while she sat by my bedside I resolved to make an effort to let her be the bearer of another letter to my dear friend M.; another testimonial of the true and deep sympathy I feel for thee in the path of trial presented for thee to walk in. For however right thou believest thy dearest friends thought it was for them to pursue the course they have taken, still, a keener trial I have believed it to be to thy feelings; and thus I have felt that I could better enter into thy state, than with those full of health and buoyant of hope.

But some of my dear friends are not permitted to rise upon the wings of hope. This may be caused in some by a timidity of nature, increased by impaired health and relaxed nerves;

but my trust is, that all things shall work together for good to all those who are desirous to be found at their post; whether that is actively to go forward, or to remain in the retired, obscure walks of life; if only the spirit, the life of Christ, dwell in us, all shall redound to the praise of Him, whose spirit is indeed the "light of the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel."

Afternoon.—A very sweet visit did our dear Mother in Israel, S. D., make us two days ago, though I was not in a condition sufficiently free from pain to enjoy it as at some other times. I was then suffering the premonitory symptoms of an attack of my head, which, by yesterday, was very severe, and even now far from well. Thou queries as to my comforts. I can say, I have everything I can ask for in that way; and with true thankfulness, can say with Paul, "That my own hands, in part at least, have ministered to my necessities."—(She could use her hands to knit, which she said was a double source of comfort to her, as it occupied time, which otherwise would have been wearisome, as well as assisting in her support.) That although *nine years* have rolled on since my confinement to this bed, I can truly say to the question, "Lacked ye anything?"—Nothing. For my every want has been supplied. Thou, O! Lord, hast had compassion, shielding and protecting me from every want; a good home, kind relations, and a faithful, kind sister, ever with me; for all which, I do feel unbounded gratitude is called for; and that a most salutary lesson has been taught me of "*faith in God, and man*." I must now stop, for I am very weary; and when, without too much effort, thou can write, I shall be glad to hear from thee. But if we cannot write, we can remember each other in that love which I trust at this moment fills my heart, for both thee and thy W., hoping when it is well with you, you will remember your suffering sister,

S. G. R.

9th mo. 23d, 1855.

My dear Friend.—Thy letter of some weeks since was received with pleasure and, as ever, read with interest; and though some weeks may elapse before this sheet leaves my room, yet I feel like making an attempt to commence a letter to thee.

10th mo. 14th.—Three weeks have passed since I attempted to reply to my friend's kind letter, and as yet scarce half a page written, so uncertain are the circumstances of my life. I seldom write through the week, except mere notes, for I am so liable to interruptions that, perhaps, by the time I have arranged my writing materials, some one enters, or something occurs, and I have to lay them aside, which for one of my disabilities is no trifle. Then the much I write to my brother and family takes

many of my *Sabbaths*, which I trust will account for my laggard movements.

21st.—I abruptly laid aside my writing a week ago to receive a call from a friend, and felt unable to resume it when she left, as I was suffering severely at the time, and ever since have felt unlike any exertion.

For the last two days suffering of another kind has increased so greatly, that night before last I felt that it was not improbable the time had come when disease had arrived at that point when relief would no longer be found. The attack was of that nature which I have long thought probable would be the winding up; an entire giving way of the internal structure, which has so long suffered so acutely. But by recourse to the usual remedies, some relief has been obtained, so that probably in a few days I may feel as well as usual again—which I desire strength to acquiesce in, till the full purpose of my being placed in and kept through so much suffering in this state of existence shall be accomplished. But to maintain that disposition wherein no rebellious feelings shall arise, through so long a season of suffering as is mine, requires a greater subjugation of self than is always mine to feel. But I hope that Power that could redeem the thief upon the cross, will not be deaf to the cries of the poor and needy, who desire not only at the *last* moment to exemplify a penitent, contrite spirit, but whose desire is, that our whole lives may speak forth, if not by words, yet by their spirit and tenor, that our highest joy and wish is, to abide in that holy and Divine love, which, though the ways of Infinite goodness may be inscrutable to our finite vision, breathes forth the prayer, "Strengthen us, O! Father, to suffer, and grant us that spirit which can enable us to say, for all I bless thee, most for the severe."

Thy friend in love unchangeable, S. G. R.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BE FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.

"*Little things* are little things, yet to be *faithful* in little things is *something great*." We little know *how much* good we may thereby do in our daily intercourse among men. We read in the "Good Book" that a few words "fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver;" and having, I trust, *known them verified* in my own experience, I feel induced to give them publicity, hoping the recital may be an encouragement to some who may chance to read these lines to *give expression* to words which might arise in the life, while mingling daily with our fellow beings. By so doing, *who knows* but that we may hand a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, and be as "ministering angels" wherever we go.

I remember many years ago, when my husband had gone from home on a gospel mission, a dear "mother in Israel" came to see me, as an evidence of her love and sympathy in my loneliness. During the course of time we were together I made allusion to my situation, *feeling it keenly*, and expressing concern how I might fulfil my duties, my health being frail, and many obstacles appearing to be in the way. After I had finished my remarks, she observed, after a little pause, M—, "Be a woman." It was all she said, and I may acknowledge I never had words to *make a deeper impression* on my mind than these; and while we sat silently, I pondered on the *magnitude of them*, and made a firm resolution (my Heavenly Father assisting me) to rise above the *weakness of nature*, and endeavor to *assume the grace and dignity of my station*. And I can testify these were a great strength and support to me in getting along comfortably during his absence. Since that time this dear one has passed away, and in addition protracted and *extreme illness*, and other trials of an afflictive character, have fallen to my lot; yet through times of the greatest discouragement and weakness the language, "Be a woman! be a woman!" would ever and anon be *ringing in mine ears*, producing *new life, strength and resolution*, still to *bear my spirit up to struggle on through every difficulty* which might be in my pathway, looking unto Him, who is able to make *hard things easy* and *bitter things sweet* to the *resigned mind*. He can give contentment in any condition in which we may be placed, and will ever fulfil His gracious promises to those who seek His face in humility and sincerity of heart.

Having been willing to be taught by the lessons handed forth to me, endeavoring to look on the *bright side*, and not consider that I had more to bear than many others of the rational family, I feel a desire to urge upon my fellow probationers that they *strive to improve* by the circumstances which surround them, and, as the Apostle sayeth, "In all things to be instructed," and not give way to any childish discouragements and reasonings, or consultations with flesh and blood, but *stand up nobly* for the right, as *true men and women who love the truth*, and whose greatest delight is in *serving the Lord*. Thus shall we become *vessels of honor*, and "pillars in His Holy temple," to go no more out, upon whom "He will write His new name," which none can know but those who receive it and are prepared to do the work He may allot unto us; and when His time shall come which is the best, be able to *lay down our hands in peace* with the blessed assurance that "we have finished the work He has given us to do," and that "a crown of righteousness" is laid up for us, of which we shall become the blessed inheritors.

I may further add that this dear mother, too, has gone to her eternal home; but being dead, "she yet speaketh." M.

3d month 30th, 1867.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WOOD LAWN, Va., 3d mo. 30th, 1867.

In the turnings and overturnings of Providence I find myself in this pleasant neighborhood. After attending Baltimore Yearly Meeting last fall, myself and wife came to this place, and finding a great many freedmen here that needed assistance in their education, and being anxious to assist if possible in elevating this downtrodden people; after spending some time among them, we started a writing school in the evening for the benefit of those who could not go to day school. Becoming convinced that the most that was needed in their behalf was to encourage them personally by helping them to learn the rudiments of a common education, and also being convinced that it was necessary for some willing hands to take hold of the matter, we felt it right to leave our pleasant Western home and settle, for a time at least, where we could lend a helping hand to the great work. We would wish here to say a word to all the kind friends of the freedmen in the North. You are doing a noble work in helping to lift up from degradation a people long trodden under foot; and we verily believe that the language will be sounded in your ears: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world, for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat, thirsty and ye gave me drink, naked and ye clothed me, sick and in prison and ye visited me," for surely you are helping in some respects the least of all Christ's brethren. Let us encourage all to go on in the good work, for you are receiving the hearty thanks of those you are aiding.

We found it necessary to return to our Western home and arrange things there in order to carry out our plan; and having, on our journey, occasion to stop among friends in Ohio, we visited a neighborhood that we wish to call particular attention to as being worthy of the notice of rightly concerned minds. There are several families of Friends there besides several that are not members, but having been raised among Friends, and as their families are growing up around them, they feel an increasing interest in the Society. There is the material for a nice meeting if a start could only be made. Will Friends travelling West please notice them? they are located on the railroad leading from Columbus, Ohio, to Richmond, Indiana, by way of Piqua, at Cable Station in Champaign county, Post-office *Chalfant*. We would refer any Friends interested to Samuel Pennington, Joseph Townsend or Haines Lin-

ville. Any Friends wishing to locate in the West will find a good farming country there and prices of land within the reach of those in moderate circumstances. J. M. WOOD.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 13, 1867.

SOCIETY BONDS.—In the social religious element consequent upon the peculiar organization of the Society of Friends, there arises an interest akin to a family relation, which extends to the remotest sections, where members of the Society are to be found. We have believed this feeling of interest might be stimulated and increased, if the columns of the *Intelligencer* were more often used as the medium of information interesting to all. We mean not to be busy bodies, meddling with other mens' affairs, but allude to subjects of *general* interest which are claiming the attention of Friends in different neighborhoods, a knowledge of which might have a tendency to unite the Society more firmly in the bonds of sympathy and Christian fellowship.

The Apostles, in their day, wrote to their brethren for the purpose of stirring up the pure mind and encouraging them to hold fast their confidence in the faith which works by love to the purifying of the heart, and they gave also a statement of the condition of the church in which they were then laboring.

We feel assured that an advantage would arise from a more intimate personal knowledge of the state of the Society of Friends as it exists, not only in one yearly meeting, but in all.

The seasons of discouragement which are experienced at times by concerned Friends, do not prove that the body is declining, nor that its strength is expended. It is doubtless in divine wisdom, that at times we experience a spiritual fast, and are left as in a desolate place, but in these seasons of discouragement, if we retire from outside influences, and wait for the still small voice, we would, like Elijah, hear the encouraging language, there are yet seven thousand in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal nor kissed his image.

We have some times been sensible of the depressing influence arising from the presentation of a gloomy picture of the state of things among us, and we believe a manifestation of a

steadfast faith in the power of truth to overcome error, would much more abundantly strengthen those who may be standing as at the point where two ways meet.

The injunction of Jesus to his disciples may ever be remembered to profit: "Thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret." Thus the discerning spirits of the young will be spared the discouragement of receiving what may be appropriately compared to a false report of the good land.

MARRIED, by the approbation of Solebury Monthly Meeting, on the 28th of Third month, 1867, at the residence of the bride's father, John Simpson, DAVIS PALMER, jun., to AGNES SIMPSON, all of Bucks Co., Pa.

DIED, near Waynesville, Ohio, on the 20th of Third month, of typhoid pneumonia, FREDDIE W., son of David and Jane S. Furnas, aged 11 months.

—, at San Jose, Cal., Second month 3d, of pulmonary consumption, WALTER L. BARIGHT, in the 35th year of his age. On board a California steamer bound for New York, Third month 4th, of the same disease, SAMUEL FRANKLIN BARIGHT, in the 31st year of his age; sons of Augustin and Mary P. Baright, late of Elba, and members of Rochester Monthly Meeting, N. Y.

—, on First-day evening, 3d month 31st, at the residence of his son, Canby S. Smith, Chester, Pa., DAVIS SMITH, Sr., late of Philadelphia, aged 75 years.

—, Third month 18th, SARAH B., widow of Wm. Middleton, in her 65th year. (Buried from her son-in-laws', Josiah Haines, Haddonfield.)

—, on 3d day, Third month 26th, at Philadelphia, BENJAMIN A. SHOEMAKER, of Long Branch, aged 57 years.

—, Third month 27th, OLIVER HOWARD, only child of Oliver and Alice S. Wilson, aged 2 years and 26 days.

—, Third month 28th, MARY H., daughter of Joseph and Sallie G. Chapman, in her 13th year.

—, Third month 29th, JOHN MISKEY, youngest child of John T. and Elizabeth Hance, aged 9 months.

—, on the 21st of Third month, 1867, CHARLES PALMER, son of David Palmer, in the thirty-third year of his age; a member of Falls Monthly Meeting, Bucks Co., Pa.

His close was peaceful, with a well grounded hope of an entrance into the mansions of the blessed. To know him was to LOVE HIM.

Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will meet on Fourth-day evening, Fourth month 17th, at 8 o'clock, at Green St. Meeting House.

J. M. ELLIS, } Clerks.
ANNE COOPER, }

The Executive Committee of Friends' Publication Association will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, 4th mo. 19th, at 3 o'clock.

LYDIA H. HALL, Clerk.

For Friends' Intelligence.

CAUTION.

Friends in their different neighborhoods are cautioned against giving either pecuniary aid or encouragement to a colored man who is collecting money under the pretense of establishing a colored school in Maryland.

He is a small man, quite light-colored, and when in the vicinity of New York, he gave his name as Jacob Chavop. He has made improper use of letters that were given to him, has altered the figures opposite to the names of those who gave him money, and behaved in a very unbecoming manner at several Friends' houses.

SAMUEL WILLETS,
THOMAS FOULKE.

New York, 4th mo. 1st, 1867.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences.

MEETINGS FOR READING AND CONVERSATION

At Race Street Meeting-House, Philadelphia.

At the meeting held on 27th ult. letters were read from similar associations of Friends in Baltimore, Newtown, and Yardleyville. These were in reply to those addressed to them by our Committee of Correspondence, and gave encouraging evidence that their meetings had been valuable in strengthening each other.

The subject of plainness and moderation, continued from our last meeting, was resumed. A friend called attention to the fact that even in cases where mothers felt themselves restrained, in relation to their own apparel, from following absurd and changing fashions, the same care was not observed in relation to their little children, whose appearance so much resembled that of other children, as to give occasion to the humorous remark of some writer that he had never seen "a Quaker baby." The speaker had no desire to see the dress appropriate to age placed upon childhood, but that simplicity, utility and a regard to health should be the governing motive with mothers in regard to the dress of their children, rather than a desire to conform to unhealthful and ridiculous fashion.

A friend who acknowledged himself to be in the moderate use of tobacco, called attention to the fact that unless it was kept within proper bounds, it was deleterious to the human constitution. He and some others thought it might sometimes be used as a medicinal agent, while others believed it was always deleterious, and that the same prohibition which applied to the use of ardent spirits should also be applied to tobacco—"Touch not, taste not, handle not." The hope was expressed that the female portion of our community would exert their influence in discouraging the use of

this hurtful weed, and the language of Cowper in reference to it was aptly quoted, as follows:

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours.
Thou art, indeed, the drug a gard'ner wants
To poison vermin that infest his plants—
But are we so to wit and beauty blind
As to despise the glory of our kind,
And show the softest minds, and fairest forms,
As little mercy as the grubs and worms?

In view of the importance of language as a means of conveying our thoughts and feelings, we were reminded of our duty to keep it pure and simple, free from those corruptions and exaggerations which often pass current among the thoughtless and unscrupulous. Attention to the monitions of truth will preserve from forms of language which have originated in gay and artificial society and will lead to accurate and truthful speech. This is the ground of the testimony to plainness of speech, a testimony which has lost none of its importance in modern times, and which we are still called upon to maintain faithfully and conscientiously. The wide range which the discussion embraced brought into view the proper moral training of the young, who should be taught not only to avoid positive vice, but to cultivate generous and benevolent feelings. The impressible mind of young children should be brought in contact with some of the forms of human suffering, and they should be early taught the luxury of doing good.

Habits of giving food to the hungry and clothing to the destitute should be acquired in early life under stimulus of parental influence, so that those tender sympathies, the germs of which are planted in every soul, may grow into expansive benevolence and Christian charity. Thus the root of selfishness is choked by a growth which tends to fit men and women for enlarged usefulness in this world and enjoyment in that which is to come. Education in its moral aspect must begin in the domestic circle; all the learning of schools can never substitute that of home, nor can intellectual acquirements take the place of the training of the moral nature.

The elevating influence of nature, a communion large and wide with the works of the Divine Architect, was adverted to as a means of moral as well as intellectual culture, and in the absence of travel, which puts us under its immediate influence, we have pictures which represent its grandest scenes so as almost to equal the original in their effects. The influences of good society were also held up as of great importance in moulding the character; young men may often be in great measure preserved from the grosser forms of immorality by the influence of refined female society. It

is better to promote the growth of the good in our children than to be too much occupied with observing and reproofing what to our more mature judgments may appear as faults. These and many other considerations occupied the meeting, which was large and interesting.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

This was the subject of the second lecture in the Rev. O. B. Frothingham's course on the Social Condition of Women, now delivering in his church on Sunday evenings. Mr. Frothingham began by saying that the question of work was intimately connected with the question of education. The uneducated classes in the community will always be the drudges. Before women can do all the work they are capable of doing, they must receive all the education they are capable of receiving. We are not ready yet to decide what education best befits women, and what best befits men; for until both are educated equally well it will be impossible to say what place either may be competent to fill. Men and women are no doubt very different beings in many respects; but how different they are, and to what degree, and in what respects different, can be determined only when both have had the same intellectual advantage. The female intelligence is no more unlike the masculine than the female organization is; and if masculine and feminine bodies are submitted to the same general regulations, why should not the masculine and feminine intellects be? Both breathe the same air physically; why not intellectually? Both bask in the same sunshine bodily; why not mentally? Boys and girls suck the same milk and eat the same article of porridge; why should they not both feed on the same knowledge? It is absurd to say that men and women should not travel over the same fields of literature, as that they should not travel over the same islands and continents; that they must not devour the same sort of books, as that they must not eat the same kind of vegetable. Just as the beef and mutton, the bread and the hominy, go to make girlhood in the girl, and boyhood in the boy, why should not the arts and sciences assimilate according to the same organic law? The very thing we need to know is—what can women assimilate, and what can men assimilate? And this we shall never know till we have tried the most liberal nutriment on both. We are continually talking about man's career, and woman's career; but the career is determined by the capacity, and the capacity is not ascertained, nor can it be at present. By all means, let education be adapted to career; but a general education can alone decide what the career shall be; whether it shall be in doors or out, scientific or artistical, mechanical or literary. Let the choice of

food be left to the appetite, but let the appetite have a large choice of food. There is little reason to think that women would betake themselves, as a general or usual thing, to agriculture, commerce, finance, manufactures, or engineering; but if they should, this action would merely prove that a feminine element was in those pursuits which she was to supply. Are men afraid lest women might do their work better than they themselves do? That fear is a confession that their work must be meant for women; and who would hinder women from doing what they were meant to do? Mr. Frothingham contended that nearly all occupations had their feminine side. Religion had, as the Catholic Church has proved; and Protestant Christendom would be greatly benefited by introducing women into its organization. Medicine has a large place for women; so has social science; so has public education. But women can do nothing of all this by instinct; they need teaching at every step as men do. Education holds the key to every kind of employment. Washing and ironing do not come by nature. Plain sewing must be taught. It is an American superstition that cooking comes by nature to all Irish girls; and we are a nation of dyspeptics. Every profession requires training; even the humblest do. Of course, the more lucrative and delicate must. Literature is the easiest; but nimble wits alone carry few to fame or fortune. Art in all degrees requires instruction, severe and long. Come to the occupations which women are supposed to take to naturally; how far will a kind heart go toward making a good nurse? Do the sciences come by instinct? Does logic? Will sympathetic feeling in a feminine teacher dispense with a knowledge of history, philosophy, or language? Another popular superstition would have us believe that women are endowed with genius for housekeeping. Where is the evidence? The good housekeeper needs as much education as an overseer. She should be a chemist, a sociologist, a physician, and a metaphysician. Nothing less than an ordinary common-school education is required to qualify women to be good housemaids, to deliver messages, take correct change from the shopman, keep themselves and their mistresses out of trouble. Now, with the immensity of this need for intellectual preparation, contrast the miserable scantiness of the supply. The common school education taxes the brain too severely, and is not practical enough. The private school education, with its unconscionable amount of French, its dash of Italian, its snatch of music, its patch of arithmetic, its muddle of geography and physical science, its confusion of many things undigested and indigestible, prepares the girl for nothing useful, and ends just as her mind is maturing. The special schools are almost all for boys and men.

Women are not instructed in book-keeping, in technology, in practical science. They have no divinity schools. The conveniences for the study of medicine are for the male sex. The old countries have, in many respects, the advantage over us. The University of Bologna conferred degrees on women, and was proud to send out Professoresses of Jurisprudence, of Anatomy and Natural Philosophy, of Greek and the Mathematics. More than a century ago courses of medical lectures were delivered to women in Leyden and Paris. The Universities of Göttingen and Giessen gave doctorates to women in the last century; so did the College at Marburg; so did the famous hospital at Berlin. In Paris the *Maternité* educates young women as midwives. The Sorbonne has instituted concurrent courses of instruction for women, with examinations, degrees and diplomas, and sends out 140 or 150 women, married and single, as duly qualified teachers. Paris has upward of 80 free schools, employing more than 200 mistresses, and educating annually some 15,000 poor girls. All this makes America look small. Thorough education, either for men or women, is not to be had here by any but the very rich. Business with us has in hand the task of developing the material resources of an immense continent. For this, male vigor is demanded, and male vigor in its rude state. Men are educated for their immediate purposes, and as women are not supposed to be concerned in these purposes, their education is omitted. But better times are coming. Mr. Frothingham here spoke of the Western Colleges—Antioch, Oberlin, and the Normal School associated with the Michigan University. He also gave a glowing description of Vassar College, as striking the key note of education for women in America. Special schools, too, are beginning to grow up and to flourish; schools of Art and practical Science; Medical schools, and schools of Design. What women will become when thoroughly educated time alone can show. At all events, they will simply become more finely developed women. They will not become men. Education will not produce an immediate crop of Maria Thercsas or Elizabeths; of Eloises or Hypatias; of Miss Blackwells or Miss Zakrzewskas; of Maria Mitchells, Rosa Bonheurs or Harriet Hosmers; but it will enable those who must work to find work, and to do it well; it will give those who are not compelled to work a refuge from idleness and ennui. It will make all women better talkers, more interesting companions, more intelligent associates, more capable housekeepers, more competent mothers, more influential wives, more significant members of society. It may be the fault of men that women are not better educated, but it is at least as much the fault of women. When "ladies," so called, shall feel that intelligence is a glory

and not a shame, that culture is an honor, and knowledge a praise; that industry is more respectable than idleness, and that self-supporting occupation is more creditable than languishing ease, then the doors of academies will fly open; the avenues to honest labor will be thronged by eager aspirants; feminine talent will come fairly into the market; women will be healthier for being more comprehensively developed, and the weaker sex will become in society the power it is ordained that it shall be.

THE FISHERMANS' WIFE.

It was summer time, and the dawning day
Shone bright on the cliffs of our lonely bay,
And my man went out in his boat to sea,
To win the bread for his house and me.

The day went on—I remember it well—
The rooms were filled with the salt sea smell;
And the sunlight came, like an angel good,
Through the doors and the windows that open stood.

I sang and worked with joy in my heart,
For I hold that a wife should do her part
To clean and brighten the house within,
Praying the Lord to keep her from sin.

I had finished, and just sat down to rest,
When I saw a cloud rise up in the West,
And the moan of the sea grew loud on the rocks,
And the gulls flew landward in shrieking flocks.

Soon the wind blew loud from the hollow skies,
And I watched the waves with frightened eyes,
As they struggled and sprang at the cloud's black frown,
And clutching their broad wings, swept them down.

Then I hurried out to the old pier-head,
Through the yard of the church, where slept the dead;

And I wished that my man and I had died,
And were quietly sleeping there, side by side.

'Twas an evil wish—I rebuked it too;
But one heart is weak where there should be two,
And one voice alone grows weak in prayer,
When it misses another so often there.

Well, I watched for hours in that beat and blow,
'Till all the light from the sky did go,
Then I turned heart-sick from the fling of the foam,
And wrestled my way to my vacant home.

There the breath of the storm blew under the door,
And I felt it whisper along the floor;
And the clothes of my man as they hung on the stand,
Swung as if touched by a spirit hand.

The lights I put in the window small,
Were blown into darkness one and all;
And I heard, as the whirling storm went by,
Shrieks as of souls about to die.

I dropt to the ground with my hands on my face,
For I feared to see some sight in the place;
And I prayed the Lord my soul to keep,
And He heard my prayer, and gave me sleep.

I leapt up at last; 'twas early dawn:
I ran to the door—the storm was gone;
The morning star shone bright o'er the sea;
And my man came home to his house and me.

—Chambers' Journal.

"JUDGE NOT THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

I'll count not up another's faults,
And thus forget my own;
Nor criticise another's words,
But mine, e'en to their tone—
It surely is not meet for me
To try the work of Deity.
For I shall have enough to do
To guide myself aright;
And so to act, that all my deeds
Be pleasing in His sight—
I am not ready to begin
To reckon up my brother's sin.
A tender caution oft is good,
With kindly feeling given;
But criticism never will
Advance one step towards Heaven—
The heart is to our Father known,
'Tis He must judge, and He alone.

The following account was published in the late "Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia."

ON THE AGRICULTURAL ANT OF TEXAS.

(MYRMICA MOLEFACIENS.)

BY GIDEON LINCEUM.

This ant is inodorous, having no smell of formic acid. It is a large reddish brown ant, dwells in the ground, is a farmer, lives in communities, which are often very populous, and controlled by a perfect government; there are no idlers amongst them. They build paved cities, construct roads, and sustain a large military force.

When one of the young queens, or mother ants, comes to maturity, and has received the embraces of the male ant, who immediately dies, she goes out alone, selects a location and goes rapidly to work excavating a hole in the ground, digging and carrying out the dirt with her mouth. As soon as she has progressed far enough for her wings to strike against the sides of the hole, she deliberately cuts them off. She now, without further obstruction, continues to deepen the hole to the depth of 6 or 7 inches, when she widens the bottom of it into a suitable cell for depositing her eggs and nurturing the young. She continues to labor out-doors and in, until she has raised to maturity 20 to 30 workers, when her labor ceases, and she remains in the cells, supplying the eggs for coming millions, and her kingdom has commenced. But very few of the thousands of mother ants that swarm out from the different kingdoms two or three times a year succeed in establishing a city. However, when one does succeed in rearing a sufficient number of workers to carry on the business, she entrusts the management of the national works to them, and is seen no more outside.

The workers all seem to understand the duties assigned to them, and will perform them or die in the effort.

The workers increase the concealment, which had been kept up by the mother ant during the period of her personal labors, of the passage or gate-way to their city, by dragging up and covering it with bits of stick, straw and the hard black pellets of earth, which are thrown up by the earth worms, until there is no way visible for them to enter; and the little litter is so ingeniously placed, that it has more the appearance of having been drifted together by the wind than to have been the work of design.

In about a year and a half, when the numbers of the community have greatly increased, and they feel able to sustain themselves among the surrounding nations, they throw off their concealment, clear away the grass, herbage and other litter to the distance of 3 or 4 feet around the entrance to their city, construct a pavement, organize an efficient police, and, thus established, proclaim themselves an independent city. The pavement, which is always kept very clean, consists of a pretty hard crust about half an inch thick, and is formed by selecting and laying such grits and particles of sand as will fit closely over the entire surface. This is the case in sandy soil, where they can procure coarse sand and grit for the purpose, but in the black prairie soil, where there is no sand, they construct the pavement by levelling and smoothing the surface and suffering it to bake in the sunshine, when it becomes very hard and firm. That both forms of these pavements are the work of a well planned design, there can be no doubt with the careful investigator. All the communities of this species select their homes in the open sunshine, and construct pavements. Their pavements are always circular and constructed pretty much on the same plan. During the ten years drought that prevailed here, and which seemed very favorable to the increase of this species of ant, they suffered their pavements to remain flat, sometimes even basin-form. But the drought could not continue always. The rain, which would be certain to drown the ants should it come upon their flat and basin-form pavements, would return again some day, and they seemed to know when this much dreaded event would occur. At least six months previous to the coming of the rain, they commenced, universally, building up mounds in the centre of the pavements. To these mounds in the prairie they brought the little pellets of earth, thrown to the surface by the earth worms, and piled them up into a circular mound a foot or more in height. In sandy soil it is constructed of coarse sand, and in rocky situations they build it of gravel, and the pieces are so large, and the mound so high (18 inches to 2 feet, with a four feet base) that the beholder is overwhelmed with wonder. I know of one of these stone pyramids nearly 8 feet high and 5½ to 6 feet base, in which there

are many little fragments of stone, some of them carried to the very top, any one of which would weigh more than 25 ants. Internally the ant mound contains many neatly constructed cells, the floors of which are horizontal; and into these cells the eggs, young ones, and their stores of grain are carried in time of rainy seasons.

The mound itself, and the surface of the ground around it, to the distance of four or five feet, sometimes more, from the centre, is kept very clean, like a pavement. Everything that happens to be dropped upon the pavement is cut to pieces and carried away. The largest dropping from the cows will, in a short time, be removed. I have placed a large corn-stalk on the pavement, and in the course of two or three days found it hollowed out to a mere shell; that too, in a short time, would be cut to pieces and carried off. Not a green thing is suffered to grow on the pavement, with the exception of a single species of grain-bearing grass, (*Aristida stricta*.) This the ant nurses and cultivates with great care; having it in a circle around and two or three feet from the centre of the mound. It also clears away the weeds and other grasses all around outside of the circular row of *Aristida*, to the distance of one or two feet. The cultivated grass flourishes luxuriantly, producing a heavy crop of small, white, stinty grains, which, under the microscope, have the appearance of the rice of commerce. When it is ripe it is harvested by the workers, and carried, chaff and all, into the granary cells, where it is divested of the chaff, which is immediately taken out and thrown beyond the limits of the pavement, always to the lee side. The clean grain is carefully stored away in dry cells. These cells are so constructed that water cannot reach them, except in long wet spells, when the earth becomes thoroughly saturated, and dissolves the cement with which the granary cells are made tight. This is a great calamity, and if rain continues a few days it will drown out the entire community. In cases, however, where it has continued long enough only to wet and swell their grain, as soon as a sunny day occurs they take it all out, and spreading it in a clean place, after it has sunned a day or two, or is fully dry, they take it in again, except the grains that are sprouted; these they invariably leave out. I have seen at least a quart of sprouted seeds left out at one place.

They also collect the grain from several other species of grass, as well as seed from many kinds of herbaceous plants. They like almost any kind of seeds—rod pepper seeds seem to be a favorite with them.

In a barren rocky place in a wheat field, a few days after harvest, I saw quite a number of wheat grains scattered over the pavement of an ant city, and the laborers were still bringing it

out. I found the wheat quite sound, but a little swelled. In the evening of the same day I passed there again; the wheat had dried, and they were busily engaged carrying it in again.

The species of grass they so carefully cultivate is a biennial. They sow it in time for the autumnal rains to bring it up. Accordingly, about the first of November, if the fall has been seasonable, a beautiful green row of the ant rice, about 4 inches wide, is seen springing up on the pavement, in a circle of 14 to 15 feet in circumference. In the vicinity of this circular row of grass they do not permit a single spire of any other grass or weed to remain a day; leaving the *Aristida* untouched until it is ripe, which occurs in June of the next year, they gather the seeds and carry them into the granaries as before stated. There can be no doubt of the fact that this peculiar species of grass is intentionally planted, and, in farmer-like manner, carefully divested of all other grasses and weeds during the time of its growth, and that after it has matured, and the grain stored away, they cut away the dry stubble and remove it from the pavement, leaving it unencumbered until the ensuing autumn, when the same species of grass, and in the same circle, appears again, receiving the same agricultural care as did the previous crop; and so on, year after year, as I know to be the case on farms where their habitations are, during the summer season, protected from the depredations of cattle. Outside of the fields they sow the grass seeds, but the cows crop it down two or three times, when, finding that there is no chance to carry on their agricultural pursuits, they cut it all away and re-establish the clean pavement. Our cattle did not often crop the ant rice until their increased numbers have forced them to feed on all kinds of grass. That, however, has turned out favorably to the ant interest. For, while the prairies are being denuded of the stronger grasses, we have a delicate little biennial barley (*Hordium pusillum*) that is filling all the naked places. It rises from 3 to 6 inches, producing fine grain for ant consumption. It matures about the last days of April, and from that time all the agricultural ants are seen packing it home daily through the summer. This species of ant subsists entirely on vegetable seeds. I have sometimes seen them drag a caterpillar or a crippled grasshopper into their hole, that had been thrown upon the pavement, but I have never observed them carrying any such things home that they had captured themselves. I do not think they eat much animal food.

(To be continued.)

Have the courage to provide entertainments for your friends, within your means—not beyond.

NEAR AND FAR SIGHTEDNESS.

Until recently "near-sightedness" and "long-sightedness" have been explained by assuming in the first case that in consequence of the too great convexity of the cornea and crystalline lens, one or both, the focus is formed in front of the retina, while in the second the rays of light are concentrated behind the retina, because the convexity of the parts just mentioned is too small. The correction of these imperfections by the use of concave glasses in the first instance, and of convex ones in the second, seemed to be all that was needed to show that the explanation was true. It certainly had the merit of meeting the facts, and so has been almost universally accepted by physiologists, and has found its way into every text-book touching upon the optical structure of the eye. That these conditions, if they existed, would produce the effects indicated, no one will doubt; but it should not be lost sight of that the alleged conditions of the cornea and lens were never satisfactorily shown to be attendants of the two abnormal states of the eye of which we are speaking. Recent investigations have proved that both near and long sightedness may be, and in most cases are, the result of wholly other causes. A moment's reflection will make it apparent to any one that, the refracting media being quite normal, if, in consequence of the axis of the eye being too long, the retina is too far behind the lens, the rays will meet in front of this, and thus short-sightedness will of necessity follow. The average length of the axis of the eye is a little less than an inch, viz.: 24·25 millimetres, or about 0·95 inch. Donders has shown that in near-sighted persons it exceeds an inch, and may amount to 1·20 inch and even more, the other diameters being unchanged. In this case the ball of the eye becomes more or less oval or egg-shaped, and when turned strongly towards the nose will fill the orbit more than usual at the outer angle. Concave glasses will, of course, be required to disperse the light sufficiently to bring the rays to a focus on the retina. In proof that too great convexity of the cornea does not produce near-sightedness, may be urged the fact that this convexity is greatest in childhood, but, as Volkman observed, children are rarely near-sighted.

In regard to long-sightedness, if the alleged cause of it, viz., the flattening of the cornea and crystalline lens, existed, this would of necessity form the focus, other things being the same, behind the retina; but no proof was ever brought forward that this flattening actually did exist in the majority of cases. In adopting this explanation, its inconsistency with the fact that elderly persons still see far objects distinctly, seems to have been overlooked by physiologists. The persistence of this faculty was of itself sufficient evidence to make it probable that no

permanent change took place in the form of the lens, since this would impair the eye for seeing objects at a distance, as well as those near at hand. Kramer and Helmholtz have shown that the accommodation of the eye to seeing near objects depends upon a temporary change in the form of the lens, this becoming more and more convex as the object approaches the nearest point of distinct vision. This is proved by watching the relative position of the three images of a candle as seen reflected, 1st, from the front of the cornea; 2d, from the foremost or convex surface of the capsule of the lens; and 3d, from the hindmost or concave surface of this capsule. The image from this last is inverted, and that from the front of the capsule is in the middle of the three. The attention of the person whose eye is observed being directed to a distant point, if it be suddenly changed to a near one, in the same straight line with the first, so that no motion of the globe of the eye will be necessary, the central image will change its size, becoming smaller, showing that the reflecting surface has become more convex, and at the same time will change its place to one side, showing that the front of the lens has moved forward. The first and third images undergo little or no change. It is the loss of this power of changing the form of the lens, a power necessary to the distinct vision of near objects, that chiefly gives rise to long-sightedness in persons growing old. The inability to accommodate, according to Donders, depends upon the lens becoming harder, and therefore less compressive, and so offering greater resistance to the ciliary muscle, the chief agent in producing the compression required.

When directed to distant objects the accommodating power is at rest, so that the sense of effort is wholly absent. Most persons are, however, conscious of a distinct effort, and those who are becoming long-sighted, painfully so, when the eye is directed to a near object. It is commonly believed that near-sighted persons as they grow old acquire the power of seeing objects at ordinary distances, because their too convex refracting media become flattened with advancing age. This may and does happen to a slight degree in a few, but not in the majority of cases. For the most part, near-sighted persons as they grow old find that the near point of distinct vision recedes, while the far point undergoes but little change. This is an important fact in opposition to the theory of flattening heretofore so generally accepted, and is fully explained by the loss of the power of accommodation.—*Nation*.

It is easier to make a complete sacrifice which will fully satisfy conscience, than a half-sacrifice which falls short of it.—*Select Memoirs of Port Royal*.

STRENGTH OF WILL TO DO RIGHT.

While the error of a few is that overstrength of mere will which we call obstinacy or self-will, the error of the vast multitude is *feebleness of will*. The bodies of most control their minds. How many eat where reason would say abstain, or drink that which steals away the senses! How many are too feeble of purpose to lay aside an interesting book or pursuit at the hour when it infringes on other duties! What hours most waste in profitless reading! Indeed, there is a fascination and tyranny about the *present*, no matter what—company, passion or pleasure—feelings that we are all ashamed of afterwards.

The ancient moralists felt this as much as we do. Seneca says, in language quite as strong as that of St. Paul, that he sees the right and admires it, and the wrong and hates, while yet he practices it. Many persons seem to think it enough to admit all this without attempting to overcome it. In fact, to be weak of will, amiable and easily turned, they think a sort of Christian virtue. Yet it is one of the most radical of vices. For all character is determined by the will, which is therefore essential to all virtue. The glory of every human being is to have a strong will, which need not be self-willed, but bowed ever reverently to truth and justice and eternal law, and the Supreme Lawgiver. But there must be a vital strength of will to choose the right.

How to obtain this is the question. One clue is the observation that our strength is not the same on all subjects nor in all circumstances and associations. Weakness or strength of bodily health has much to do with this. Exercise and repose affect it. An overtaken nervous system will often be weak and irresolute, when half an hour's vigorous exercise or a sharp walk in the open air will renew it. The hour of the day will have much influence. On first rising in the morning the resolution is clear, comprehensive and strong, while at night it is often feeble. Hence the most successful men generally plan out the day early, and make their mark while the will is vigorous and undistracted. Sleep often restores this faculty. Habit has still more to do with it. Every success makes a future one in the same matter more easy and natural, while every instance of being subdued by circumstances makes every similar temptation proportionably powerful. Association has much to do with it. In the company of those we respect we are easily led.

He, therefore, who would rule his own spirit, and be strong, must attend to these conditions. Habits that secure the most perfect health are hence most favorable to virtue. Sound sleep, vigorous exercise, proper food, fresh air, thus become Christian duties, to be secured at almost any cost. The formation of *habits* such as shall secure the victory to all good choices, and the

defeat of evil allurements, will often render the rest of the struggle easy, or the resolute choice of suitable company, and the rejection of that known to be enslaving, may settle the whole question.

But there is *one* habit which, more than any other, before the business and confusion of the day he entered on, will strengthen the wisdom and the *will*—i. e., the practice of forecasting the whole difficulties, dangers and plan of the day devoutly in communion with the heavenly Father. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. As the moulting bird recovers youth and renewed energy from the process, so has man in all ages been found to do from real communion with the Father of Spirits. The power of vigorous *will* is thus most effectually increased. Dean Trench has thrown this thought into a most beautiful little poem, lately much quoted, though given more at length in the Hymns of the Ages:

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence can avail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
What parched grounds refresh us with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all the distant and the near
Stand forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;—
We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong—
That we are ever, ever borne with care—
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

THE BIRD TEACHER.

Some years ago, when the Australian gold-fever was hot in the veins of thousands, and fleets of ships were conveying them to that far-off uncultivated world, a poor old woman landed with the great multitude of rough and reckless men, who were fired to almost frenzy by dreams of ponderous nuggets and golden fortunes. For these they left behind them all the enjoyments, endearments, all the softening sanctities and surroundings of home and social life. For these they left mothers, wives, sisters and daughters. There they were, thinly tented in the rain and the dew and the mist, a busy, boisterous, womanless camp of diggers and grubbers, roughing and tumbling it in the scramble for gold mines, with no quiet Sabbath-breaks, nor Sabbath-songs, nor Sabbath-bell to measure off and sweeten a season of rest.

Well, the poor widow, who had her cabin within a few miles of "the diggings," brought with her but few comforts from the old homeland—a few simple articles of furniture, the Bible and psalm-book of her youth, and a lark to sing to her solitude the songs that had cheered her on the other side of the globe. And the little thing did it with all the fervor of its first notes.

In her cottage-window it sang to her hour by hour at her labor, with a voice never heard before on that wild continent. The strange birds of the land came circling around in their gorgeous plumage to hear it. Even four-footed animals, with grim countenance, paused to hear it. Then, one by one, came other listeners. They came reverently; and their voices softened into silence as they listened. Hard-visaged men, bare breasted and unshaven, came and stood gentle as girls; and tears came out upon many a tanned and sun-blistered cheek, as the little bird warbled forth the silvery treble of its song about the green hedges, the meadow-streams, and the cottage-homes of the fatherland. And they came near unto the lone widow with pebbles of gold in their hard and horny hands, and asked her to sell them the bird, that it might sing to them while they were bending to the pick and the spade. She was poor; and the gold was heavy; yet she could not sell the warbling joy of her life; but she told them that they might come whenever they would to hear it sing. So, on Sundays, having no other preacher, nor teacher, nor sanctuary-privilege, they came down in large companies from their gold-pits, and listened to the devotional (?) hymns of the lark, and became better and happier men for its music.—*Elihu Burritt.*

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

The eighty dollars credited to R. W. Moore for New Orleans Home should have been collections as follows:

Dr. Thomas Moore.....	\$20.00
A Friend.....	25.00
Mary Wright.....	15.00
Thos. B. and Lydia Longstreth.....	10.00
Jonathan Rittenhouse.....	5 00
Elizabeth Bacon.....	5.00

\$80.00

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer.*

4th mo. 1st. 1867.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received since last report:—

From City contributions.....	\$141.00
“ Women Friends of Sadsbury, Pa....	7.00
“ Friends of Warminster.....	17.00
“ Change, Cincinnati.....	.88
“ Sarah W. Doughton, Lumberton, N. J.....	5.00
“ Rachel Haines, Fallston, Md.....	10.00

\$180.88

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer.*

Phila. 4th mo. 6th, 1867. No. 30 N. Third St.

ITEMS.

Among the bills just signed by the Governor of Pennsylvania is one incorporating a society for “the prevention of cruelty to animals.” Similar societies have been instituted in many places, and their object

must enlist the sympathies of the residents of large cities, where the sad spectacle of overdriven and worn-out animals of draught is of too frequent occurrence.

THE RUSSIAN-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH.—The Western Union Telegraph Company has abandoned the Russian-American telegraph project, after expending, as they allege, three millions of dollars in explorations, in the purchase of materials, and in extending their lines eight hundred and fifty miles north of the capital of British Columbia. The reasons assigned, in a formal communication to the Secretary of State, for this step, are, that the success of the Atlantic Cable destroys the hopes of reaping a commercial profit from the new line as a means of communication with Europe, while the expectation that connecting links would be established, to extend southward from Northeastern Asia into China, India, and Japan, has proved delusive. The Secretary of State, in reply, regrets this decision, without questioning the wisdom of the action of the company, and says he does “not believe that the United States and Russia have given their faith to each other, and to the world, for the prosecution of that great enterprise in vain.”—*Philadelphia Press.*

The American department at the Paris Exposition is reported to be less complete in condition than the department of any other country; but this is a natural and almost inevitable consequence, when we consider that the European exhibitors sent their goods to Paris with less trouble than many Americans were subjected to in forwarding their packages to the point of departure from our country.

The Trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund determined upon a general plan, in session at New York, 3d mo. 28th. It was resolved that the promotion of Primary or Common School Education should be the leading object, and that in aid of it normal schools should be established in the Southern and South-Western States. Dr. Sears was chosen the General Agent, and intrusted with the whole charge of executing the plan, under the direction of the Trustees. George Peabody sent a letter to the Board, in which he says that in making this noble gift he designed to give absolute power to the Trustees in regard to its distribution. An Executive Committee of five gentlemen was appointed, and the distribution of the fund will be speedily begun.

Appleton & Co., book publishers, of that city, have magnanimously donated 100,000 volumes of school-books in aid of the liberality.

A Republican State Convention has been held in North Carolina, in which 100 whites and fifty colored delegates, representing fifty-six counties, were assembled. The resolutions adopted were “radical.”

An Asylum for Orphans, white and colored, has been established in Charleston, S. C., under the management of prominent citizens of New York. It is called the Col. Shaw Orphan Home, and it is ready to receive the fatherless and motherless—without distinction of color. Gilbert Pillsbury (brother of Parker) is the Superintendent, and his wife, the matron, is said to be one of the ablest teachers in all the South; and it is difficult to see how the orphans of South Carolina could be better provided for, either physically or intellectually.

There is a prospect that the cotton crop of the present year will be much larger than that of 1866, and not much below the average crop raised previous to the war. Thousands of planters in the South have already discovered that slavery was a curse to the master as well as to the bondman, and that freedom promotes prosperity as well as justice.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXIV.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 20, 1867.

No. 7.

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it is received, in any part of the United States, is 20 cents a year.

AGENTS—Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*

Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

William H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*

James Baynes, *Baltimore, Md.*

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF F. W. ROBERTSON.

BY SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

(Continued from page 83.)

The first series of Robertson's published discourses consists of those delivered at Brighton, during three years, commencing in 1849. We are informed in the Preface that "these are not notes previously prepared, nor are they sermons written before delivery. They are simply 'Recollections,' sometimes dictated by the preacher himself to the younger members of a family in which he was interested, at their urgent entreaty; sometimes written out by himself for them when they were at a distance, and unable to attend his ministry."

The sixth sermon in this series is entitled, "The shadow and the substance of the Sabbath." It embraces some very lucid views on a subject that now claims much attention, and the whole of it is well worthy of perusal. The text is, "Let no man therefore judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a holiday, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days: which are a shadow of things to come; but the body is of Christ." Col. ii. 16, 17.

He observes that peculiar difficulties attend the discussion of the subject of the Sabbath. "If we take the strict and ultra ground of Sabbath observance, basing it on the rigorous requirements of the fourth commandment, we take ground which is not true, and all untruth, whether it be an over statement or a half-truth,

recoils upon itself. If we impose on men a burden which cannot be borne, and demand a strictness which, possible in theory, is impossible in practice, men recoil,—we have asked too much, and they give us nothing; the result is an open, wanton and sarcastic desecration of the Day of Rest."

"If we say the Sabbath is shadow, this is only half the truth. The apostle adds, 'the body is of Christ.' . . . Hence, a very natural and simple division of our subject suggests itself: 1. The transient shadow of the Sabbath, which has passed away. 2. The permanent substance, which cannot pass.

Under the first of these heads he says:

"The history of the Sabbath is this:—It was given by Moses to the Israelites, partly as a sign between God and them, marking them off from all other nations by its observance; partly as commemorative of their deliverance from Egypt. And the reason why the seventh day was fixed on, rather than the sixth or eighth, was, that on that day God rested from his labor. The soul of man was to form itself on the model of the Spirit of God."

"There is not in the Old Testament a single trace of the observance of the Sabbath before the time of Moses." "The observance of one day in seven is therefore purely Jewish. The Jewish obligation to observe it rested on the enactment given by Moses. The Spirit of its observance, too, is Jewish and not Christian. There is a difference between the spirit of Ju-

daism and that of Christianity. The spirit of Judaism is separation—that of Christianity is permeation. To separate the evil from the good was the aim and work of Judaism; to sever one nation from all other nations; certain meats from other meats; certain days from other days. Sanctify means to set apart. The very essence of the idea of Hebrew holiness lay in sanctification in the sense of separation.

On the contrary, Christianity is permeation: it premeates all evil with good; it aims at overcoming evil by good; it desires to transfuse the spirit of the day of rest into all other days, and to spread the holiness of one nation over all the world. To saturate life with God, and the world with heaven,—that is the genius of Christianity.

Accordingly the observance of the Sabbath was entirely in the Jewish spirit. No fire was permitted to be made, on pain of death. (Exod. xxxv. 3.) No food was to be prepared. (xvi. 5, 23.) No buying nor selling. (Nehem. x. 31.) So rigorously was all this carried out, that a man gathering sticks was arraigned before the congregation and sentenced to death by Moses.

This is Jewish, typical, shadowy:—it is all to pass away. Much already has passed; even those who believe our Lord's day to be the descendant of the Sabbath admit this. The day is changed. The first day of the week has taken the place of the seventh. The computation of hours is altered. The Jews reckoned from sunset to sunset; modern Christians reckon from midnight to midnight. The spirit of its observance, too, is altered. No one contends now for Jewish strictness in its details."

"It will be said, however, the works of necessity and works of mercy are excepted by Christ's example.

Tell us, then, ye who are servants of the letter, and yet do not scruple to use a carriage to convey you to some church where a favorite minister is heard, is that a spiritual necessity, or a spiritual luxury? Part of the Sunday meal of all of you is the result of a servant's work. Tell us, then, ye accurate logicians, who say that nothing escapes the rigor of the prohibition, which is not necessary or merciful, is a hot repast a work of necessity, or a work of mercy? Oh! it rouses in every true soul a deep and earnest indignation to hear men who drive their cattle to church on Sundays, because they are too emasculated to trudge through cold and rain on foot, invoke the severity of an insulted Law of the Decalogue on those who provide facilities of movement for such as cannot afford the luxury of a carriage. What, think you, would He who blighted the Pharisees with such burning words have said, had He been present by, while men whose servants clean their houses, and prepare their meals, and

harness their horses, stand up to denounce the service on some railway by which the poor are helped to health and enjoyment? Hired service for the rich is a necessity,—hired service for the poor is a desecration of the Sabbath! It is right that a thousand should toil for the few in private! It is past bearing, in a Christian country, that a few should toil for thousands on the Sabbath-day!

There is only this alternative: If the fourth commandment be binding still, that clause is unrepealed—"no manner of work;" and so, too, is that other important part, the sanctification of the seventh day, and not the first. If the fourth commandment be not binding in these points, then there is nothing left but the broad comprehensive ground taken by the apostle. The whole Sabbath is a shadow of things to come. In consistency, either hold that none of the formal part is abrogated, or else all. The whole of the letter of the commandment is moral, or else none.

2. There is, however, in the Sabbath, a substance, a permanent something,—a "body" which cannot pass away.

"The body is of Christ;" the spirit of Christ is the fulfilment of the law. To have the spirit of Christ is to have fulfilled the law. Let us hear the mind of Christ on this matter.

"The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath! In that principle rightly understood lies the clue for unravelling the whole matter. The religionists of that day maintained that the necessities of man's nature must give way to the rigor of the enactment; He taught that the enactment must yield to man's necessities."

"Moses prescribed the Sabbath to a nation spiritually diseased. He gave the regimen of rest to men who did not feel the need of spiritual rest. He fenced round his rule with precise regulations of detail—one day in seven, no work, no fire, no traffic. On what does the obligation to obey it rest? On the authority of the rule, or on the necessities of that nature for which the rule was divinely adapted? Was man made for the Sabbath to obey it as a slave? Or was the Sabbath made for man? And when spiritual health has been restored, the Law regulating the details of rest may become obsolete, but the nature which demands rest can never be reversed."

"If the Sabbath rest on the needs of human nature, and we accept his decision that the Sabbath was made for man, then you have an eternal ground to rest on, from which you cannot be shaken. A son of man may be lord of the Sabbath day, but he is not lord of his own nature. He cannot make one hair white or black. You may abrogate the formal rule, but you cannot abrogate the needs of your own soul. Eternal as the constitution of the soul of

man, is the necessity for the existence of a day of rest. Further, still, on this ground alone can you find an impregnable defence of the *proportion*, one day in seven. On the other ground it is unsafe. Having altered the seventh to the first, I know not why one in seven might not be altered to one in ten. The thing, however, has been tried; and by the necessities of human nature, the change has been found pernicious. One day in ten, prescribed by revolutionary France, was actually pronounced by physiologists insufficient. So that we begin to find that in a deeper sense than we at first suspected, "the Sabbath was made for man." Even in the contrivance of one day in seven, it was arranged by unerring wisdom. Just because the Sabbath was made for man, and not because man was ordained to keep the Sabbath-day, you cannot tamper even with the iota, one day in seven."

"The rest needed by man is twofold. Physical repose of the body,—a need which he shares with the animal, through the lower nature which he shares in common with them. 'Thou shalt do no work, nor thy cattle,'—so far, man's Sabbath need places him only on a level with the ox and with the ass.

But besides this, the rest demanded is a repose of spirit. Between these two kinds of rest there is a very important difference. Bodily repose is simply inaction: the rest of the soul is exercise, not torpor. To do nothing is physical rest: to be engaged in full activity is the rest of the soul.

In that hour, which of all the twenty-four is most emblematic of heaven, and suggestive of repose, the eventide, in which instinctively Isaac went into the fields to meditate,—when the work of the day is done, when the mind has ceased its tension, when the passions are lulled to rest, in spite of themselves, by the spell of the quiet star-lit sky,—it is then, amid the silence and the lull of all the lower parts of our nature, that the soul comes forth to do its work. Then the peculiar strange work of the soul, which the intellect cannot do—meditation—begins. Awe, and worship, and wonder, are in full exercise; and Love begins then in its purest form of mystic adoration, and pervasive and undefined tenderness—separate from all that is coarse and earthly—swelling as if it would embrace the All in its desire to bless, and lose itself in the sea of the Love of God. This is the Rest of the soul—the exercise and play of all the nobler powers."

"The apostle urges charity: "One man esteemeth one day above another; another man esteemeth every day alike." . . . "He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he regardeth it not." Carry out that spirit. In the detail of this question there is abundant

difficulty. It is a question of degree. Some work must be done on the Sabbath-day; some must sacrifice their rest to the rest of others; for all human life is sacrifice, voluntary or involuntary. Again, that which is rest to one man is not rest to another. To require the illiterate man to read his Bible for some hours, would impose a toil to him, though it might be a relaxation to you. To the laboring man a larger proportion of the day must be given to the recreation of his physical nature than is necessary to the man of leisure, to whom the spiritual observance of the day is easy and seems all. Let us learn large charitable considerateness. Let not the poor man sneer at his richer neighbor if, in the exercise of his Christian liberty, he uses his horses to convey him to church, and not to the mere drive of pleasure; but then, in fairness, let not the rich man be shocked and scandalized if the over-wearied shopkeeper and artisan breathe the fresh air of heaven with their families in the country. "The Sabbath was made for man." Be generous, consistent, large-minded. A man may hold stiff, precise, Jewish notions on this subject; but do not stigmatize that man as a formalist. Another may hold large Paul-like views of the abrogation of the fourth commandment, and yet he may be sincerely and zealously anxious for the hallowing of the day in his household and through his country. Do not call that man a Sabbath-breaker. Remember the Pharisees called the Son of God a Sabbath-breaker. They kept the law of the Sabbath; they broke the law of love. Which was the worse to break? which was the higher law to keep? Take care lest in the zeal which seems to you to be for Christ, ye be found indulging their spirit, and not His."

(To be continued.)

We should feel sorrow, but not sink under its impression. The heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 85.)

To—

19th of Third month, 1836.—Thy last called forth many a fervent aspiration for our mutual preservation, support and advancement. Ah! we must cleave to our only sure refuge, our stronghold, our very present helper,—and then all will be well; and we shall be conducted through all our exercises and strait places, receiving the end of our faith. O! it is sweet to be permitted in travelling along this weary land, to give and receive a greeting in spirit,—to be refreshed together as before the Lord, and to be made to feel that we are members.

one of another;—that we are not without companions in warfare and suffering; and cheered up by the countenance of a friend, by even a few lines, or by a hearty extension of the right hand of fellowship. It reminds me of David, and of his friend Jonathan, who “strengthened his hand in God;” and we may instructively, and without presumption, refer to the circumstances of these individuals, with some degree of application to our own case. O! the trials and strait places, in which some of us are placed in the present day:—and how clear does it appear, that if we flinch not, but are faithful to all that the Lord requires of us, to be, to do, and to suffer, for his cause and people, we shall be made instruments, in our measure, to carry forward his good work, to stand in the breach, and to be (whatever we may think of ourselves) as saviours on mount Zion, to judge the mount of Esau, yea, to turn the battle to the gate. The Lord will assuredly, in his own time and way, send deliverance to his little ones; for the Lamb and his followers must have dominion and victory. Those who are engaged on the Lord’s side, and bound to stand by and uphold his pure cause, cannot escape the peculiar notice of the all-seeing eye of the Captain of salvation; who will not fail to promote, to honor, to make use of, and to dignify, His true-hearted, firm-handed soldiers. So look ye to it,—and O! my soul, look thou to it,—that we lose not any portion of that weight of glory, which the Lord designs for us,—any portion of that line of usefulness, or of suffering, which would devolve upon us. Let us not plead any excuses, whether it be trade, family, our own meanness or insignificance; nor yet like one of old, say to the servant of the Lord, “If thou wilt go with me, *then* I will go,” &c.—lest it be said, “the journey,” or the proceeding, “shall not be for thine honor.” O! for an unreserved sacrifice, and a going on in the strength of the Lord, which is made perfect in weakness; and also, a standing still in the true faith, to see and to wait for his salvation revealed, and his arm made bare for our help.

I may assure thee, my dear friend, that thy exercises and self-humiliating baptisms are only such as are common to us all, and no more than needful for the best of us,—to drive us home to the preserving power, to lay us low and keep us there; and are rather marks, how tenderly and closely our holy Head and High Priest, our keeper and shade upon the right hand, hedges us about, as Satan said was Job’s favored lot; not leaving us to ourselves, as we are ready to suppose; but constantly interposing with his fatherly chastenings and stripes;—because he loves us, and hath a purpose of his own glory in our close proving and refining, as his choice jewels and gold of Ophir. Dear ———, believe it is even so, in all thy overturnings and toss-

ings. Ah! would he have received a burnt-offering at our hands, and would he have shown us all these things if He were displeased and ready to reject us? as Manoah’s wife pleaded. Yea, though He slay thee, trust in Him; humble thyself low before him, and in due season all will work together for thy exceeding good,—for thy great enlargement in the things of God. Therefore, be patient unto the coming, and through all the dispensations, of thy wonderful Counsellor. I believe the little ones have no cause unduly to fear, or to let in discouragement and doubts. However, though we may be permitted to be trampled upon and broken to pieces, yet the blessed Truth will outlive it all.

To J. B——, Cornwall.

STONE NEWINGTON, 29th of Third month, 1836.

My Beloved Friend.—It is a blessed privilege to be given to drink into one Spirit, and to be renewedly baptized together; so that, whatever apparent occasions of interruption come between, or clouds of temptation, floods of affliction, mountains of opposition, wild wastes and howling wildernesses,—we know that the Lord is over all;—we know in whom we have believed;—we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren; and we know that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him. Although since thou wrote I have had my portion of trial in many respects, more than my allotment seemed to bring with it; in looking back, however, although my tears have at times been as it were my meat day and night, yet the Lord hath not been wanting to command his loving-kindness in the day time, and in the night season too; His song has been with me, and my prayer has been to the God of my life. I am even ready to think, that it is through the prayers of many, more fit to plead prevailingly than myself; that I am now in the land of the living, bodily and spiritually too;—and as earnest and as willing at least, if not as able as ever I was, to wield the weapons of our warfare, in a cause dear to me as life itself, because crowned with immortality and blessedness. I cannot say, “I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord;”—but I can say, “while I live, will I praise the Lord; I will sing unto my God, while I have my being.”

My general health is wonderfully upheld, and I have no suffering in my knee, apparently nothing but debility from disuse and disease; yet this I am continually sensible of, that my times are in His hand, and He who has laid low, can do as it seems good in His sight, even “raise up and confirm the feeble knees.” O! what encouragement to present and commit ourselves to Him under every dispensation, and thus to be allowed to feel, that whether we live or die, we are the Lord’s.

Under precious feelings like these, when unable to attend meetings, I have longed to be preserved, but as one of the wrestling seed of worm Jacob; who, when he had rested on the pillow of stone, did not forget to place it up as a pillar and a testimony to the Lord, who appeared unto him, and spake comfortably to him;—even that He was with him, and would keep him in all places whither he went; and would not leave him, but would fulfil all He had spoken to him. But what shall I say, "Though bonds and afflictions" abide; yet through all, some of us are encouraged beyond expectation, and are obliged to hope against hope. "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord:"—"a deceitful tongue shall not be found in their mouth; for they shall feed and lie down, and none shall make them afraid." "It is enough for the servant to be as his master:"—where I am, there shall also my servant be," whether in tribulation or otherwise. It is a fine lesson to learn, in whatsoever state we are permitted to be, therewith to be content,—everywhere and in all things to be instructed.

The only time of late that I have been out to meeting, was last First-day week, when I had a sweet time; my mind was clothed with grateful and humbling feelings, to which I had to give utterance;—"O how great is thy goodness," &c. There may be, thou knowest, a great door and an effectual one opened, where there are many adversaries. I am privileged with many visits from Friends, visitors or strangers, and sometimes have to speak very plainly to them on our duty in these times, which I believe is, to be honest, firm, and uncompromising.

I have nearly exhausted my paper, and a person would hardly know from it that I had so many near and dear to me in your county; yet they know it, whether they see these lines or not, and whether I expressly address them or not: we are as living epistles to one another, while and so long as the ministration of the Spirit is impressed upon our hearts. Ah! I cannot easily forget how my poor, dull heart, was made to yearn towards your dear family, from one end to the other.

Parents peculiarly have to plow and sow with tears, often feeling their own infirmities, and how little they can do: but the Lord often interferes for their help; and perhaps, when they are laid in the dust, brings about and fulfils all their petitions, even to the letter. My love to the Friends, and to the poor of the flock, who wait upon the Lord for mercy; grace and peace be renewed unto them at all times.

Farewell: thy affectionate friend,

J. B.

To ———.

22d of Eighth month, 1836.—Thy last

seemed to convey a low account. "Behold we count them happy that endure;"—the spirit of glory and of consolation is specially provided for these: and however bitter the chastening may be at the time, yet afterward it cannot but yield peaceable and blessed fruits, to those rightly exercised, and endeavoring to be given up thereto. The furnace is even made and heated for the gold, and for nothing else but that which is worth refining: therefore, what a blessed thing to be counted worthy to be chastened, as a dear child of the Lord, and not to be left to one's self. O! thou knowest not what are the all-wise, all-merciful intentions of our Wonderful Counsellor towards thee, and how he would work in, and for, and also through thee. Nothing is too hard for Him; and all things are possible unto his simply obedient children who believe,—He is able to do all things for them: these he will never leave nor forsake, but keep in the hollow of his hand, and as the apple of the eye. Not one trial, not one pang will such have to pass through, more than there is a "need be" for, or more than there will be made to work for good unto them, both here and for ever.

My secret petition is, that you may each discern what his good pleasure is concerning you, and concerning each other, lest in any wise you mistake it; and thus miss of any thing that did really belong to you. May you be wholly given up, and give up each other freely, to His ordering and service, whose gifts you are to one another; lest if there be even the shadow of a withholding and drawing back, the Lord should withdraw his hand so full of blessings temporal and spiritual. We may easily reason away the tender and gentle touches of his hand, so as to doubt whether they are the requirings of the Lord; and those who are very jealous of his honor, or clear in their discerning respecting the standing and steppings and outgoings of others, have the greater occasion to beware of placing so strong a guard against all outgoings, as to cramp or cripple either themselves, or those with whom they have influence. These are days in which the enemy would persuade some of us that we had better do nothing, lest we should do wrong, or in our attempts to aid the cause, only give pain and trouble to the rightly exercised by our meddling. But O! how otherwise is the fact! what preservation, what help, what direction, and qualification, have the simple hearted received, whose strength is made perfect in an humbling sense of their own weakness;—out of weakness they are made strong. My beloved friend, I must go further, and urge on thee to weigh well, (but without undue carefulness, discouragement or distrust,) whether there is not a call upon you to double diligence in coming up, in a noble, disinterested, unbending and unblush-

ing way, to the help of the Lord and his church,—to stand in the breach, and fill up your ranks, as those that are deeply concerned for the spreading, as well as the upholding of the testimonies of Truth. Ah! it is high time that all who have been awakened to a sense of the state of things in our poor church, were “up,” to retrieve and turn the battle to the gate. The enemy, and his willing instruments are busy indeed; we see the fruits springing forth on every hand; and there are few given up to withstand him in a true-hearted, uncompromising, plainness and boldness. May we then join in an unqualified surrender of our all, to the disposing of Him, who would work in us and for us, and also through us mightily, to the subduing of all within us that would choose, or refuse, or chalk out our own line for ourselves, entrencing ourselves in the rectitude of our own wills and counsels: whereas, we should be tender as the growing vine, and teachable as the weaned babe,—no fretting,—but with mortified wills even slain and nailed to the cross. The time is verily come, when men shall be, and are, lovers of their own selves, I know; but the time is also coming, when, if I have any true vision of what shall be the end and issue of these shaking times, men shall not love their lives unto death; but lay down their lives for the brethren, forego their ceiled houses, their “pleasant bread,” and their couches of ivory, their boats and their nets, and their father, to become fishers of men; and count all things but loss.

(To be continued.)

He is a brave Christian who has much of Christ within, and who accounts nothing his own that he does not communicate to others. The bee stores her hive out of all sorts of flowers, for the common benefit, and why then, in this, should not every Christian be like a bee?

LETTERS FROM SARAH G. RICH.

(Concluded from page 86.)

PHILADELPHIA, 4th mo. 13th, 1856.

My dear — :—Thy letter of 3d month was received with a pleasure which those only know whose means of social enjoyment are brought to what mine are, which, whilst I desire not to murmur, are certainly calculated to affix a high value to the few resources of enjoyment left. And this of conversing in this way with an absent friend is one I value highly, and should feel it quite an additional affliction to be deprived of; yet, I trust if this is to be my experience that strength will be given me; for I must believe we are wonderfully cared for by a Father of too tender love and mercy to permit any thing to fall upon us which, in His goodness, He will not give us strength to bear, if there is a looking unto Him for strength. I think I have in measure proven, “As our day

is, so shall our strength be.” I feel it is not presumption so to speak; for what greater evidence of Divine Goodness than that nothing is too weak, too insignificant, to claim His mercy and protecting care? If not even a sparrow falls unnoticed by Him, surely we, in whom He has breathed the breath of life, shall not be forgotten by Him; and to be willing thus to acknowledge it, is only “to speak our Maker’s praise.” In the fulness of the heart exclaiming—“To Thee, to Thee alone, belongs all the praise.”

27th.—This being one of our quiet days, I feel a wish to add something to my letter commenced two weeks ago. Thou queries how I am. There appears but little change in me since thou saw me last. The very cause (Erysipelas) which gives fulness and often a deep glow to the face, is one of the greatest causes of my suffering. This winter has been a very trying one to most, and to me, even with every outward comfort, it has in many ways been very trying; so much suffering with my head, and in various other ways, which I seldom say much about. But through all I have much, very much, to be thankful for; and especially so when comparing my case with such as thou mentions; and all I crave is that patience may endure to the end. The remembrance of our friend is very grateful. She surely is a redeemed spirit, and yet we find for some cause trials are still dispensed to her. Why, it is not for us to know, and “what we can’t unravel we must learn to trust.”

Surely it can be no part of the wisdom of Divine Goodness and mercy to permit afflictions to visit His children, unless there is a purpose. What this purpose is, I well know, in our weak finite vision, we are apt to call in question; ready to say why is it that I should be afflicted so much more than others? Why should I be as it were “a mark for the archers to aim at?” Others have all the enjoyment to be derived from health—the society of their friends—and various resources, from which I am greatly excluded; and instead, years of suffering and privation have been meted out to me. Why, oh, why, is it so? at times says the rebellious spirit within me. But, again: Seasons there are when all that is within me can and does say,—“What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits;” for “His mercies are new every morning.” And of what little moment will it be when we reach that shore “where every tear is wiped from every eye” whether our passage here has been strewn with thorns or roses. Truly little indeed; therefore my soul’s desire is to “bide my time,” trusting that “He who doeth all things well,” would not, without a wise purpose, permit afflictions to fall upon even the least of His little ones; and in this trust do I ever desire to live the present moment, leav-

ing the rest to Him who cannot err. "Or life or death is equal—neither weighs—all weight in this: Oh, let me live to Thee."

Hoping soon to hear from thee, I lay aside the pen under the feeling which warrants subscribing myself thy friend,

SARAH G. RICH.

PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

From the Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of Dr. Thomas S. Kirkbride, Superintendent of the hospital, we extract the following judicious remarks, which are applicable to every community, and well worthy the serious consideration of every individual who is interested in the prosperity of the human race.—EDS.

Much of the ill health, loss of property, domestic difficulties, disappointed expectations, and mental anxiety, in not a few instances, were the consequences of intemperance on the part of parents, husbands, or other members of families, and without which the disease would not have been developed. That intemperance is steadily on the increase in both sexes and with all classes of people there can hardly be a question. It is indeed rapidly becoming the great vice of our age and country, giving to the criminal courts the largest share of their business, filling up the wards of our hospitals and other charitable institutions, crowding our almshouses, and blighting the fairest hopes and brightest anticipations of whole families in every walk of life. In its immediate and secondary results it assumes an importance that can hardly be overestimated. Without wishing in the slightest degree to discourage any efforts for the cure of this terrible vice, I may be allowed to say that the field for philanthropic labor that will yield the best fruits, and which is worthy of the efforts of all who love their fellow-men, will be found in earnest and persistent efforts for its prevention, especially among the young, and those whose habits are not yet so fully formed but that reason may be appealed to for their preservation. If it may be called a disease, intemperance is really a most intractable one. It is infinitely more difficult to manage than insanity, and although the latter has often (incorrectly perhaps) been called the greatest of human afflictions, intemperance is not a less serious one. The curability of insanity, when promptly and properly treated, is more than 80 per cent., while every one knows that cases of intemperance would present a much less favorable record—and as regards relapses, while in insanity they are only occasional, with the intemperate they are of extremely common occurrence. The frequency with which, of late years, advice is asked in regard to inebriates, the many applications for their admission into hospitals for

the insane, and numerous facts known only in professional confidence, are the grounds for the remarks which have just been made and for suggestions as to one or two of the causes to which those who come here most frequently attribute their troubles. Of these, the general practice of social drinking, especially with the young,—often commenced at a very early age, and not very unfrequently, it is to be feared, even in the mansions of those who would be shocked with the suggestion that they were contributing to the ruin of any one,—the influence of the example of their elders, and a bringing-up which has not given the moral courage to refuse what is so common, are unquestionably the most prominent; and next to these, beyond a doubt, is the familiar use of stimulants as a remedy for nervous feelings. Among females I fear that much of an increase that can hardly be questioned is clearly attributable to this latter cause. I would not wish to be considered as underrating the value of stimulants in many cases of disease, and in many conditions of life, but to be most efficient in these, it is necessary that their use should not already have become habitual. Stimulants that are given to nervous patients should come from the apothecary; like other medicines, they should be combined with ingredients that would somewhat disguise their true character, and they should be taken in measured quantities and at fixed times, as other liquid medicines are commonly given.

Although so many more men are recorded as the subjects of this vice, woman seems really to be the greatest sufferer from the prevalence of intemperance in any community. Such certainly is the result of our experience here. No household can be what it should be, when a single member of it is the victim of this vice, whose dark shadow is ever over all that would otherwise make life attractive and home happy.

As woman suffers most, so, if rightly exercised, might her influence do most to banish the evil from amongst men, especially in the higher walks of life. If the daughters as well as the mothers of the land would on all occasions express in unmistakable terms their detestation of what may have been called the indiscretion of their acquaintances, should show that intemperance is a complete bar to all confidence, and frown sternly on such of the habits of society, which a little reflection would teach them, must sooner or later be destructive to the prospects and happiness of some one in whom they are interested, and, perhaps, of their own, more deeply than they would be willing to acknowledge—there can hardly be a doubt but that the result would soon show that they are capable of wielding an influence in this direction, more potent than all the sermons or lectures which good men have ever delivered.

The pernicious effects of the use of tobacco

are much greater than is generally supposed. In certain temperaments it produces symptoms of an alarming character, and not unfrequently is the cause of obscure and obstinate ailments, connected especially with the gastric and nervous systems. This has often been seen here very strikingly, when patients after being without a supply for a long time have again commenced its use. Even the most obtuse of those about the patients could not fail in many cases to observe its effects. The use of tobacco and the use of alcoholic stimulants seem to have at least one somewhat similar effect on those who have long been addicted to them, and that is an inability to perceive any injurious consequences in their own cases, however obvious they may be to most others. The effects of tobacco on most of the inmates of a hospital for the insane are such that, on hygienic grounds, even if there were no others, its use should be entirely interdicted in all such institutions. I have never seen the slightest injury result from the immediate and total breaking off of the habit of using tobacco, and the experience of this hospital is a large one in this particular.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 20, 1867.

CORRECTION.—The article which appeared in this paper on the 6th inst., entitled "Labor-saving among the Indians," should have been credited to the New York Post, and that which appeared last week, on "Strength of Will to do Right," should have been credited to the Public Ledger of this city. We regret these omissions, which arose from oversight on the part of the printer.

MARRIED, on the evening of 10th of Fourth month, 1867, in accordance with the order of the Religious Society of Friends, under the care of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, WM. PEARL TEST, a member of Greenwich Monthly Meeting, son of William and the late Elizabeth Test, to MARTHA VIRGINIA HAINES, daughter of Ephraim T. and Sarah B. Haines (the former deceased.)

—, on Fifth-day, the 14th of Second month, 1867, with the approbation of Olear Creek Monthly Meeting, ABRAHAM WALKER VAIL, of LaSalle Co., Ill., to SARAH ELIZABETH MILLS, daughter of Henry and Esther Mills, of Putnam Co., Ill.

—, on Fifth-day, the 14th of Third month, 1867, by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of Jesse and Eliza Smith, MORRIS A. WILSON, son of Amos and Anna Wilson, to MARY V. SMITH, all of Magnolia, Putnam Co., Ill.

—, on the 14th of Third month, 1867, at the residence of the bride's father, Samuel M. Lippincott, MORRIS THOMAS to MARIA C. LIPPINCOTT, all of Woodstown, Salem Co., N. J.

DIED, at her residence in Yorktown, N. Y., on the 9th of Third month, 1867, of consumption, ELIZA H., wife of Jesse H. Griffen, in the 28th year of her age. Thus early in life has been taken from our midst one who by her fruits gave unmistakable evidence of the possession of that faith by which alone, through

grace, salvation comes,—one who felt that *example* was more needed than precept. She was an affectionate companion, a tender mother, a sympathizing friend, and loved by all who knew her.

—, at his residence in Springboro, on the 9th of Third month, 1867, JOHN MULLIN, in the 76th year of his age.

—, suddenly, near Milton, Wayne Co., Ind., on Fourth-day morning, 3d of Fourth month, 1867, ALLEN GRIFFITH, in the 66th year of his age; a member of the Society of Friends. He was a native of York Co., Pa., and formerly a member of Monaca Monthly Meeting of Friends.

—, in Rahway, N. J., on the 15th of Eighth month, 1866, ELIZABETH V. SHOTWELL, widow of Abel Shotwell, and daughter of Abraham and Margaret Vail, in the 85th year of her age; an esteemed member and for many years an Elder of Rahway and Plainfield Monthly Meeting, and a diligent attender of meeting during most of her life. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

—, on First-day afternoon, 7th of Fourth month, at the residence of his brother, Thomas H. Speakman, CHARLES SPEAKMAN, in his 28th year; a member of Concord Monthly Meeting, Pa.

—, on the 28th of Third month, near Long Branch, N. J., SARAH L. GILLINGHAM, formerly of Frankford, Pa., in her 83d year.

—, at Pleasant Hill, Byberry, Pa., on Fourth-day, Fourth month 10th, ANN SAY BUDD, in her 84th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FREEDMEN'S SCHOOL AT LINCOLN, VA.

I have read with much interest the extracts from reports that have been submitted by the teachers of several colored schools, and which have appeared in the Intelligencer.

I believe no published account has yet been given of the school at Lincoln, Loudon county, Va., and it has occurred to me that a brief statement of its beginning and progress might be a subject of some interest to the friends of the long neglected freedman.

A year ago this spring Samuel M. Janney donated to them a building lot and a small house, which the colored men repaired, one of their own number doing the necessary carpenter work. Their good friends on Long Island kindly offered to support the school, and "Friends' Association of Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of Freedmen" contributed a generous supply of books, slates, cards, &c. In the autumn the house was enlarged and improved to accommodate the increased number of pupils. The freedmen are indebted to the kindness and generosity of Joseph Willetts, of Brooklyn, for the necessary funds to make the above-mentioned improvements.

The school is now being taught by Isabella Skillman, and the marked progress which has been made by many pupils, and the respect and deference with which she has been treated by all, give abundant evidence that her untiring devotion to the good work, at one of the most disagreeable seasons of the year, has not been without its reward.

The school this last winter has been composed almost entirely of men—57 in number, and averaging during Second month, 47. Our winter has been an unusually inclement one, the roads having been for weeks almost impassable. Yet such has been their eagerness to enjoy the long-denied privilege of obtaining knowledge from books, that many of them have walked four and five miles; and two of the most earnest students have walked during the entire winter a distance of seven miles to the school.

At the commencement of the winter term the majority of the pupils were able to read a little in the primer—only two out of the whole number had any idea of figures—but one, had ever written any. Now, not one is reading in the primer; all have been promoted, and have learned to make the figures, and are ciphering, several of them having just commenced in fractions; and every one has learned to write all the letters, while some of them are able to write sentences, and even letters to their friends. This much has been accomplished in three months.

In many instances families have been found that had not suitable clothing for their children to wear to school; and to these the contents of the boxes forwarded from Friends on Long Island have been especially acceptable. A few days since a woman, who came for assistance in clothing her children, said,—“Those people at the North had a *heap* of good in them, else things *wouldn't be as they is*,”—alluding to the abolition of slavery; “but,” continued she, “they will have their reward.”

In a conversation with the teacher a few days since she informed me that the conduct of her pupils had been irreproachable; that among the fifty men who were often in attendance on the same day, she had never heard an improper or profane word.

Before closing this article I will give one instance of the great desire they manifest to gain the esteem and good will of “Miss Belle.” The morning was stormy, the snow lay deep upon the ground, and it was altogether unfit for the teacher to go from her home to the school-house. One of the most advanced scholars was simply asked to go down and teach the school for the day, without any message being sent relative to their behaviour, and when he came to make his report at night, he said “that he got along very nicely in teaching them, and that they behaved ‘uncommonly good.’”

With such evidences constantly before us of earnest endeavor and grateful hearts on the part of these people, whose intellects are just being awakened and enlightened, who would shrink from lending a helping hand, and using all his influence to forward the good work?

Lincoln, Va., 4th mo. 4th, 1867. E.

ON THE AGRICULTURAL ANT OF TEXAS.

(Continued from page 94.)

I have often seen them have prisoners, always of their own species. I could not discover the nature of the offence that led to the arrestment; still I have no doubt as to the fact of its being so, and that the prisoner is very roughly forced along contrary to its inclination. There is never more than a single guard having charge of a prisoner, who, by some means, having obtained the advantage, and attacking from behind, had succeeded in seizing it with the mandibles over the smallest part of its back, and so long as it maintains this grip, it is out of the reach of harm from the prisoner.

In some cases the prisoner quietly submits, and folding up its legs, forces the captor to carry it along like a dead ant, as I thought it really was, until I caused its captor to drop it; when, to my surprise, it immediately sprang to its feet, and, running wildly, succeeded in making its escape. It occurs more frequently, however, that the prisoner does not give up so tamely, but continues to make every effort to rid itself of its detainer. I have many times observed the prisoner manifesting all the indications of terror and great reluctance at being so unceremoniously dragged along. It will lay hold of and cling to everything that comes in reach, and by this means greatly retard the progress of its captor. When at last they arrive on the city pavement, half a dozen or more of the national guard, who are always on duty, rush upon the prisoner, aiding the seemingly fatigued captor, who still maintains its potent grip upon the now almost helpless prisoner, seize it by the arms, legs, everywhere, and in a very rough manner hurry it down into the entrance to the city, and out of the reach of further observation.

The agricultural ant is very tenacious of life. I discovered the head of one at 4 P. M. on Sunday, and the head remained alive, retaining sufficient strength by pressing with its antennae against the slip of glass upon which it lay to move itself and change its position, until 10 A. M. the next day.

It seems to be an established law amongst all species of ants, and particularly with the species in question, that when any disaster occurs to their city, the first thing to be done is to take care of the young, and, if possible, secure their safety; and so, when by any accident one of their cities gets torn up, it will be seen that they universally rush to the nursery apartment; and every one that can, takes up an egg, the pupæ, the young in any stage of advancement, and will save its life or lose its own. As far as I can understand and read their actions, every one understands its duty, and will do it or lose its life. I have observed the guards; when a

sudden shower of rain would come up, run to the entrance of the city, and there meeting with another party coming up from below, would crowd themselves together in the hole in such manner as to form a complete obstruction to the ingress of the water, and there remain overwhelmed with the accumulating rain until it ceased. If the shower continues over fifteen minutes, they are found to be still closely wedged in the aperture and all dead; and there they remain until the balance of the pavement guards, who, during the shower, had climbed some weed or blade of grass that grew near the border of the pavement, come down, and with some difficulty succeed in taking them out. They are immediately taken to some dry place on the pavement and exposed to the open air half an hour at least; after which, if they do not revive, they are taken off from the pavement, sometimes to the distance of sixty yards, and left on the ground without further care.

Long-continued rainy seasons, by deeply saturating the earth, will dissolve the cement of their cells, flood them, and drown the ants out entirely. I have allusion now only to the agricultural species of the genus. The first year after my arrival in Texas, I noticed that there were a great many uninhabited ant hills, with pavements still smooth and nude of grass or weeds, indicating that they had been very recently occupied. The missing communities were all dead—extinct—had been destroyed by a series of rainy seasons. Then, there were but few of these ant cities to be found that were occupied. But when the drouth set in, the earth being no longer filled with water, they began to multiply very rapidly. City after city appeared as the dry weather continued, and now, 1868, at the close of a ten years' drouth, they have spread so extensively, that their clean little paved cities are to be seen every fifty or sixty yards, especially along the roadsides, in the prairies, walks in yards and fields, barren rocky places, &c. In beds of heavy grass, or weeds, or in deep shady woodlands, they very seldom locate a city. They prefer sunshine and a clear sky. This ant does not work in the heat of the day during hot weather, but makes up the lost time during the night. I have often found them busily engaged at 2 and even 3 o'clock, A. M. Before day, however, they call off the workers, and rest till about sunrise. In more favorable weather, when they can operate all day, they do not work late at night.

In regard to courage, there can be no mistake in stating, that when the interests of the nation are involved, this ant exhibits no signs of fear or dread of any consequences that may result to self, while engaged in the discharge of its duties.

The police or national guards of a community which has been established three or four years,

number in the aggregate, of the parties on duty, from one to two hundred. These are seen all the time, in suitable weather, unceasingly promenading the environs of the city. If an observer takes his stand near the edge of the pavement, he will discover an instantaneous movement in the entire police corps, coming wave-like towards him. If the observer imprudently keeps his position, he will soon see numbers of them at his feet, and without the slightest degree of precaution, or the least hesitation, they climb up his boots, on his clothes, and as soon as they come to anything that they can bite or sting, whether it be boot, or cloth, or skin, they go right to work biting and stinging; and very often, if they get good hold on any soft texture, they will suffer themselves to be torn to pieces before they will relinquish it. If they succeed in getting to the bare skin, they inflict a painful wound, the irritation, swelling and soreness of which will not subside in twenty-four hours.

If any worm or small bug shall attempt to travel across their pavement, it is immediately arrested, and soon covered with the fearless warriors, who, in a short time deprive it of life. Woe unto any luckless wight of a tumble-bug who may attempt to roll his spherical treasure upon that sacred and forbidden pavement. As soon as the dark, execrable globe of unholy material is discovered by the police to be rolling on, and contaminating the interdicted grounds, they rush with one accord upon the vile intruder, and instantly seizing him by every leg and foot, dispatch him in a short time. Sometimes the tumble-bug takes the alarm at the start, while only two or three of the ants have hold on it, expands its wings and flies off with them hanging to its legs. If it fails to make this early effort, it very soon falls a victim to the exasperated soldiery. The ball of filth is left on the pavement, sometimes in the very entrance to the city. In due time the workers take possession of it, cut it into fragments, and peck it off beyond the limits of the incorporated grounds.

(To be continued.)

To wait in deep resignation and with a constant attention to what the Lord will please to do or say, concerning us and his Church, and to leave to him the *times* and the *seasons*, is what I am chiefly called to do; taking care in the meanwhile of falling into either ditch: I mean into speculation which is careless of action, or into the activity which is devoid of spirituality. I would not have a lamp without oil, and I could not have oil without a lamp, and a vessel to hold it in for myself, and to communicate it to others.—*John Fletcher.*

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

THE CHILD ON THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

Where hast thou been toiling all day, sweet heart,
That thy brow is burdened and sad?
The Master's work may make *weary feet*,
But it leaves the *spirit glad*.

Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frosts,
Or scorched with the mid-day glare?
Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
That thy face is so full of care?

"No pleasant garden toils were mine;
I have sat on the judgment seat,
Where the Master sits at eve, and calls
The children around His feet."

How camest thou on the judgment seat,
Sweet heart, who set thee there?
'Tis a lovely and lofty seat for thee,
And well might fill thee with care.

"I climbed on the judgment seat myself;
I have sat there alone all day,
For it grieved me to see the children around
Idling their life away.

"They wasted the Master's precious seed,
They wasted the precious hours;
They trained not the vines, nor gathered the
fruits,
And they trampled the sweet, meek flowers."

And what didst thou on the judgment seat,
Sweet heart, what didst thou there?
Did the idlers heed thy childish voice?
Did the garden mend for thy care?

"Nay, that grieved me more: I called and I cried,
But they left me there forlorn;
My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
Or they laughed my words to scorn."

Ah! the judgment seat was not for thee,
The servants were not thine;
And the eyes which fix the praise and the blame,
See farther than thine or mine.

The voice that shall sound there at eve, sweet
heart,

Will not strive or cry to be heard;
It will hush the earth and hush the hearts,
And none will resist its word.

"Should I see the Master's treasures lost,
The gifts that should feed His poor,
And not lift my voice (be it weak as it may)
And not be grieved sore?"

Wait till the evening falls, sweet heart,
Wait till the evening falls;
The Master is near and knoweth all—
Wait till the Master calls.

But how fared thy garden plot, sweet heart,
Whilst thou sat on the judgment seat?
Who watered thy roses, and trained thy vines
And kept them from careless feet?

"Nay, that is saddest of all to me,
That is saddest of all!
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
My lilies droop and fall."

Go back to thy garden plot, sweet heart;
Go back till the evening falls,
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
Till for thee the Master calls.

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine,
Will see it, and mend his own.

And the next may copy his, sweet heart,
Till all grows fair and sweet;
And when the Master comes at eve,
Happy faces His coming will greet.

Then shall thy joy be full, sweet heart,
In the garden so fair to see,
In the Master's words of praise for all,
In a look of His own for thee.

Bessie Charles.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

THE HEBREW BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The London *Review* has the following account of an interesting collection:

"The 'Catalogue of the Hebrew Books in the Library of the British Museum, printed by order of the Trustees,' has just been issued from the press. The collection has grown from one book, which the library possessed in 1759, to the ten thousand one hundred and more described in this catalogue; and we are told in the careful preface written by Mr. J. Winter Jones, formerly keeper of the printed books, but recently appointed principal librarian, that the national collection of Hebrew books is now the largest in the world. Progress is being made in many branches of our national life, and notably in respect to literature and art, which is not fully realized by the general public. We have not only to keep ourselves abreast of our own times, but to make up for all the past generations of apathy. In the present instance, whereas the first ninety years of the existence of the British Museum Library brought only six hundred Hebrew books to its shelves, the following nineteen, up to the present day, brought nine thousand five hundred. Mr. Zedner, the compiler of the present catalogue, may therefore look with a paternal interest upon the collection, which has been formed almost entirely under his supervision. The compilation and conducting through the press of this catalogue has engaged him during several years of weary work; but he now has his reward in the thought that the learned Jews all over the world have at their command a book which will have great value as an inventory of their literature, besides its more obvious purpose in opening to general use a collection the contents of which could be previously only very imperfectly known.

"Into this catalogue are admitted works written in Hebrew, Biblical and post-Biblical, translations of post-Biblical Hebrew books; also works in the Arabic, Spanish, German and other languages, printed in Hebrew characters; bibliographical works on Hebrew literature, &c. The fact that the Hebrew characters have been used for other languages than the Hebrew is probably not universally known. Yet, some of the great Arabic writers were Spanish Jews, the manuscripts of whose works are written in Hebrew characters, probably the only ones

known to them, although the language is their vernacular Arabic. The battle of the Churches has been fought over alphabets as well as over doctrines. The Moslem, where dominant, as in Morocco, have often prohibited the use of the alphabet of the Koran to unbelieving Jews; and these, on their side, have felt equal repulsion to the adoption of the letters of the Saracen, even where his language was theirs.

"The arrangement of the catalogue is alphabetical, under the author's name; and the numerous cross references and indexes render all necessary assistance. The titles are of course copied from the books, and are therefore, in the majority of cases, in Hebrew, with explanations and notes when necessary.

"The slightest examination of this book brings vividly before the mind, on the one hand, the extraordinary extent of ground over which the small Hebrew community has ranged and still ranges, and the number of languages which have become vernacular to its members; and on the other, the individuality they have always maintained, and the bond of union which not their scriptures only, but their sacred language still more, has preserved to them. Here we find Jews of Spain, Portugal, Germany, Poland, Russia, Italy, and all the countries of Europe, but also of Morocco, Tunis, India, and even China; the *habitats* of those of modern times since they have begun to assume surnames being generally recognizable in the places from which they chose to be designated. The places where their books have been printed confirm the same fact, and also hint at the sad history of persecution and expulsion from kingdom to kingdom, and exclusion from the greater seats of learning to obscure villages and small towns hardly known to general geography, where their presses could work with no security but that very obscurity. Of course the Polish and Russian towns are most often met with; and here, besides the well known names of Wilna, Grodno, Cracow, and Warsaw, we meet with such names as Miedzybors, Hrubieszow, Sklow, Berdyczew, Tarnopol, Josefow. In Germany their books have seen the light at places as little known as Rodelheim, Dyhernfurth, Furth, Sulzbach, Isny; though the greater cities which had a large Jewish community, such as Frankfurt, Breslau and Berlin, are of course not unfrequent. We find Hebrew books printed from Shanghai, in the farthest East, to Baltimore and Cincinnati, in the farthest West.

"As to the subjects illustrated by this curious literature, the Sacred Tongue is of course mainly used for the elucidation of the Scriptures and their appendages—the Traditions of the Fathers—and for works on law, which among the Hebrews cannot be dissociated from Biblical theology; likewise for instruction in the language itself. But the number of works

entirely independent of Biblical associations is surprising to those who are new to the subject. On medicine, natural history, science, history and geography, there are no fewer than 500 volumes. Poetry and criticism are represented by 770 volumes. But perhaps the most curious phenomenon is the translation into Hebrew of fictions such as Eugene Sue's "Mysteries de Paris." This, however, is regarded by earnest Jews with marked disfavor, as a desecration of their holy tongue; and it certainly must be regarded as at least absurd, if not profane, to turn a novel out of a vernacular into a dead and learned tongue. We have not heard of any Roman Catholic priest having turned the same book into Latin, which would be a somewhat similar case. We need hardly say that, for obvious reasons, the same writer's "Juif Errant" is not to be found in this catalogue."

TASTE IN ARRANGING FLOWERS.

Of all the various mistakes which are made by persons in arranging flowers, the commonest is that of putting too many in a vase; and next to that is the mistake of putting too great a variety of colors into one bouquet. Every flower in a group should be clearly distinguished and determinable without pulling the nosegay to pieces; the calyx of a clove pink should never be hid by being plunged into a head of white phlox, however well the two colors may look together. Sweet peas never look so well in the hand as they do on the boughs over which they climb, because they cannot be carried without crowding them; but put them lightly into a vase with an equal number of pieces of mignonette, or rather ornament a vase half full of mignonette with a few blooms of sweet peas, and you get a charming effect, because you follow the natural arrangement by avoiding the crowding of the blooms, and putting them with the green foliage, which they want to set them off.

Few people are aware, until they try it, how exceedingly easy it is to spoil such a pleasing combination as this; a piece of calceolaria, scarlet geranium or blue salvia would ruin it effectually. Such decided colors as these require to be grouped in another vase, and should not even be placed on the same table with the sweet peas; they also require a much larger preponderance of foliage to show them off to advantage than is wanted by flowers of more delicate colors. There is no kind of foliage so generally useful for all purposes of decoration as that of ferns; next to these must be ranked the smaller kinds of the fir tribe, such as *arbor vitæ*, yew, cypress and juniper.

In the selection of these for use amongst flowers, there is great scope for taste and judgment. The stiff-growing ferns, such as the *blechnum*, and *osunda*, and the branches of

thuja and taxus go best with spikes of tall flowers. More delicate flowers are best set off by elegant and finely divided species of petris and davillia, and by pieces of juniper and cypress; while the climbing ferns and selaginellas come in where scarcely anything else can be used, and give a charming and tasty finish.—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

CHARACTERISTICS OF LAMB—THE QUALITIES OF MIND AND HEART.

The fact that distinguished Charles Lamb from other men was his entire devotion to one grand and tender purpose. There is, probably, a romance involved in every life. In his life it exceeded that of others. In gravity, in acuteness, in his noble battle with a great calamity, it was beyond the rest. Neither pleasure nor toil ever distracted him from his holy purpose. Everything was made subservient to it. He had an insane sister, who, in a moment of uncontrollable madness, had unconsciously destroyed her own mother; and to protect and save this sister—a gentlewoman, who had watched like a mother over his own infancy—the whole length of his life was devoted. What he endured, through the space of nearly forty years, from the incessant fear and frequent recurrence of his sister's insanity, can now only be conjectured. In the constant and uncomplaining endurance, and in his steady adherence to a great principle of conduct, his life was heroic. We read of men giving up all their days to a single object: to religion, to vengeance, to some overpowering selfish wish; or daring acts done to avert death or disgrace, or some oppressing misfortune. We read mythical tales of friendship; but we do not recollect any instance in which a great object has been so unremittingly carried out throughout a whole life, in defiance of a thousand difficulties, and of numberless temptations, straining the good resolution to its utmost, except in the case of our poor clerk, of the India House. This was, substantially, his life. His actions, thoughts, and sufferings were all concentrated on this one important end. It was what he had to do; it was in his reach; and he did it, therefore, manfully, religiously. He did not waste his mind on too many things; for whatever too much expands the mind weakens it; nor on vague or multitudinous thoughts and speculations, nor on dreams or things distant or unattainable. However interesting, they did not absorb him, body and soul, like the safety and welfare of his sister. Subject to this primary unflinching purpose, the tendency of Lamb's mind pointed strongly to literature. He did not seek literature, however; and he gained from it nothing except fame. He worked laboriously at the India House from boyhood to manhood, for many years without

repining; although he must have been conscious of an intellect qualified to shine in other ways than in entering up a trader's books. None of those coveted offices, which bring money and comfort in their train ever reached Charles Lamb. He was never under that bounteous shower which government leaders and persons of influence direct towards the heads of their adherents. No Dives ever selected him for his golden bounty. No potent critic ever shouldered him up the hill of fame. In the absence of these old-fashioned helps, he was content that his own unassisted efforts should gain for him a certificate of capability to the world; and that the choice reputation which he thus earned should, with his own qualities, bring round him the unenvying love of a host of friends. . . . Apart from his humor and other excellencies, Charles Lamb combined qualities such as are seldom united in one person; which indeed seem not easily reconcilable with each other; namely, much prudence, with much generosity; great tenderness of heart, with a firm will. To these was superadded that racy humor which has served to distinguish him from other men. There is no other writer that I know of in whom tenderness and good sense and humor are so intimately and happily blended; no one whose view of men and things are so invariably generous, and true, and independent. These qualities made their way slowly and fairly. They were not taken up as a matter of favor or fancy, and then abandoned. They struggled through many years of neglect, and some of contumely, before they took their stand triumphantly, and as things not to be ignored by any one. Lamb pitied all objects which had been neglected or despised. Nevertheless the lens through which he viewed the objects of his pity—beggars, and chimney-sweepers, and convicts,—was always clear; it served him even when the short-comings were to be contemplated. For he never paltered with truth. He had no weak sensibilities, few tears for imaginary griefs. But his heart opened wide to real distress. He never applauded the fault; but he pitied the offender. . . . By education and habit, he was a Unitarian. Indeed, he was a true Nonconformist in all things. He was not a dissenter by imitation, nor from any deep principle of obstinate heresy; nor was he made servile and obedient by formal logic alone. His reasoning always rose and streamed through his heart. He liked a friend for none of the ordinary reasons; because he was famous, or clever, or powerful, or popular. He at once took issue with the previous verdicts, and examined the matter in his own way. If a man was unfortunate he gave him money. If he was calumniated, he accorded him sympathy. He gave freely; not to merit but to want. . . . Perhaps no one ever

thought more independently. He had great enjoyment in the talk of able men, so that it did not savor of form or pretension. He liked the strenuous talk of Haslitt, who never descended to fine words. He liked the unaffected quiet conversation of Manning; the vivacious excursive talk of Leigh Hunt. He heard with wondering admiration the monologues of Coleridge. Perhaps he liked the simplest talk the best; expressions of pity or sympathy or affection for others; from young people who thought and said little or nothing about themselves. He had no craving for popularity, nor even for fame. I do not recollect any passage in his writings, nor any expression in his talk, which runs counter to my opinion. His jests were never the mere overflowings of the animal spirits; but were exercises of the mind. He brought the wisdom of old times and old writers to bear upon the taste and intellect of his day. What was in a manner foreign to his age, he naturalized and cherished. And he did this with judgment and great delicacy. His books never unhinge or weaken the mind; but bring before it tender and beautiful thoughts, which charm and nourish it, as only good books can. No one was ever worse from reading Charles Lamb's writings; but many have become wiser and better. In his countenance you might sometimes read—what may be occasionally read on almost all foreheads—the letters and lines of old, forgotten calamity. Yet there was at the bottom of his nature a buoyant self-sustaining strength; for although he encountered frequent seasons of mental distress, his heart recovered itself in the interval, and rose and rounded, like music played to a happy tune. Upon fit occasion, his lips could shut in a firm fashion; but the gentle smile that played about his face showed that he was always ready to relent. His quick eye never had any sullenness; his mouth tender and tremulous, showed that there would be nothing cruel or inflexible in his nature.—*Recollections of Charles Lamb. By Barry Cornwall.*

IMPORTUNITY.

This art is carried to the highest perfection in the East. A traveller in Persia tells how he was besieged by one who solicited a gift more costly than he was prepared to give. The hoary, and, as the people esteemed him, holy mendicant, set himself down before his gate, throwing up a rude tent to shelter himself from the noonday sun. There he remained like a sentinel, nor left his post but to follow the traveller out of doors, and return with him. Taking snatches of sleep during the day, when the other was resting in the house, he kept up a hideous howling and clamorous demands all the hours of the night—an annoyance which, persisted in for successive days and nights, and

even weeks, seldom fails, as you can suppose, to gain its object.

Such were the means by which the widow gained hers. So soon as ever this unjust judge took his seat at the gate of the city, where in the East courts are held, and all causes heard, his eye, as it roamed over the crowd, fell on her. There she was, and always was—sorrow in her dress, but determination in the flash of her eye; her form bent down with grief, but her spirit unbroken; resolved to give the judge no rest till he had avenged her on her adversary. Now, breaking in on the business of the court, she is on her feet passionately demanding justice; and now, stretched on the ground at his feet, she piteously implores it. Nor can he shake her off. Denied her suit, she follows him to his house, to interrupt his leisure and embitter his pleasures. Her voice ringing loud on the threshold demanding entry, she bursts into his presence, and is dragged away by the servants, thrust out, but only to return; as the ball struck, rebounds, the billow shattered on the rock falls back into the deep to gather volume and strength for a new attack; and as by constant dashing the waves in time cut into the cliff, which, yielding to the incessant action of a weaker element, some day bows its proud head, and, precipitating itself forward, falls into the sea, which, swallowing it up, sweeps over it with jubilant, triumphant waves,—so the persistence of the widow overcomes the resistance of the judge. Diamond cuts diamond. She conquers by importunity. Yielding to her requests, he says: "Because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me."—*Dr. Guthrie on the Parables.*

HOW TO LIVE EASILY.

The art of living easy as to money; is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon any degree in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure—the notion is absurd that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore money cannot be spent without enjoyment. What a thing costs a man is no true measure of what it is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard, as if there were a pleasure in expenditure *per se*. Let yourself feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is a real want, and it is worth while to feel it a little in order to feel relief from it. When you are undecided as to which of the two courses you would like best, choose the best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling indecision. Too much leisure leads

to expense; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditure in order to pass the time.—*Harry Taylor.*

INDIGO.

We presume that four persons out of five, if asked whether indigo is a mineral or a vegetable substance—whether it is dug out of the earth or grows upon trees—would be unable to give an intelligent answer, and yet they all know indigo when they see it. Perhaps some of our readers will be thankful for a little information in regard to this article which they see so often.

There are some fifty or sixty species of plants of the order *Leguminosae* and genus *indigo-fera*, which, by undergoing a process of fermentation, yield the beautiful dye known as indigo. These plants are indigenous in Asia, Africa, and America, and in some of the East and West India Islands. The discovery of the dye was very ancient, its use being mentioned by more than one of the ancient Latin writers, and in terms which make it very certain that it was the same that is now so well known by the name. It was very early produced in India, from which country the name was derived, as it was called Indicum, and this is the country in which it is now most extensively cultivated and prepared. Its importation into several European countries was for a long time prohibited for various reasons: in England and France because it was thought to injure the texture of the cloth in dyeing. In Germany it was prohibited for the sake of protecting the native woad, a miserable substitute for the genuine article—a distinguished instance of the wisdom of those who are desirous of protecting home productions without any regard to their comparative value. On the same principle the advocates of this system ought to exclude from our own country yellow dyes for the sake of protecting the well-known native dye made from butter-nut bark. The plant from which indigo is commonly produced, grows to the height of from four to six feet. It contains the coloring principle in the leaves and stems in a colorless fluid, which is changed to the dye by fermentation and oxidation. The seeds are sown in March or April, and before the plants attain their full growth, the same season, they are cut early in the morning, before the sun has fallen upon them, and carried to the factory, where they are laid in great stone cisterns, some twenty feet square, and about three feet deep. Heavy weights are placed upon them, by which they are kept down below the surface of the water, which is let in so as to cover the plants, and fermentation is allowed to go on for ten to fourteen hours, according to the condition of the plants, the temperature, &c. The liquor

is then in an active commotion, very much as if it were boiling. Bubbles of air continue to rise, which assume a purple hue, indicating that the fermentation has had the effect of producing from the limpid water the color desired. When this process is complete, the water is drawn off into another vat, where it is violently agitated by artificial means for an hour or two, until the coloring matter begins to be precipitated, and it is then left to settle. The water is drawn off again, and the indigo is taken out, dried and prepared for commerce.

The cultivation of the plant, and the preparation of indigo, was commenced in South Carolina about the middle of the last century, and has been kept up ever since until the commencement of the late war, which interrupted so many of the Southern productions. At one time the finest indigo in the world was made in that State, and it was greatly sought after by dyers, calico-printers, and leather-dressers, but both the quantity and quality fell off many years since, and the yield for some time past, has been inconsiderable. The finest quality now comes from Bengal and the adjacent provinces. There are many grades, according to commercial language, such as superfine, pure blue, ordinary blue, fine purple. The finest quality has the least specific gravity, and floats upon water: the poorer qualities having an admixture of earthy substances which add to their weight. The finest indigo may also be tested by its not readily leaving a mark on drawing it, when dry, across a piece of paper, and also by the clear blue which it imparts to water when dissolved. The culture of the plant is quite precarious, and the amount produced varies greatly from one season to another. The total shipment from the East Indies averages about 12,000,000 pounds a year. Last year there were imported of this quality, into the United States, 415,575 pounds valued at \$324,207, as its foreign gold cost.—*Christian Recorder.*

Thirty-seventh Annual Report of the Female Association of Philadelphia for the Relief of the Sick and Infirm Poor with Clothing.

In offering a Report of the labors of the Association the past winter, we desire to return to our friends and contributors a grateful acknowledgment of the welcome aid that has been furnished by their generous donations of money and goods. This timely assistance has enabled our members to continue their duties later in the season than they could otherwise have done, and through the Association to extend more widely the distribution of charity.

Our meetings have been large, and attended with evident interest, and by a judicious appropriation of the means at our disposal, we have endeavored to relieve those who, from

sickness and the infirmities of age, had a claim upon our charity.

In furnishing sewing to many who are deprived of other means of support, and giving the clothing to the most needy, we render an assistance, which, while it relieves, encourages habits of industry which indiscriminate almsgiving cannot effect. We trust that another season may find our members still more zealous, and with increased funds to enable them to enlarge their labors.

1081 garments have been distributed during the winter, most of which were previously made by the poor women to whom we have given employment.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

To subscriptions and donations.....	\$713.00
" interest on investments.....	240.98
" legacy by Sarah W. Barker.....	100.00
	<u>\$1053.98</u>
By balance due Treasurer	4.10
" printing appeals, &c.....	7.60
" invested	107.12
" paid for goods.....	753.94
" paid for sewing	175.78
" balance on hand.....	5.44
	<u>\$1053.98</u>

Donations in goods—one piece of check, three pieces of gingham, two pieces of Canton flannel, one piece of buff gingham.

On behalf of the Association,

E. J. FERRIS, *Treasurer.*

3d month 23d, 1867.

HELEN G. LONGSTRETH, Pres., 110 S. 17th St.
ANNIE CALK, Secretary, 1618 Summer St.
ELIZABETH J. FERRIS, Treas., 937 Franklin St.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received since last report:—

From City contributions.....	\$42.00
" Friends of Wilmington, Del.....	96.13
" M. E. S., Salem, N. J.	2.00
" Robert Mosher, Cardington, Ohio, ..	7.00

\$147.13

HENRY M. LAING, *Treasurer.*

Phila., 4th mo. 13th, 1867. No. 30 N. Third St.

ITEMS.

The Russian treaty has been confirmed by the Senate. The information in regard to Russian America which has been elicited by the discussion of the new treaty has tended to an enhancement of its value in the public estimation. The general fact that the climate of the Pacific coast approximates to that of the western shores of Europe, instead of the cold western coast of the Atlantic, explains the statement of Prof. Baird that the temperature "from Prince of Wales' Island to the entrance of Behring's straits, during the winter months, is about the same as at the city of Washington." It would be more just to compare the proposed acquisition to Sweden and Norway than to Greenland. Its southern boundary is several degrees below the latitude of Stock-

holm and St. Petersburg. Various accounts concur in the statement that, in addition to the fish on its seaboard and furs in its forests, it possesses an abundance of valuable timber, and not only the precious metals, but iron and coal.—*The Press.*

EX-GOVERNOR EYRE OF JAMAICA.—According to a cable dispatch, ex-Governor Eyre "has been acquitted after a short examination." We presume discharged is meant instead of acquitted, as the examination he was undergoing was simply the magisterial investigation preliminary to committal. We are not informed where this examination took place; but as Eyre, influenced, it is asserted, by the opinion of his legal advisers, declined to go up to London from his residence in Shropshire and surrender himself, as did Colonel Nelson and Lieutenant Brand, we infer that it was conducted by some rural magistrate, who, it would seem, made short work of the business. The examination before Sir Thomas Henry, a London police magistrate, of the case of Nelson and Brand, charged with precisely the same offence as Eyre stands accused of, occupied several days, was most patiently conducted by the magistrate, and resulted in the parties being committed for trial.

The Paris Exposition was opened on the 1st inst., but it will take weeks yet before all the necessary arrangements are completed. The Directors furnish nothing but the space and a roof over it, the exhibitors being required to do the rest at their own expense. The American Commissioners found their department a heap of sand with a glass roof over it.

TO TEST COAL OIL.—Fill a tumbler about two-thirds full of water—not too cold—and put into it about half a teaspoonful of coal oil. Stir the water well with the teaspoon, and then light a match and hold it over the water on a line with the top of the tumbler. If the vapor takes fire, return the coal oil to the dealer from whom you obtained it. By no means use it.—*Easton Free Press.*

The trustees of the Five Points' House of Industry have determined upon establishing a home for the working women of New York, where they may be freed from the contaminating influences which usually surround that class in this city, and where they can find clean and well-ventilated rooms, wholesome food, and facilities for self-improvement. For this purpose a large building has been purchased on Mott Street, near Canal, which, together with improvements and furnishing, will cost about \$120,000; of this sum the trustees have about one-half, and for the remainder they appeal to a generous public.

The breaking of the levees on the Mississippi, in Louisiana, has produced great devastation in the river counties of that State, and great suffering among the poor whites and freedmen. One break alone has overflowed seven parishes, and others almost as damaging in their effects have occurred. Thousands of acres of fertile land are thus rendered useless for this season, and the laborers who were to have cultivated it are deprived of the means of earning their subsistence.

Both Houses of the Virginia Legislature have just unanimously passed a resolution inviting immigration to Virginia, embracing "all classes of men from all countries." The best invitation Virginia can extend to outside settlers would be a hearty assertion of the great civil-rights bill.

THE MILWAUKEE FLOURING MILLS.—The flouring mills of Milwaukee turn out from three to four thousand barrels of flour daily. The receipts of wheat for 1866 amounted to 18,399,698 bushels, an increase of 3,205,535 over the receipts of 1865. Milwaukee is the largest primary wheat port in the world.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF F. W. ROBERTSON;

BY SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

(Continued from page 99.)

The sympathy of Christ is a subject of contemplation from which many a devoted soul, in every age of the Church, has derived consolation and encouragement. How often in seasons of affliction has the remembrance of his tenderness towards the repenting sinner, and his words of comfort to the bereaved mourner, come before the desponding disciple as a balm for the wounded spirit, receiving hopes of happiness that had been almost extinguished. On such occasions we may justly draw the inference that, if He who was replete with the Divine perfections was so merciful to the erring, and so sympathizing with the afflicted in the day of his outward manifestation, he will equally call for us in this day, and extend to us the same consolations through the ministry of the Spirit. The same Divine power that was then manifested to heal the bodily infirmities and feed the hungry multitudes may now be relied on to heal the spiritual maladies and sustain the spiritual life of those who believe and trust in him.

This interesting subject has been treated with ability in one of the discourses of Robertson, entitled, "The sympathy of Christ." The text is Heb. iv. 15, 16—"For we have not a high priest that cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points

tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."

In his preliminary observations he says:—"The perfection of Christ's humanity implies that he was possessed of a human soul as well as a human body. There was a view held in early times, and condemned by the Church as a heresy, according to which the body of Christ was an external frame-work animated by Deity, as our bodies are animated by our souls. What the soul is to us Deity was to Christ. His body was flesh, blood, bones—moved, guided, ruled by indwelling Divinity.

"But you perceive at once that this destroys the notion of complete humanity. It is not this tabernacle of material elements which constitutes our humanity; you cannot take the pale corpse from which life has fled, and call that man." . . . "Humanity implies a body and a soul."

"Accordingly in the life of Christ we find two distinct classes of feeling. When he hungered in the wilderness, when he thirsted on the cross, when he was weary by the well of Sychar, he experienced sensations which belong to the bodily department of human nature. But when out of twelve he selected one to be His bosom friend, when he looked round upon the crowd in anger, when the tears streamed down his cheeks at Bethany, and when He recoiled from the thought of approaching diso-

lution, these—grief, friendship, fear—were not sensations of the body, much less were they the attributes of Godhead. They were the affections of an acutely sensitive human soul, alive to all the tenderness, and hopes, and anguish, with which human life is filled, qualifying Him to be tempted in *all* points, like as we are."

"But here a difficulty arises. Temptation as applied to a Being perfectly free from tendencies to evil is not easy to understand. See what the difficulty is. Temptation has two senses—it means test or probation; it means also trial, involving the idea of pain or danger. A common acid applied to gold tests it; but there is no risk or danger to the most delicate golden ornament. There is one acid, and only one, which tries it as well as tests it. The same acid applied to a shell endangers the delicacy of its surface. A weight hung from a bar of iron only tests its strength; the same depending from a human arm is a trial involving, it may be, the risk of pain or fracture. Now, trial placed before a sinless being is intelligible enough in the sense of probation; it is a test of excellence, but it is not easy to see how it can be temptation in the sense of pain, if there be no inclination to do wrong. However, Scripture plainly asserts this as the character of Christ's temptation. Not merely test, but trial."

After quoting the texts He was "without sin," "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," and again, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me," our attention is then called to another class of passages, such as this: "He *suffered* being tempted." The question arises, how could this be without any tendency to evil?"

"To answer this," he proceeds, "let us analyze sin. In every act of sin there are two distinct steps. There is the rising of a desire which is natural, and being natural is not wrong. There is the indulgence of that desire in forbidden circumstances, and that is sin." Take for example the natural sensation of hunger. "Let a man have been without food; let the gratification present itself, and the natural desire will arise involuntarily. It will arise just as certainly in a forbidden as in a permitted circumstance. It will arise whether he looks on the bread of another, or his own. And it is not here, in the sensation of hunger, that the guilt lies; but it lies in the wilful gratification of it after it is known to be forbidden."

"Sin, therefore, is not in the appetites, but in the absence of a controlling Will.

"Now, contrast this state with the state of Christ. There was in him all the natural appetites of mind and body. Relaxation and friendship were dear to Him; so were sunlight and life; hunger, pain and death. He could

feel all, and shrink from them. Conceive then a case in which the gratification of any one of those inclinations was inconsistent with His Father's will. At one moment it was unlawful to eat, though hungry; and without one tendency to disobey, did fasting cease to be severe? It was demanded that he should endure anguish; and willingly as he subdued himself, did pain cease to be pain? Could the spirit of obedience reverse every feeling of human nature? When the brave man gives his shattered arm to the surgeon's knife, will may prevent even the quiver of an eyelid; but no will and no courage can reverse his sensations, or prevent the operation from inflicting pain. When the heart is raw, and smarting from recent bereavement, let there be the deepest and most reverential submission to the Highest Will, is it possible not to wince? Can any cant demand for submission extort the confession that pain is pleasure? It seems to have been in this way that the temptation of Christ caused suffering. He suffered from the force of desire. Though there was no hesitation whether to obey or not—no strife in the will—in the act of mastery there was pain. There was self-denial; there was obedience at the expense of tortured natural feeling. He shrunk from St. Peter's suggestion of escape from ignominy as from a thing which did not shake his determination, but made Him feel, in the idea of bright life, vividly the cost of his resolve. "Get thee behind me, Tempter, for thou art an offence." In the garden, unwaveringly: "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." No reluctance in the *will*. But was there no struggling? No shudder in the inward sensations? No remembrance that the cross was sharp? No recollection of the family at Bethany and the pleasant walk, and the dear companionship He was about to leave? "My soul is exceeding sorrowful to die." So that in every one of these cases—not by the reluctance of a sinful sensation, but by the quivering and the anguish of natural feeling when it is trampled upon by lofty will—Jesus *suffered*, being tempted. He was "tempted like as we are." Remember this. For the way in which some speak of the sinlessness of Jesus reduces all his suffering to physical pain, destroys the reality of temptation, reduces that glorious heart to a pretence, and converts the whole of His history into a mere fictitious drama, in which scenes of trial were represented, not felt. Remember that "in all points" the Redeemer's *soul* was tempted."

"Till we have reflected on it, we are scarcely aware how much the sum of human happiness in the world is indebted to this one feeling—sympathy. We get cheerfulness and vigor, we scarcely know how or when, from mere association with our fellow-men; and from the looks reflected on us of gladness and employ-

ment, we catch inspiration and power to go on, from human presence, and from cheerful looks. The workman works with added energy from having others by. The full family circle has a strength and a life peculiarly its own. The substantial good, and the effectual relief which men extend to one another is trifling. It is not by these, but by something far less costly that the work is done. God has insured it by a much more simple machinery. He has given to the weakest and the poorest power to contribute largely to the common stock of gladness. The child's smile and laugh are mighty powers in this world. When bereavement has left you desolate, what substantial benefit is there which makes condolence acceptable? It cannot replace the loved ones you have lost. It can bestow upon you nothing permanent. But a warm hand has touched yours, and its thrill told you there was a living response there to your emotion. One look, one human sigh, has done more for you than the costliest present could convey. And it is for want of marking this, that the effect of public charity falls often so far short of the expectations of those who give. The springs of men's generosity are dried up by hearing of the repining, the envy, and the discontent which have been sown by the general collection and the provision establishment, among cottages, where all was harmony before. The famine and the pestilence are met by abundant liberality; and the apparent return for this is riot and sedition. But the secret lies all in this. It is not in channels such as these that the heart's gratitude can flow. Love is not bought by money, but by love. There has been all the machinery of a public distribution, but there has been no exhibition of individual, personal interest. The rich man who goes to his poor brother's cottage, and without affectations of humility, naturally, and with the respect which man owes to man, enters into his circumstances, inquiring about his distress, and hears his homely tale, has done more to establish an interchange of kindly feeling than he could have secured by the costliest present, by itself. Public donations have their value and their uses. Poor laws keep human beings from starvation, but in the point of eliciting gratitude, all these fail. Man has not been brought into contact close enough with man for this. They do not work by sympathy."

"And now, having endeavored to illustrate this power of sympathy, it is for us to remember that of this, in its fullness, He is susceptible. There is a vague way of speaking of the atonement which does not realize the tender, affectionate, personal love, by which that daily, hourly reconciliation is effected. The sympathy of Christ was not merely love of men in masses. He loved the masses, but He loved them be-

cause made up of individuals. He "had compassion on the multitude;" but He had also discriminating, special tenderness for erring Peter and erring Thomas. He felt for the despised, lonely Zaccheus in his sycamore tree. He compassionated the discomfort of his disciples. He mixed his tears with the stifled sobs by the grave of Lazarus. He called the abashed children to his side. Amongst the numbers, as He walked, he detected the individual touch of faith—"Master, the multitude throng thee, and sayest thou *Who touched me.*" "Somebody hath touched me."

Observe how He is *touched* by our infirmities, —with a separate special discriminating love. There is not a single throb in a single human bosom that does not thrill at once with more than electric speed up to the mighty heart of God. *You* have not shed a tear or sighed a sigh that did not come back to you exalted and purified by having passed through the eternal bosom.

The priestly powers conveyed by this faculty of sympathizing, according to the text, are two —the power of mercy, and the power of having Grace to help. "Therefore," because he can be touched, "let us come boldly, expecting mercy and grace."

These passages may suffice to give an idea of Robertson's views in relation to the sympathy of Christ; one of the most interesting subjects that can claim our attention. The constitution of our minds is such that we cannot love fervently, unless the attribute of love also exist in the object of our affections. Hence, the beauty and propriety of the appellation applied to the Deity in the Lord's prayer—"Our Father in Heaven." We are thus taught to think of Him as a tender parent who watches over all his family with affectionate interest, and who has given us, in his beloved son, a perfect pattern of righteousness combining the qualities of a merciful High Priest and a sympathizing friend.

(To be continued.)

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

I stood this week by the remains of a young woman, who was a cheerful giver of all she had to the cause of God and man. She was a teacher for many years in a primary school in this city; and she did not teach, as many do, "grudgingly and of necessity," but put her whole heart into this work, and so ennobled it to a sacred mission. The poor little Irish children were, to her, Christ's little ones, and each of them was precious to her; so that, systematizing her life, she had time every day, after school, to visit them in order at their homes, taking the last first, and sweetly emphasizing with special tenderness those whose homes were most forlorn, and whose surroundings least

favorable. If they needed clothes or shoes, she always provided them,—going to generous people and telling each case; and, as she knew all about it, she never failed; or, if she failed, she took it from her own small salary, with which she had other things to do besides taking care of herself. So she was a providence to many little children, who never knew any Christian love till they knew her's; and so she made her school-house a divine temple, and her work a holy mission; and when she went, last week, into the world, "so far, so near," her works preceded, attended, and followed her, because she was a cheerful giver.—*J. F. Clarke.*
—*Christian Register.*

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 102.)

[In the course of the summer and autumn of 1836, J. B. passed some time by the sea-side, with benefit to his general health. Whilst at Brighton in the Eleventh month, under an apprehension of religious duty, he addressed his Monthly Meeting as follows:]

To Gracechurch Street Monthly Meeting of Friends.

BRIGHTON, 9th of Eleventh month, 1836.

Dear Friends.—In the love of our heavenly Father, my soul at this time salutes his faithful children among you of all degrees, who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and can call him "Lord," and bow before Him: desiring that an increase of all spiritual blessings may be known amongst us through Him, our Head and High Priest, and only hope of glory.

It seems best for me to acquaint you, that while at this place for the benefit of my health, a weighty feeling of duty has revived and fastened on my mind, to pay a religious visit to the Friends in this place from house to house; a work which, as regards a considerable portion of this Quarterly Meeting, I was enabled to perform some few years ago, but did not then see my way further, so as to embrace this particular meeting, and a few others. Should you, on a solid consideration of my concern and situation, think it right to make way at this time for the relief of my mind herein, it may be safest for me to request the liberty to extend the family visit, should this seem required, to a few small meetings in this Quarterly Meeting.

Desiring we may be all kept patiently and diligently attentive to the voice of the true and tender Shepherd,

I bid you affectionately farewell,

J. B.

[In the Twelfth Month, he returned to his Monthly Meeting the certificate granted for

the above service; acknowledging the goodness of the Lord in helping and sustaining him on his way, and in favoring him with the reward of peace on his return home. He paid visits to nearly all the families of the particular meeting of Brighton, under circumstances as regarded his infirm state of health, calculated to excite much sympathy on the part of his friends of that place; he entered house after house, supported by his crutches, and it is believed his visits were peculiarly acceptable generally.]

To ———.

STOKES NEWINGTON, 3d of Twelfth month, 1836.

Ah! dear ———, as thou well knowest, home is home, after such engagements and causes of absence from what is dear to us in this outward state and lower region: and home is home, in a higher and better sense, blessed be His name, who maketh heaven a home; for without Him, where is the rest, where is the refreshing to the poor, craving, immortal part? These feelings, and such as these, while they moderate or sanctify the use of earthly objects, heighten and refine. There is truly nothing here worth living for, without the good presence of our "Everlasting Father," but with that, and in subjection and resignation to Him, every thing is to be received with thanksgiving, and used with joyfulness,—come pain of body, or conflict of mind, loss of wife or children, or dearest friends, or house, or food. This is our calling,—this is our privilege; and Oh! that we may hold it up to others as such, both in life and in death!

J. B.

To a young Friend.

24th of Twelfth month, 1836.—Rely upon it, my dear ———, these associates of thine, whoever they be, even if they stand high in general estimation, are no friends to thy true interests, thy best welfare, however plausibly they reason. The very circumstance of their endeavoring to undermine, or upset the almost unformed views of so young and artless a person, is a proof of their unworthy purposes. By thy own account, they are in "the seat of the scornful," as David said; and when the subtle poison that is under their tongue, is in danger of being rejected and exposed, they can turn off the conversation with a laugh. But if thou art favored to withstand their crooked twisting arguments, be also very careful lest their ridicule move thee in any wise from the serious ground, the safe, because lowly, abiding place of the real Christian. My advice to thee is, avoid such company, shun such associates, trust not thyself to dispute with them; thou wilt not be like to get good by it, nor to do them good, but to receive harm in ways little suspected. Thou art not to be supposed, nor shouldst thou for a moment presume thyself competent to enter the lists of controversy; it requires one to be well grounded,

rooted and settled in the right way, to meet all the objections and cavils that may be urged by persons of more or less corrupt and uncontrolled minds, who despise the Truth and its simplicity; yet who would, even with the semblance of truth, beguile others from the reality of it.

"Be not conformed to this world," said the Apostle, who knew that the fashions and customs of it are vain, and pass away. To a mind disposed to avoid the very appearance and approaches to evil, this text is alone sufficient to induce a hesitation, a scrupulousness or tenderness; knowing that for every idle word he must give an account, and that every thought must be brought into subjection to Christ. But these libertines, who would think their own thoughts, and choose their own ways and words, and also wear their own apparel, must needs have things so cleared up to their blinded and darkened understandings, that, like the lawyers, no express (much less implied) prohibition of Scripture, would have satisfied them: they would shuffle from it and fritter it away, bending it to their own wills. Whereas the spirit of Christianity testifies, and has ever testified against such things, not only among Friends, but more or less, and in different ways and degrees, wherever sufficient clearness has been arrived at, even from the earliest ages. Picture to thyself any set of people raised up to a deep sense of religion, and carrying out their watchfulness and self-denial to all branches of their conduct, and endeavoring to follow that exhortation, "Be ye holy in all manner of conversation,"—and whatsoever ye "do in word or deed, do all to the glory of God," &c. Would they not soon come to be distinguished from other people, who follow the course of this world, or who secretly yearn after their own heart's lusts, and comfort themselves with trying to think there is nothing in this and the other little thing, and that religion does not consist in these things? Would they not soon find themselves to be "a peculiar people," a singular people, a very simple people;—their outward appearance, their manners, their very gestures, restrained and regulated after a mode totally contrary to the generality of those around them? According to that striking passage in one of the Apocryphal writings, setting forth the language of the ungodly respecting the righteous, so will it be respecting such a people or person as I have described—"He is not for our turn, he is clean contrary to our doings; he was made to reprove our thoughts; he is grievous unto us even to behold; for his life is not like other men's, his ways are of another fashion."* Indeed it has never been any wonder with me, that a people gathered and settled and preserved as I have hinted at,—or as Friends

were, when they found themselves estranged from the world at large, and eccentric through this process of following their convictions of duty,—should value this their privilege, and these outward badges, which tend to keep up this desirable distinction and separation from the world's spirit. But they never set up a rule as to dress, or any particular color, cut or fashion, on the same footing as the livery of the Monks, or religious orders of the Papists, &c.; they only left off their ornaments, and such things as were a burden to them, as unnecessary and unsimple:—it was the ever changeable tide of fashion, which did the rest and in time caused their dissimilarity and strangeness to appear. But as to the bare assertion, that George Fox and the early Friends would have changed with the times, it is a conjecture which has its origin in the mere caprice and inclination of those who say so; and the contrary may be as flatly and broadly asserted upon far stronger grounds, even upon the actual facts of the whole tenor of their dissent, as exhibited in their lives, and especially in their writings. The common consent spoken of, is the very conformity they objected to,—a consent of worldly men, upon worldly principles,—not the consent of men redeemed from the earth. On the other hand, all that have ever rightly given up to make a plain appearance, and to speak the plain language, &c., have done it on the very same sound ground, and not merely because George Fox and others did it. They, the truly convinced, have continued to feel on the subject, as he did; and though the instances are rare, as the mercy is great, and the work marvellous, and no light and superficial one, such instances are yet from time to time occurring; they are the result of cleansing the inside of the cup, that the outside may become clean also. My case is, I trust, one of these, and, perhaps, rather an unusual one: for I was brought up, as thou knowest, in the entire disuse of, and I even cherished a real contempt for, such singularities; until I came to see that there was "no peace to the wicked,"—and that "great peace have all they who love"—"the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus." Then as I yielded my mind to be in all things led and guided thereby, nothing offended me but evil;—nothing seemed too hard to give up unto, nor anything to be slighted as insignificant, which in anywise contributed to this heavenly peace and progress in what was esteemed so supremely excellent. The cross of Christ, that yoke he puts upon his disciples, was very easy and sweet; and peace was the reward of being faithful in ever so little. It is in this way I have been made ruler over more, and not by "despising the day of small things;" which is the sure way, (as the Bible tells us) of falling "by little and little:" of

*See Wisdom of Solomon, ii. 12, 14, 15, 16.

this we have most painful instances now around us; and even some, who have deservedly stood high in our Society; as teachers and examples to the flock, but who have even come to question, or have lost, all their former impressions and tendering convictions,—these are, it seems all gone, and almost forgotten, as the early dew that passeth away,—and they have turned, as the dog or the sow, to that which they once loathed and rejected. And truly it is a striking and unanswerable fact, that there has not been one individual, who has risen to any eminence for religious dedication in our Society, but has had to tread the narrow and strait path; and has had to attribute his progress to giving up, in the ability received, to obey the secret monitions of the Spirit of Christ, even in little things: nor has there I believe, been one who has swerved from this course, that has ultimately turned out better than the salt that has lost its savour. “The fashion of this world,” my dear —, does indeed pass away; and as thou sayest, custom is capricious and changeable; but truth is the same that ever it was—unchangeable, and never faileth; and it will always stand by and bear out those, who are of it, and who keep to it. “Wisdom,” we read, “is justified of her children,” and of few or none else; and the natural man cannot understand and receive the things that relate to the Spirit and kingdom of God, they are mere foolishness unto him, while in that state; for they are ever hid from the wise and prudent of this world, and revealed unto babes. Therefore, may I not fitly wind up, by subjoining to that scripture with which I commenced, the language which follows it,—“Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds, that ye may prove what is that good, acceptable, and perfect will of God.”

I would earnestly urge thee to press through any indisposition or inertness of mind, and to sit down at thy vacant moments to read Penn’s *No Cross, No Crown*;—redeeming thy time from idle gossip, avoiding occasions of exposure to unsuitable conversation, and either retire and go aside, or boldly and simply take up such a book, and go through it perseveringly; entering into the spirit of the writer, and bending thy mind to the subject. The latter part of Jaffray, which contains the history of Friends in Scotland, is another book which would really interest thee. But after all the helps to be derived from books or instruments, I trust, my dear —, thou needest not to be reminded of the inexhaustible unfailing source of all strength and goodness; who alone, if applied to, and the mind truly turned to Him in secret exercise and breathing desires, is able to solve all our difficulties, to relieve us of our doubts, to deliver us from temptation, to aid our droop-

ing resolutions, and quicken our souls to run with patience the race set before us, and to hold out to the end in well doing.

J. B.

(To be continued.)

When we are fully delivered from the influence of selfish considerations, and have become conformed to the desires and purposes of the infinite mind, we shall drink the cup, *and drink it cheerfully*, whatever it may be. We shall be submissive and happy in all trials; not because we are seeking happiness as a distinct object, but because the glorious will of Him, whom our souls love supremely, is accomplished in us.—*Upham*.

“THE PUIR MAN’S BED.”

“Hide me in thy pavilion.”

In days gone by it was the custom of all in the Scottish Highlands, who were themselves above want, to keep in some loft or shed, always ready for use, what they called “The puir (poor) man’s bed.” It would have been a public disgrace for one whom God has blessed with a home to turn any fellow creature away; to shelter and feed the needy was looked on as simply acknowledging and manifesting gratitude for God’s favor. Many most touching and beautiful instances of the reward of this hospitality are left for our encouragement. “Wad ye ha’ visits fra’ angels, spread sheets on the puir man’s bed,” was verified a thousand times in the dark days of persecution, when the blood of the holy was scented by the royal soldiery from rock to glen, and from castle to cot. One of those who had made himself obnoxious by his refusal to submit to the king’s edict, and who had signed the solemn league and covenant, considered himself safe because he was neither a preacher nor a prominent leader among his brethren. So he went on quietly plowing and sowing his fields, and, in the meantime, feeding and clothing the outcasts, and going secretly to their meetings in those caves and glens made immortal by their unflinching fidelity to Christ. One day he was startled by hearing that a band of the king’s men were in search of him, and in a few minutes would be at the farm! His wife, white with the fear that the very name of Claverhouse inspired, besought him to flee for his life. She suggested the barn, the graveyard, and the adjacent grove as places for hiding; but the old man said, “Na, I’ll go nawhere fra my ain hame; gin my hour has na’ come, they canna kill me; but gin it has, I’d rather go to heaven frae this bonnie spot than any ither! Our God, Janet, is a covenant-keeping God, and I’ll prove him now! Sin iver we’ve had a hame, we’ve spread a pillow for the wanderer, as weel as welcoming every ane at our ingle side.

'Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will remember him in time of trouble.' I ha' considered the poor, and this is the day o' trouble, sa there can be na doubt o' deliverance! I'll na run a foot, but just lay my head on the puir man's pillow, whence sa monie prayers ha' risen for me and mine; and *see if the angel o' the Lord do no' encamp around me!*"

Scarcely had he stretched himself out in his humble hiding-place, when, with jeer and curse, the blood thirsty soldiers galloped up to the door and demanded of the terrified Janet, her husband.

"He's na by me," she replied, "and ye canna expect me to do the work yer master pays ye for doing; go yer way and seek him if ye will; but ye'll not find him. He's hidden by ane as has more power in the Highlands than has yer master, the king!"

They thought some nobleman in the region had given him shelter, and were about going away, when one of their number insisted on searching the premises, lest they might be accused of going on a fool's errand.

Every room has been invaded, and barn and cow house explored, when, coming back through a shed to threaten the poor wife, one of them saw a ladder leading to the "puir man's loft." Mounting it he stood in the room with low, dark rafters, whose only furniture was a chair and a bed, in which last a man was lying. Never once thinking that the farmer himself could be there, he returned to his companions saying, "There's nane there but a vagrant asleep; seek him at the castle where the gude wife said he'd gone for shelter."

Ah! the strong pavilion in which God had caused him to hide was beyond their ken! They went their way—those men of blood—and then he came forth to praise God for his great deliverance. The shelter he had prepared for others had changed from a poor room in a loft to a high tower into which he had run and was safe. He had considered the poor, and the Lord remembered him in trouble. He lived through all the dark days of persecution, till he saw peace upon Israel and heard religious liberty proclaimed on all those fair Scottish hills.

If we desire angels for guests, we must prepare for them, and look for them. If we would have a high tower for a refuge in the time of danger, we must build one for those now in terror, and then when our own dark day comes it will be ready, and we can find shelter there.
—*Era.*

Those whose souls are so far renewed that they can be said to have entered into the Divine Union, find that, in every season, they have evidence of God's nearness and intimacy. And it adds to their happiness to know that He

is present to them in the fulness and perfection of His nature,—just as much as if they were the only beings in the universe.—*Upham.*

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON LOVE.

On earth there is nothing more beautiful than the first breaking of the ground of young, strong, new, pure love. No flower that ever blossomed, however fair; no fragrance that any flower ever emitted, however sweet; no bravery of the sky; no witchery of art; nothing that man ever invented or imagined, is to be compared with the hours of dawning love in the young soul. And it is a shame that men should be taught to be ashamed of that which is the prophecy of their highest being and glory. Alas, that it should ever perish in the using! Alas, that men should not know that to endure, it must rise higher and higher, since it is only by growing into its full and later disclosures that it may be saved from quick mortality. It must grow or die; for that which suffices for a beginning is not enough for all, and for all time.

Love, therefore, should be a schoolmaster, carrying its pupils up from room to room, through the whole university of the mind. As the lower begins first, it ends first. The higher, beginning latest, lasts the longest.

And, hence, true affection is strongest in the later periods of being. Perhaps it is less witching, perhaps it is less attractive in novelty, perhaps it is less stimulating, than young love; but the popular impression that we love strongest, when we love earliest, is not found in truth or analogy. No one knows the whole lore of love, that does not know how to love with the reason, the imagination and all the moral sentiments. It is the most interior school that the soul can know. Men may know how to deal with numbers and solve problems; but that is the rarest, the innermost, the deepest knowledge that comes with loving by all the parts and faculties of the soul.

They only can love greatly or fruitfully who are good, since the line, the direction, is from the flesh toward the spirit. It is from the low toward the high. It is from the substantial toward the invisible. And none can truly love except those whose life is the unfolding of their whole nature on the plan of Christianity.

How pitiful it is to see men build too low! I cannot bear to see the young gathering together and building their nests as the birds do. On my lawn I see the larks and other birds building in the grass, and know that before the young are fledged the remorseless mower, with revolving strokes, will sweep the ground, and the nests will be utterly destroyed, and the young cut and wasted. And do I not see men building their nests just so? Do I not see love

beginning to nestle in the flowers? But the flowers themselves are rooted in the dirt down low, close to the foot that easily shall crush them.

I mourn when I see a mother loving her children for time, and for time only. I mourn when I see two natures that should be eternally affianced loving each other within the horizons of time. There must be something higher than the circlings of this world. No love is fit to be called by the name of love that has not in it something of the other world, and much of immortality. It must rise above an instinct or passion. It must have in it faith and hope. It must be a love that is served by the reason, by the imagination, by all that there is in the soul.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FOURTH MONTH 27, 1867.

NOTICE.—As it is desirable that the Representatives and other Friends attending our approaching Yearly Meeting should be comfortably provided for during their stay in our city, those Philadelphia Friends who have room, and are willing to accommodate strangers, are requested to leave word at the office of Friends' Intelligencer, 144 North Seventh St., or with Samuel Pine, No. 152 North Fifteenth St.

TRAINING OF YOUNG CHILDREN.—At the twelfth meeting for reading and conversations (the final one of the season), held at Race St. Meeting-house, Philadelphia, on Fourth day evening, 10th inst.,—

A communication from Friends of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; who have met for mutual improvement, acknowledging the advantages derived from their association during the past year, was read.

According to previous arrangement, the claims of children to that moral and religious training which is calculated to promote their spiritual growth and usefulness, were considered.

It was thought that children were apt to be misunderstood by those who are older and more experienced. They often have desires after communion with the wise and good, but are naturally timid, and unwilling to expose their secret thoughts to others. Parents should never allow the confidence which their children naturally repose in them to be lost by harsh or discouraging words; they should invite and

draw forth the occasional expression of those trials and doubts, and those hopes and aspirations which arise in the sensitive young minds, providentially placed under their guidance. Thus they may often be learners, rather than teachers. The intuitions of childhood are singularly pure and beautiful, and wonderfully adapted to revive and strengthen the faith of those whose moral sense may be blunted by carelessness or disobedience. Instances were related of little children who have felt in silent meetings that Divine influence which is promised to the few that are gathered in the name of the Master. The view was expressed that parents may sometimes mar, rather than promote the growth of a healthful religious sentiment in their children, by too many precepts and restrictions. The young should not be discouraged in innocent amusements appropriate to their time of life; they should be allowed to enjoy the period of childhood, and be trammelled by no other restraints than those which the law of moderation and right enjoins. Much of that discipline which aims at "breaking the will" of children, is calculated to give them false ideas of parental authority and of the Divine government. Obedience is best secured by the power of sympathy and love,—a force far stronger than that of the rod, or of any other kind of punishment.

In view of what is called the "discipline of schools," which in many instances is most unequal in its operation and barbarous in its mode of enforcement, the thought was expressed that it is wonderful so many really good characters are found in society. The experience related by some of those present, of being repeatedly whipped when young for the most trifling and innocent manifestations of youthful feeling, or perhaps for offences they did not commit, showed how roughly the tender plant is liable to be bruised in its early efforts at development, and how easily we may account for much that is generally attributed to native depravity. The custom of cultivating the selfish feeling of rivalry among children in school, as a motive for diligence in study, is believed to be more pernicious in its moral, than advantageous in its educational effects; by it we encourage in the forming character of the young what in mature life it is one of the great objects of moral and

religious efforts to subdue and control. Now that the rod has been nearly banished from schools, is this system of emulation any real improvement? The preference given in schools to those who excel their fellows in the recitation of lessons, rather than to those who display the purest and most virtuous characters, is in singular contrast to the almost universal animus of the domestic circle. Few parents love the smartest and most apt of their children better than those who are less ready in acquiring knowledge. A wisely ordained instinct leads the loving mother to seek to counterbalance the natural disabilities of her offspring by greater tenderness and care. She will instinctively hide the defects which arise from natural weakness, and repress the assumed superiority of those who manifest precocity.

It is desirable that extremes on either hand should be avoided. Some Friends expressed their views as to the nature of paternal government, and the obligations which rest upon those who occupy that responsible position. It is very important to study the disposition and character of each of our children, and to seek for a qualification to administer to their intellectual and moral wants. The necessity of systematic religious instruction in the domestic circle, in First-day schools and Bible classes, an accurate knowledge of the letter of Scripture, and an acquaintance with the writings of Friends and others who have been eminent for piety and virtue, are all important aids to religious growth.

During the minority of children, parents occupy a most responsible position; and if they are favored, by a firm and consistent course of training, to nip the buds of frivolity and vanity when they appear in youthful minds, they may be instrumental in laying the foundation for that Divine government which is essential to the full development of manhood. In considering these important subjects it is obvious that example must go before precept,—that we cannot expect our children to grow up with the heavenly virtues developed in their characters, unless we go in and out before them in the fear of the Lord.

Attention was called to the much neglected children who throng our streets, and who have never been surrounded by influences favorable

to their moral development; and it was queried whether, as members of a religious Society, Friends were doing their part in lending a helping hand to these, by pointing out such deviations as they witness in their daily walks, and endeavoring by Christian gentleness to win such to a more correct course of conduct.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CAUTION.

I notice in the last paper a caution from Samuel Willets and Thomas Foulke, touching an impostor who has been collecting money in this vicinity, professedly for a Freedmen's School in Maryland.

When he called at my door for aid, notwithstanding he had surreptitiously possessed himself of signatures with which I was familiar, and which I knew were genuine, my misgivings of his integrity induced a correspondence which in a few days determined his real character.

Three similar cases have come to my knowledge; and my object in writing this note is to desire all the friends of the freedmen to avail themselves of one of the many *reliable* channels which insure a safe transmission of their gifts in aid of this people; and on no account whatever to trust them to the itinerants who are passing through the country, and collecting money under false pretences, and yet, withal, bearing as their recommendation the *genuine* signatures of some of our best and most esteemed citizens. I refused my aid to the above impostor, and immediately on my getting an answer from Maryland (Third month 20th) I procured a cautionary advertisement in the Anti-Slavery Standard.

Yonkers, 4th mo. 16.

N. BARNEY.

MARRIED, on Fifth-day, the 21st of Second month, 1867, at the residence of the bride's father, according to the order and under the care of Concord Monthly Meeting, MALIN HORTON and CATHERINE T. WILLS.

—, on the 21st of Second month, 1867, according to the order of the Society of Friends, at the house of the bride's father, CHAS. W. CHAMBERS, of West Whiteland, to MARY P. SMEDLEY, of West Bradford, Chester Co., Pa.

DIED, on the 30th of Eighth month, 1866, at her residence at Concord, Belmont Co., Ohio, RACHEL BERRY, widow of Thomas Berry, (deceased,) in the 82d year of her age; a member of Concord Monthly Meeting, and a diligent attender of meetings.

—, on the 9th of Eighth month, 1866, MARY ANN, wife of Allen Lukens, in the 42d year of her age; a member of Fall Creek Monthly Meeting, Indiana.

—, on the 2d of Third month, 1867, after a short illness, CHAS. W. SWAIN, of Pendleton, Ind., formerly of Newtown, Bucks Co., in the 59th year of his age.

In the departure of this excellent man and true Christian, the Society of Friends, the community in which he lived, and his extensive family circle, have lost a devoted and valued member; one who was "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." To the truth of these expressions as applied to him, the hearts of all who knew him will at once respond. A firm believer in the principles of this Society, and a faithful laborer in its cause, he filled and adorned the station of Elder in the body for a number of years. A kind neighbor, a useful citizen, a genial and interesting companion, a most

high thoughts, and lays the soul like white paper under God's pen.—*Henry.*

THE DEATH OF GRANVILLE JOHN PENN, ESQ.

Granville John Penn, Esq., the great grandson of William Penn, the Proprietary of Pennsylvania, died in London on the 29th ult. Mr. Penn was the eldest surviving son of Granville Penn, Esq., of Stoke Pogis, who was the eldest son of Thomas Penn, one of the joint Proprietaries of Pennsylvania. Thomas Penn was the eldest son of William Penn, by his second wife, Hannah Callowhill. The only surviving descendant of the founder of the Commonwealth, who bears the name of Penn, is an unmarried brother of the late Granville John Penn, who was also a bachelor. There are several descendants of the founder, however, of other names, among whom may be mentioned Lord Northland, Lady Gomm, and the Penn Gaskill family, of this city.

There are also some descendants of Penn, of the name of Stewart, in England—children of William Stewart and Henrietta, daughter of Admiral Sir C. Pole. William Stuart was son of Archbishop Stuart and Sophia Margaret Penn, daughter of Richard Penn, joint Proprietary of Pennsylvania. The Stuarts have in their possession a massive gold chain, presented by the city of London to Admiral Sir Wm. Penn, father of Wm. Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. Mr. Granville John Penn inherited Stoke Pogis, a magnificent estate; but it was so incumbered, that he was obliged to sell it, and also to transfer his life-interest in the pension of £4,000 per annum, settled on the lineal representative of the founder in the male line, in consideration of the transfer of the Proprietary rights to the Crown—a transfer made shortly before the Revolution. When making the transfer, however, the Penns reserved the manors scattered through the State, and their private property in Philadelphia. The interests of the Proprietaries were represented here first by James Logan, afterwards by Samuel Coates, then by the late Gen. Thomas Cadwalader, and now by Gen. George Cadwalader. But of all their real estate, there remains only "Solitude," near the wire bridge at Fairmount, and a few ground rents.

Very many Pennsylvanians will remember the visits to this city and State paid by Mr. Granville John Penn, in 1851, and at a subsequent period. On the occasion of both visits, he received the attentions due him as the representative of the Founder of the State. On his first visit, he was formally received by the city authorities in Independence Hall.

At the time of his second visit, he presented to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the belt of wampum, which is believed to be the identical article which was given to

William Penn by the Indian Sachems as a pledge that they would faithfully observe the conditions of the treaty which the illustrious Quaker had made with them. This belt still remains in the custody of the Historical Society.

Granville John Penn was a thorough gentleman, a most amiable man, a warm and constant friend, a devout Christian, and an accomplished scholar. His father, Granville Penn, of Stoke Pogis, was the author of a life of Sir William Penn, a work on Mosaic Geology, a translation of the Testament under the title of "The New Covenant," and other works of some merit. Granville John Penn was unmarried. His surviving brother, who is also a bachelor, is in feeble health, so that the name of Penn, around which so many interesting associations linger in the heart of every Pennsylvanian, will probably soon be extinct.—*Ev. Bulletin.*

For Friends' Intelligence.

MORNING PRAYER.

Father in Heaven, I ask thy aid,
To guide me through the coming day,
To bless me in the pathway made
For those who rest beneath thy shade,
And walk the narrow way.

Father, all hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom, may it be supreme;
Thy will be done, with all I claim,—
On earth as Heaven be it the same,—
Thy boundless Love my theme.

This day I ask for bread from thee,
To nourish into purer life,
So that thy glory I may see,
And thus from stains of earth be free,
And free from outward strife.

Father, forgive me for the wrong
I may have done to friend or foe,
And grant my heart may yet be strong
To yield in meekness to the throng
That strikes its worldly blow.

Oh! lead me not where tempting snares
Can draw me from the light within;
Deliver me, when unawares
My erring footstep downward bears,
And treads the road to sin.

Father! I crave thy tender care
For those that near me stand;
Oh! wilt thou listen to my prayer,
That wife and children with me share
All goodness from thy hand.

7th mo. 24th, 1866.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Bland as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play;
And, through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hill-side cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The blue bird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O Mother Nature!" cry,
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free,
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear,
O'er swept from memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!

The Night is Mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left his Hope with all.

ON THE AGRICULTURAL ANT OF TEXAS.

(Concluded from page 106.)

I have not observed that anything preys to any considerable extent upon this species of ant. Chickens and mocking birds will sometimes pick up a few of them, but not often. If anything else in Texas eats them, I have not noticed it. Neither have I observed their nests bored into or dug up in middle Texas.

The agricultural ant is of but little disadvantage to the farmer, however numerous, as it is never seen six inches from the ground, nor does it cut or trouble any growing vegetable outside of its pavement, except the seeds of the noxious weeds and grasses. Sometimes it is found stealing corn meal, broomcorn seeds, &c.; but it is only when it finds them on the ground that it steals even these.

Children occasionally get on their pavement, and are badly stung. A few of these pavement lessons, however, generally obviate that inconvenience. The pain of their poison is more lasting, will swell and feel harder, than that of the honey bee. If they insert their stings on the feet or ankles of the child, the irritation will ascend to the glands of the inguinal region, producing tumors of a character quite painful, often exciting considerable fever in the general system; the irritation will last a day or two, but I have seen no permanent injury arising from it.

During protracted spells of dry weather, they are frequently found in great numbers in our wells. They seem to have gone there in pursuit of water, and not being able to get back, to make the best of a bad condition—in this unforeseen dilemma—they will collect and cling together in masses as large as an ordinary teacup, in which condition they are frequently caught and drawn up in the bucket. When

they are thus brought up, though they may have been in the water a day or more, they are all living, though half drowned and barely able to move. While in the well they are all afloat, and at least one-half of the mass submerged. As it is known that this species of ant cannot survive 15 minutes under water, how they manage when in a half-sunken mass to survive a day, or even longer, is a question to which I may fail to give a satisfactory solution. I may, however, from experiments I have made with single individuals, in water, venture the assertion that there is no possible chance for the submerged portion of the globular mass, if it remain in the same condition in relation to the water, to survive even half an hour. Then we are forced to the supposition that by some means or other the ball must be caused to revolve as it floats. The globular mass must be kept rolling, and make a revolution every four minutes, or the submerged portion must die. To accomplish this somewhat astonishing life-preserving process, there is but one possible alternative. It can be effected only by a united and properly directed systematic motion of the disengaged limbs of the outer tier of ants, occupying the submerged half of the globular mass.

I saw to-day (June 15), in a clean trodden path near my dwelling, quite a number of this species of ant engaged in deadly conflict. They were strewed along the path to the distance of 10 or 12 feet, fighting, most of them, in single combat. In some few cases, I noticed there would be two to one engaged, in all of which cases the struggle was soon ended. Their mode of warfare is decapitation, and in all cases where there were two to one engaged the work of cutting off the head was soon accomplished. There were already a number of heads and headless ants laying around, and there were a greater number of single pairs of the insatiate warriors grappling each other by the throat on the battlefield, some of whom seemed to be already dead, still clinging together by their throats. Among the single pairs in the deadly strife there were no cases of decapitation. They mutually grappled each other by the throat, and there cling till death ends the conflict, but does not separate them. I do not think that in single combat they possess the power to dis sever the head; but they can grip the neck so firmly as to stop circulation, and hold on until death ensues without their unloosing the jaws even then.

The cause of this war was attributable to the settlement of a young queen in close proximity (not more than 20 feet) of a very populous community that had occupied that scope of territory for ten or twelve years. At first, and so long as they operated under concealment, the old community did not molest them; but when

they threw off their mask, and commenced paving their city, the older occupants of that district of territory declared war against them and waged it to extermination. The war was declared by the old settlers, and the object was to drive out the new ones or exterminate them. But the warriors of this species of ant are not to be driven. Where they select a location for a home, nothing but annihilation can get them away. So, in the present case, the war continued two days and nights, and resulted in the total extermination of the intruding colony. From the vastly superior numbers of the older settlers, though many of them were slain during the war, they nevertheless succeeded in destroying the entire colony, without any apparent disturbance or unusual excitement about the great city. Their national works and governmental affairs went on in their ordinary course, while the work of death was being accomplished by their resolute bands of triumphant warriors.

They did not interrupt, in any way that I have discovered, the small black erratic ant, when it comes on their pavement. They even permit the erratic ants to erect cities on any part of their incorporated limits, and do not molest them. It may be that the little fellows serve them some purpose. But when they build too many of their confederate cities on the pavement of the agricultural ant, it seems to be an inconvenience to them some way, but they do not go to war with them, nor to rid themselves of the inconvenience by any forcible means. They, however, do get clear of them, and that by instituting a regular system of deceptive and vexatious obstructions. The deception is manifested in the fact that it appears to have suddenly become necessary to raise the mound two or three inches higher, and also to widen the base considerably. Forthwith are seen swarming out on the pavement hosts of ants, who go rapidly to work, and bringing the little black balls which are thrown up by the earthworms in great quantities everywhere in the prairie soil, they heap them up, first at the base of the mound, widening till all the near erratic ant cities are covered up. At the same time they raise the entire pavement an inch or so, and in prosecuting this part of the national work deposit abundantly more balls upon and around the ant cities than anywhere else. The little ants bore upwards through the hard sun-dried balls, which are constantly accumulating—getting worse every hour—until the obstruction has become so great that they can no longer keep their cities open; and, finding there is no remedy for the growing difficulty, they peacefully evacuate the premises. There is found on almost every pavement, at this season of the year, three or four pyramidal mounds, that have been constructed for the purpose of crowding out the little erratic ants.

Th extensive, clean, smooth roads that are constructed by the agricultural ants are worthy of being noticed. At this season of the year their roads are plainest and in the best order, because it is harvest time, and their whole force is out collecting grain for winter supplies. I am just this moment from a survey of one of these roads, that I might be able to make an exact and correct statement of it. It is over a hundred yards in length, goes through twenty yards of thick weeds, underruns heavy beds of crop grass 60 yards, and then through the weeds growing in the locks of a heavy rail fence 20 yards more; and throughout the whole extent it is very smooth and even, varying from a straight line enough, perhaps, to lose 10 or 12 yards of the distance in travelling to the outer terminus. It is from 2 to 2½ inches wide; in some places, on account of insurmountable obstructions, it separates into two or three trails of an inch in width, coming together again after passing the obstruction. This is the main trunk, and it does not branch until it crosses the before-named fence, beyond which is a heavy bed of grain bearing weeds and grasses. Their prospecting corps travel far out, and when they discover rich districts of their proper food they report it, and a corps of foragers are immediately dispatched to collect and bring it in.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Extract from a Lecture delivered by PROF. AGASSIZ in Cooper Institute, New York, 2d mo. 26th, 1867, on the Monkeys and Native Inhabitants of South America.

Take the different forms of brain which we have among men and you will find the variety a little more or less developed; pass from them to the monkeys and you will find this gradually receding, you will find that the cerebellum will be uncovered very slowly, and then gradually more and more. In fact, you have a complete series, which shows that between man and monkeys, and monkeys and quadrupeds, and quadrupeds and birds, and birds and reptiles, and reptiles and fishes, there is an uninterrupted gradation of more or less complicated structures; but with this remarkable peculiarity, that the distances from one to the other are unequal, that there is not that even gradation or that even succession, that from one stage to the other the distance or the difference should be perfectly uniform. There is always more or less distance from one to the other, and not equal in measure, in steps from any lower to the next higher type. And now, in the order of succession of animals, we find something similar. Suppose I represent here the lowest level upon which any animal has existed upon the surface of our earth, and here mark the name of the geological formations as they have fol-

lowed one another [Illustrating on black-board.] from the azoic period, through the Salurian age, through the Devonian and carboniferous age, the Permian, the triassic, the jurassic, the cretaceous, eocene, the miocene, the pliocene and the present period, and here I represent by this line the present surface of our earth, with all the varieties of animals living upon it, and here we have a compartment for the radiates, which you may remember, constitute one of the great types of the animal kingdom, and are divided into three classes—the polyps and jelly-fishes, the star-fishes, sea urchins and the like. Here we have another compartment for the mollusks, and among these mollusks we have also three classes—the bivalve shells, the univalve shells, and the chamber shells, for we have here another compartment for the articulate, and we divide them into three classes: also the worms, the crustacea, and the insects; and here we have the last compartment for the vertebrates, which also comprise three classes. The fishes, and they are subdivided into several classes, which I need not notice now; the reptiles with their subdivisions, the birds, and the mammalia. Now we will inquire when were these animals called into existence. Mark that the transmutation doctrine assumes that animals are derived from one another, and that there is a primitive cell formed from which all animals may have been evolved. The doctrine is that all vertebrates are descended from one primitive vertebrate, that all articulate are descended from one primitive articulate, that all mollusks are derived from one primitive mollusk, that all radiates are derived from one primitive radiate, and that those four primitive types are derived themselves from the primitive cell formed by the combination of those fortuitous elements which are acting wherever light, moisture and matter are brought in contact with one another. It is the doctrine professed by Moleschott, by Carl Vogt, by Buchner, by Cölbe, and by all those who have advocated the transmutation doctrine, on the ground that everything which exists has started spontaneously from the formation of a primitive cell under the influence of light acting upon matter. Moleschott's paper on the action of light upon matter in organizing beings is one of the most striking productions of that school. Darwin and the English defenders of the transmutation doctrine present it in a somewhat different light. They assume that the first impulse was given by an intellectual power, and that this impulse has resulted in an unfolding, in an evolution out of the first germs created, of all that has followed. The doctrine which I support is that it is not only the few which were started in the beginning by a creative act, but the many, and that it was not at one time only that the creation was limited, but that the creation has gone

on through all ages, and that under the direct influences of creative power most all the differences which exist have been brought about. These are generalizations. Now let us see what the facts are, whether the German transmutation doctrine comes nearer to the fact, whether the English transmutation doctrine comes nearer, or whether the doctrine of special creation comes nearer to the fact, and if the latter is the case, then I shall have proved my statement that we are not the lineal descendants of monkeys, but we are children of God. We are the chosen productions of an intellect; we are made in his resemblance. I say these are interpretations. Let us see to the facts once more, and ascertain how close they come to the translation I have presented. Polyps have existed from the beginning. They are found in the geological formations, they are found through all geological formations, and they exist now. Acalephs have been found in the oldest geological formations through all geological formations, and they exist now; echinoderms have been found in the oldest and through all geological formations, and they exist now. So we have three classes of radiates represented from the beginning. Lately a fossil has been discovered in Canada and described, which purports to be the first animal living on earth. Whether it be an animal is not even fully ascertained; there are controversies upon that point, and within the last few months discussions have arisen in learned societies whether this *Aozone Canadensis* was or was not the remains of a living being. I say, let us in such instances, when there have been observations which are so far out of the path of all information obtained before, reject these observations until they are so clearly sustained that there can be no doubt about the fact. So I say, let the *Aozone Canadensis* out of consideration, until it is known that it was a living being, and until its structure is so far disclosed that some theory can be predicted concerning its affinities. Among mollusks we have bivalve shells existing from the oldest time to the present day; and univalve shells and chambered cells existing from the oldest time to the present day. Among worms we have those with solid covering up to the present day; and among crustacea we have them from the oldest time. Among insects the first we find belong to the carboniferous period, and not before. Then among vertebrates we have, as I have shown you, fishes from the beginning, notwithstanding the objection to the statement I made before. Then we have reptiles from the carboniferous period. We have birds either from the Triassic or the Jurassic period—it is questionable which—and we have mammalia also from that period. You see then how many classes we had from the beginning, and how many of these were contemporaneous

with one another. Can it be said that animals which were contemporaneous were descendants of one another, or that animals which appeared together at the same time were derived one from the other? Certainly not. It is not so. We have at least so many beginnings as are representatives of these different classes in the earliest strata. But this is not all. The polyps have existed from the beginning through all ages; but the polyps of the earliest period are among the lowest, while we have polyps of a much higher grade living now. The aculephs of the oldest times are among the lowest, while we have aculephs of a much higher grade living now. The echinoderms existing then were of the lowest order, while we have echinoderms of a higher grade now. So it seems as if all these types had been improving; as if they had undergone changes, and as if those changes had led successively to something higher. So it seems, but it is not so; because while we have polyps now, which are superior to those which formerly lived, we have by the side of them, polyps which are as low as the earliest known. The functions and structures at the present time are the same as those existing at the earliest epochs. The crinoids to-day are as low as the earliest known. Now, I would ask, what started these simple forms into a desire, and gave them a capacity to become something higher and to go on becoming higher, and at the same time what made them feel that they had done enough in the direction of something higher? What gave them the power at the same time to remain on the lower level? That is the character of the facts as we have them. We have certain lowest forms rising gradually higher and higher, and we have the lowest forms by the side of the higher at the same time. So that we should have, according to the transmutation doctrine, beings capable of changing themselves, and at the same time remaining as they were; at the same time, influences which would produce a change, and which would prevent a change from going on. I say that is not logical, and that a doctrine which has facts against it so glaring, is not a true interpretation of nature. We have the same here with the mollusks. We have the lingula, the lowest bivalve shell known to this day, while we have the brachiopods, the clams, the fresh water muscles, of a higher type. What started the lingula to change to these other forms, and at the same time secured to it a condition in which it should not change? I do not know a physical force, and I do not know a natural agency which is capable of producing such results. But I know that mind can do it. I know that when an author sets out to record the processes of his mind he can do it at every stage of perfection; he can do it in such a manner that the records may be the evidence of

his gradual progress; and in the end may be the evidence of his highest culture, which at the same time he may record, if only for memory's sake, the doings of his early days by the side of the productions of his maturer years. It is just that which we read in nature. We have the earlier manifestations of creative power, and we have the later and higher productions. And we have by the side of these later productions, the reproduction, as it were, of what had been in the beginning. This is to be traced in the gastropods, of which we find the lowest forms here at present. It is the case with cephalopods, of which the earliest forms are here now; and by their side are the nautili and all the variety of cephalopods belonging to our day.

So it is with the worms. So it is with the crustacea. So, I may say, it is also with the insects, though that class begins only in the carboniferous period. The fact that the insects begin only in that age is another indication of the working of mind in this process. For during the earliest periods of the earth's history the whole of its surface was covered with water. There was no land, no terrestrial animals. But when vegetation began to be extensive, and especially terrestrial vegetation, we have the first indication of land animals in the production of insects.

(To be continued.)

THE POWER OF A GROWING TREE.

Walton Hall had at one time its own corn-mill, and when that inconvenient necessity no longer existed, the mill stone was laid in an orchard and forgotten. The diameter of this circular stone measured five feet and a half, while its depth averaged seven inches throughout; its central hole had a diameter of eleven inches. By mere accident, some bird or squirrel had dropped the fruit of the filbert tree through this hole on to the earth, and in 1812 the seedling was seen rising up through that unwonted channel. As its trunk gradually grew through this aperture and increased, its power to raise the ponderous mass of stone was speculated upon by many. Would the filbert tree die in the attempt? Would it burst the mill-stone, or would it lift it? In the end the little filbert tree lifted the mill-stone, and in 1863 wore it like a crinoline about its trunk, and Mr. Water-ton used to sit upon it under the branching shade.—*English Paper.*

Let us live a life of delight in God, and love to think of Him as we do of one whom we love and value. Let the flowing in of every stream of comfort lead us to the fountain, and in every thing that is grateful to us, let us taste that the Lord is gracious. Let the drying up of every stream of comfort lead us to the fountain, and

let us rejoice the more in God for our being deprived of that which we used to rejoice in.

P. Henry.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

The basis of success in all occupations which involve the relations of an employer and employee is, that the employers should have an accurate knowledge of the work then to be done, how to do it, and how long it should take. A man of business who neglects this places his interest entirely in the keeping of irresponsible agents, and, human nature being what it is, arrives in due time at insolvency. This is why the self-made man, who has been sternly initiated into the whole mystery by having himself stood in the ranks of the employed, outstrips those who seem to start so fair from the vantage ground of education and capital, and builds a fortune where these kick one down. And the mistress of a household, who understands what a servant's duties are (except, perhaps, those which, affecting her own comfort, force themselves upon her notice,) still less how and when they may be best fulfilled, will certainly not get them fulfilled in the best manner, or by the smallest number of hands, and hence will manage, or rather mismanage, her income in a wasteful, ineffectual manner. This is an inevitable result.

ITEMS.

DESTITUTION IN THE SOUTH.—The Private Secretary of the Governor of Alabama says there are in that State 60,000 persons in indigent circumstances who need aid; and the State Commissioner for the relief of the destitute says there are 45,000 persons in the State whose stores are exhausted and who will suffer seriously, and perhaps starve, if relief is not afforded them soon. Reports from other sections all unite in saying that the destitution is very serious. The Relief Commission has received thus far about \$165,000. Mr. H. A. Meetz, of Lexington, Lexington District, S. C., writes as follows:

"The destitution in our district is immense, and unless our friends at a distance will act promptly and continuously, for some time to come, human life I fear in many cases will be lost. We hope that God will give us a good yield of wheat; but this cannot be gathered before the middle of June. I am now receiving the 200 sacks of corn sent through General Scott, and the applicants are without number almost. I am sure if you could see, as I do, poor women coming, some as far as from fifteen to twenty miles, on foot, to carry half a bushel of corn or meal back, and the thankful expression of countenance with which they receive it, you would surely conclude that God will bless those engaged in a charity like this. In the name of our suffering people, I return to you and your noble associates our heartfelt gratitude for your generous efforts, and in the name of suffering humanity may you continue them."—*Moravian.*

CLIMATE OF RUSSIAN AMERICA.—Lieutenant BENT, an officer of the United States navy, who accompanied the Japanese expedition, reported that through the softening influence of the Gulf stream of the Pacific—

The winters are so mild at Puget Sound, lat. 48 degrees, that snow rarely falls there, and the inhabitants are never enabled to fill their ice-houses for the summer. Vessels trading to Petropaulouski and Kamschatka, when becoming unwieldy from the accumulation of ice on their hulls and rigging, run over to a higher latitude on the American coast, and thaw out in the same manner that vessels frozen up on our own coast retreat again into the Gulf stream until favored by an easterly wind.

Direct evidence of the general correctness of this theory is furnished by the meteorological records of the Russian Government, kept at Sitka, in latitude 57.03 degrees, the mean temperature for a period of ten years being in spring 44.5 degrees; in summer, 57.5 degrees; in autumn, 47 degrees; in winter, 36.5 degrees, and during the year 46.4 degrees. This indicates colder springs, summers, and autumns, but milder winters than we have in Philadelphia.—*Press.*

THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER.—An experiment with the Fire Extinguisher was made at the country residence of Jay Cooke, near Philadelphia. A large number of petroleum oil barrels, completely saturated with that inflammable substance, were piled one on the other and then set fire to, producing quite a respectable conflagration. When the flames were at their height, and it was thought nothing could subdue them while a vestige of the material of which the fire was composed remained, a gentleman present strapped the extinguisher to his back, took his position in front of the burning mass, presented the end of a small gutta percha tube, connected with the apparatus, at the fire, turned a small stop-cock, which forced a thin stream of water, strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, through the tube and on the flames, when, in the short space of ten seconds, what was a densely burning mass was transformed into charred and blackened half-consumed oil barrels, without a vestige of fire remaining. The experiment was repeated several times with even increased success, and the entire affair gave the greatest satisfaction to the witnesses present.

The French Legislative body has passed the first article of a bill abolishing capital punishment, by a vote of 136 to 92.

The health of the French Prince Imperial is said to be delicate. It is a singular fact that for over a century and a half no monarch of France has been succeeded by his son.

Rhode Island, the smallest State in the Union, has the densest population per square mile of any, and in this particular exceeds any nation of continental Europe except France, which it nearly equals; and sixty per cent. of this population is located on eleven per cent. of her area. Of her inhabitants one in every nine over fifteen years of age cannot write, and more than one in thirteen can neither read nor write. The amount of capital invested in manufactures is \$33,000,000, which produced since the last census \$130,000,000 worth of products, and the labor of the State shows the annual production of each man, woman and child to be \$601, while in Massachusetts it is only \$408.

Coal has been discovered in India, and it is reported by the Friend of India that the coal fields in Chindwarra extend over a surface of upwards of fifty miles, varying in thickness of good coal from three to thirteen feet. There can be little doubt that these coal fields are the most important discoveries that have been made in India for years. The official report gives a very high opinion of the coal as a fuel, its freedom from pyrites and the great facility in working it.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF

F. W. ROBERTSON

BY SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

(Continued from page 115.)

"Christ's estimate of Sin," is the title of one
of Robertson's very instructive discourses, and
the text prefixed is,

LUKE xix. 10.—"The Son of Man is come to seek
and to save that which is lost."

"These words occur," he says, "in the history
which tells of the recovery of Zaccheus
from a life of worldliness to the life of God.
Zaccheus was a publican; and the publicans
were outcasts among the Jews, because, having
accepted the office, under the Roman government,
of collecting the taxes imposed by Rome
upon their brethren, they were regarded as
traitors to the cause of Israel. Reckoned a de-
graded class, they became degraded. It is hard
for any man to live above the moral standard
of his own class; and the moral standard of the
publican was as low as possible.

"Into the house of one of these outcasts the
Son of Man entered. It was quite certain
that such an act would be commented upon se-
verely by people who called themselves relig-
ious; it would seem to them scandalous, an
outrage upon decency, a defiance to every rule
of respectability and decorum. No pious Is-
raelite would be seen holding equal intercourse
with a publican. In anticipation of such re-
marks, before there was time, perhaps, to make
them, Jesus spoke these words, 'The Son of

Man is come to seek and to save that which is
lost.'

"There are two ways of looking at sin: One
is the severe view. It makes no allowance for
frailty; it will not hear of temptation, nor dis-
tinguish between circumstances. Men who
judge in this way shut their eyes to all but two
objects,—a plain law, and a transgression of
that law. There is no more to be said; let the
law take its course."

"The other view is one of laxity
and false liberalism. When such men speak,
prepare yourself to hear liberal judgments and
lenient ones; a great deal about human weak-
ness, error in judgment, mistakes, an unfortu-
nate constitution, on which the chief blame of
sin is to rest—a good heart. All well, if we
wanted, in this mysterious struggle of a life,
only consolation. But we want far beyond com-
fort—Goodness; and to be merely made easy
when we have done wrong will not help us to
that!

"Distinct from both of these was Christ's
view of guilt. His standard of Right was
high,—higher than ever man had placed it be-
fore. Not moral excellence, but heavenly, He
demanded. 'Except your righteousness shall
exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and
Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the
kingdom of heaven.' Read the Sermon on
the Mount. It tells of a purity as of snow rid-
ing on an Alpine pinnacle, white in the blue
holiness of heaven; and yet, also, He, the All-

pure, had tenderness for what was not pure. He who stood in Divine uprightness that never faltered felt compassion for the ruined, and infinite gentleness for human fall. Broken, disappointed, doubting hearts, in dismay and bewilderment, never looked in vain to Him. Very strange, if we stop to think of it, instead of repeating it, as a matter of course. For generally human goodness repels from it evil men; they shun the society and presence of men reputed good, as owls fly from light. But here was purity *attracting* evil; that was the wonder. Harlots and wretches steeped in infamy gathered round Him. No wonder the purblind Pharisees thought there must be something in Him like such sinners which drew them so. Like draws to like. If he chose their society before that of the Pharisees, was it not because of some congeniality in Evil? But they *did* crowd His steps, and that because they saw a hope opened out in a hopeless world for fallen spirits and broken hearts,—ay, and seared hearts. The Son of man was forever standing among the lost; and His ever-predominant feelings were sadness for the evil in human nature, hope for the Divine good in it, and the Divine image never worn out wholly.

"I perceive in this description three peculiarities, distinguishing Christ from ordinary men.

"I. A peculiarity in the constitution of the Redeemer's moral nature.

"II. A peculiarity in the objects of his solicitude.

"III. A peculiarity in his way of treating guilt.

"I. In his moral constitution. Manifested in that peculiar title which He assumed—The Son of man."

"Let us see what that implies.

"1. It implies fairly his divine origin; for it is an emphatic expression, and, as we may so say, an unnatural one. Imagine an apostle—St. Paul or St. John—insisting upon it perpetually that he himself was human. It would almost provoke a smile to hear either of them averring and affirming, I am the Son of Man; it would be unnatural, the affectation of condescension would be intolerable. Therefore, when we hear these words from Christ, we are compelled to think of them as contrasted with a higher Nature. None could, without presumption, remind men that He was their Brother, and a Son of Man, except One, who was also something higher, even the Son of God.

"2. It implies the catholicity of His Brotherhood.

"Nothing in the judgment of historians, stands out so sharply distinct as race,—national character; nothing is more inefaceable. The Hebrew was marked from all mankind. The Roman was perfectly distinct from the Grecian

character; as markedly different as the rough English truthfulness is from Celtic brilliancy of talent. Now, these peculiar nationalities are seldom combined."

... "Now this is the universality of the Nature of Je-us Christ. There was in Him no national peculiarity or individual idiosyncrasy. He was not the Son of the Jew, nor the Son of the Carpenter, nor the offspring of the modes of living and thinking of that particular century. He was the Son of Man. Once in the world's history was born a Man. Once in the roll of ages, out of innumerable failures, from the stock of human nature, one Bud developed itself into a faultless Flower. One perfect specimen of humanity has God exhibited on earth."

... "As if the life-blood of every nation were in his veins, and that which is best and truest in every man, and that which is tenderest and gentlest and purest in every woman, in His character. He is emphatically the Son of Man.

"Out of this arose two powers of His sacred humanity,—the universality of His sympathies, and their intense particular personality.

"The universality of His sympathies; for, compare Him with any one of the sacred characters of Scripture. You know how intensely national they were, priests, prophets, and apostles, in their sympathies. For example, the 'apostles marvelled that He spake with a woman of Samaria;'—just before His resurrection, their largest charity had not reached beyond this,—'Lord, wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom unto Israel?' Or, to come down to modern times, when His spirit has been moulding men's ways of thought for many ages;—now when we talk of our philanthropy and catholic liberality, here in Christian England, we have scarcely any fellow-feeling, true and genuine, with other nations, other churches, other parties than our own; we care nothing for Italian or Hungarian struggles; we think of Romanists as the Jew thought of Gentiles: we speak of German Protestants in the same proud, wicked, self-sufficient way in which the Jews spoke of Samaritans.

"Unless we bring such matters home, and away from vague generalities, and consider what we and all men are, or rather are not, we cannot comprehend with due wonder the mighty sympathies of the heart of Christ. None of the miserable antipathies that fence us from all the world bounded the outgoings of that Love, broad and deep, and wide as the heart of God. Wherever the mysterious pulse of human life was beating, wherever aught human was in struggle, there to Him was a thing not common or unclean, but cleansed by God and sacred. Compare the daily, almost indispensable language of our life with His spirit. 'Common people?'—Point us out the passage where

he called any people, that God His Father made, common? 'Lower Orders?'—Tell us when and where He, whose home was the workshop of the carpenter, authorized you or me to know any man after the flesh as low or high? To Him who called Himself the Son of Man the link was manhood. And that He could discern even when it was marred. Even in outcasts His eye could recognize the sanctities of a nature human still. Even in the harlot, 'one of Eve's family';—a son of Abraham even in Zaccheus.

"Once more, out of that universal catholic Nature rose another power,—the power of intense, particular, personal affections. He was the Brother and Saviour of the human race; but this because He was the Brother and Saviour of every separate man in it.

"II. Peculiarity in the objects of Christ's solicitude.

"He had come to seek and to save the 'lost.' . . . And, oh, the untold world of agony contained in that expression—'a lost soul!'—agony exactly in proportion to the nobleness of original powers. For it is a strange and mournful truth, that the qualities which calculate to shine are exactly those which minister to the worst ruin. God's highest gifts,—talent, beauty, feeling, imagination, power,—they carry with them the possibility of the highest heaven and the lowest hell."

"It was His work and His desire to save such; and in this world a new and strange solicitude it was, for the world had seen before nothing like it."

"In Christ's treatment of guilt we find three peculiarities: sympathy, holiness, firmness.

1. "By human sympathy. In the treatment of Zaccheus this was almost all. We read of almost nothing else as the instrument of that wonderful reclamation. One thing only,—Christ went to his house self-invited. But that one was everything. Consider it: Zaccheus was, if he were like other publicans, a hard and hardened man. He felt people shrink from Him in the streets. He lay under an imputation; and we know how that feeling of being universally suspected and misinterpreted makes a man bitter, sarcastic, and defiant. And so the outcast would go home, look at his gold, rejoice in the revenge he could take by false accusations; felt a pride in knowing that they might hate, but could not help fearing him; scorned the world, and shut up his heart against it.

At last, one whom all men thronged to see, and all men honored, or seemed to honor, came to him,—offered to go home and sup with him. For the first time for many years, Zaccheus felt that he was not despised, and the flood-gates of that avaricious, shut heart were opened in a tide of love and generosity. 'Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and

if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.'

"He was reclaimed to human feeling by being taught that he was a man still; recognized and treated like a man. A Son of Man had come to seek 'him,' the lost.

"2. By the exhibition of Divine holiness.

"The holiness of Christ differed from all earthly, common, vulgar holiness. Wherever it was, it elicited a sense of sinfulness and imperfection. Just as the purest-cut crystal of the rock looks dim beside the diamond, so the best men felt a sense of guilt growing distinct upon their souls. When the Anointed of God came near, 'Depart from me,' said the bravest and truest of them all, 'for I am a sinful man, O Lord.'

"But, at the same time, the holiness of Christ did not awe men away from Him, nor repel them. It inspired them with hope. It was not that vulgar, unapproachable sanctity which makes men awkward in its presence, and stands aloof. Its peculiar characteristic was, that it made men enamored of goodness. It 'drew all men unto Him.'

"This is the difference between greatness that is first-rate and greatness which is second-rate,—between heavenly and earthly goodness. The second rate and the earthly draws admiration on itself. You say, 'How great an act,—how good a man!' The first-rate and the heavenly imparts itself,—inspires a spirit. You feel a kindred something in you that rises up to meet it, and draws you out of yourself, making you better than you were before, and opening out the infinite possibilities of your life and soul.

"And such pre-eminently was the holiness of Christ. Had some earthly great or good one come to Zaccheus' house, a prince or a nobleman, his feeling would have been, What condescension is there! But, when He came whose every word and act had in it Life and Power, no such barren reflection was the result; but, instead, the beauty of holiness had become a power within him, a longing for self-consecration. 'Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.'

"3. By Divine sympathy, and by the Divine Image, exhibited in the speaking act of Christ, the lost was sought and saved. He was saved, as alone all fallen men can be saved. 'Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, he was changed into the same image.' And this is the very essence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We are redeemed by the Life of God without us, manifested in the Person of Christ, kindling into flame the Life of God that is within us. Without Him we can do nothing. Without Him the warmth that was in Zacche-

us' heart would have smouldered uselessly away. Through Him it became Life and Light, and the lost was saved."

In this beautiful exposition of the course pursued by the "Son of Man" in order to reclaim the erring and elevate the degraded, we have an example that is applicable to our own time and country. Among the millions of our fellow creatures recently enfranchised, a large proportion have been subjected to brutalizing treatment and shut out intentionally from the benefits of knowledge. They have a strong claim upon our sympathies, and happily there is a disposition on the part of many to aid them by benevolent efforts and liberal contributions.

We should not however restrict our religious labors, or benevolent efforts, to those whom we may deem deserving of our sympathy; but like the holy Messiah, we should endeavor to reclaim the erring and encourage the prodigal to return to his father's house. Perverseness or ingratitude on the part of some should not abate our desire to benefit all, for every service in the course of humanity proceeding from pure motives will bring the reward of peace. "The fields are white already to harvest; he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

(To be continued.)

SOLITUDE.

Solitude bears the same relation to the mind that sleep does to the body. It affords it the necessary opportunities for repose and recovery. In the respite thus afforded to thought by solitude, the soul seems to retire within herself, to close her portals against the world, shut out the garish lights of day, exclude all noisy clamors of the crowd, and, in a temporary withdrawal from the strife, so to recruit her strength, as to go forth to a renewal of the conflict with new strength for its necessities, and new hopes of its result.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 118.)

To ———.

6th of Second month, 1837.—When the will is slain,—when we can say, "It is no more I,"—then how easy is the task of dedication, and how clear are the pointings, how light the burden of the cross of Christ. Then self is of no reputation indeed, and all crowns are laid down; nor does any snare of the enemy prevail.

The most unanswerable arguments we of this day can give to the gainsayers, is, to live down their misrepresentations: and the best argument perhaps for the early Friends, as was the case with the primitive Christians, is their life and conversation. At times, the low standing

and feeble state of those that have a love for the cause of Truth, and the short-comings of most of us, depresses me. Those who live within the hearing of the shouts of the Philistines, are taken and perhaps disturbed by them. I trust, such as ———, however, know better than to give up to every "Lo here" and every hue and cry, or to be afraid with any amazement. We must keep low,—keep quiet;—minding our particular calling, our inward condition, and feel the Lord inwardly as the Rock and Sanctuary, where none can make afraid.

Undoubtedly it is a trying day, a sifting time,—and I think must be yet more so; for though a few leaders of faction and of error have left us, and have swept away a number of followers, whom they have deluded, and who were not settled in the faith, and some of these hardly knowing why they belong to us;—yet of those who remain, O! what a remnant really are *one with us*! And unless wonderful mercy, wisdom, and strength, be manifested towards the unstable, as towards all of us,—what can hinder their being scattered and driven away.

Though the Society seems somewhat relieved, yet grievous exercises remain to be borne,—and a great deal to be worked through and worked out, before this once self-denying and redeemed people, can be reinstated to their former brightness and ancient purity. The Lord waits to be gracious, and I believe will hasten this work in his time. And O! that we may be so preserved and strengthened, as to be made willing, through all baptisms, to be instrumental in our day, in ever so little a way or degree, to bring about the period, when the salvation of Zion shall go forth as a lamp that burneth!

J. B.

To ———.

Stoke Newington, Third month, 1837.

Time rolls on, and manifests things and persons apace. So many matters have transpired, even since I replied to thy letter of Eleventh month, that I can hardly recur to circumstances; but may we not say, dear friend, that all our views and feelings have been fulfilled and realized, or are fulfilling, as to the state of our poor Society. The conflict and contest is pretty well over, with what was called Beaconism; but there are those still remaining, who occasion the true Friends great exercise; being unwilling to go the whole length with our ancient primitive worthies, but can readily find them in fault. O! I trust this also shall in due season be broken up, and the testimony of Truth, in all its completeness and simplicity, rise and shine over all opposition. Modified Quakerism cannot stand the fire.

May we, or such of us as are permitted to continue in the warfare, be preserved firmly

and truly bound to the good cause, as we have ever received it from the beginning; and may we be perfectly knit and united together in the same mind and in the same judgment; even though we be left as a little remnant, and as spectacles to the world. J. B.

To ———.

Stoke Newington, 31st of Third month, 1837.

How many and awful have been the warnings and the tender chastenings of the all-wise hand of Divine Providence of latter times; all (I sometimes think) concurring with, and bearing upon, and bespeaking somewhat in relation to the spiritual aspect of things in the church and in the world. "The wine of astonishment" indeed is given us to drink, in various ways; yet the meek and patient followers of the Lamb, who know in whom they have believed, and that he is able to keep their all, which they are engaged to commit to his keeping, are not left desolate,—are not suffered to be swallowed up of overmuch emotion of any kind; they cannot be unduly "afraid with any amazement:"—nay, truly, "all these things," they well know, "must needs be, or come to pass;" and they are so far from saying with one, "This evil cometh from the Lord, why should I wait for the Lord any longer,"—that they rather feel, "It is the Lord,—let him do what seemeth good to him;" and so in patience are engaged to possess their souls. May then the peaceable and peaceful fruits of righteousness, be more and more brought forth in us, my dear friend, through and by means of all the losses, crosses, overturnings and humiliations; so that not only we may be rendered more meet for, and more earnest after, that fruition of the end of our faith, which is endless, uninterrupted, and perfect,—but even here below may be the better qualified to fill up our measure of service, and glorify the good cause and blessed name of our holy Redeemer. There is indeed great occasion to believe, though the evidences and tokens are, now as ever, sufficiently obscure to try the faith of God's dear children,—that His glorious cause is, through all discouraging circumstances, still going forward; and that His wonderful and all-righteous purposes are fulfilling in the earth. That this is substantially the case, should and must be matter of joy to us; and even make us at times, when we are given to see and appreciate it,—exceedingly "joyful in all our tribulation;" even though we should be pressed almost out of measure, beyond strength or hope, having fightings and fears without and within. This has been the portion of the faithful, more or less in all ages; and I believe it will be so, till the end come.

Be assured, my dear ———, I do much sympathize with, and have often thought of thee in several respects, both before and since we

heard of thy bereavement. I cannot doubt thou feelest thy loss greatly, at times perhaps too much, though I hope not so. Surely sufficient support and consolation will not be wanting, if thou dost not "refuse to be comforted." I want thee, my dear friend, to endeavor as much as may be, to look beyond thy loss, at the tribulated state of the church, stript of many a son and daughter—promising and once thriving branches, but now withering and corrupt, more or less dying and dead, yea, twice dead! J. B.

To ———.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 16th of Ninth month, 1837.

May you be strengthened and animated from time to time, and your drooping faith sustained and increased, to run with all patience and quiet confidence, the wearisome journey that is yet before us. In due season our reaping time and shouting time will come, for which we have sown in tears; laying down as it were our all, (O! that it may be our very all,—) surrendering everything that the Lord calls for at our hands,—casting into the treasury even our mites, of our penury,—being content to see ourselves to be very poor, helpless, worthless, fit to be pitied, mere pensioners and dependents on the Lord's free mercy and renewed blessing. O! this is the state that draws down the Divine regard, and, as it were, commands the rich outpourings of those good and perfect gifts, which dignify and adorn poor fallen human nature;—which raise up the brother and the sister of low degree, from lying among the pots, among the things that perish with the using, yea, from the dunghill of pollution;—and from sitting like poor Job among the ashes of despondency, to reach forth, to mount up towards that inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and which never fades away. It is prepared, it is reserved, it is laid up in store, for those that are faithful unto death, who are kept by the power of God through faith, and are not moved away from the blessed hope of the gospel; continuing steadfast, immovable, not soon shaken in mind, nor shrinking from suffering, nor afraid of temptations or abounding tribulations;—but enduring to the end.

I have been much comforted, while from home, in reading many precious letters of our primitive worthies of the first rank, who loved not their lives unto death, but gave up all, that they might keep a conscience void of offence, and be clear of the blood of all. I hope (if life be spared, and strength given,) to hand some, yea, many of these, for the perusal of such as can receive and profit by them.

J. B.

To ———.

Stoke Newington, 27th of Eleventh month, 1837.

My Beloved Friend,—My poor and often tribulated spirit does salute thine, even as deep

answers to deep; for I am ready to think, thou hast from time to time to drink into that cup of suffering, which the livingly exercised everywhere up and down, in this day of treading under, of rebuke, and of scattering, have more or less to partake of. For, indeed, how can it be otherwise, when those who have been as leaders and waymarks to the flock, and have seemed to be pillars in the house of the Lord, are ready to stagger and to stumble, to be snared, and to be broken. But I must not here expatiate on my feelings, as to the state of things in regard to our still favored Society; but I will refer thee to my Preface to Pike's and Oxley's Journals, to other parts of J. Pike's Journal, but especially to his letters, and some of Deborah Bell's, which show that times of trouble have befallen our poor Society before now, in rather a similar way and degree. Ah! the same power can rescue his tribulated remnant, and restore the waste places; nor will He ever own proceedings which are not according to Truth and uprightness.

I am inclined to think that many have been, and are, endeavoring uprightly to retrieve their outgoings; seeing the palpable extremes and consequences of the track they have been on: but others seem not sufficiently warned and instructed to return, in honesty and in earnest, to original principles and practice, but are feignedly, and in part only, doing so; retaining so much of the wisdom of the flesh, and so much of self in a refined form, as they think will make the Truth more palatable to our own people and to others; thus shunning the shame of the cross, and the humiliating process thereof. It will not do:—our all-conquering Captain will discover and make bare all coverings, and find out all his enemies, and pursue and overtake them in all their retreats in the precincts of and backways to Babylon.

J. B.

To ———.

29th of Eleventh month, 1837.—I may truly and sincerely say, that we participated in a sense of the loss, which many (doubtless) even among the more distant connexions and friends of the deceased, feel they have sustained. Do I say loss, do I speak of deprivation, when those who have humbly endeavored to love and follow their dear Redeemer on earth, are taken from suffering and probation, as we trust, to their resting place in glory? Ah! we have them still, if the Apostle's language applies to us, if we are indeed come to Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company, to the spirits of the just made perfect, to Jesus our Mediator. May we then not sorrow as those, who have no such substantial enjoyment of things hoped for, and evidences of things not seen. May we be quickened on our way, and animated by the cloud of witnesses

with which we are encompassed, still to persevere and run with patience; looking unto Jesus, learning of him, leaning on him in pure dependence and childlike simplicity,—loving no one, nor any one thing better than him. Being thus made willing to lose all, in and for him, we may be assured of the fulfilment of his gracious promise of the hundredfold even in this life, besides the heavenly inheritance.

J. B.

(To be continued.)

The great secret of Christian usefulness is to be awake to opportunities, and intent on doing what we can, rather than bemoaning that it is in our power to do so little; and, in this respect, he who faithfully improves the one talent bids fair to be entrusted with the five or ten.

DR. SIMEON ABRAHAMS.

Dr. Simeon Abrahams, who recently died in the city of New York, has left nearly the whole of his large estate to charitable purposes. The *N. Y. Tribune* says of him:—

"Though of the Jewish persuasion, he never was sectarian in his charities or his good will; and in his endeavors to confer a benefit, he never stopped to consider whether the recipient was Jew or Gentile.

"His acts of disinterested kindness were numberless. Even in the distribution of his means in a business way, he always adhered to principles which were most likely to benefit those with whom he dealt. No single individual in the City of New York ever held more small bonds and mortgages than he. While rich men generally deprecate the idea of investing their means in small sums, Dr. Abrahams made it a principle if a poor man needed his means for the purpose of improving a lot in some out-of-the-way place, to advance it to him in sums of \$500, or \$1,000, in preference to loaning it in larger sums to those who would find less difficulty in obtaining them. In numberless instances, too, when such applications have been made, and the means not at hand, and the need urgent, has he deposited securities and borrowed at bank to accommodate his needy applicant. His kindness to them did not end here, for while he was ever ready to lend them, he was as willing to receive the payments in small amounts of \$50 and upwards, as the ability of his beneficiaries enabled them to make them."

After providing for his brother and sister, and directing his body to be disposed of for scientific purposes or for burial, according to the wish of his family, he bequeathed to the "Hebrew Benevolent Society, \$25,000; Jew's Hospital, \$25,000; Lying-in Asylum, Marion St., \$3,000; American Female Guardian Society, \$5,000; Orphan Asylum, Bloomingdale,

\$5,000; Eye and Ear Infirmary, \$3,000; Firemen's Fund Association, \$1,000; Deaf and Dumb Institution, \$3,000; Old Ladies' Home, Twentieth St., \$20,000; Blind Asylum, Ninth Av., \$5,000; Juvenile Asylum for Reformation of Delinquents, \$2,000; New York Dispensary, \$1,000; Northern Dispensary, \$1,000; Eastern Dispensary, \$1,000; Demilt Dispensary, \$1,000; Western Dispensary, \$1,000; North Eastern Dispensary, \$1,000; North-Western Dispensary, \$1,000; New York Ophthalmic Hospital, \$2,000; Juvenile Asylum, \$3,000; New York Society for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Medical Men, \$5,000; Nursery and Child's Hospital, \$3,000; Colored Home, \$5,000; Association for Benefit of Colored Orphans, \$5,000. All the rest, residue, and remainder of his property to the New York Hospital; to which institution he also gives all the property of which his brother and sister have the use while living (house included) after their death."

The Philadelphia "Press" thus comments upon the occasion:—

"While our laws permit each individual entire freedom of choice in the disposal of his property, that very liberty redounds in many cases to the public benefit. The ambition to found a family prevails extensively and almost universally among the rich men of Europe. It there holds out the temptation of perpetuating, with the aid of a title and an entailed estate, fame and fortune. Here such aspirations are rudely checked. There are no hereditary titles to be purchased, and no laws of primogeniture to concentrate and preserve family wealth. There are so many instances of the children of toil and poverty acquiring honorable positions and vast possessions, while the families and heirs of wealthy men of a past generation are sinking into a melancholy decadence, that many rich men are naturally induced to devote a large share of their wealth to public purposes. The public spirit and keen sympathy with all that affects the general welfare, which are generated by our free institutions, also tend to arouse sympathies that in other countries remain dormant. Christian charity is probably becoming better developed here, where all religious institutions, instead of being supported by the State, are dependent solely upon voluntary subscriptions, than elsewhere. While wealth is, in many instances, easily acquired, a sense of its responsibilities in reference to the poor, the ignorant, the suffering, the helpless, and the oppressed, is becoming more and more general, and the conviction that abundant private means should be used for beneficent public purposes is quietly spreading among the rich men and women of our land. The maintenance of the inviolability of the rights of property is an incentive to industry essential to civilization, but the concentration of

wealth in the hands of a few individuals or families is a deplorable evil, which is fortunately being arrested, not only by various political and social influences peculiar to the United States, but by the humane and generous disposition that animates many of the rich men of America."

ONE STITCH AND ANOTHER.

A lady called into a house and found a little girl sitting by her mother knitting.

"What are you knitting, Bessie?" asked the lady.

"A stocking for me," said Bessie.

"A stocking!" cried the lady, "how do you expect to knit a stocking?"

"O," said Bessie, "by just taking one stitch, and then another."

And is not that just the way every good thing is accomplished, by quiet, patient doing day by day?

One brick upon another
And the highest house is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

THE WRITINGS OF RICHARD COBDEN.

The widow and family of the late Richard Cobden have made an appeal to this country, which there is every reason to believe will prove a singular success. They appeal not, of course, for money, for they have all and more than they or the late Richard Cobden ever sought. The family property must be worth nearly half a million of our currency. But the widow appeals to the United States for a full appreciation of her late distinguished husband's character, life and labors as a statesman, and for the good of mankind. She has done us the honor to publish, not any panegyric, nor even a life, but *the works* which he wrote, and which show what the man himself was. They have been published by the family, simultaneously in London and in this country, in two remarkably handsome volumes, by the Appletons, with a most judicious introductory chapter, introducing them to the American reader and student, by W. C. Bryant.

The fact is, that though Richard Cobden was an Englishman by the accident of birth and position, he was, in all the great and warm principles of his noble heart and eminent intelligence, thoroughly American, and not afraid or ashamed to avow this beyond any man of his day during a public career of more than thirty years. He was the great advocate of American principles of statesmanship. In 1835 he made a tour of the United States, and published the results of it in a work that enlightened Europe as to the rising power and greatness of this country. All his predictions have been more than verified. At the time of our deepest misfortunes, while all the Powers of Europe were

threatening and plotting for our destruction, he stood up in the House of Commons, fighting our battles as if they had been his own. When our cause seemed low his spirits were deeply affected, but his heart and voice never for one moment wavered. In fact, he wore out his life to the last almost as much for America as for England.

In doing all this there was an amount of mental and moral power displayed, a profound statesmanship, that will be the study of future ages, for on it have turned the destiny of nations. A poor lad, whose family had declined in fortune, his own mental power gave him his first start in life. *Travel and observation*, coupled with a wonderful power of generalization, were to him the secret of that profound knowledge which he displayed ever at the right time, and with sufficient energy to carry his point without leaving enmity in those he converted, rather than conquered, to his views. His life was a gigantic success in all he undertook. The anti-Corn Law League against the most powerful landed aristocracy in the world left no ill feeling against him; but his country raised a fund for him, personally, of three hundred thousand dollars, after having raised near a million and a half to carry through his great object; and his former opponents offered him a seat in the English Cabinet two or three times.

He was the great harmonizer, not only of his own nation, but of Europe, because he never found fault until he could find and point out at the same time a practical remedy. He exposed the corrupt practices on three or four occasions, when the British Ministers regularly got up a war panic for party purposes, and really kept the peace between France and England, the present French Emperor and Great Britain, until his name became as much respected in Paris as in London. He visited successively France, Spain, Italy, Germany and Russia, and was received with marks of joy and enthusiasm as a sort of public benefactor wherever he went and was known. There was hardly a civilized nation on the globe that he did not benefit, and in such a way as to raise the honor and character of his own country, and unite the nations of the earth in closer social ties. In all that he did his principles were truly American, and there was no country for which he felt so high a degree of hope in the future, or to which he labored so assiduously to conform the institutions of his own country.

His writings are worthy of the closest study. No doubt more of his speeches will be collected, but it was by what he did, wrote and thought, rather than by any mere power of oratory, that he effected so much greatness and renown for his age and honor for himself. In all future controversies between Great Britain and our-

selves these volumes of his works will be found a ready authority in regard to the principles that cannot be contested successfully in England, and which will yet be friendly and fair for us.—*Ledger*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 4, 1867.

We ask the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of the forthcoming *History of the Religious Society of Friends*, by SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

DIED, at his residence at Germantown, Pa., at noon on the 18th of Fourth month, 1867, WM. STEVENSON NOBLE, in his 35th year; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

—, on the morning of the 21st of Fourth month, 1867, at the residence of her father-in-law John Bancroft, Philadelphia, ANNA, wife of Joseph W. Bancroft, in her 30th year.

—, on the 23d of Fourth month, 1867, at his residence, 246 N. Twentieth St., Philada., SAMUEL YARDLEY, in his 68th year.

The Committee of Management of Friends' Library Association will meet in the Library room on Fourth-day evening, Fifth month 8th, 1867, at 8 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The following works are for sale by the above Association at its office, 144 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia, at the prices annexed:

Gibbons' Review of the Causes of the Separation.....	50 cts.
Janney's Middle Ages.....	25 "
Penn's Rise and Progress, Sandy Foundation Shaken, &c.....	25 "
Life and Labors of Jesse Kersey.....	40 "
Emblem of Nature.....	30 "
Poems and Essays of E. M. Chandler.....	75 "
Letter to a Presbyterian, by Dr. Parrish, p. doz.	50 "

It is designed to add to the above list as the funds of the Association will allow.

Friends interested are invited to contribute according to their means to extend the usefulness of this newly-formed organization. Address

JOSEPH M. TRUMAN, JR., Treasurer,
717 Willow St.

The attention of Friends is called to the following publications, which will be issued for THE BOOK ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS during the early part of Fifth month.

TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN, Part I., price 25 cts.
TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN, Part II., price 50 cts.
BIBLICAL HISTORY, FAMILIARIZED BY QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Price \$1.00.

The books are designed for use in families and schools, as assistants to teachers and others, and they will, we trust, be found to supply a want long needed among us.

Orders for single copies or by the dozen filled by the Publisher,

T. ELLWOOD ZELL,
Nos. 17 and 19 S. Sixth St., Philada.

JOHN PENINGTON.

Mr. John Penington, of Philadelphia, who died on the 18th inst., was the last, if not the only, American bookseller who represented the old traditional booksellers. A scholar of fine parts, thorough in his knowledge of bookselling, with judgment and skill, a biographer in its broadest and best sense, he was an honor to the craft, and he took pride in it. He was a man of fine taste, of large reading, and of exhaustless service to all who were curious in scholarship, or earnest in the study of letters. Descended from one of the old, respected, and wealthy Quaker families of Philadelphia, it was accident that made him a bookseller. His father's large fortune was suddenly lost. During his youth, Mr. John Penington had gathered a valuable collection of books, and had frequently contributed to the literary proceedings of the various learned societies of his native town. Not caring for general mercantile pursuits, and suddenly thrown on his own resources, he quietly turned his library into his stock in trade, and with it opened one of the best bookstores of the country. Proud of his books, and contented with his shop and the fair profit which it brought him, he never allowed himself to be tempted from his chosen pursuit. His shop became the gathering place of scholars and men with a taste for letters, and one generation after another grew up almost under his eyes in the various branches of literature which he supplied. His business did not stop with supplying books to his customers; they were all his friends; they knew that to him they could turn for help in everything that related to books, and that his knowledge was only surpassed by his readiness to impart it; and his help was never refused to the earnest seeker after knowledge, no matter how small his requirements of Mr. Penington's services as a bookseller. Bookselling with him was not so much a trade as an art; books with him were valuable for their real, substantial merit; the book-buyer was precious in his eyes who knew what he wanted and why he wanted it. He never got rid of his old love of books for their own sake, and that love was too well founded in a knowledge of books ever to be lost in a poor ambition to become a great bookseller—a mere trader in so many thousand volumes of which he knew nothing and thought less. One of the matters of his trade in which he took pride was the fact that his list of subscribers to the new edition of Brunet was the largest outside of Paris, and thus he brought together the oldest bibliographer of the Old World, and the youngest student in the New. With Brunet and with Bossange, as with all the other leading booksellers in Europe, his relations were intimate, and ripened always into fast friendships, each man finding in the other much to like and

to respect. The sound judgment which characterized him in his private business was not lost in other things; and in political and public matters his advice was always safe. He was frequently called upon to assist members of Congress in framing such parts of the successive tariffs as were within his special business knowledge, and his recommendations were never biased by his own interests. The loss of such a man, capable in his business, proud of it, and making himself dear to his friends, is at all times a great one. Particularly in this the case now and here, when study and scholarship are taking their accustomed places, from which they had been seriously disturbed by five years of war. The trade of book selling in his hands was elevated to the dignity that it really acquires in the hands of competent men. Such men are rare everywhere. Here, unfortunately, they are growing rarer every day. In growing great rapidly we are not always growing wise, and the man who mean to study, and want a book-shop and a bookseller to furnish them with the tools they need, will look long and vainly for such help as they always got from John Penington, of Philadelphia. It is beside our present purpose to speak of him except as a bookseller; but we should do wrong to forget that patriotic Philadelphia during the last five years, contained no man more sincere, and few men more forward, in every good work that civil war imposed upon lovers of the country.—*The Nation*, March 28.

For Friends' Intelligence.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

NO. VII.

Letters and Reports from our Teachers, from which the following extracts are made, show their continued faithfulness in the good work.

CAROLINE THOMAS, at *Lersburg, Va.*, in allusion to having found it impossible to procure board in any white family, cheerfully remarks: "Suffice it to say, I succeeded in getting a home amongst good, kind people, and the only fear is they will spoil me, for there is nothing they can do for me that is not done. They seem to understand by a kind of intuitive perception what I would like to have, which is all owing to their kind hearts; and the more I see of them, the more I wonder how any one could treat them unkindly."

In reference to her school, she says: "I have one class in Short Division, one in Multiplication, one in Subtraction, and three in Addition. With a very few exceptions, most of these children could not make a figure when they first came to school. I have one class in Definitions; have some very good readers and spellers, and think my first class is now prepared to take some other studies—either Grammar or Philosophy, or both."

She has closed her night school, as the evenings have grown so much shorter; but she is so much interested in her pupils she expects "to meet with them once a week to read to them, and to help them along a little. It will not do to leave my sheep without a shepherd, for the wolves are even now prowling about, in the shape of wily politicians."

FRANCES E. GAUSE, who has labored so indefatigably at *Frying Pan*, Fairfax Co., to build up a good school, has succeeded admirably. Her pupils progress rapidly, and MAJOR HINES, the Government Superintendent of that county, has more than once expressed himself as looking upon it as one of the best schools in his district. She speaks of one of her pupils about 16 years of age, who, she thinks, will soon be able to assist her.

CATHARINE E. HALL, at *Andrews Chapel*, says, "My school is doing, I think, quite as well as the Association could wish. I am much pleased with the rapid progress of my pupils, in all their studies, as well as the interest they take in their school duties."

HANNAH SHORTLIDGE, at *Big Falls*, says, "My school continues pleasant, and, with one or two exceptions, the pupils are improving very rapidly. I think I shall have a very interesting school this summer. There will be some changes, as a portion of my largest pupils will have to leave; but I am in hope others will take their places."

ELIZA E. WAY, at *Falls Church*, who has a school of seventy-four pupils, writes: "I think I may say my school is progressing finely, considering the number of scholars. I cannot devote as much time to any of the classes as I think they need, and should have, although I frequently have some of the scholars to assist me."

It may be well here to remark that the Association encourages this kind of assistance wherever practicable, and several are now under moderate pay for their services.

After speaking of the great difficulty in getting to and from school during the winter on account of the condition of the roads, she says: "One morning I started, and could only get about half way. There I stopped at a colored man's house and had school, as several of the children had gone that far, and were not willing to go home again, without *"saying a lesson."*

MARY MCBRIDE, at *Fairfax Court House*, writes: "I have no prodigies to tell of, unless I mention a little ebony hued girl of seven years, who can read any thing that is set before her. She reads a weekly newspaper to her mother every week; and as said paper contains some very long words, I think *Mintie* does remarkably well for a child of her years." To show the influence our schools have already exerted, she states: "The girls will not now go

out to service unless their employ^{ers} agree to give them lessons daily. I know of one who could not be induced to live with the lady who wanted her until writings were drawn to that effect."

Allusion is also made to their amusing endeavors to use "*big words*." None of her pupils are allowed to leave their seats without permission; but one of them who did, voluntarily made an acknowledgment in these words: "Cato left his seat without *commission*." A zealous old man, who always prays very fervently for her, made an appeal on one occasion as follows: "O Hebbenly Fader, bress our bootiful schoolmistress, a very bootiful lady,—nothin but a *mass ob corruption*!"

SARAH E. LLOYD, at *Woodlawn*.—This school is unusually prosperous, and reflects great credit on the exertions of the teacher. She has now 90 pupils enrolled, 54 of whom can write; 63 are between 6 and 16 years of age, and yet *not one* in the alphabet!

MARTHA WRIGHT, at *Lewansville*.—This school has increased rapidly, and now numbers 62 pupils, 51 of whom write, while there are *none* in the alphabet!

DEBORAH K. SMITH, at *Gum Springs*.—No report has been received for the present month, but from a letter received by a member of the committee, it is believed to be in a prosperous condition.

MARY K. BROSIUS, at *Vienna*, acknowledges the box of supplies sent her, and says, "I feel very grateful to know we are not forgotten by our friends at home. We have some friends *here*, too, that we can depend on. We have not yet removed into our new house. I have almost to stack my scholars; while some write, I let the others go out to make room. I do not like to turn any off, as some will be compelled to leave as soon as spring work commences." In referring to the little boy and girl sometimes spoken of, she says: "My little favorite has not been coming very regularly for the last two months, because he had no shoes; but whenever he does come, he goes from the foot to the head of the class in the first lesson, and there he stays. The little girl is a good reader, is spelling in five syllables, and writes in a copy book."

SARAH ANN STEER, at *Waterford*, reports her assistant (colored) very ill with typhoid fever, with doubts as to her recovery. In reference to the capacity of the negro race for acquiring knowledge, she says, "I am often asked the great question, *Can the negro learn any thing?* and instead of answering it myself, sometimes feel like referring the guests to some of my pupils who came to me less than a year ago, ignorant even of the alphabet; and thus letting them judge for themselves how much they are capable of acquiring. I have

not in my school any very remarkable instances of precocity, such as I notice in some accounts from other teachers; neither have I one that is incapable of learning. I have not had one in the alphabet for some months. All who commenced with their letters in the fall, are now (3d mo. 3d) spelling and reading in the spelling book. Some of them are men grown, and I am surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they get along, particularly with Arithmetic. The Multiplication Table, which is a great bugbear to most, has been perfectly learned in a few weeks by some who did not know one figure from another. I have a boy eighteen years of age who has advanced as far as Federal Money.

She also speaks of the "Circular Letter" having been so warmly welcomed by those to whom it was addressed, and of the reply they sent to the Association, which was all their own work, without any assistance from her. The boy who wrote it scarcely misses a word in his spelling lessons, but made some errors in his address, and when she questioned him how it happened, his reply was, "Miss Sarah, when I went to write I was so scared I forgot how to spell!"

Recent letters from some of our faithful teachers in South Carolina have been received, but one not in the hands of the compiler. Three of the schools have been regularly reported, and continue in a very prosperous condition. The remaining two (at St. Helena) have not been officially heard from, which is a matter of regret, as it prevents presenting our aggregate report for that section.

SUSAN H. CLARK, at *Fortress Monroe* gratefully acknowledges the reception of the last box of supplies, as well as the contribution of money from private sources forwarded her, all coming at a very opportune moment, and enabling her to alleviate much suffering.

Believing an advantage would arise to all parties from a visit of encouragement to our teachers, and personal intimacy with the Freedmen themselves in the respective vicinities of our schools, Edith W. Atlee and Henry W. Laing were selected for the purpose.

They are at the present moment of writing engaged in the fulfilment of their mission, and from them we look for an interesting report and much information that will be valuable to us in the future, as respects the continuance of our schools.

Philadelphia, 4th mo. 24, 1867. J. M. E.

Do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again: carry the crystal of truth in the hand unsullied: walk with one hand clasped in Christ's, the other reaching down for the comfort and sustenance of "Whatsoever beneath us may creep or cling."—*Winslow*.

TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

Look on this beautiful world and read the truth
In her fair page; see, every season brings
New change to her of everlasting youth;
Still the green soil with joyous living things
Swarms; the wide air is full of joyous wings;
And myriads still are happy in the sleep
Of ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings
The restless surge. Eternal love doth keep,
In his complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep.
Will, then, the merciful One, who stamped our race
With his own image, and who gave them
O'er earth, and the glad dwellers on her face,
Now that our swarming nations far away
Are spread, where'er the moist earth drinks the
day,
Forget the ancient care that taught and nursed
His latest offspring? Will he quench the ray
Infused by his own forming smile at first,
And leave a work so fair all blighted and accursed?
Oh no! a thousand cheerful omens give
Hope of yet happier days, whose dawn is nigh.
He who has tamed the elements shall not live
The slave of his own passions; he whose eye
Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky,
And in the abyss of brightness dares to span
The sun's broad circle, rising yet more high,
In God's magnificent works his will shall scan,
And love and peace shall make their paradise with
man.

—Wm. C. Bryant.

CONFIDENCE.

The child leans on its parent's breast,—
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by its nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud and doth not heed;
By flowing stream or grassy mead
He sings, to shame
Men who forget, in time of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts, forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs,
Come good or ill;
Whate'er to-day—to-morrow brings—
It is his will.

—*British Herald*.

The trivial round, the common task,
Afford us all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To lead us daily nearer God."

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.—The love and admiration which that truly brave and loving man, Sidney Smith, won from every one, rich or poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to me to have arisen from the one fact that, without perhaps having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants and the noblemen his guests, alike, and alike courteously, considerably, cheerfully, affectionately; so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing whosoever he went.—*Charles Kingsley*.

Extract from a Lecture delivered by PROF. AGASSIZ in Cooper Institute, New York, 2d mo. 26th, 1867, on the Monkeys and Native Inhabitants of South America.

(Concluded from page 137.)

Here let me call attention to another fact. Is it because nature has undergone successive changes that animals and plants have made their appearance? or is it the physical change which has called into existence these living beings? or have the physical changes as they have taken place been directed in such a manner as to prepare the home upon which living beings could be distributed in a manner suited to the conditions prevailing on the earth? The question is simply this: Has the physical world in all its changes been productive of the organic world, or has there been an intellectual power superintending the whole in such a manner that the physical condition should be brought about by which the living being should find an appropriate home for their growth? In other words, has man sprung upon earth because our earth had become what it was, or has the earth been prepared for man, that he might develop in that way his capacities in the most appropriate manner upon its surface? If we look at the order of the succession of vertebrates, we find an answer to that question. We find, first, that fishes have existed as long as the surface of this earth was in the condition during which all these aquatic animals could alone exist. Then reptiles have been called into existence, just at the time when the land above the sea had become extensive enough to put forth a proper abode for the large masses of reptiles at the earliest periods. We find afterward the introduction of birds at the time when our atmosphere had been deprived of its accumulation of carbon, before which birds could not breathe. The accumulation of coal in beds, in the carboniferous period, freed the atmosphere of this element which has existed in such a proportion at our earlier period that the existence of warm-blooded animals would have been impossible. Here is a physical fact that precedes the introduction of these living beings which required a purer atmosphere. Now the question is, has this freeing of the atmosphere of the carbon been the cause of the coming in of the birds and mammalia, or have the processes of nature been so conducted by a surprising intellect that at a certain time the atmosphere should be free of its impure matter, that higher forms of being might be called into existence? When we see that there is such a gradation, and when we find that there are no intermediate forms, it seems hardly possible that causes and influences which are ever acting in the same way should have produced this result.

I wish I had time to enter into an elaborate

argument upon this point. I will only sum up my evidence in a few sentences. The physical causes are the same now as they were before. Chemical agencies, physical agencies, act now as they have acted from the beginning. We have the evidence of this in the identical character of the rocks of the older and more recent formations; we have evidence of it in the chemical identity of the materials of which celestial bodies are formed, of which the more recent investigations of physicists have given us satisfactory demonstrations. The physical world remains the same. The laws which govern it remain the same, and from the beginning until now they have acted in the same way. Are, then, the different animals which have existed at different times, and which differ in the most varied manner, the result of causes which do not vary, which act ever in the same manner? This is contrary to all argument, contrary to any evidence we have. We cannot ascribe diversified results to uniform causes. We cannot ascribe the cause of certain facts to agencies the action of which is known to us. Physicists and chemists know perfectly well what electricity, what light, what magnetism can produce. They know perfectly well what are the possible combinations between chemical elements; and they know perfectly well that these various combinations and these various causes are different from the causes whose effects we witness in the animal kingdom. Therefore I say that it is not logical to ascribe the diversity which exists among living beings to causes which exhibit uniformity of nature and uniformity of action. I can conceive only one possible cause, and that is the intervention of mind in such a way that it shall produce what we have seen. We know perfectly well how the human mind acts—how free it is; and how in its manifestation we recognize the stamp of him who manifests himself. In the works of the highest intellect, we recognize the peculiar mode and manner in which his mind manifests itself. In the poet, in the painter, in the architect, in the sculptor, at all times we see this manifestation. Now why should we not have something of the same kind in Nature? Mind is not a manifestation of matter. It is something independent of it. To the extent to which we know its freedom, to the extent to which we can maintain independence of certain influences, to that extent, and in a similar manner, do I conceive the intervention of mind in the production of living beings for all time, upon a plan laid out and carried out from the beginning, with reference to an end, and that there is that reference to an end, and that the end is man, is seen in the relation which man bears to the lowest vertebrate, the fishes.

That there is a reference to man is seen from the gradation which we observe through

all times, from the beginning to the end. That this cannot be the result of merely physical conditions is further shown by the fact, which is constantly recurring, of the transformations reproduced every day through the whole animal kingdom, in the production of new individuals. And here I come to the closing evidence I would submit. All living beings are born of eggs, and developed from eggs. All end their growth in changes which have begun with the egg. Every successive generation begins anew with this egg. Since there have been men or quadrupeds on earth, since animals have existed, they have reproduced in every generation all the changes in their growth and transformation which are characteristic of their race. Now, see what this amounts to. There are several hundred thousand different kinds of animals of the different types living on this globe. Every one of them has its line of development. Every sparrow begins with the egg, and goes through all the changes which are characteristic of sparrow life, until it is capable of producing new eggs, which will go through the same change. Every butterfly comes from the egg, which produces the caterpillar, which becomes a chrysalis, and then a butterfly, laying eggs to go through the same changes. So with all animals, whether of higher or lower type. In fact, the animal kingdom, as it is now, is undergoing greater changes every year than the whole animal kingdom has passed through from the beginning until now; and yet we never see one of these animals swerve from the plan pointed out, or produce anything else than that which is like itself.

This is the great fact. Every being reproduces itself, under conditions which are as varied as they have been from the beginning of the world until now; and yet they do not change. Why is this? Because by nature they are not changeable. That is what we must infer. And if those which live now are not changeable, and do not pass from one to another, though they represent all the changes which animals can pass through, is it logical to assume that those of early ages have become what we see now in consequence of changes in successive generations? Have the laws of nature changed in such a manner that what does not take place now has taken place in early times? I say, no. I say, just as the cycle which every animal passes through in its development from the egg to its perfect condition, returns to the plan impressed upon that animal by the Creator, just so have the various forms, the remains of which we find preserved in the rocks, been from the beginning the steps through which it has pleased the Creator to carry the animal kingdom up to man, that being made in His own image, who is endowed with a spirit akin to

His, by virtue of which alone we can understand nature. Were we not made in the image of the Creator, did we not possess a spark of that divine spirit which is a godlike inheritance, why should we understand nature? Why is it that nature is not to us a sealed book? It is because we are akin to the world, not only the physical and the animal world, but to the Creator himself, that we can read the world and understand that it comes from God.

There are many more blossoms upon a tree in spring, than there will be apples in autumn. Yet we are glad to see blossoms, because we know that if there are no blossoms, there can be no fruit.

OILING THE SEA.

An experienced sea captain writes that he has been at sea for twenty-eight years, the master of a vessel for the last ten years, and during that time he saved the vessel under his command twice by "oiling the sea." He writes, that, "when the master of a ship cannot get out of a storm—that is, when a ship is disabled and he has to take the heft of the gale—if he has oil on board, start two or three gallons over the side of the ship. This will give the ship smooth water to the windward, and then the oil allowed to run drop by drop is all that is required, for as soon as the sea comes in contact with the oil it breaks, and the ship is in smooth water as long as the oil is allowed to run. In 1864, in the heaviest gale of wind I ever saw, I lost all my sails, then the rudder; and I know the vessel could not have ridden the sea for an hour if I had not had oil on board. Five gallons of oil lasted me fifty six hours, and this saved the vessel, cargo, and lives on board. Let ships of heavy tonnage have two iron tanks of forty gallons each, one on each side, with faucet so arranged that the oil can be started at any time; small vessels, ten-gallon tanks, and all ship's boats tanks of five gallons each, well filled, so that in case the ship founder or burn, the boats will have oil to smooth the sea in case of a gale. With these tanks of oil on board of ships and a good man for master—one who knows the laws of storms and handles his ship so as to get it out of the centre of the storm—you will have no more foundering of good ships at sea, with the loss of many lives and millions of money."—*Scientific American*.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond.

(From the Dublin Correspondence of the London Times.)

AN EXTRAORDINARY MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT
—A CURIOUS STATEMENT.

"As the gentleman who has just been elected one of the Parliamentary Representatives of Wexford County, is the most remarkable man who has ever occupied a seat in the House of Commons, it may be interesting to your readers to know something of Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh. I use no exaggerated phrase when I describe him as not merely the 'most remarkable,' but, I might truthfully say, the most extraordinary gentleman who has, during the present century at least, entered Parliament. With his political proclivities and his religious predispositions I do not intend to occupy your space, or your reader's attention. That he is a Tory of the most constitutional hue, you and they are aware; and, notwithstanding that his Protestantism is of the severest class, Mr. Kavanagh is extremely popular, and by his numerous and prosperous tenantry is beloved and sincerely respected; for he admits, in the administration of his large estates in Wexford, Kilkenny, and Carlow, that 'property has its duties as well as its rights.' The honorable gentleman, I understand, claims descent from the great MacMurrough, who, in the person of Eva MacMurrough, the wife of Strongbow, first coalesced with the 'proud invader,' and sought to establish that union and amalgamation of the two races which still engrosses the studious attention of British statesmen. Mr. Kavanagh has neither legs nor arms. He was born in this unfinished fashion, and in place of legs, he has about six inches of muscular thigh-stumps, one being about an inch shorter than its fellow—while his arms are dwarfed to perhaps four inches of the upper portion of these members, and those are unfurnished with any terminations approaching in the remotest degree to the form of hands. Yet your readers will be surprised to hear that he is a beautiful calligraphist, a dashing huntsman, and artistic draftsman, an unerring shot, and the most expert of yachtsmen—a combination of accomplishments, under the circumstances of his corporal imperfections, that is certainly astonishing.

"In face and bust Mr. Kavanagh is of a manly, handsome mould; fine, well-marked features, and eyes beaming with intelligence, leaving no doubt that, though the body has been unfortunately shorn of its fair and legitimate proportions, the mind is full, capacious, and well-developed. He is now about forty years of age, and a large family of as handsome children as could be found in this teeming and prolific country, has blessed his union with a lady as remarkable for her beauty as she is beloved for her amiability and consideration. Endowed with a healthy mind, Mr. Kavanagh has not permitted his physical afflictions to mar, curb,

or control the development of those faculties to which, as if by way of compensation, Providence has vouchsafed to impart extraordinary power, energy and acuteness. His literary taste he has gratified in the fullest extent; and the *Cruise of the Eva*, published a short time since, testifies that he is a writer graceful, vivacious, and observant. The book, which is most certain evidence of an ability far above mediocrity, was illustrated by sketches taken by himself during his cruise. His mode of writing is simple, but must have been attended with great trouble before he attained the proficiency which he unquestionably has. He holds the pen or pencil in his mouth and guides its course by the arm-stumps, which are sufficiently long to meet across the chest; and thus he produces a handwriting, each letter of which is distinctly formed, and all without any peculiarity, or what is called 'character.' When hunting, he sits in a kind of saddle-basket, and his reins are managed with an expertness and ease that are surprising; but, perhaps, the greatest of his achievements is driving a 'four-in-hand.' This he does to perfection, and as his team scampers away at a dashing pace, the sharp crack of his whip may be heard far off.

"Thus, I think, I have stated enough to establish the right of the 'model county' of Ireland to claim the distinction of having sent to Parliament the most extraordinary man that obtained a seat in the Commons of the United Kingdom, during at least the present century. In his case the House will have to grant some indulgences. As his locomotion is effected by his attendant carrying him, some other than an 'honorable member' must be admitted 'within the bar' whenever Mr. Kavanagh takes his seat; for, I opine, the gallant Conservative whipper-in (Col. Taylor) would not wish, however anxious he might be for a 'House,' thus to testify his anxiety to assist his party and carry it safely through. Then, how is the honorable member from Wexford to record his vote? In his drawing-room he contrives, hedgehog like, to roll from place to place. This, I fancy, would not be practicable in the House; and, as 'strangers' cannot be admitted on such sacred occasions, I fear Col. Taylor will have to add the duty of 'locomotive, to those onerous ones which, even with more gifted members, he oftentimes finds it difficult to discharge. Again, care and important oculistic operation of when Mr. Kavanagh succeeds in that very delicate 'catching the Speaker's eye,' will he be privileged to address Her Majesty's faithful Commons sitting? for should he stand, he will be invisible; or perhaps, he will be allowed to stand upon his seat and thus obtain an eminence and a commanding position.

"The energy of the man may be gathered from the fact that some twenty years ago he

travelled in Russia and Asia with his private tutor and a single servant, penetrating into Bokhara, and living for months in places where it has always been reckoned certain death for a Giaour to show his face. The remarkable success of Mr. Fawcett in the House in spite of his blindness makes one sanguine that Mr. Kavanagh will be able to hold his seat with advantage to the country and comfort to himself. Protestant landlords out of Ulster who can win in such a contest, and whose tenantry are absolutely contented, are too rare for us willingly to spare one when found, even though he be a Tory without arms or legs."

(From the London Times of a later date.)

MR. KAVANAGH.—It will be seen from our Parliamentary report that the new member for the county of Wexford, concerning whose first appearance in Parliament much curiosity had been excited, was sworn in at the table and signed the Parliamentary Roll. The honorable member entered the House from the direction of the Speaker's private apartments, seated in a library chair, the mechanism of which is so contrived that he can wheel himself with ease to any point he wishes to reach. The large copy of the Testament used in administering oaths to members was managed—one cannot use the word handled—by Mr. Kavanagh without the least difficulty, and he wrote his name with as much quickness and apparent ease as any of his fellow members of Parliament. The process was as follows:—The clerk handed to Mr. Kavanagh a pen with a handle of the length to which he is accustomed. The honorable member clasped the handle between what represent his arms, and, steadying it by putting the end into his mouth, guided the pen over the parchment with singular fluency and steadiness. This ceremony ended, he was introduced to the speaker, and then apparently quitted the house. The proceedings, however, terminating soon afterwards, Mr. Kavanagh reappeared when the majority of the members had left, and, accompanied by one or two friends, proceeded to familiarize himself with the internal arrangements of the building, as regards the distribution of seats, lobbies for voting, etc. At one moment, his friends having walked on a little in advance, Mr. Kavanagh showed of what exertion he was capable by propelling his chair with such velocity as speedily to overtake them.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"RELIGION IS CHEAP."

The pious response of the good old Methodist woman to this remark of the minister of her church, "*Thank God for a cheap religion that costs nothing*," must meet with a hearty Amen from every sincere, reflecting mind. A religion that can be known and enjoyed by the

poor as well as the rich—that may be experienced as we walk by the way—that may be felt while our hands are about our lawful business—that is so cheap, as to "cost nothing" of an obeisance to man—so cheap, that no one is compelled to purchase it of another—so cheap, that it may, if the heart is only right, be successfully sought for in the unostentatious Methodist Meeting-House, or in the still more simple Quaker Meeting-House—nay, more, in nature's own house not made with hands, with the firmament for its dome, equally as well, if not better, than in the more costly edifice, too often reared, may we not say, by the pride of man.

Our Great Pattern taught this "cheap religion," and while the tenets of this pious old lady are not mine, and while I may possess but little of it myself, I, too, in all sincerity, "*Thank God for a cheap religion*," a religion dispensed without money and without price, of the value and efficiency of which she, doubtless, had had abundant evidence. I am here forcibly reminded of a very long sermon comprised in a very few words, uttered by a young man, in a broken voice, in one of our meetings some years since, which then made a deep impression on my mind: "Religion, my friends, is a very simple thing, it is but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God."

J. M. E.

Philadelphia, Fourth month, 23d, 1867.

WHAT WAS THOUGHT OF RAILROADS FIFTY-SIX YEARS AGO.

The following letter, in reply to a suggestion about railroads, written over fifty years ago, by Chancellor Livingston, who had been associated with his brother-in-law, Robert Fulton, in application of steam to vessels, shows the state of improvement in that day:

"ALBANY, March 1, 1811.—*Dear Sir*: I did not till yesterday receive yours of the 25th of February; where it has loitered on the road I am at a loss to say. I had before read of your very ingenious proposition as to the railway communication. I fear, however, on mature reflection, that they will be liable to serious objection, and ultimately more expensive than a canal. They must be double, so as to prevent the danger of two such heavy bodies meeting.

"The walls on which they are placed must be at least four feet below the surface, and three above, and must be clamped with iron, and even then would hardly sustain so heavy a weight as you propose moving at the rate of four miles an hour on wheels. As to wood, it would not last a week. They must be covered with iron, and that, too, very thick and strong. The means of stopping these heavy carriages without a great shock, and of preventing them from running on each other—for there would be many running upon the road at once—would

be very difficult. In case of accidental stops, or necessary stops to take wood or water, &c., many accidents would happen. The carriage of condensing water would be very troublesome. Upon the whole, I fear the expense would be much greater than that of canals, without being so convenient.

R. R. LIVINGSTON.

—Press.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.
THIRD MONTH.

	1866.	1867.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	8 days.	5 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,	2 "	7 "
Snow, including very slight falls,	5 "	8 "
Cloudy, without storms,	7 "	4 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	9 "	7 "
	31 "	31 "
TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1866.	1867.
Mean temperature of 3rd month per Penna. Hospital,	40.85 deg.	37.93 deg.
Highest do. during month	72.00 "	61.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	18.00 "	21.00 "
Rain during the month,	2.15 in.	5.46 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 5 current weeks for each year	1381	1384
Average of the mean temperature of 3d month for the past seventy-eight years		39.07 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1859		48.25 "
Lowest do. do. do. 1843		30.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1866.	1867.
First month	3.14 inch	1.70 inch.
Second month	6.61 "	2.89 "
Third month	2.15 "	5.46 "
Totals	11.90 "	10.05 "

The above statistics exhibit a low temperature for the month just closed. Dr. Conrad, of the Pennsylvania Hospital, has called our attention to the fact that it was two and a half degrees lower than the preceding month—their record exhibiting but one instance of the kind, "March, 1857, having been two degrees colder than February of the same year." The slight difference in the number of deaths, and the aggregate of rain that has fallen thus far, may also be noticed.

Philada., Fourth month, 1867.

J. M. ELLIS.

ITEMS.

An expedition is being fitted out by the State Department at Washington for the purpose of exploring Russian America, with a view to acquainting the American people with the value of their recent acquisition.

According to the present rate of Congressional mileage, the representative from the territory of New Arch Angel (Russian America) would be entitled to \$20,000, which, added to his salary, would make his

compensation equal to that of the President of the United States.

Dr. Sears, general agent for the Peabody Educational Fund, announces by circular the principles which will govern him in distributing money at the South. The fundamental condition is, that the people there must take the initiative, must show schools already established and needing aid, or an intention and effort to found them worthy of encouragement.

The rush to Europe, which was expected to be so great during the coming summer, is apparently not to take place. None of the steamers which have sailed, so far, have been much crowded; the *Great Eastern* may be said, considering her accommodation, to have had hardly any passengers on board; and in the Cunard line large numbers of persons who had taken berths are trying to get rid of them. One reason—and no doubt the principal one—of this falling off is the condition of business in this country. In the winter it was supposed the opening of navigation would lead to a revival; but no. The spring is here, and the dulness is deeper than ever, and is deepened still further by the horrible stories of legislative corruption and heavy taxation with which the air is filled. Then, also, the Exhibition in Paris has not thus far answered the public expectation. The opening was a failure; nothing is ready; and there is a widespread belief that it will not be worth seeing. On the top of these two causes of discouragement has come a slight war panic, and the travelling public have, of course, no fancy for a tour on the Continent with the Prussian and French armies in motion all around them.—*The Nation*.

A plan has been submitted to France and Prussia by the other great Powers for the peaceful settlement of the Luxemburg question. The Conference proposes to meet in London this present month, and will be composed of representatives of Great Britain, France, Prussia, Austria, Russia, and the King of Holland, as Grand Duke of Luxemburg.

Information had reached the British Admiralty which dispels the last faint hopes of the fate of Dr. Livingstone. The Times of India publishes additional evidence that the great explorer is dead. An Arab had brought intelligence which leaves hardly any room for hope.

Governor Swan, of Maryland, has issued a proclamation announcing the result of the election in that State on the question of a Constitutional Convention; 34,534 votes were cast for the Convention; 24,136 against it, and there were forty-eight blank ballots. He, therefore, declares that the persons who were at the same time voted for as delegates to said Convention who have a majority of the votes cast in their favor are duly elected, and that the Convention, as authorized, will assemble at Annapolis, on the second Fourth-day of the Fifth month, to enter upon the discharge of the duties prescribed by the act of Assembly.

The colored men's shipyard at Baltimore was purchased by them not quite thirteen months ago. It is entirely managed by colored men, and 225 workmen are employed, thirty-five being white. Last year work was done to the amount of \$76,000, the profits being 25 per cent.

The Daily News says the number of messages sent through the Atlantic Cable continues to increase, and the receipts now average about \$5,750 per day.

The Sioux, one of the most warlike of the Indian tribes, have declared war with the United States.

G. W. Peabody has made a donation of \$15,000 for the establishment of a free library at Georgetown, D. C.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF F. W. ROBERTSON.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

Continued from page 182.

One of the principles on which Robertson based his teaching was, that spiritual truth was discerned by the spirit and not merely by the intellect, and his aim was, "the establishment of positive truth, instead of the negative destruction of error." It appears to have been his design to undermine theological fallacies by the clear exposition of Christian doctrine, rather than to arouse prejudice by attacking them openly.

In accordance with this method he did not impugn those doctrines of the Established Church from which he evidently dissented; but endeavored to find in its creed a deeper meaning than had been perceived by others. He believed that even the errors of Romanism, so pernicious in their effects, had often proceeded from the perversion of some great truth, and that to disclose that truth would be the most effectual method of correcting the error. Thus, for example, the doctrine of Reconciliation or Atonement, as held by Romanists and by most Protestants, is understood to imply, that the Almighty Father was reconciled to man by the sufferings and death of his Son, who, as a substitute, paid the penalty of sin, satisfied divine justice, and appeased the wrath of offended Deity. The doctrine held forth in the writings of Robertson is, that man must be reconciled to

God by a change of heart, and that the mission and sufferings of Christ have been made instrumental to that end. "The atonement of the Redeemer," he says, "has reconciled man to God, and that by a two-fold step: by exhibiting the character of God; and by that exhibition, changing the character of man. Brethren, the sacrifice of Christ was the voice of God proclaiming Love. In this passage the apostle tells us that "Christ has reconciled us to God in the body of His flesh through death."

... "Therefore we turn back once more to the Cross of Christ: through this alone we learn there is one God, one Father, one Baptism, one Elder Brother in whom all can be brothers. But there is something besides, a deeper principle still. We are told in this passage we can be reconciled to man by the body of Christ through death. And now brethren, let us understand this. By the cross of Christ the apostle meant reconciled by the Spirit of the Cross. And what was that spirit? It was the spirit of giving, and of suffering, and of loving; because he had suffered. Say what we will, love is not gratitude for favors which have been received. Why is the child more beloved by the parent, than the parent by the child? Why did the Redeemer love his disciples more than they loved their Master? Benefits will not bind the affections; you must not expect that they will. You must suffer if you would love; you must remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The-

apostle Paul felt this when he said reconciliation was produced through the body of the flesh of Christ by death.*

These views are more fully illustrated in a discourse of Robertson's on "the Sanctification of Christ," preached from the text, John xvii. 19—"And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth!"† He remarks that this sentence, quoted from the prayer of Jesus, "was peculiarly after the heart of the apostle John." For to him "the true life of Christ was rather the inner Life than the outward acts of life. Now this sentence from the lips of Jesus speaks of the atoning sacrifice as an inward mental act, rather than an outward deed; a self-consecration wrought out in the will of Christ. For their sakes I am sanctifying myself. That is a resolve—a secret of the inner Life."

The word sanctify, he observes, has not in this sentence the ordinary popular sense of making holy. "Christ was holy; He could not, by an inward effort or struggle, *make* himself holy, for he was that already." The original meaning of the term is illustrated by reference to the Jewish history. "When the destroying angel smote the first-born of the Egyptian families, the symbolic blood on the lintel of every Hebrew house protected the eldest born from the plague of death. In consequence, a law of Moses viewed every eldest son in a peculiar light. He was reckoned as a thing devoted to the Lord—redeemed, and therefore set apart. The word used to express this devotion is *sanctify*. The Lord said unto Moses, *Sanctify* unto me all the first-born, whatsoever openeth the womb among the children of Israel, both of man and beast: it is mine."

"By a subsequent arrangement these first-born were exchanged for the Levites. Instead of the eldest son in each family, a whole tribe was taken, and reckoned as set apart and devoted to Jehovah, just as now a substitute is provided to serve in war in another's stead. Therefore, the tribe of Levi were said to be *sanctified* to God."

"We have reached, therefore, the meaning of this word in the text, For their sakes I sanctify,—that is, consecrate or devote myself. The first meaning of sanctify is to set apart. But to set apart for God is to devote or consecrate; and to consecrate a thing is to make it holy. And thus we have the three meanings of the word,—namely, to set apart, to devote, to make holy,—rising all out of one simple idea."

"To go somewhat into particulars. This sanctification is spoken of here chiefly as threefold: Self-devotion by inward resolve—self-de-

votion to the Truth—self-devotion for the sake of others.

"1. He devoted himself by inward resolve. 'I sanctify myself.' God, his Father, had devoted Him before. He had sanctified and sent Him. It only remained that this devotion should become by His own act *self-devotion*—completed by his own will. Now in that act of will consisted His consecration of Himself. For, observe, this was done within; in secret, solitary struggle—in wrestling with all temptations which deterred Him from His work—in resolve to do it unflinchingly; in real human battle and victory."

"2. The sanctification of Christ was self-devotion to the Truth.

"I infer this, because He says, 'I sanctify myself, that they *also* might be sanctified through the truth.' 'Also' implies that what his consecration was, theirs was. Now, theirs is expressly said to be sanctification by the truth. That, then, was His consecration, too. It was the truth which devoted Him, and marked Him out for death."

"For it was not merely death that made Christ's sacrifice the world's Atonement. There is no special virtue in mere death, even though it be the death of God's own Son. Blood does not please God. 'As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the sinner.' Do you think God has pleasure in the blood of the righteous?—blood, merely as blood?—death, merely as a debt of nature paid?—suffering, merely as suffering had in it mysterious virtue?"

"No, my brethren! God can be satisfied with that only which pertains to the conscience and the will; so says the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews: 'Sacrifices could never make the comers thereunto perfect.' The blood of Christ was sanctified by the Will with which He shed it; it is that which gives it value. It was a sacrifice offered up to conscience. He suffered as a Martyr to the Truth. He fell in fidelity to a cause. The sacred cause in which He fell was love to the human race: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man give his life for his friends.' Now, that Truth was the cause in which Christ died, we have his own words as proof: 'To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, to bear witness to the Truth.'

"Let us see how His death was a martyrdom of witness to the Truth."

"First, He proclaimed the identity between religion and goodness. He distinguished religion from correct views, accurate religious observances, and even from devout feelings. He said that to be religious is to be good. 'Blessed are the pure in heart Blessed are the merciful Blessed are the meek.' Justice, mercy, truth—these He

* Fifth series p. 183-185.

† Second series p. 244.

proclaimed as the real righteousness of God. But, because He taught the truth of godliness, the Pharisees became His enemies: those men of opinions and maxims; those men of ecclesiastical, ritual, and spiritual pretensions.

"Again, He taught spiritual Religion. God was not in the temple; the temple was to come down. But Religion would survive the temple. God's temple was man's soul.

"Because He taught spiritual worship, the priests became His enemies. Hence came those accusations that He blasphemed the temple; that He had said, contemptuously, 'Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up.'

"Once more he struck a death blow at Jewish exclusiveness; He proclaimed the truth of the character of God. God, the Father. The hereditary descent from Abraham was nothing; the inheritance of Abraham's faith was everything. God, therefore, would admit the Gentiles who inherited that faith. For God loved the world,—not a private few; not the Jew only, not the elder brother who had been all his life at home,—but the prodigal younger brother, too, who had wandered far and sinned much.

"Now, because He proclaimed this salvation of the Gentiles, the whole Jewish nation were offended. The first time He ever hinted it at Capernaum, they took Him to the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might throw Him thence.

"And thus, by degrees,—priests, pharisees, rulers, rich, and poor,—He had roused them all against Him; and the Divine Martyr of the Truth stood alone at last beside the cross, when the world's life was to be won, without a friend.

"All this we must bear in mind, if we would understand the expression, 'I sanctify myself.' He was sanctifying and consecrating Himself for this,—to be a Witness to the Truth,—a devoted one, consecrated in His heart's deeps to die,—loyal to Truth,—even though it should have to give, as the reward of allegiance, not honors and kingdoms, but only a crown of thorns.

"3. The self sanctification of Christ was for the sake of others. 'For their sakes.' . . .

"He obeyed the law of self-consecration for Himself, else He had not been man; for that law is the universal law of our human existence. But He obeyed it not for Himself alone, but for others also. It was vicarious self devotion—that is, instead of others, as the representative of them. 'For their sakes,' as an example, 'that they also might be sanctified through the truth.'

"He sanctified Himself that He might become a living, inspiring example, firing men's hearts by love to imitation,—a burning and a shining Light shed upon the mystery of Life, to guide by a spirit of warmth lighting from

within. In Christ there is not given to us a faultless essay on the loveliness of self-consecration, to convince our reason how beautiful it is; but there is given to us a self-consecrated One; a living Truth, a living Person; a Life that was beautiful, a death that we feel in our inmost hearts to have been divine; and all this that the Spirit of that consecrated life and consecrated death, through love and wonder and deep enthusiasm, may pass into us, and sanctify us, also, to the Truth, in life and death. He sacrificed Himself that we might offer ourselves a living sacrifice to God."

"Those whom Christ sanctifies are separated from two things: From the world's evil, and from the world's spirit.

"From the world's evil. So in verse 15: 'I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil.' Not from physical evil, not from pain; Christ does not exempt his own from such kinds of evil. Nay, we hesitate to call pain and sorrow evils, when we remember what bright characters they have made, and when we recollect that almost all who came to Christ came impelled by suffering of some kind or other." . . . "Possibly want and woe will be seen hereafter, when this world of appearance shall have passed away, to have been, not evils, but God's blessed angels, and ministers of His most parental love.

"But the evil from which Christ's sanctification separates the soul is that worst of evils—properly speaking, the only evil—sin; revolt from God, disloyalty to conscience, tyranny of the passions, strife of our self-will in conflict with the loving Will of God. This is our foe that we have a right to hate with perfect hatred, meet it where we will, and under whatever form, in church or state, in false social maxims, or in our own hearts. And it was to sanctify or separate us from this that Christ sanctified or consecrated Himself."

"He is sanctified by the self-devotion of his Master from the world, who has a life in himself independent of the maxims and customs which sweep along with them other men. In his Master's words, 'A well of water in him, springing up into everlasting life,' keeping his life, on the whole, pure, and his heart fresh. His true life is hid with Christ and God. His motives, the aims and objects of his life, however inconsistent they may be with each other, however irregularly or feebly carried out, are yet, on the whole, above, not here. His citizenship is in heaven. He may be tempted; he may err; he may fall: but still, in his darkest aberrations, there will be a something that keeps before him still the dreams and aspirations of his best days; a thought of the Cross of Christ, and the self consecration that it typifies; a conviction that that is the highest, and that alone

the true Life. And that—if it were only that—would make him essentially different from other men, even when he mixes with them, and seems to catch their tone,—among them, but not one of them. And that Life within him is Christ's pledge that he shall be yet what he longs to be—a something severing him, separating him, consecrating him. For him, and for such as him, the consecration prayer of Christ was made. 'They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world: Sanctify them through thy Truth: Thy word is Truth.'

These views of F. W. Robertson are in accordance with those expressed by many of the early Friends. Thus Wm. Penn says, "Jesus Christ, in life, doctrine and death, fulfilled his Father's will and offered up a most satisfactory sacrifice; but not to pay God or help Him (as otherwise being unable) to save men." "He came to his own, but his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them he gave power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

That glorious change which is wrought in the dedicated soul by the operation of the Holy Spirit, through which man becomes a child of God, is the only true reconciliation. It was formerly expressed by the compound word At-one-ment, which is thus defined by Johnson,—*"to be in concord."* When this concord prevails, Heaven, or the reign of God, is already begun, and the regenerate soul at the prospect of death can say with the blessed Jesus, "Not my will but thine be done."

(To be continued.)

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Religion, or the devotional part of it, is nothing but the communion of the soul with God; and therefore by its necessary condition is seclusive. There is no piety of a multitude. The worship of a congregation is the worship of so many hearts, each rendered a degree more fervent than otherwise by the power of sympathy. But if the elements of worship have not been brought together from the depths of individual spirits, they exist not at all. In all true worship, whether the scene be the place of public convocation or the closet, the soul brings its immortal substance, and its personal destiny, and its particular interests—its recollections, its hopes and its fears—yes, itself, as if it were the only created existence, or in oblivion of all others, before the throne of God. How vivid soever may be the emotions that spring from the heart in its sympathy with others, they can never come into comparison with those that belong to its own ultimate welfare.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Continued from page 134.)

To one of another profession and a zealous Minister.

26th of First Month, 1838.

My Dear Friend.—It is time I acknowledged thy favor of the 21st ult., which has not been lost upon me. I accept thy kind and sincere notice of me, and also of my books, with, I trust, the like genuine Christian feeling. That we have been made somewhat acquainted one with another has been cheering to me, as one of those many providential marks of favor shed upon us through our whole lives by the author of mercies. It has seemed to me sometimes as though our dear Lord and Saviour, in condescension to our frequent breathings to him, the Head of his own church, for the spread of his blessed gospel of peace, truth, and righteousness in the earth, and our jealousy for his honor, (according to our measure of light and discernment,)—had caused us to come across each other's path; that he might renewedly show us, that he has other sheep who are not of this fold, where we have been accustomed with joy and comfort to feed and lie down. That we should find, on near inspection of each other's views on sacred things, many and important shades of difference, will not assuredly either stumble or surprise us. The ways of God in his works of creation are higher than our highest thoughts of them, as are also the acts of Providence; how much more then must we expect them to be so in his dealings and dispensations with the soul of man individually, and with his church collectively. Truly the workings of his grace and power in and towards us are infinitely diversified. But through all, what he looks for in us all, however variously situated, dealt with, and gifted, is,—that our hearts being quickened and renewed by Him, should be turned towards Him, and knit to Him in faithfulness, in true uprightness, to serve and to trust in Him, with a perfect heart, and a willing mind. Ah! how he touches, softens, humbles these proud, hard hearts of ours, these fallen, but aspiring natures, these froward, wayward tendencies; and woos us to be wise indeed, by learning of Him how to be simple as little children,—submitting, bearing, and taking his yoke upon our spirits. How prone we still are, to take back the government into our own hands, by leaning to our own understanding, by consulting with flesh and blood,—while we profess to be asking counsel of God and of Christ; and thus practically we shrink back, and shun to offer up our all, as a whole burnt offering; but even keep back the best part of that, which is often called for unequivocally at our hands. Alas! in reference to divine things, who is there that follows the Lamb whithersoever he leads or looks to the puttings forth of the Ship-

herd's hand, and waits to hear his voice? Who is there, that, in all his proceedings and his speculations, or opinions, says,—“That which I know not, teach thou me;” “lead me in thy Truth and teach me, for thou art the God of my salvation, on thee do I wait all the day?” Who is there that takes up the daily cross in religious points,—casting down imaginations and selfish reasonings, despising the shame with the fear and favor of man?—who is not conformed to this world even in little things, but transformed by the renewing of the mind, and in this way proving what is the Divine will? These effusions, which arise whilst responding to thy communication, I trust, will not be deemed obtrusive, if they are superfluous.

After all, my dear friend, how near one to another are all those, who being once afar off, are brought nigh by the blood of Christ; who love him and his appearing, and who follow him in the regeneration. They are brought near to each other in Him; they are baptized by one Spirit into one body, and are given at times to drink into one cup. Have these not abundant occasion to forbear one another in love, if they do not wilfully transgress against knowledge and beyond faith; for whatsoever is not of faith is sin. Surely those that are zealous for the fulfilment of what they understand to be the command of Christ and his apostles, have great need to see that they follow up all that is commanded—such as to resist not evil, to respect not the persons of the rich, as in the epistle of James;—and many other precepts, that are very generally made of none effect by religious professors, and reasoned away.

Ah! to be able to say with the apostle, “I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me,” &c.; how full,—how supremely desirable! Then the wisdom of man becomes fully subjugated, where the gospel, the power of God, has free course.

Farewell! the Lord be between us, and with us, henceforth and forever. With Christian love to thee and thy wife and sister,

I remain thy friend, J. B.

[In the Eleventh month, 1837, he laid before his Monthly Meeting a religious concern, which had rested a considerable time on his mind, to pay a visit to the families of Friends of his own Particular Meeting at Stoke Newington: much sympathy and unity prevailed on this occasion, and he received the encouragement of his friends. Under his very infirm bodily condition, he could proceed but slowly in this service. In the Second Month following, he believed it right to address his Monthly Meeting: a copy of his communication will best explain his views and feelings on this occasion.]

To Gracechurch Street Monthly Meeting of Friends.

Beloved Friends, Brethren, and Sisters—

Having now held a minute, granted me by the Monthly Meeting for above three months, setting me at liberty to visit the families of Friends at Stoke Newington, it seems to be upon me as a duty to communicate with you on it. In the movement I made towards obtaining it, by an application rather unusually sudden, and in that respect unexpected by myself, I had, and up to the present time have had, sweet peace,—an ample reward, (however unworthy,) for a sacrifice which cost me no small degree of resignation of my own will. I endeavored to give up “in simplicity and godly sincerity,” to that which seemed to be manifested as present duty in the Divine sight; and dared not look outward in any sense or manner; and therein I desired, if a spectacle, to be also an ensample to the whole flock: for not one among us can, in my apprehension, do better under any circumstances. On proceeding in the weighty engagement before me, I may acknowledge, that, although no wonderful outpouring of divine power was my portion, I was mercifully favored, during the few days that I entered upon the work, with such a sense that the Lord preserveth the simple and the upright, insomuch that it was as my meat and drink, to be thus among my friends: hard things were made very easy, and bitter things full of sweetness; a gentle flowing stream of heavenly goodness being extended in every hour of need, though in a way humiliating to the creature, so that nothing in the flesh could glory.

Endeavoring to look closely to my step-pings and to my Master's pointings as to them, I did not see it my place to join any brother or sister fellow-laborers in the ministry, similarly exercised; yet truly rejoicing, that the Lord of the vineyard should be pleased to lay his hand upon any, and open their way before them. With regard to myself, the burden seemed greatly withdrawn, and removed from me, even before I was wholly laid by with indisposition; and ever since, my mind has been altogether released from any further obligation to pursue the visit, and now at length in a way that makes me believe it safest for me to inform the meeting to this effect, and to return the minute to your hands. I cannot place this conclusion to any outward account, though my health and constitution seem more than usually affected, so as for a long time entirely to prevent my getting out to meetings; but in my best moments, I have the comfortable persuasion and trust, that He, who is no hard master, and lays no more than is meet on any of his poor exercised children, has an equal right to call in as to put forth;—to bring out his own purposes in his own ways, which are higher than ours; and

none of us should demur against his good pleasure, or say, "What doest thou?" and the wonder and the mercy is, that any are made use of.

In conclusion, it seems with me, my dear Friends, to express my belief, that we have from time to time ample encouragement, as a meeting, in patience to possess our souls, to hold on our way steadily, and to lift up the head in hope. Although occasions of discouragement and deep conflict have attended, and may yet await the faithful and the honest hearted, these keeping the daily watch unto prayer, will be preserved and sustained, abiding in Christ, and being under his peculiar notice: after they have suffered awhile, he will stablish, strengthen, and settle them more and more; and will give them to reap in due season the fruit of their often hidden exercises, both on their own account, and on account of others. Thus, those that hold the beginning of their confidence steadfast unto the end, are made indeed partakers of Christ; and the remnant who escape the tempter's crooked Leviathan, again take root downward, and bear fruit upward. Isaiah xxxvii. 31.

Desiring that we may truly cease from man, and lean wholly on the Beloved of souls, with the salutation of love in our Lord Jesus Christ, I remain your friend,
J. B.

Second Month 19th, 1838.

P. S.—Should this concern return upon me with weight and clearness, Friends may believe I shall not hesitate to cast myself upon them again.

To ———.

First or Second Month, 1838.—Ah! it is little we can do for one another; yet let us be willing to do that little which offers. I often think how short may be the season, wherein we may be permitted, or may have occasion for, the comfort, aid, and support, one of another. Many opportunities for giving a hand of help or a cup of cold water we do not embrace; but we suffer them to go by unimproved, or fritter them away in our intercourse one with another, even with those nearest and dearest to us in an outward or inward sense. Every thing indeed proves what poor creatures we are, and what a low, mixed, imperfect state the present is;—at times favored with a few drops of comfort, of strength,—a little grain of faith, of hope, of qualification to struggle on, administered in the hour of need, and in such a way as utterly to hide pride, and take away all occasion of boasting on the one hand, or repining on the other!—O! if we did enough cultivate our intercourse with heaven and heavenly ones and heavenly things, and avail of our privileges, remember our heirship and calling! Why need we tarry here,—why should we grovel below? instead of lifting up the soul, and resting in the beloved!

Farewell! onward—onward;—the time is short, my brother and my sister;—we linger for one another:—let us press forward;—and in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

J. B.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"SEEK RELIGION NOW."

Thinking the following brief sketch might prove of benefit, if republished in the Intelligencer, I have copied it for insertion. It was published several years ago in "Friends' Review," where it was said to have been taken from an old book and well authenticated. The subject is one of deep and solemn importance to all, and the closing words of the old man to his children are truly affecting. S. B. F.

"My children," said an old man, "the words of your dying father will be few. I wish them to sink deep into your hearts." Then raising himself a little in his bed with a degree of strength which he had not been able to command for several of the last weeks of his sickness, he proceeded:

"When young, I enjoyed religious privileges, and was the subject of occasional serious reflection. When just entering my sixteenth year, religious impressions were made on my mind with unusual force, and I seemed to hear a voice continually saying to me, 'Seek religion now;' I was unhappy; my former amusements lost their relish; still I was not willing wholly to relinquish them and obey the voice which urged me to seek religion immediately. One day, after much reflection, I deliberately promised to God that as soon as the season of youthful amusements was past, I would give myself to religious pursuits. My anxieties immediately left me; I returned to my amusements, and the whole subject was soon forgotten.

"At twenty-five the monitory voice returned, reminded me of my promise, and again pressed the importance of eternal things, though I had not thought of my promise for years. I acknowledged its obligations, but an immediate fulfilment seemed more impracticable than it did nine years before. I vowed, with increased solemnity, that when the cares of a rising family should subside, I would certainly attend to the concerns of religion. Again I applied myself to worldly avocations, and soon buried all thoughts of the admonition I had received. At fifty, when you, my children, were diminishing instead of increasing my cares, this heavenly monitor returned. Fulfil your promise,—“Seek religion now,” was continually pressing upon my mind. I knew that I had made such a promise, but felt dissatisfied that its fulfilment should be claimed so soon. I regretted that I had not attended to the subject before, when I

could have done it with less difficulty; but such were the extent and pressure of my business that to do it then seemed impossible. The subject made me unhappy, and after much deliberation I sought relief to my troubled feelings by most solemnly renewing my promise to God. I said when the pressure of my business is past I will devote my whole attention to a preparation for eternity.

"No sooner had I fixed my mind on this course than my anxieties left me—the strivings of the Spirit ceased in my bosom, and *ceased forever*. When sickness warned me of approaching death I sought to fix my feelings on the subject, but in vain. There was a gloom and terror drawn around religion at which my soul shuddered. I felt that I was forsaken of God, but it did not move me. I had no love to God, no repentance for sin, nor wish to forsake it. I felt nothing but the sullen gloom of despair; I knew I was in the hands of a justly offended God, from whom I expected no mercy, and could ask none; with these feelings I am about to enter the eternal world. To you, my children, I can only say, profit by my example. Quench not the spirit; seek religion now, if you would avoid a miserable eternity; put not off the concerns of your soul till——." The sentence died upon his lips; his strength, which had been all summoned to make this last effort, suddenly failed; he fell back on his bed, and with a groan that seemed to speak the terrors of futurity, the immortal spirit took its flight from that body which it had inhabited nearly fourscore years, to receive according to that it had done.

It is easier to make a complete sacrifice which will fully satisfy conscience, than a half-sacrifice which falls short of it.—*Select Memoirs of Port Royal.*

TRUE HAPPINESS.

Contrast the man who lives purely for pleasure and the man that lives purely for duty, and you will find that the pleasure-seeker reaps less of pleasure than the man that does not seek it. In the case of the latter there may be fewer electric sparks, there may be fewer blazes, there may be fewer bonfires; but there is an even pleasure, a steady flowing pleasure, a variety of pleasure, and a susceptibility to pleasure, which in the end overmasters and overmeasures the pleasures of those that live merely for pleasure. And so it will be found in retrospect that men who live merely to make themselves happy in this life are more burdened and less happy than men that take on the yoke of duty, and by the burden of duty find rest.

Living for enjoyment first, and with benevolence incidental or alternative, is one way. God's way is to live under the royal law of love

or benevolence primarily, and to find our own gratification incidentally. The way of the world is quite the reverse of God's. God says, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of another." The world reverses it, and says, "Let every man take care of himself, and then all the world will be taken care of." "Let every man take care of Number One," is the vulgar expression, "and everybody will be well cared for." Since the world began the experiment has been going on, and few have obeyed God, and few have really attempted to live with all their life-forces concentrated to the good of society and the well-being of their fellow-men. But these few have found inward and outward satisfaction. They have found that joy and peace which is without expression. Whereas, those men that have attempted to make themselves happy by the law of self-seeking have invariably all the way through been witnesses to the truth of God's law. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," is the key-note of the universe. How shall any man fall from the pitch, and yet be in harmony in music? And if this be the structural idea of the human mind, how shall a man run against it and expect his mind to work in harmony? A machine will sooner run contrary to its nature and yet operate effectually, than this most delicate and complex machine of the mind will run contrary to the creative idea and still bring happiness. See how men have sought it in selfish ways. See how they have sought it in power and influence. See how they have sought it in wealth. See how they have sought it in pampering their flesh. See how they have sought it in giving to their appetites all that the heart could desire. And what have been the results? Are the men that thus live for self the happy men? Show me the men whose faces are serene. They are men of faith. They are men of piety. They are the men that live for others. Show me the men that are forever seeking their own good. They are the corrugated men. They are the men whose brows have been plowed, and with a red-hot share at that. I defy comparison. Go where you will, and while men are yet young, and unexpanded, and elastic, they may show no signs of sorrow: but after they are forty or fifty years old, look among those that live for this world only, and tell me whether wealth, or influence, or pampering makes men happy. Tell me whether they are not sad, sorrowful, restless, and complaining; saying to the last, even in the mutterings of death, "Who will show me any good? while the men that walk as if sweet flowers and fragrant dews dropped upon them are the men that fol-

low Christ, and like him give their lives for the world. There is a generosity in their joy. There is an unfailingness in its supply. It springs from a source that never went dry, and never will. And so long as God is God, and continues to reproduce creation upon this great law that force is to go with benevolence, so long human society will be a witness to all that self-seeking leads to sorrow and that benevolence is the true road to happiness.—*Exchange.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 11, 1867.

We ask the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column of the forthcoming *History of the Religious Society of Friends*, by SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

THE PROSPECT BEFORE US.—It has, of late, become a subject of interesting inquiry in our Religious Society whether we are increasing in numbers, or on the decline,—whether, as a church, we shall continue to live, or are destined to extinction. The love of life is a concomitant of health, and this applies as truly to bodies organized for associated action as to the individuals who compose them.

"'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant;
More life and fuller, that we want;
No heart in which was healthful breath,
Has ever, truly, longed for death."

To be indifferent about the perpetuation of a society that we believe was raised up by Divine Providence for the promotion of Christ's kingdom—the reign of Peace and Love—would indicate a want of religious vitality, which, if it become general, must soon lead to decay and extinction.

In the year 1829, being two years after the Separation, there was a census taken of the members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, by which it appeared that the number, in connection with us, designated as Friends, was 18,485, the number of those called Orthodox Friends was 7,344, and of neutrals, or undecided, 429, making an aggregate of 26,258. In this enumeration the minors were classed with their parents or guardians.

In the year 1863 another census was taken of those in connection with us, belonging to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and published in the extracts from its minutes. From this it appears that the number was 14,992, of whom

2091 were minors. From the same document we learn that there were then 3480 minors, sprung from parents, one of whom was a member of our Society, which did not give the children a right of membership. It will be observed that this class was about equal in number to the diminution that had taken place subsequent to the year 1829.

From these statistics we must conclude that the Society within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting is diminishing in numbers, and there is every reason to believe that a similar result is taking place in all the Yearly Meetings with which we correspond.

It appears from a communication published some weeks since in *Friends' Review*, that the Yearly Meetings called Orthodox are also diminishing in numbers in all the states on the Atlantic seaboard; but those in the Western states, except Ohio, are probably on the increase.

It has been usual for some of our members to account for our supposed stationary condition by remarking that we are not a proselyting society. This is very true, but not very consoling. The primitive Christian Church was a proselyting society, and Friends in the days of George Fox were imbued with the same spirit. Their ministers travelled throughout Europe, and many of them visited the West Indies and the North American Provinces. In nearly all Protestant countries they made proselytes, and established meetings. In Catholic countries their efforts were not so successful, it seemed as though the ground was not prepared for the seed they had to sow.

The fervent piety and zeal of those sons of the morning were sustained by a living faith, and tempered by Christian charity. Their knowledge of the Scriptures was extensive and accurate, and in the education of their children they were careful to make them acquainted with those precious records. This duty of parents has, for many years past, been too much neglected, although frequently and earnestly enjoined by the several Yearly Meetings.

If we continue to rely upon birthright membership for the continuation of the Society, we must make greater efforts to instruct the youth, and to impress upon their minds the principles of our profession. There is in associated ac-

tion a stimulus that is natural and healthy in its character, and young persons brought together to receive instruction from properly qualified teachers take more interest in their studies, and learn more than they do in families.

It is encouraging to find a growing concern on this subject in the minds of Friends, which has led to the establishment of First-day schools among our members in many places, as well as the formation of Bible classes and the holding of conferences in relation to our principles and testimonies. It is worthy of consideration that for want of some active service of this kind we have, in times past, lost some of our members who might have become as shining lights. Young men and women of earnest piety, having the faculty of teaching, which is a divine gift, and finding in our Society no field for its religious exercise, have been induced to become teachers in the Sabbath schools of other churches, and thus, by association, have been led away from our communion.

It is possible some of our readers may object to the systematic teaching of Scriptural knowledge from an apprehension that it may lead to formalism, and we shall, perhaps, be reminded that we ought to rely upon the great fundamental principle of our profession—"The universal and saving Light of Christ."

We reply that this precious gift does not supersede the use of means which Divine Providence has supplied for our use. All men have this gift, yet see how vast is the difference produced by education and mental training among mankind. Compare the Hottentot or the Australian with the enlightened European or Anglo-American. How much better are the latter prepared for the reception of spiritual knowledge than the former. In our efforts to improve the condition of the Indians, our Religious Society has always acted on the conviction that civilization and moral culture will aid in preparing them for the reception of gospel truth.

It is a high privilege to be educated in the bosom of a society imbued with Christian principles. For this we owe a debt of gratitude; first, to the Author of all good; and, secondly, to our predecessors, who laid the foundation on which we are building. If we do not trans-

mit the blessing to our successors, we shall be held accountable for the neglect or misuse of talents entrusted to our care.

It is scarcely necessary to defend the practice of imparting to our junior members a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, for they have been highly prized and earnestly recommended by Friends from the rise of the Society to the present day. They are constantly quoted from our galleries,—in fact, they have become the vehicles of religious thought throughout the civilized world. Their study may be made more interesting by illustrations from the geography of the countries to which they relate, and by descriptions of the manners and customs of the people who inhabit those regions. Among Oriental nations many of the same customs and modes of thought now prevail that are alluded to in the Bible, and a knowledge of them will enable us to obtain a clear view of many passages otherwise obscure.

In this interesting department of education we have felt the want of suitable text books, or manuals of instruction. This want is about to be supplied, at least in some measure, by works written by our own members that will be noticed in this paper. Let us not despise the use of means—

"Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the
world."

It is exceedingly desirable that all the youth who attend our meetings, whether members or not, should, in *some way*, be brought under the religious care of the Society, and receive suitable instruction. If we would have a succession of members we must *work and trust*, for works without faith will avail nothing, and faith without works is dead.

DIED, in Rahway, N J., on the 19th of Nin'h mo., 1866, PHEBE V. SHOTWELL, widow of Peter Shotwell, and daughter of Abraham and Margaret Vail, in the 88th year of her age; an esteemed member of Rahway and Plainfield Monthly Meeting, and, when health permitted, a regular attender thereof.

—, on the 27th of Fourth month, 1867, at her residence, Newtown, Bucks county, Pa., SUSAN, wife of Moses Lancaster, in her 80th year.

—, on the 26th of Fourth month, 1867, JOHN, infant son of Abraham Lower Thorn, aged nine months.

—, on Sixth-day afternoon, 3d inst., JOSEPH GILLINGHAM, in his 87th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

—, on the 3d of Fifth month, 1867, of malignant scarlet fever, ANNIE AMELIA, daughter of William P. and Ellen G. Fogg, in her 10th year.

DIED, on Seventh-day, the 27th of Fourth month, 1867, MERCHANT MAULSBY, a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

The First Annual Meeting of Friends' Publication Association will be held on Second-day evening next, (Yearly Meeting week,) Fifth month 13th, at 8 o'clock, at Race Street Meeting-House. The object and aim of this Association will be explained. The general attendance of Friends is solicited.

The Annual Conference on the subject of Education will be held at Race Street Meeting-House on Third-day evening, Fifth month 14th, at 8 o'clock. The needs of our Religious Society in this important matter will be canvassed, and the progress made in the organization of a first class school for our children will be presented for the consideration of all concerned Friends.

The Annual Meeting of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will be held on Fourth-day evening, Fifth month 15th, at 8 o'clock, at Race Street Meeting-House, north end. The annual report will be read, and other interesting business transacted. A general invitation is extended.

JACOB M. ELLIS, } Clerks.
ANNE COOPER, }

The attention of Friends is called to the following publications, which will be issued for THE BOOK ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS during the early part of Fifth month.

TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN, Part I., price 25 cts.

TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN, Part II., price 50 cts.

BIBLICAL HISTORY, FAMILIARIZED BY QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Price \$1.00.

The books are designed for use in families and Schools, as assistants to teachers and others, and they will, we trust, be found to supply a want long needed among us.

Orders for single copies or by the dozen filled by the Publisher,

T. ELLWOOD ZELL,
Nos. 17 and 19 S. Sixth St., Philada.

CHILDREN.

Children are much more susceptible than grown-up people to all noxious influences; they are affected by the same things, but much more quickly and seriously, namely: by want of fresh air, of proper warmth, want of cleanliness in house, clothes, bedding, or body; by startling noises, improper food, or want of punctuality; by dulness and by want of light; by too much or too little covering in bed or when up; by want of the spirit of management generally in those in charge of them. One can, therefore, only press the importance, as being yet greater in the case of children,—greatest in the case of sick children,—of attending to these things.

That which, however, above all, is known to injure children seriously is foul air, and the most seriously at night. Keeping rooms where they sleep tight shut up is destruction to them. And if the child's breathing be disordered by disease, a few hours only of much foul air may endanger its life, even where no inconvenience is felt by grown-up persons in the same room.—*Florence Nightingale.*

THE INDIAN.

The following article, suggesting the abolition of the tribal mode of government among the Indians, is taken from the editorial columns of the N. Y. Evening Post:—

From the beginning of the English settlements on this continent it has been the prevalent doctrine among us that the Indian tribes here were destined only to extermination. The "Pilgrim Fathers" of New England, who were in the habit of requiring a theory to justify their practice, are reported to have adopted these resolutions:

"Resolved, first, That the world belongs to the saints.

"Resolved, second, That we are the saints.

Others put the same thing in the form of an assumption that the Pilgrims were by their faith the children of Abraham the faithful, and that the aborigines, being heathen, were probably the descendants, or at any rate the proper representatives, of the devoted Canaanites, and therefore condemned by heaven to utter extermination. Other classes of settlers have taken a shorter cut in their reasonings, while agreeing to the practical conclusion that the Indians are incapable of being civilized, and therefore inevitably destined to extermination. It must be confessed that the steady progress of events from the year 1620 too powerfully confirms this conclusion.

We are not now looking at the moralities of the subject, or inquiring who is justly responsible for the certainty of this assumed destiny of the Indians to extermination. Assuming, for the present, that the result is truly inevitable, we look philosophically into the means and methods by which, so far as past experience goes, this result is brought about. These methods range themselves in two classes—One by direct violence, the other by the indirect methods of depravation and decay. In surgical language, one may be called exsection, the other by ligation.

The first method is pretty uniform in its action. The Indians are dissatisfied with the increasing settlements of the whites, and begin a war in there way to drive out the invaders; and then the whites, by their superiority in arms and numbers, exterminate the Indians by fire and sword. The Pequod war in the year 1637, is a type of all that followed. Sassacus, the Pequod chief, having mastered the neighboring Indian tribes, undertook to drive the English out of Connecticut. The Connecticut traditions say that he was led to rely on help from the Dutch at New Amsterdam. Be that as it may, he began a war after the Indian manner; captured a sloop and tortured her hands to death; waylaid and shot some laborers as they went to their fields, and burnt some crops of grain.

The colony, then composed of the three towns of Hartford, Windsor and Wethersfield, raised an army of ninety men, nearly half its able-bodied population, who went by sloop to Narraganset bay, marched thence to the headquarters of Sassacus, surrounded the fort, set it on fire, shot every one who attempted to escape, and annihilated the power of the tribe.

King Philip's war, in 1676, was on the same pattern. So was the war against the Six Nations in the time of the Revolution. The Black Hawk war, in 1832, was another case of the same kind. The war proposed to be waged this year against the Indians of the western plains is designed to be of the same sort—"short, sharp, and decisive"—final.

The cost of this method includes the antecedent damage and the expense of the final operation. In King Philip's war Massachusetts had thirteen towns destroyed, while several others suffered severely; six hundred buildings were burned, and at least six hundred of the colonists were slain, and the expense in money was half a million of dollars, leaving the colony crushed under a load of debt and paper money. The war now impending promises to be more costly in money than all which have gone before.

Of the vast work of extirpation which has taken place in two hundred and fifty years only a small part has been actually done by this process of direct and bloody surgery. The great bulk of it has been affected by means more analogous to the strangulatory process of the surgeon. Our fathers brought the Indians to acknowledge their superiority in arts and arms and powers, so that they would make treaties in which it was assumed that they were the obliged party, in being allowed to live on a part of the tract of country of which they had inherited the whole. We have been careful in these treaties, and in all our transactions with them, to deal with the tribes, and not with individual men.

In this way we have perpetuated the tribal state, as a sort of incomplete nationality, an *imperium in imperio*, a quasi government, having few rights, and many duties and responsibilities, and no powers or prerogatives. It was properly a strangulated government, permitted neither to protect its subjects nor to execute its laws. If an Indian killed a white man, the white men tried him and punished him by their laws. If a white man killed an Indian, and the Indians proceeded to punish him according to their laws, the whites proceeded to levy war against the Indians. If the Indians consented to refer the matter to white justice, the quirks of the law looked to them like tricks to screen the murderer from punishment. If an Indian kills an Indian, and the Indians deal with him by Indian law, the avenger of blood is looked upon by the whites as a murderer, whose crime

ought to be expiated with his life, under the paramount authority of the laws of the state, which extend over its whole territory. Thus the tribal government sinks into contempt, while the tribal condition remains, strangulated, emasculated, impotent for justice, a pretext for oppression, a cover for wrong, a wall by which the blessings of Christian civilization are kept out, and savage barbarism and immorality are kept in.

The necessary result of such an anomalous existence, in the midst of a growing and constantly accumulating population, must necessarily be what we see it has been in every case, demoralization, degradation, decay, death—extirpation by strangulation. Each tribal government has been nothing but a drag upon the progress of society, a centre of vice and idleness and disease for the community around. Not a case can be named in which the influence of Indians has been a help towards the advancement of morals, industry, public wealth, or any other improvement. It has become a by-word of contempt to call one lazy and filthy, dirty and drunken, vicious and hateful, as an Indian. The rarity of finding in the tribes a person of pure Indian blood tells the story of their condition. The rapidity of their disappearance testifies to the efficacy of this method of extirpation. Its cost to the community is more difficult to exhibit.

The different reservations occupied by the remnants of ancient tribes in this state are as follows:

Reservations.	Acres.	Numbers.
Shinnecock, L. I.....	630	147
St. Regis, Franklin Co.....	14,600	426
Tuscarora, Niagara Co.....	6,247	370
Cattaraugus, Chatauque Co.....	10,226	1,347
Allegany, Cattaraugus Co.....	10,753	825
Tonawanda, Genesee Co.....	2,000	509
Oneida, Oneida Co.....	250	155
Onondaga, Onondaga Co.....	509	474

The New York Indians in 1845 numbered 3,753; in 1855 they were 3,934; in 1865 they had increased to 4,137; a gain of 386, or a trifle over ten per cent. in twenty years. From 1845 to 1865 the number of schools increased from 14 to 25; of scholars, from 462 to 866; of churches, from 5 to 14; of cultivated acres, from 13,851 to 15,398; stock in value, from \$93,434 to \$138,997; implements in value, from \$34,973 to \$40,521. The number of marriages decreased from 36 in 1844, to 17 in 1854, and 8 in 1864. The value of the lands is \$499,448.

These results have taken place in the midst of institutions so favorable to the increase of population and the advancement of society, that our numbers double every thirty years, and the increase of wealth and refinement is in a still more rapid ratio. The reason is not far to seek. In the case of our white population we deal

with men as individuals, and go to all lengths to protect each in his rights as an individual. In the case of the Indians we have dealt with them as tribes, and have allowed and compelled them to remain under all the disabilities and disadvantages of the tribal state, without remedy and without hope. Our common sense has taught us to invite and encourage every man to be a voter and a land holder, as the surest means of making him a man. We allow the Indian man to be neither a land owner nor a voter, and then wonder that he remains an Indian. And now that the nation has all of a sudden recognised the equal application of the laws of common sense to the negro, as the only means for his protection and advancement, we are not aware that there has been a suggestion of giving the equal benefit of our institutions to the Indian.

We suggest, then, this third and untried process of dealing with the aborigines, as at once more just and humane, more productive and less expensive than either of the others, and equally certain in its operation to extirpate the Indian tribes. Indeed, we believe, if tried in good faith and with ordinary judgment, it will extirpate the tribes far more rapidly, while it will give to the individuals who are worthy their only chance of preserving themselves.

The approaching State Convention affords an opportunity for the State of New York to set an example which, if once set, the nation will be perhaps glad to follow, of treating the Indians upon the simple footing of their manhood, by substituting for Art. I., sec. 16, of the Constitution, a provision to the effect that "all persons born in this state are citizens thereof, and it shall be the duty of the legislature to pass laws by which all lands held in tribal ownership shall be justly divided to individual owners."

The tribes will thus be exterminated at a blow, to appear no more in our history. The individuals will come under the influence of our institutions, to flourish or fade away according to their merits.

FRIENDSHIP.

O true and noble friend!—too far away,
(Thou on the prairie, I beside the sea)—
The spring, that should be here, makes long delay,
And not a flower is open to the bee.
Meanwhile, from thee, the west wind comes to say,
Thy feet are walking where the fields are fair,
And nests are in the boughs that late were bare.
Thou hast the early season, I the late.
For thee, the blossoms of the orchard blow;
On me, the sea-gulls and the fog-wreaths wait.
Thus nature, with the fickleness of fate,
Deals out her favors with unequal hand.
But be her temper gentle or unkind,
Her changes cannot change the equal mind.
Can leagues that lie between us loose the band
By which, though palms unclasp, yet hearts do
cling?

I ask myself if we who, months ago,
Through frosty days, and in a frozen land,
Built up a friendship on the winter's snow,
Shall see it melt and vanish in the spring?
False friendship was it, if it perish so.
True friendship is an everlasting thing.
There runs a record that not only saith,
He "loved his own," but "loved them to the end."
So evermore a man shall love his friend,
With friendship that outliveth life and death!

THEODORE TILTON.

THE OLD AND NEW.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oh! sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right!
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here—
The still, small voice, in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of the day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For older time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

"THE POOR SHALL HAVE A SHARE OF IT."

Towards the close of last century, a young woman, the daughter of a yeoman farmer in a secluded vale in the West Riding of Yorkshire, determined to leave home and push her way in the world. She had received a Christian upbringing, and had been taught to make her Bible her guide through life; but somehow she thought that justice was not done her at home, and being of an independent spirit, she resolved to try what she could do for herself. Her first situation was hard and humble enough. In a farm house on the hill that overlooks the town of Halifax, she did in her own person the work of kitchen-maid, house-maid and cook, besides milking half a dozen cows morning and evening, and spinning no end of wool, thirty-six hanks to the pound—an achievement, we are told, in which few could have rivalled her. In the midst of all this work, she had a matrimonial business on hand; but here, too, difficulty beset her; for as John Crossly was only a carpet weaver, her father told her that if she ever married him, she should never see his face again.

Perplexed between her father's wishes, and the voice of an affection she could not stifle, she sought counsel from above; and turning

over her Bible in search of a guiding star, her eye fell on the words of the Psalm: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Eventually her father gave his consent to the marriage. In the course of years her husband advanced from one position of trust to another, till at last he reached the position of master. He rented a small wool mill from a respectable firm, with a dwelling house attached, and proceeded with wife and family to take possession. It was not without emotion that the "virtuous woman" entered on the responsibilities of her new position. Like her model in the last chapter of Proverbs, it had been her wont to "stretch out her hand to the poor;" and from the same book she had learned that "the blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow." So, rising while it was yet night, she entered the yard of her new dwelling at four o'clock one morning, and then and there she made a vow—"If the Lord does bless us at this place, the poor *shall* have a share of it!"

In alluding to that vow of his mother's on an interesting occasion many years afterwards, one of her younger sons, now a Baronet and member of Parliament for the West Riding, remarked: "It is to this vow, made with so much earnestness, and kept with such fidelity, that I attribute the great success my father had in business. My mother was always looking how best she could keep this vow." The father lived and died respected, in circumstances comfortable rather than wealthy, though far exceeding what he had ventured to dream of when he began life as an ordinary workman. The mother lived to a green old age in the "yard" where her vow was made, and would never listen to any proposal of her prosperous sons that she should remove to a finer mansion. A great concourse of mourners followed her remains to the grave; and not her children only, but many more who knew her, cherish her memory with affectionate regard.

On her sons her vow was felt to have something like a descending obligation. They very willingly served themselves heirs to it; and among all the instances of a blessing from God on those who devise liberal things, both temporal and spiritual, their case is, perhaps, the most remarkable on record. Widely known though it be in the district and the denomination with which they are connected, it deserves to be more generally circulated. Their town is full of the monuments of their prosperity, and of their generosity, too. Mills that cover acres, and rise story upon story, in solid masses, and that give employment to four or five thousand workers, attest the magnitude of their operations. The photograph preserves the modest little mill in which the foundation was laid of the business, and which, when

placed alongside the existing mills, looks like a hut beside a palace. One can understand how the old woman, accustomed to so much smaller a scale of operations, should have felt alarm at the rapid expansion of the business, and warned her sons that a crash might come some day. "*We are well insured,*" was the answer of one of them; "*insured on the principle, Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase. So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst with new wine.*"

Some nine or ten years ago, one of Mrs. Crossley's sons had been travelling with his family in a very beautiful district of the United States. Arrived one evening at the close of the day's journey, he went out to take a stroll by himself. The spot was exceedingly beautiful, and bathed at the moment in the gorgeous rays of the setting sun, it filled his heart with a flood of emotion. He felt the presence and the goodness of God; and the thought arose within him, "What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits to me?" The question suggested another—"Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" The answer came immediately. It was this (we copy his own words): "It is true thou canst not bring the many thousands that are left in thy native country to see this beautiful scenery, but thou canst take this to them. It is possible to arrange art and nature that they shall be within the walk of every working man in Halifax; that he shall go to take his stroll there after he has done his hard day's work, and be able to get home again without being tired." That seemed to him to be a glorious thought. Returning to his hotel, he asked his wife where those words were to be found in the Bible: "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all." He prayed that if the scheme were but an idle thought fluttering across his brain, it might be gone in the morning; but that if it were a right and real scheme, he might have no doubt about it, and might be able to accomplish it. The morning found the impression confirmed. After this, whatever difficulties arose, he never had the least hesitation in going forward. The scheme advanced, till at last, at the cost of some £30,000, he presented "the People's Park" to the town of Halifax. At the inauguration of the Public Park, under the auspices of Lord Shaftsbury, he delivered an address to which we are indebted for most of the facts in this little sketch. In the Park the inhabitants have erected a statue to the Donor, "as a tribute of gratitude and respect to one whose public benefactions and private virtues deserve to be remembered." Above the statue are inscribed three characteristic texts:—

"Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth."

"Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits."

"The rich and the poor meet together."

Standing in front of the statue, and looking round, one sees not a few other monuments of the bounty of the family, or as they would prefer to say, the bounty of God to the family. In front are two spacious almshouses, built and endowed by two of the brothers, providing a quiet home and a comfortable maintenance in separate apartments to a considerable number of deserving poor. To the right a beautiful orphanage has just been finished, for the reception and upbringing of orphan children. To the left some ranges of workmen's dwelling houses may be seen, the building of which has been promoted by the gentleman who has reared the orphanage. This, we hope, is to be followed up by other plans for the special benefit of the hands, through whose aid the vast wealth of the family has been realized. Benefactions to schools, chapels, infirmaries and other institutions could hardly be counted.

And all this has been accomplished, we understand, by the application of a principle whose wonderful power many have hardly begun to dream of. We mean *the principle of systematic beneficence*: of regularly allotting a certain portion of one's income to be expended on objects of religion and charity. Had it not been for this, these gentlemen might have contented themselves with a few ordinary benefactions while living, intending to leave large sums for pious and charitable objects at their death. In this case they would have missed the priceless pleasure of seeing the good done by their gifts; they would have lost the benefit of the *principle of insurance*, under which they have acted; their benefactions would, in all likelihood, have been much smaller in amount; and, most important of all, they would have been deprived of the inestimable advantage of systematic training in the feelings, and duties, and habits of stewardship; in the holy art of recognizing the Giver in all His gifts, and bearing in mind the awful responsibility of those to whom God has committed much, and of whom He will ask the more.—*Sunday Magazine*.

PECULIARITIES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

In England there is no checking of baggage, and unless you see that your trunks are properly marked and put into the baggage car, you are not at all sure that they will go through; nor even then are you sure of finding them when you arrive at your destination. In France each passenger is allowed fifty-six pounds, but on most of the roads for every ten pounds excess above that you are taxed thirty-five cents. If you have eleven pounds excess you must pay seventy cents. In Italy you must pay for all

baggage except that taken in the hand. It costs about one-half a fare to take a common-sized trunk through Italy—that is the first cost. Then comes the secondary expenses; every porter expects a fee. A coachman does not descend from his box to lift your trunk; it is not his business to handle trunks, but a porter is ready at the station door to take it from the coach to the car, for which service he will expect a half-franc. The man who weighs it will ask for a trifle; the clerk who registers it will not give you the baggage-ticket till you have placed a fee in his hand; the man who puts it into the car will politely touch his hat and ask you to remember him. Arriving at your next stopping-place, the porter who takes it from the car and carries it to the coach will ask for a half-franc; the coachman will tell you that baggage is extra and will ask for a trifle that he may drink your honor's health; the porter at the hotel will make a similar request, and so on at every halting-place.

But worse than this leeching of the pocket is the bother of getting it registered at every station. First, you must purchase your passage ticket, then you make your way to the baggage-room to find three or four hundred other persons, pushing, crowding, treading on each other's toes—all shouting to the baggage-men. It is an unintelligible jargon—Italian, German, French, English, and Spanish. There is always a crowd at the one little pigeon-hole where you present your passage ticket, for that must be done before you can have your baggage registered. You are enveloped in an atmosphere of garlic and other nameless and indescribable unsavory smells which arise from the unwashed of Europe.

In many of the stations there is no order or method, and each passenger does what is right in his own eyes, and the strongest and most adroit is the most successful. Your baggage must be registered ten minutes before the departure of the train, and not unfrequently passengers have the mortification and vexation of seeing a train depart, leaving themselves and baggage behind.

Those who intend making a rapid tour need but little baggage. A gentleman will need only a small carpet-sack. A merchant going from Boston to Chicago, and other western cities, on business, who intends to be gone six or eight weeks even, does not trouble himself with a trunk—but such a trip is quite as extended as that taken by most European travelers. Distances are short here, when compared with those in America. Thin clothing will not be wanted. One good business suit will suffice for all places, and should any one need new clothing it may be obtained ready made in all the cities and large towns of Europe.

A lady needs a travelling-dress of some stout,

serviceable material—linsey or winsey, proof against mud and water—also, one black alpaca, or silk, and, perhaps, one other dress. Underclothing of every description can be readily obtained, ready made or to order, at cheaper rates than in America, and it is much better to purchase an article when it is needed, than to pay the high transportation that is charged by railway companies. For outward wear, a cloth or black silk sack, a breakfast shawl, a blanket shawl, stout, thick-soled walking shoes, will give an outfit sufficient for a journey through Europe.

Unless persons tarry long in one place they do not get into "society," and extra dresses for the drawing-room are not needed. One small trunk will suffice for a gentleman and lady making the tour of Europe, and if Switzerland only is to be visited, two carpet-bags will contain all that will be needed. Most persons who bring large trunks from America, leave them in Paris, and travel with the smallest possible amount of luggage.

Money.—There are several ways of obtaining funds. The most commonly adopted is the deposit of securities with a Boston or New York banking house who give letters of credit on London and Paris; or, instead of this, one may bring United States 5 20 bonds, which are readily purchased, at their market value, in London, Paris, and nearly all the large European towns. They are not quite so readily disposed of in Italy as in other sections, but many travellers take them instead of circular notes. Bank of England notes are very convenient in Paris. French gold—ten and twenty franc pieces—is current everywhere on the continent—more so than English sovereigns. Some bankers issue what are called circular notes, which can be used as bills of exchange, and which not unfrequently command a premium. Most travellers prefer general letters of credit, available everywhere.

A person entering France will find a new but convenient system of coinage—immeasurably superior to that of England. The coin consists of centimes and francs. One hundred centimes make twenty sous, or one franc, equivalent to twenty cents United States coin; five centimes make one cent American money. The gold coin in general use are five, ten, and twenty franc pieces. Of silver coins, there are one-franc, half franc, (ten cents,) one-fourth franc, (five cents.) Travellers will find it advantageous to have a good supply of small coins, for cabmen and porters. Those who intend to land in England will do well to take a few sovereigns from America, to be used before reaching London. Those landing in France will find a few francs desirable, for railway fare and general expenses. Other than this, they can rely upon their general letters of credit.

Hotels.—In a European hotel you may engage a room costing from fifty cents to two dollars per day, and eat what you please, in the house or out of it. But your bill, when presented, will have numerous items—twenty-five or fifty cents a day for service—also items for fire, lights, boots, etc. In France, and on the continent, this minute division of the account is carried to the end, and the aggregate, to a traveller who has not learned the ways of continental hotel-keepers, is sometimes quite startling.

The hotels of England do not compare with those of the United States for convenience or comfort. Very few of them have hot water in the chambers. If you wish for a bath, you may take it in your own room in a great, shallow, tin-pan. A person can be pretty comfortable in an English hotel, but at an expense quite as great as in Boston.

A person stopping long in London will find it advantageous to take furnished apartments, purchase his own provisions, and employ his landlady to cook. A large proportion of the tradesmen of London live after that manner and are called lodgers, and it is proposed by the Liberals that they shall not be left out of the forthcoming reform bill.

In Paris, and all over Europe, this is a common mode of life, and a party stopping a month in a city will find it much cheaper than boarding at a hotel.

In Europe very few people travel in first class cars. Men and women high in society, who care to be economical, take the second-class cars of England. The second-class here are about three and a half cents per mile. The first-class is one-third dearer. Hotel bills will be high or low, according to the taste of the individual. Three dollars per day in gold, while travelling, is sufficient to give all necessary comforts. In addition, there are the small fees to those who show you the grand sights, those who have the keys of the church doors, and the attendants at museums. A thousand dollars in gold will enable a person to see a great deal on this side of the Atlantic, not only the great exhibition, but to take a journey through England, Switzerland, and Germany. Rapid travelling is more expensive than that taken leisurely.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

"Thou art my portion, O Lord!" Behold here the test of rectitude, of happiness, of a Christian.

ERRATA.

In "*Friends amongst the Freedmen*, No. vii.," page 139 of last week's *Intelligencer*, tenth line from the bottom of said article, for "personal intimacy" read "personal interviews with the Freedmen," &c. And on page 138, in the fifth line from the bottom, "referring the guests," &c., should read "referring the *querists* to some of my pupils," &c.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c. FOURTH MONTH.

	1866.	1867.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	9 days.	6 days.
Rain all or nearly all day, ..	2 "	2 "
Snow, including very slight falls,	1 "	1 "
Cloudy, without storms,	10 "	5 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	8 "	16 "

	30 "	30 "
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TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.

	1866.	1867.
Mean temperature of 4th month per Penna. Hospital, ..	56.00 deg.	54.12 deg.
Highest do. during month ..	81.50 "	80.00 "
Lowest do. do. do. ..	37.50 "	38.00 "
Rain during the month,	2.93 in.	1.81 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year,	1034	1088

Average of the mean temperature of 4th month for the past seventy-eight years ..	51.25 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1865,	56.50 "
Lowest do. do. do. 1794, 1798 ..	44.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1866.	1867.
First month	3.14 inch	1.70 inch.
Second month	6.61 "	2.89 "
Third month	2.15 "	5.46 "
Fourth month	2.93 "	1.81 "
Totals	14.83 "	11.86 "

Although the temperature exceeded the average by nearly *three* degrees, the month just closed received but little credit for being a pleasant one. On the 24th we recorded here a *few flakes of snow*, but in other sections of the country a considerable quantity fell. At *Bedford*, Pennsylvania, they had four inches while more or less of it visited nearly every point along the line from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. The *deaths* appear to have been 54 *greater* than last year, and the rain one inch and an eighth *less*.

Philadelphia, Fifth mo. 2d, 1867.

J. M. E.

ITEMS.

The number of exhibitors at the Paris Exposition has been counted and found to be 42,247, of whom, about one-fourth are French; 3069 English, and less than one thousand Americans. The Commissioners having charge of the Exhibition have insured the building for \$1,500,000 in Paris companies. As the Exhibition itself was at last accounts getting into something like order, there is a better feeling in Paris about it; but still the number of visitors is not near what was anticipated, high prices have deterred thousands from visiting Paris.

Spain continues in an unfortunate condition being continually on the brink of a popular revolution. Letters from Spain state that the present Spanish government feels that its lease of power is near an end. The Queen is said to have begun negotiations for the sale of her landed estates, and has besides sent the greater part of her jewels and personal valuables into France and England.

The recent improvements in the transmission of news, by the completion of the cable, has placed China within one month of London. News is transmitted by telegraph from London to San Francisco, and thence by steamer to Hong Kong. China now can receive advices in a month from all portions of the civilized globe.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—Large as its receipts have been, however, it is said that the company estimates that it has already lost fully \$150,000 from the miserable condition of the lines across Newfoundland, which, by constantly getting out of order, have caused the public most vexatious delays. The Cable Company, to remedy this, are manufacturing another submarine cable, to connect the end of the oceanic cable at Heart's Content with the Provincial and American lines at Sydney, Cape Breton and Port Hood. This will be done by running a land line about 63 miles down the coast from Heart's Content to Placentia, along a good road, with every facility for construction and repair, and thence by submarine cable to Sydney, touching at the Island of St. Pierre, a small French fishing station, to which, in all probability, a French trans-oceanic line will hereafter run. From Sydney to Port Hood the Provincial lines will connect, and thence the Western Union Company will bring it to New York. Thus will be avoided the dreary wastes of Newfoundland, and the whole telegraphic line, which has now become a daily necessity to the commerce of England and America, will be thoroughly protected.—*Ledger*.

Two things are noticeable in the third semi-annual report on schools for freedmen by the Rev. J. W. Alvord, general superintendent under the Bureau—the quite exceptional mention of disturbances once so common in almost every school district, and the increased participation of the freedmen in the support of their schools. The report extends only to January 1, and proves that a marked change had already been wrought in the conduct of the Southern people towards the teachers, and their work before the reconstruction bills had been passed and a military police appointed to preserve order. Since then, and since the intelligence and political power seemed both about to lodge in the hands of the blacks, what school-house has been burned or teacher maltreated? We have heard of none. The freedmen, at least, are not afraid to invest their savings in this lately precarious property. "There are," says Mr. Alvord, "623 schools sustained wholly, or in part, by the freedmen, and 286 of the buildings in which these schools are taught are owned by themselves." Another interesting fact: "15,248 colored pupils pay tuition, the amount of which per month is \$11.377.03" (about the cost *per capita* in Massachusetts); "and these self-supporting pupils are mainly from the recently emancipated population. Only 2,302 of all the above (77,998) pupils, as reported, were free before the war."—*Nation*.

Gen. Sheridan, under the military bill, has appointed a colored man one of the registrars of voters in New Orleans. The colored appointee is said to have passed the meridian of life and to be a man of excellent character. He has been for many years a commission broker in New Orleans—having been a freedman before the war.

In Delaware a Freedmen's Educational Society has been formed, and six schools were expected to be started last month. One of the schools was to be in Wilmington and another at Odessa or Middletown. Of the location of the other teachers we have not been informed.

An Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was organized in Philadelphia on the 6th inst.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF F. W. ROBERTSON.

BY S. M. JAMES.

Continued from page 148.

In several of Robertson's discourses, he forcibly states the great and leading purpose of the Messiah's mission, which was "to bear witness to the truth," in accordance with his own memorable declaration. "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." John xviii. 37. This text is illustrated in a sermon entitled "The kingdom of Truth."

In presenting selections, which I deem instructive, from the discourses of Robertson, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not concur in all the doctrines contained in his published works. It could not be expected that any one educated as he was, should be imbued with the doctrine of Friends, and it is only remarkable that on many points of practical importance he should hold views so nearly in accordance with ours.

In his exposition of the text above cited, the meaning he attaches to the word Truth, is not entirely satisfactory, although many of the remarks and illustrations that follow are deeply interesting. "Truth," he says, "is used here in a sense equivalent to reality,"—for "truth," substitutes reality, and it will become more intelligible. For "the truth" is an ambiguous

expression, limited in its application, meaning often nothing more than a theological creed, or a few dogmas of a creed, which this or that party have agreed to call "the truth." It would indeed fritter down the majesty of the Redeemer's life, to say that he was a witness for the truth of any number of theological dogmas. Himself, His life, was a witness to Truth in the sense of reality. The realities of life—the realities of the universe—to these his every act and word bore testimony."

This view of the subject, though it embraces a truth, does not reach the depth of meaning attached to the word in the writings of our early Friends, when they speak of persons being "convinced of the Truth," or coming under the power of "the blessed Truth."

The Truth, to which Jesus came to bear witness, was that Eternal Word, or Divine principle in man, which comes from God and leads to Him. It was in this sense he used the term when, in prayer for his disciples, he said, "Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth." And moreover, he said, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." He came to manifest the Truth,—the Eternal Word which dwelt in him in fulness. "Of his fulness have all we received"—and "unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

It is observed by Robertson, concerning the Messiah, "When it is said, that He was a witness to the Truth, it is implied that His very

being here, *manifested* to the world Divine realities. Human nature is but meant to be a witness to the Divine; the true humanity is a manifestation, or reflection of God. And that is Divine humanity in which the humanity is a perfect representation of the Divine. "We behold," says the apostle, "in Christ as in a glass, the glory of the Lord." And to borrow and carry on the metaphor, the difference between Christ and other men is this: "they are imperfect reflections, He a perfect one of God." . . . "In one alone has the Divine been so blended with the human, that, as the ocean mirrors every star, and every tint of blue upon the sky, so was the earthly life of Christ the life of God on earth."

"Now observe that the perfection of humanity consists in faithful imitation of, or witness borne to, the mind and life of God." Whoever has studied and understood the life of Christ, will have remarked, not without surprise, that the whole principle of His existence was the habit of unceasing imitation. Listen to a few instances of this:

"The Son can do nothing of Himself, but that which he seeth the Father do." "The words which I speak, I speak not of myself, but the Father which is with me, He doeth the works." Do we remember the strange and startling principle on which He defends his infraction of the literal legal Sabbath? "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." God the Father works all the Sabbath day. So may man, His Son."

This was the Saviour's title to be a King; and His Kingdom formed itself upon this law: "Every one that is of the Truth heareth my voice;" that Eternal Law which makes Truth assimilate all that is congenial to itself. Truth is like life: whatever lives absorbs into itself all that is congenial. The leaf that trembles in the wind assimilates the light of heaven to make its color and the sap of the parent stem—innumerable influences from heaven, and earth, and air, to make up its beautiful being.

So grew the Church of Christ; round Him as a centre, attracted by the truth, all that had in it harmony with His Divine life and words grew to Him (by gradual accretions); clung to Him as the iron to the magnet. All that were of His Spirit believed; all that had in them the spirit of sacrifice were attracted to His Cross. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

He taught not by elaborate trains of argument, like a scribe or philosopher. He uttered His truths rather as detached intuitions, recognized by intuition, to be judged only by being felt. For instance—"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute

you." Prove that—by force, by authority, by argument—you cannot. It suffices that a man reply, "It is not so to me: it is more blessed to receive than it is to give." You have no reply: if he be not of the truth, you cannot make him hear Christ's voice. The truth of Christ is true to the unselfish—a falsehood to the selfish. They that are of the truth, like Him, hear His voice: and if you ask the Christian's proof of the truth of such things, he has no other than this,—It is true to me, as any other intuitive truth is true; equals are equal, because my mind is so constituted that they seem so perforce. Purity is good, because my heart is so made that it feels it to be good.

Brother men, the truer you are, the humbler, the nobler, the more will you feel Christ to be your King. You may be very little able to prove the King's Divine genealogy, or to appreciate those claims to your allegiance which arise out of His Eternal generation; but He will be your Sovereign and your Lord by that affinity of character which compels you to acknowledge His words and life to be Divine. "He that receiveth his testimony, hath set to his seal that God is true."

He is qualified to be the subject of the king who *does* the truth. Christianity joins two things inseparably together—acting truly, and perceiving truly. Every day the eternal nature of that principle becomes more certain. If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.

It is a perilous thing to separate feeling from acting; to have learnt to feel rightly without acting rightly. It is a danger to which, in a refined and polished age, we are peculiarly exposed. The romance, the poem, and the sermon, teach us how to feel. Our feelings are delicately correct. But the danger is this: feeling is given to lead to action; if feeling be suffered to awake without passing into duty, the character becomes untrue. When the emergency for real action comes, the feeling is, as usual, produced: but, accustomed as it is to rise in fictitious circumstances without action, neither will it lead on to action in the real ones. "We pity wretchedness, and shun the wretched." We utter sentiments just, honorable, refined, lofty,—but, somehow, when a truth presents itself in the shape of a duty, we are unable to perform it.

It has been often remarked that there is a great difference between theological and scientific controversy. Theologians are proverbially vituperative: because it is a question of veracity—the truth of their views, their moral perceptions, their intellectual acumen. There exists no test but argument on which they can fall back. If argument fails, all fails. But the man of science stands calmly on the facts of the universe. He is based upon reality. All

the opposition and controversy in the world cannot alter facts, nor prevent the facts being manifest at last. He can be calm, because he is a witness for the Truth.

In the same way, but in a sense far deeper and more sacred, the Son of Man stood calm, rooted in the Truth. There was none of the egotism of self-conscious veracity in those placid, confident, dignified replies. This was not the feeling,—“I hold the truth,”—but “I am a witness to the truth.” They might spit upon Him—kill Him—crucify Him—give his ashes to the winds:—they could not alter the Truth by which He stood. Was not that his own feeling? “Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.”

(To be continued.)

If we have no communion with God here, surely we can expect none hereafter. A faith that does not place our conversation in heaven,—that does not warm the heart and purify it also,—that does not, in short, govern our thoughts, words and deeds,—is no faith; nor will it obtain for us any spiritual blessing here or hereafter.—*Couper.*

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JOHN BARCLAY.

(Concluded from page 150.)

To J. Jaffray, Scotland.

1st of Fourth Month, 1838.

Dear Friend,—Thy letter of the 13th seems, in conjunction with my own feelings in reading it, to encourage me to salute thee in Christian freedom. It was animating in this wilderness to read such lines from one unknown, trusting that we have but one object in view, and are endeavoring to be found running the same race; though occupying possibly very different posts, according to what has seemed to be committed to each, respecting the things of the blessed gospel, and spiritual kingdom of our Lord and Saviour. Ah! my dear friend, thou knowest not what a poor thing thy correspondent is every way,—enfeebled in powers and constitution, though but forty years old,—a cripple on crutches these three or four years, by a disease of the knee-joint, and still longer disabled by the same disorder, at times threatening amputation, and always bearing about a most delicate shattered frame in other respects. O! may I not say in every sense, “By Thee have I been upholden from my birth.”—“My times are in Thy hand!”—therefore while I live will I praise the Lord, and by his help keep my heart and order my conversation; and all my bones shall say, who is like unto thee, who hast abundantly, and art yet restoring, renewing, and redeeming my life, my best life, from destruction.

Ah! if we do but hold fast the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end, cleaving

to the Lord, who first loved, and quickened, and had mercy upon us; He will never leave nor forsake us; but will perfect all that which concerns us: and he will enable us to hold out to the end, in faith, patience, and well-doing. I have had for a long season a strong persuasion, that our dear Lord has a precious people in your country; and though many may be the impediments and snares and discouragements, how do I long that there, and in every place, “a pure offering” may be rendered, with as little of creaturely policy or worldly wisdom intermixed as may be.

But as to the chief occasion of thy letter, I am able to give thee scarcely any information as to the Jaffray family, beyond what my book with its notes sets forth. I have from circumstances, and perhaps by Providential ordering, got into a channel which I often indulge in, to search out primitive zeal,—primitive faithfulness unto death,—the path of the just, of whom the world was not worthy. I do not love old things *because they are old*, but because they are often more intrinsic, less superficial. I delight to restore the ancient waymarks, the foundations of many generations,—to hold up the scattered and obsolete testimonies to ancient purity under every name: many of which are purposely put into the background, slurred over, distorted, and destroyed by historians and the theologians of these degenerate days. I have a common-place book for my collections, but my bodily and mental ability is growing less and less, and my opportunities are few indeed. O! that Christendom might return to that state she once knew,—might recur to first principles; then would her reformation and salvation go forth with brightness; she would be fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners; and all iniquity and infidelity should stop their many mouths.

Whether we ever meet or write again, or are as epistles in one another's hearts in certain respects and to a certain extent,—may we, “whereto we have already attained, walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing,” and follow the things that make for peace; and if anything be further needful, I believe God will reveal even this to us, supplying all our needs by Jesus Christ; who is with his faithful followers, delighting to reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth, but in his own way and time, as we bow to his yoke and deny ourselves.

I remain sincerely thy friend,

J. B.

To Peter Bedford.

Stoke Newington, 10th of Fourth Month, 1838.

My dear Friend—I am on the eve of leaving home for Brighton, if able; for I am very poorly, “feeble, and sore broken” outwardly; though I trust alive in my spirits as ever, and

resigned to all that may be in store for me. The enclosed packet came to my hand; so I take this opportunity of conveying my dear love to thee, in that which changeth not—the everlasting Truth.

Though unable to mingle with my friends in person, when they come together for the sake of this blessed cause, to endeavor to strengthen one another's hands in God, and to build up one another in that holy faith once and still delivered to the saints,—my poor mind is as deeply, and as strongly concerned as ever, that every part and parcel thereof, with all its genuine accompaniments and fruits in practice, may be maintained inviolate; and that nothing may be foreborne, or let fall, or slighted through our degeneracy and dimsightedness of that which our worthy ancestors upheld through suffering. What has our refinement, religious or civil, done for us?—and what has an approach or a condescending affinity thereto done for us?—weakness has inevitably followed, and even the strongest and the wisest have been utterly laid waste. Some are not sufficiently warned and humbled by these things; and if they are, they should openly acknowledge their error, and forsake the very appearance of this track.

I am cheerfully confident, that if those, to whom we somewhat look, as watchers, as seers, as standard-bearers, as counsellors, are removed, (and they are removing,) to their rest,—or, if any of these that remain, should not keep their habitations firm and undeviating, but turn aside in any respect from the ancient testimony,—that he who raised up such a people as we were at the first, will never cease to raise up others, and put forth some into the foreground—into the very seats of the unfaithful. I have seen it wonderfully in my short day,—I have read it of those that have gone before: and therefore, let none ever throw away their shield, and weakly compromise the trust devolving on them.

Farewell, my beloved friend; may the Lord preserve us purely to his praise.

With love from thy affectionate friend,

J. B.

He left home on the 11th of Fourth Month, reached Brighton without much difficulty, and seemed revived by the change. Soon after his arrival, he consulted a physician, who gave a somewhat encouraging opinion of his state, thinking that with the returning spring his bodily strength would increase.

During his residence at Brighton, he occasionally appeared to rally; and at times seemed so animated and cheerful about himself, that his near relatives, long accustomed to the sight of his crippled condition, were little prepared to suspect that deceptive disease, consumption, (as it afterwards appeared,) was making its sure

and rapid inroads upon his delicate constitution.

Our beloved friend, Daniel P. Hack, of that place, who evinced to the last the kindest and most tender solicitude and care respecting him, thus wrote at a subsequent period concerning him:—

“When our beloved friend came to Brighton, it was evident to his friends who had not seen him for a considerable time, that his general health was much impaired; and it soon became so much so, as to excite apprehensions in their minds, that the life and labors of this devoted servant were fast drawing to a close. His mind, however, still retained its vigor; and the precious savor which was to be felt in his company was instructive and sweet, to those who had the privilege of sharing in it.

His concern for the cause of his dear Lord and Master, which had so long showed itself in fruits of self denying dedication, continued unabated. It was evident to those who had the most frequent opportunity of observing, under the pressure of rapidly increasing bodily ailments, that the object nearest to our dear friend's heart was the spread of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ:—even of that kingdom, which is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost,—and which stands not in word, but in power.”—(1839)

He continued to decline, and very rapidly so during the latter part of his stay at Brighton; and on the eighth of the Fifth Month, at his own urgent request, and with the approval of his physician, he was removed to Tunbridge Wells; where he survived but three days. The day after his arrival, in the course of some conversation with his kind friend, D. P. Hack, it was evident that he believed his day's work was nearly accomplished; and in the evening, on retiring to rest, his wife alone being with him, under a precious sense of the overshadowing of the Divine presence, he supplicated thus: ‘O gracious Father! if it please Thee, spare us to each other a little longer, and make us more entirely devoted to Thee, and to thy precious cause of Truth in the earth: nevertheless not our will, O Lord! but thine be done.’

He continued to sink, but apparently without much bodily suffering. On the 10th, he repeated these passages,—“I am the light of the world;”—“That was the true light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world;”—and then remarked,—‘It does not say that we shall all at once know all things, but as we can bear. O! it is because they want to know all at once, not as children learn, that the light is taken away!’—And again,—‘They say there is no revelation;—but that which is made manifest to us as our duty, as the Lord's will, is revelation:—This is my belief,—I am sure of it.’

—They slight revelation ; but it shall prevail ; and the Spirit of the Lord shall reign over all ; —(often repeated, with) ' the Truth shall prevail,—the Truth shall reign over all.'—None that trust in the Lord shall be confounded ; but they shall be as Mount Zion, which can never be moved,—for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it—Praise, where it is due, and thanksgiving and melody !'

At another time he said,—' You all know my desire to be preserved near the Lord,—to be strengthened and upheld by the Lord,—to be found in Him ;—this is the way of peace.

Again he said,—' Simple texts of Scripture contain a great deal : ' Walk before me and be thou perfect ;'—beautiful language ! Such texts involve much,—comprehend the whole of a religious walk,—the whole of what we are in the habit of referring to in a religious life. We must be faithful to what is made known,—to the smallest discoveries of the light of Truth. I trust we shall be animated and strengthened to go through our day's work ; then we shall find mercy at the hands of the Lord. Let us then look to the Lord for strength at all times, and under all circumstances. The Lord will be your Lord, and a sure refuge and hiding-place. Cleave unto the Lord. O ! cleave unto Him ; love Him with all your heart."

To his sister, who was seated beside his couch, he remarked,—' The quiet habitation ! dear Lydia, thou looks as if thou loved the quiet habitation : O ! how desirable !' with an allusion also to faithfulness and greater dedication.

His difficulty of articulation was great :—he often spoke of the great thickness he felt upon him, that he could not express himself clearly ; and once he was heard to say, ' This shackled state !' and ' ready to be offered !'

The latter part of this day his voice was lifted up in a constant melody, and for many hours together, like a song of praise ; during which these words were clearly distinguished, and often repeated ;—' O Lord ! dear Lord ! come ;'—' I bless the Lord.'—' I am the Lord's forever.' The name of ' Jesus ' was often to be heard ; and the word ' Hallelujah !' was for a long time uttered.

He many times said, ' Let us all be still and quiet. Let us be retired in our minds.' And again, after some little attention to his comfort, —' Now, shall we have the Lord with us ? if not, we shall have Him by and bye ;'—and again sunk into the same sweet melody.

On Sixth-day, about an hour before his departure, he roused a little from dozing : and on receiving some nourishment from his affectionate wife, he took the cup ; and she asked him if he knew her ?—he replied, with a sweet smile, ' Yes, my Mary.' She then asked him, —' Had he any pain ?'—' No, not any : '—' Was he happy ?'—' Yes ; very !' He then lay down

again, and gently drew his breath, shorter and shorter, till he quietly and peacefully breathed his last, about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 11th of Fifth Month, 1838 ; and we reverently believe, is, through redeeming love and mercy, entered into the everlasting joy of his Lord.

"When we visit the abodes of poverty, of sickness and of suffering, and behold the want of nearly all these things which we esteem the comforts of life, and then in a few moments enter the dwellings of the affluent, where not only *needful* but many *needless* things are richly spread before us, it sometimes brings home to one's thoughts the deeply instructive words, ' Let your moderation be known unto all men.'"

THE CHRISTIAN LAW OF RECREATION.

BY BARNABAS SEARS.

The subject of amusements and pleasures is one that is perplexing to many Christian minds. We do not allude to those who go to either of the extremes of making pleasure the chief end of life, or of altogether avoiding it as sinful. No sound and honest mind is likely, in its aims, to go so widely from the mark. But as to the kind and amount of pleasure in which it is proper for a Christian to indulge, and to encourage others, particularly the young, to indulge, good men are often seriously in doubt.

It must be confessed that we cannot make out a complete list of those pleasures which religion sanctifies, and of those which it forbids. While some could easily be referred to one or the other of these classes, others, such as the gratification of the natural appetites, must be either set down as indifferent—as those which may be good or evil according to circumstances, or as proper within certain limits, and wrong only when carried to excess. We say, then, that the *forms* of lawful pleasure in all cases are not prescribed, and cannot be. What is proper for one may not be for another in different circumstances. A king may justly do some things which a subject may not. The diversities of age, of sex, of condition, and of tastes and pursuits, create corresponding wants and duties. The identity of the Christian life consists, not in its forms, but in its spirit. Recreations and amusements, therefore, are not to be regulated in all cases by any outward classification, though this may often be done, but rather by going back to first principles. If these are well understood and always kept in mind, the application of them will, in the majority of cases, not be difficult.

We are created for the service and glory of God, and for the enjoyment of Him and of His heavenly kingdom ; also for such service of other beings and such enjoyment of other things as are consistent with these. Now in contem-

plating any recreation or pleasure, our first duty is to inquire whether it will lead us to God and His service, or from both; and if that is not clear, if it seem to stand in the relation of indifference, then to inquire whether it will prepare us in mind or body for the service of God and humanity.

We have a complex nature—moral, esthetic, intellectual and physical, all created for the same end. These rank in the order here stated. The lower ought always to be subservient to the higher. This is the Divine order. We may in certain circumstances sacrifice the body for the sake of the soul, but never the soul for the sake of the body. When it is possible, all these should be kept in the most perfect state, the highest, (the moral nature,) for its own sake, or rather for its being the direct organ for embracing God, the others for their being subordinate parts of the mental economy, and instruments for the use and benefit of the first. The devout spirit is greatly increased in power when it is supported and aided by a strong intellect. Therefore, it is our duty to cultivate, as far as we may, the intellect, in order to enlarge the sphere of our Christian influence. But we have no moral right to sacrifice our moral interests to intellectual greatness. For a similar reason, it is right for a good and enlightened man to strengthen and preserve his physical constitution. But he should not do this to the detriment of his intellect or heart. The body is to be the servant of the mind; the animal life the mere physical support of the spiritual. The mind needs recreation. It is a bow that is about to be unbent as well as bent. Recreation is often better than rest. It gives the mind more elasticity and animation, and does not interfere with rest. If it also improve the moral state, so much the better. If it have no such sensible effect, but leaves that state as it was, it may still be useful in reinvigorating the natural powers, and so contribute in the end to greater usefulness. But suppose the recreation be such as to weaken the religious affections, as to tend to worldliness; or that it tend to withdraw the mind from higher contemplations, to check the development of its energies, to stupefy it and blunt its sensibilities; its unlawfulness then becomes so plain that no earnest and sincere mind can be kept in doubt about it. We may always, if we will, apply some such test as the following: "Can I, on the whole, serve God and my fellow-men better and more effectually in consequence of taking this or that recreation?" "Will the machinery of my whole nature be thereby put in better working order for the duties of the Christian life?" If a clear and decisive answer can be given in the affirmative, we may be sure that the recreation is right and lawful; if it cannot, then it is unchristian to indulge in it. The

whole matter may be summed up in a word; enjoy any pleasure in which Christ can be enjoyed, or in consequence of which you can serve him better.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

Nothing ought to wound an upright soul so much as falseness. But as God has not established us as correctors of the human race, and as charity ought to cover a multitude of sins, I should abstain from speaking of those of others. Because, if God had given them the grace that he has granted us, they might have been far better than we.

COVENANT OF SALT.

"It is a covenant of salt for ever before the Lord unto thee and to thy seed with thee."—NUMB. xviii. 19.

In order to give a pledge of the inviolability of their engagements, the Orientals have, from time immemorial, been in the habit of eating salt together. Some think that, as with all sacrifices salt was offered, a covenant of salt means one confirmed by solemn sacrifice. Others are of opinion that it contains an allusion to the fact that covenants were generally confirmed by the parties eating together, salt being a necessary appendage. This act of eating another's salt has always been regarded as a token of fidelity and friendship; hence, during the British war in India, there were bitter complaints that those who had eaten English salt had rebelled against English authority. Tamerlane, speaking of a traitor who had gone over to the enemy, but who afterwards returned to loyalty and obedience, says, "My salt, which he had eaten, filled him with remorse, till at length he fled from his new master, and threw himself on my mercy."

D'Herbelat mentions the following incident of Jacob-ben-Laith, the founder of a dynasty of Persian princes, who is said to have broken into the palace of that country, and, having collected a very large booty, which he was on the point of carrying off, he found his foot kicked something, which made him stumble. He imagined it might be something of value, and, putting to his mouth, the better to distinguish what it was, soon found it was a lump of salt. Upon this he was so touched that he left all his booty, and retired without taking any part of it with him. Great was the surprise in the palace, and strict the inquiry made on the following morning, when it was found that Jacob was the guilty man. On examination he stated the whole circumstances to the prince with such apparent sincerity as to gain his favor. Having been engaged in many successful enterprises, he was raised by the prince to the highest position in the army—and on the death of his sovereign, became the absolute master of the province, from whence he afterwards spread

his conquests far and wide. His regard to salt, and the principles it symbolized, laid the foundation of his greatness.—*Moravian*.

What comfort mayest thou have in prayer when thou canst say, "Our Father," in full assurance. What sweet thoughts wilt thou have of God. How sweet will be the promises, when thou art sure they are thine own. How lively will it make thee in the work of the Lord, and how profitable to all around thee. What vigor will it infuse into all thy graces and affections. All these sweet effects of assurance would make thy life a heaven upon earth.—*Baxter*.

GREAT FROM LITTLE.

Did a holy life consist of one or two noble deeds—some signal specimens of doing or enduring of suffering—we might account for the failure, and reckon it small dishonor to turn back in such a conflict. But a holy life is made up of a multitude of small things. It is the little things of the hour, and not the great things of the age, that fill up a life like that of Paul and John, like that of Rutherford, or Brainerd, or Martin. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor great or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloah, "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not "the waters of the river great and mighty," rushing down in torrent noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence, or indecision, or slovenliness, or cowardice, little equivocations or aberrations from high integrity, little touches of shabbiness and meanness, little bits of covetousness and penuriousness, little exhibitions of worldliness and gayety, little indifference to the feelings or wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper and crossness or self-hness or vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these go far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life.

And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions or private dealings, or family arrangements; to the little words and tones; little benevolences, or forbearances, or tenderness; little self-denials, and self-restraints, and self-forgetfulness; little plans of quiet kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; to punctuality, and method, and true aim in the ordering of each day—these are the active developments of a holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed. What makes yon green hill so beautiful? Not the outstanding peak or stately

elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of slender grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great save that which is built up of great things, will find little in Bible characters to admire or copy.—*Bonar*.

It is not in speaking of God that we can express what we feel concerning God, for this is injurious to us. Trust me, in order to speak of God, you must rest silent concerning him a long time. God wishes a silence over all that He works in us; and if we would manifest his work in us, it must be by our behaviour, gentle, humble, submissive, yet cordial and gay.

NIGHT AND SLEEP.

We look on a good man's sleep, and there is nothing so beautiful. It is Luther who has worn out his powers in some great fight for God; or it is Washington half deserted by his country when bearing its burdens, and now, forgetting all, he has fallen back into God's arms, to forget also himself. There he lies uncaring, and receiving back, from God's gentle fomentations, the powers that shall furnish another great to-morrow. Standing at the open door of his chamber, and looking on his deep, still sleep, it is as if the eternal, ever faithful Goodness had him now to himself! And yet more touching and closer to the tenderness of mercy is the very bad man's sleep. He has drunk the cup of guilty pleasure dry. His tongue is weary of blasphemy. His deed of crime, perhaps of blood, is done, and the chapter of his day is ended. Having spent the power God gave him for good, in a violation of his throne, he goes remorsefully to his bed, and there forgets even his remorse. But God does not forget him, or toss him out of the world, but he rests encircled by the goodness of God, nourished by his patience, to be refitted for to-morrow. Probably he will do just what he has done before, but he shall have his opportunity of good though many times forfeited; for it is a great part of God's purpose in sleep to renew abused powers, else how many would never sleep again. Therefore, who of us can look on a world buried in sleep, a guilty, ungrateful world, broadly sunk in evil, and do it without some deeply affecting, overwhelming sense of the goodness of God!—*Dr. Bushnell in Hours at Home*.

PSALM ciii. 13—18: Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no

more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep His covenant, and to those that remember His commandments to do them.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 18, 1867.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING convened on the 13th inst., and was in session when our paper went to press. The Meeting for Ministers and Elders, which assembled on the Seventh-day previous, was as large as on former occasions, and although deep feeling was occasioned in the remembrance of the many of our elder Friends who had been removed by death, encouragement was afforded in the belief that there were those who under the preparing Hand were being qualified to fill their vacant places in the church.

The Meeting gathered on Second day under a feeling of unusual solemnity, and the exercises produced by the reading of the Epistles from other Yearly Meetings manifested a living concern for the welfare of the body. Several Friends with Minutes from other Yearly Meetings are present: David H. and Naomi Barnes, Ministers from Purchase Monthly Meeting, N. Y.; Rachel C. Tilton, a Minister, accompanied by her husband, Mellis Tilton, an Elder, from the same Meeting; Avice Porter, an Elder, from Greenfield and Never-sink Monthly Meeting; and Alexander J. Coffin, a Minister, from Oswego Monthly Meeting, N. Y.

The proposition for a change of Discipline, brought up from Philadelphia Quarter last year, and deferred for further consideration this year, was dismissed, way not opening to take further action upon it.

PRACTICAL DUTIES.—Circumstances cluster round us with a force which can only be properly met by having the mind stayed upon the immutable principle of Truth, over which the combined policies of worldly wisdom can have no deleterious influence. Present as well as past experience proves the necessity of a power superior to that of finite man, to control his destiny and to uphold him in his upward and

onward course toward the great centre of life. In the divine economy accountability has been proportioned to the knowledge at command, and the gifts with which the mind has been endowed. It is therefore of great moment that we avail ourselves of the means within our reach whereby our true mission may be perfected. These means may often lie in what are called matters of little moment, yet when viewed in connection with the divine will, they are of vast importance. In the parable illustrative of this subject, the commendation rested upon the servant who had been faithful in "a *very little*." From the same authority we are reminded not to "despise the day of small things." No doubt much harm has arisen by too often separating religion from the secular duties of life, thereby overlooking in great measure the extent of the commandment to watch continually lest we enter into temptation. The injunction to watch is one not to be departed from without endangering our safety. By an adherence to it we acquire a knowledge of ourselves and the duties which lie at our door. With the mind thus prepared to receive the impressions of divine love, we may be qualified to enter into sympathy, not only with kindred spirits, but to feel with those from whom we may have been separated, either by doubt or gloom, or discouragements arising from causes over which individuals have had little or no control. There is great beauty in the practical exercise of a mutual dependence one upon another, whereby the whole are brought into religious fellowship, and made to feel whence all good originates.

We have heard with interest that in some meetings of Friends recently, a concern, which may not inappropriately be termed paternal, has been manifested by the appointment of a committee to extend a friendly visit to all their members; and in this way to become better acquainted with one another, that happily the bond of Christian brotherhood may be strengthened.

The Monthly Meeting of Green St., Philadelphia, has appointed such a committee, and also issued an address to its members, expressive of the interest felt in their welfare. If Friends were generally to consider this subject, we believe it would be found that an advantage

might be derived from this kind of personal intercourse.

We have watched with much interest the movements which have been made within the last few years for the abolition of slavery in Brazil. Many of the most influential citizens, who were probably influenced by the example of Russia and our own country, have agitated the question, and now, by the Atlantic Cable, we are informed that on the 8th of this month, the Emperor, Don Pedro, signed the decree, abolishing slavery throughout the Brazilian Empire, to take effect in twenty years. Children born after that day are absolutely free. With the exception of some of the Spanish islands, this barbarous system is now virtually abolished in Christendom.

The New York Tribune has an article on the subject, which, while it contains the gratifying intelligence, gives so much information as to the Brazilian Empire, that we copy it nearly entire :

Brazil has given the death-blow to the wicked system which has been so long both her grievous burden and her foul disgrace. Henceforth, every child born in the empire is free, and in twenty years the chains will fall from the limbs of her last surviving slave. By this decree, nearly 3,000,000 Blacks are raised up from the dust; and though but few of this generation can hope to see the day of general emancipation, it is much for them to know that the curse which rested on the parents will no longer be transmitted to the children; it is something that the younger of them have a bright although distant future to look toward and to wait for. Very likely, too, the dying institution will not be suffered to linger out the whole of the existence which the new law accords to it; as the benefits of free labor to the whole country become appreciated, fresh legislation may hasten the advent of national liberty and justice.

The State which has just taken this important step in the road of progress, covers about 3,000,000 square miles of the richest portion of the South American continent, being a little greater in extent than the United States. Nature has given it the most magnificent river system in the world. The Amazon rolls its mighty waves through the dense forests of the northern provinces—forests teeming with all the gorgeousness and luxuriance of the tropics, rich in precious woods and valuable fruit bearing trees, and alive with the most brilliant forms of animal nature; and its tributaries are

streams which in any other part of the world would be called rivers of the first class. The Rio Francisco in the East, and the affluents of the La Plata in the South, give fertility and channels of easy intercommunication to enormous extents of country, while in the interior stretch the great grass-grown pampas, with their countless herds of cattle, covering a region seven times as big as the whole of France. There are mines of gold; there is coal in plenty; there is iron; and the annual product of diamonds is not far from \$2,000,000. There is not a desert in the empire. The whole is a rich loam, covered with a vegetation unequalled for magnificence and beauty, except, perhaps, in some of the fairy-like islands of the Indian Ocean. Even with her present meagre development, Brazil supplies half the world with coffee, and sends abroad also great quantities of cotton, sugar, and tobacco. She has exported more of coffee and sugar in eighteen months than of diamonds in eighty years. It is three hundred years since the first permanent settlement of the country by Europeans; yet in all this time, and with all the marvellous wealth of the soil and the charms of a genial climate to tempt immigration, not one acre in a hundred and fifty has ever felt the labor of the husbandman; and immense regions are almost as unknown to-day as when Pinçon, the companion of Columbus, first took possession of the country in the name of the King of Castile. Nor, for many years at least, has the Government, which is one of the best, most liberal, and most progressive monarchies in the world, spared any effort to attract the superabundant population of Europe. Since the Brazilians wrested their independence from the mother country, Portugal, in 1822, they have devoted themselves zealously to works of social and industrial improvement. They have freedom of education, freedom of the press, and freedom of religious worship. They have labored hard to develop their means of communication with the old world, having regular lines of mail steamers to the principal European ports. They have steamers on the coast and rivers. They have railways, built by English and American engineers. Their trade with Great Britain, France, and the United States is large, and constantly increasing. Their imports at the latest date for which we have returns (1863) amounted to \$55,000,000, and their exports to \$68,000,000. Six or seven years ago, there were already some fifty foreign colonies, founded by the aid of liberal grants of Government lands; but the colonists did not number, all told, more than 60,000; and, at any rate, it is not by banding themselves together in isolated communities that immigrants can materially benefit the country of their adoption. The infusion of new blood must permeate the whole body politic; and if the old blood

and the new cannot mingle; one or the other will be driven out.

It is precisely because there was an element in the social and political life of Brazil which repelled these sturdy settlers that the great South American Empire is still so thinly peopled; having only about 8,000,000 inhabitants, or less than a quarter of our own population. The same cause which in this country has uniformly directed the stream of immigration to the Northern and Western instead of to the Southern States, has been constantly counteracting all the inducements held out by nature and by man to draw settlers to Brazil. Slavery and a wholesome free immigration are natural enemies, and always have been, the world over. Brazil has beckoned to the settler with one hand, while with the other she has upheld the great wickedness that drives him away. The first colonists enslaved the Indians; and, despite the futile measures of emancipation adopted by the Portuguese crown in 1570, in 1647, in 1684, these unfortunate natives remained in servitude until 1755, and would perhaps have been held to this day had they not proved very unprofitable. Negroes were accordingly imported from other Portuguese dominions, and a slave-trade with the African coast naturally sprang up, and is only just ended. Portugal bound herself by treaty with England, in 1815, to abolish the trade. Brazil renewed the obligation in her own name in 1826. Yet in 1839, it was estimated that 80,000 Blacks were imported every year; and, ten years later, the Minister of Foreign Affairs reported that the brutal traffic had only been reduced one-fourth. The energetic action of England, declaring in 1845 that Brazilian slave-ships should be amenable to English authorities, led to a long diplomatic contest and threats of war; but it bore fruit in 1850 in a statute wherein Brazil assimilated the trade to piracy, and in 1852 the Emperor declared it virtually extinct. In the meantime, an opposition, not to the slave-trade alone, but to Slavery, too, gradually strengthened itself within the Empire. Manumission became frequent, and the laws made it very easy. A society was organized under the protection of the Emperor, which, every year, in open church, solemnly liberated a number of slaves; and in 1850 the English Ambassador wrote home that the Government had communicated to him their resolution gradually to abolish Slavery in every part of the Empire. The grand step which they have now taken has no doubt been impelled by the example of our own country. It is one of the many precious fruits which have sprung, and are destined yet to spring, from the soil which we watered so freely with patriot blood.

Six years have witnessed the emancipation of 25,000,000 serfs in Russia; the liberation of

4,000,000 slaves in the United States, and the virtual manumission of 3,000,000 negroes in Brazil. It is a glorious six years' work—32,000,000 of men restored to freedom, and a curse taken off three of the largest empires in the world!

MARRIED, on the 9th of Fourth month, 1867, with the approbation of Green St. Monthly Meeting, EDMUND H. SMITH and REBECCA JANE, daughter of Thos. and Elizabeth Adamson.

—, at Germantown, on the 24th ult., in accordance with the order of Friends, SAMUEL TOWNSEND to RACHEL WILSON MOORE, both of Philadelphia.

DIED, in the city of New York, on the 18th of Third month, 1867, ELIZABETH M. F., wife of Jas. C. Hallock, in the 62d year of her age.

FREDERIKA BREMER AND THE WOMEN OF SWEDEN.

BY PROF. WM. WELLS.

The name of Frederika Bremer is extremely dear to the people of this country and England, but to the women of Sweden it is, indeed, a sweet savor. Through her friend, Mary Howitt, we years ago became well acquainted with her works, and finally had the pleasure of meeting her personally in this Western city of the New World, where pleasant memories of her sojourn still linger in the hearts of her friends.

Mary Howitt's mantle of love towards Miss Bremer fell upon her daughter, Margaret, who went to Sweden two years ago for the express purpose of a more intimate and extended intercourse with this estimable lady, in the home of her childhood, during her declining years. Death soon closed her honorable and beneficent career on earth, and Miss Howitt has favored the world with the collected experience of a year's intimate intercourse with her beloved friend. This work contains many charming pictures of the private life of this celebrated authoress, and gives us most entertaining glances into the relations of social and political life in Sweden, but is mainly devoted to an account of what Miss Bremer did at home toward ameliorating the condition of the women of her country, and improving its educational system for young women.

This feature is the motive and the object of these few lines, as Miss Bremer is too well known in her other relations to need any comment. After earnest and tireless toil had gained her fame and fortune, her most diligent efforts were directed to freeing the women of Sweden from the narrow fetters with which law and custom had bound them—fetters that had made every free development impossible, and placed a ban upon every species of activity that would elevate them above the most ordinary level. With untiring patience and energy she sought to gain the favorable attention of sagacious and

liberal men for the reforms that she was striving after; but discouraged here, she finally turned to the mass of the people in a most effective appeal, entitled, "Hertha, or the History of a Soul;" this was a cry of distress sent into the world for the women of Sweden, cruelly enslaved by the laws of their land.

Viewed from an artistic point, this book was inferior to many of the productions of this gifted authoress, but it produced an immense sensation in her country, and at first an unpleasant one, so that to escape the excitement thereby caused, she felt it necessary to make a journey to Switzerland. Without regard to consequences, she exposed the injustice of Swedish laws, which force upon the most intelligent and capable woman the painful alternative of remaining her whole life in a state of degrading minority, or severing the most sacred bands of filial love and obedience. She pictured the consequences of such an arrangement with vivid colors, perhaps, at times, too strong, while smarting under the sense of injustice. Her thoughts and views in relation to the education and destiny of women, were expressed in a manner so new and startling, as to raise a very general storm in society, which seemed struck to the heart.

But Miss Bremer considered all the attacks directed against her as a hurricane, out of which must issue a better epoch for the women of her native land. Though for a time no material benefit was perceptible, the matter was at least brought out into the light, and society was forced to think and speak of it. Thus was the ice broken; and noble men were soon found who recognized the truth of her assertions, but who dared not break through the barriers of long-established custom, or were restrained from taking an active part in the solution of the question, by the fear that the women of Sweden might not be ripe enough for a greater amount of independence, or might not know how to use to profit a higher grade of culture.

But even these anxieties disappeared by degrees. A seminary for the education of young ladies was founded; teachers were procured who could instruct them in the sciences, which hitherto had been regarded as beyond the horizon of woman. Scarcely had three years passed, when the King and Government granted large material aid for the scientific, artistic, and technical culture of women, and thereby made possible the establishing of an "Institute," in which Miss Bremer saw the realization of her most ardent wishes for the welfare of her sex.

This noble champion now felt herself richly repaid for all the attacks which she had patiently suffered on account of the book that had proved so effective, and was rather inclined to value it too highly in comparison with her other literary labors.

Till the day of her death, Miss Bremer, and

a few of her bosom friends, warmly cherished a sort of "Cooper Institute" of Stockholm, in which no less than four hundred and seventy-five female pupils received thorough instruction in drawing, painting, modeling, geometry, lithography, and the French and English languages, and were thereby enabled to devote themselves to an intellectually profitable and lucrative activity.

We will dwell a moment on a few of the salient points of Miss Bremer's character and history. At a very early age she developed talent for authorship. In her twelfth year she composed a juvenile opera, which was brought out with great preparation in the dining-room of her paternal home. It was a charming little piece, in which shepherds and shepherdesses appeared in marvelous adventures, and the young authoress was greeted with a storm of applause. Nevertheless, she relates that she went to bed almost disconsolate, because those whose applause she most desired and valued—her parents had not let a single expression drop in relation to the daughter's effort. "Perhaps," thought she while restlessly tossing on her couch, "they are now talking of it to each other when alone," and with quick resolve she left her bed, stepped to her parents' room, and with ear against the key-hole listened with suppressed breath to their conversation; she heard enough to know that their hearts had been made glad by her genius, though they had suppressed their feelings in her presence, and she went happy to bed.

Miss Bremer had a strange presentiment that she would not survive the year '64; not because she felt herself bodily or mentally debilitated, but because of a dream that had made a deep impression on her mind. She set her house in order, completed all unfinished labors, and looked with calmness and composure to her final end. The year, so much feared by her friends, who were aware of her feelings, was drawing to a close, and the gloomy forebodings seemed about to become a deceptive vision.

Christmas came, and Miss Bremer went, as she had so often done before, to a place where she was in the habit of gladdening the hearts of poor children during the holidays. On Christmas eve she sang and danced with the children around the Christmas tree, read stories to them from Andersen, and rejoiced them with presents. The next day she went to church, and on the way home caught a severe cold, to which she succumbed in a few days.

We may well cherish the memory of the deceased as one of the noblest champions for justice, truth, and humanity. And it is gratifying to know that she lived to enjoy the pleasure of seeing her most ardent wishes crowned with success.

She leaves behind her a family of spiritual

daughters—a circle of young, highly-cultivated, noble, and diligent women—who grew up to bloom around her while she lived, and who will continue to dispense the sweet fragrance of her memory in death, by continuing her work of intelligence and love, granting the rights of humanity to all, and especially claiming for her sex the privilege of intelligent and self-supporting independence.—*Ex. Paper.*

THE MISSION OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Written for the Miscellaneous Essay Meeting at Manchester Friends' Institute, 12th Month 21st, 1866.

It is not ended—Is scarce begun,
From its fulfilling we have shrunk away.
We have so much to learn ourselves,
So much of tendency to fall behind,
Even behind the truth of centuries past,
That though we are, we are not what we were.
It may in these days be of use to ask
What banded us together? 'Twas the sense profound

Of God's good presence in the human heart,
His precious teaching and affection there.
Oh, if we craved this blessing as we ought,
And waited for it with a patient zeal,
Should we as Friends have lost our ancient bond?
It was our mission to proclaim to all
This great grand truth, so long obscured by man,
In his desire for external power,
For sounding liturgies and splendid rites;
But outward formulas exist to-day,
Not in the very literal sense alone,
Not merely where the priest and patriarch rule,
But largely elsewhere, and among ourselves,
Regarding questions of religious faith.
Poor, frail, weak beings as we really are,
Surely because of very weakness
We think in these days to possess a power
Of clear decision as to what the views,
The deepest views, of each one ought to be.
The bond which bound us in the early days,
That bond of each one's union with his God,
Each one's deep separate allegiance too,
Seems scarce considered. Yet, oh Friends,
Is not religion, in the highest sense,
Striving to follow and obey our King,
Striving to act according to His will?
The great good Master taught this long ago;
He did not build a system or a creed,
And say, "Believe it, or I own you not;"
He did not fetter thus the soul of man.
Are we then like Him, if we dare to say
To any brother, "Thou art wrong in faith,
Thou art a heretic—Our creed is true,
And till thou hast it thou art but undone,
And must be kept excluded from our sect?"
Here is impatience, bigotry, as e'er
Burnt in the heart of persecutionist,
And yet it burns amid the Quaker band
In all the fire of Church authority,
Scarce in the spirit of the Church's Lord.
'Tis time such flaming died away in love,
In patience, willingness to learn from all,
E'en those we differ from in sentiment;
'Tis time we know that Truth is often found
Where least expected: time we learned
That our own views, whatever they may be,
Are possibly less near the right than some
Which we approve not. It is time we saw
How vain, how foolish it must ever seem
To judge a man by mere opinion's test,

While upright in his life: 'tis time indeed
That we should bear with one another more,
Knowing our Father never will forsake
The earnest seeker of His Light and Truth.
And in accordance with our mission high,
Surely 'tis meet that we should be allowed
To give assistance in a mutual way
By freely speaking of the highest things,
As if they really were for daily use,
Not set apart for certain terms and times.
For oh, how can it be a love of Truth,
Is it not rather fear of one's own faith
Being found unworthy or untriumphing,
That craves the stoppage of another's mouth?
We ought to know that Truth is far above
All views about it; doctrines are but forms
And mere descriptions;—while the farther we
In Christian loving and experience go,
The more we cease from a defining mood,
And closer cling to Him, the Undefined.
The life, the life, is everything to God;
Opinions are but secondary things;
He will not blame us for the leaving out
This or that doctrine which we cannot see,
If we are one with Him in simple trust,
The loving trust in which true faith consists.
Alas! if we must fall into a groove,
Where dogmas ready "cut and dried" await,
If we must utter shibboleth and test,
After the true sectarian policy,
If we must place the inner life behind,
And have the manner of our following Christ
Arranged according to a human plan,
If this be coming, then our end is nigh;
Yet are there others, not "within the pale,"
On whom our mission may be laid instead.

—*British Friend.*

THE FISH OF THE AMAZON.

In his lecture in New York, on Feb. 18th, Professor Agassiz stated that he found that the Amazon had not one fish in common with any other fresh-water basin; that different parts of the Amazon have fishes peculiar to themselves; and, as an instance of the teeming variety that exist in the Amazon basin, he gave the result of his examination of a small contiguous lake, or pool, of only a few hundred square yards, which showed two hundred different kinds of fishes, which is three times as many as the Mississippi River can boast. In the Amazon itself he found two thousand different kinds, and when he began his investigation of the river only one hundred and fifty were known to exist, and he said that in proportion as he found the larger number the difference between them seemed to grow. He proceeded to a general classification of the fishes of the Amazon, and instanced one that might appropriately be called a very peculiar fish, inasmuch as it had the power of walking or creeping on dry land, one having been found five miles from the water, and the Professor himself kept one of them out of water half a day, and on putting it back into its natural element it showed as much of life as if it had never been removed. Moreover it is an agile fish, worming its way up the inclined plane of some old tree that has fallen, and twisting

about among the branches until finally a single shot has brought down a bird and fish together. Professor Agassiz declared that the Amazon, for a river of turbid water and of so high a temperature, the average being eighty degrees, nourishes an extraordinary number of delicious fishes for table use.—*The Methodist*.

For the Children,

ONLY A FLY.

Of what use is a fly? Its only object seems to be to keep up a continual buzzing, just when his company is least wanted, butting his head with apparent relish against the wall or window-pane, and playing an endless game of cross-tag in the middle of the room with his companions, resting from his sports to sip sweets, and perhaps ending his day in a milky grave, or sticking fast in the molasses jug. Yet really so important is he that without flies the world would soon lose its inhabitants, unless something were sent in their place to do their work.—Humble and insignificant as he looks, the Fly has long puzzled the brains of the wisest men, and after years of careful study they have been able to find out only a part of the many mysteries which surround his every movement.

I will try to tell you something of what has been learned about our little friend, for a friend he is indeed, although like many others of the world's benefactors, who do their good deed silently and without any flourish of trumpets, he gets little credit, but is continually getting into hot water for what are counted as sins on his part. I hope when you find out that there is so much to be learned about the Fly, you will get hold of some interesting book that will tell you all you wish to know, and a great deal more that you never dreamt of.

All insects have six legs, unless they have met with accidents such as you have often seen when you have caught a "grasshopper" to see him "make molasses." After a few struggles away he goes, leaving a quivering leg in your fingers, and for the rest of his short life he hobbles about like one of our poor crippled soldier laddies; for insects do not grow new legs like lobsters, and I am very much afraid that he does not find any kind Sanitary Commission to bind up his wounds and give him a fresh start in life with a Palmer leg.

They do not breathe through their mouths, but by means of a great number of little pipes which run through them lengthwise, like the gas-pipes under our streets, having openings here and there on the sides of the body where the fresh air is drawn in. These little openings are very curiously contrived,—in some cases being protected by tiny trap-doors opening on hinges, in others having a strong grating over them of very coarse hairs. You will see from this it is worse than useless to snip an offend-

ing insect in two with a pair of sharp scissors; for as he does not use his mouth for breathing purposes, and as his brain is not confined to his head but runs all through his body, he will live for many hours in this mutilated state. In fact some insects never eat a mouthful after they are full grown; so that if you cut off their heads, you only bother them, because they cannot see where to lay their eggs.

Insects have from two to five eyes. Two large eyes called Compound Eyes, because they are made up of many thousand little eyes united, like a bundle of six-sided spy-glasses tied together, large at one end and very small at the other, and looking under the microscope like an old-fashioned patch-work quilt, or rather like the meshes of a very fine net. Then there are sometimes three little eyes in addition to the large ones, placed generally on the top of the head, as nine-pins are arranged when one is going to play "Cocked Hat," although they occasionally vary their position.

All insects are provided with *antennæ*, which are those little, many jointed projections extending from the head near the eyes somewhat like reindeer's horns. These are probably used for feeling, smelling, and hearing with, although their uses have not been definitely settled. They vary much in appearance; sometimes resembling Indian clubs, sometimes fringed like a fir-tree, notched like a saw, plumed like a feather, or armed with teeth like a comb. A few insects have no wings, others have two, others four, but none have more than that number.

Insects pass through several stages of existence before they become fully developed.—Most of them are hatched from eggs; then they pass into the larva state, in which they are caterpillar, maggot, or grub, according as they are to become butterfly or beetle. In course of time they go into pupa, or mummy state, from which they emerge ready for action as perfect insects. In some classes these distinctions are not so strongly marked.

Having glanced very briefly at the general structure of the insect world, I wish to dwell a little more particularly on the structure and habits of the fly. If you catch one of the poor, half-dozen little hermits which stay with us all winter, carefully hidden away in some dark corner, and warm him by degrees till he is able to move about, and then examine closely, you will be astonished at the many strange things you will see probably for the first time, and if you use a microscope, your wonder and admiration will know no bounds. You will find six legs, armed each with two sharp little toes; two big eyes covering nearly the whole of the head, and the three little eyes arranged in a triangle; two transparent wings strengthened by a net-work of veins, and covered with fine hairs

to protect them from wear and tear; a pair of tiny winglets, and on each side of the body a little knob which serves for unknown purposes. On closer examination of his mouth you will find a proboscis, or trunk, like an elephant's; this is really nothing but the lower lip lengthened and armed with three lancets, with which it punctures its food, or exasperates bald-headed old gentlemen. The end of the lip is flattened and grooved like the bottom of a meat-dish for gravity. Of course it is easy enough for the fly to eat soft substances; but how do you suppose he manages when he encounters a lump of sugar for instance, when that is sometimes too much for children's sharp little teeth even? His Creator has provided him with a fluid which, running down little canals, in his trunk, dissolves the sugar gradually, so that it becomes a sort of treacle, and then he easily sucks it up through the same little canals. The wings are like battle-doors, consisting of frames with transparent coverings stretched tightly over them on both sides.

The great mystery of flydom, and that which has caused so much study and investigation, is in the fact of the Fly apparently reversing the laws of gravity and running about, as we every day see on our ceilings, upside down. How they could do this without tumbling off was the grand puzzle. On examining the foot closely under a microscope you will see that it is armed with two little claws, protected by fleshy pads, covered with hairs. Each little hair is enlarged at the end, making a little disk like a "sucker," and this "sucker" is kept constantly moist by a fluid continually exuding. The little claws catch on the rough point of any surface, and the moment that this is done, the little "suckers" take hold and serve to keep him in place till he is ready to move on, when raising himself on his claws, the disks loosen one by one, and away he runs, nimbly, repeating this manœuvre whenever it is necessary.

The speed of a fly on the wing is truly wonderful, when we take his diminutive size into account. According to Kirby and Spence, the common house fly, when undisturbed, makes six hundred strokes with its wing in a second, and when necessary can increase its velocity six-fold. Let this same fly grow to the size of an eagle, and its capacities increase equally, and it would travel through space with the velocity of lightning. To produce this speed and all the other movements which a fly is continually making, what an immense quantity of muscles is necessary; and we can scarcely find words sufficient to express our wonder and admiration at the manner in which these innumerable muscles are packed away in this tiny framework, where they will have the greatest effect with the least interference.

Did you ever notice a fly flying back down?

You will probably all say "No!" and yet when you come to reflect, you will remember having often seen the Fly start from the wall when pretty near the ceiling, and without turning over fly toward the ceiling, all the time looking up with his two big eyes.

There is one fact in the natural history of flies that is generally very little understood, and what is true of flies is equally true with regard to all insects. It is, that flies once hatched into the winged state never grow any more, either smaller or larger. If he is hatched a small fly, small he remains all the days of his life, but never does he add the smallest part of a cubit to his stature. His growing and most of his eating has been done in childhood. Then he leads the life of a glutton, eating with apparent relish all most loathsome things, reveling in all sorts of impurities, and waxing very fat and aldermanic, as do most large eaters in the human tribe. He becomes a sort of bloated aristocrat; but with his new life he has turned over a new leaf,—his whole habits have changed. He is no longer of the earth earthy, but daintily sips the sweet which Dame Nature so bountifully spreads before him. An old writer well observes, "How few of us are aware that all these creatures now buzzing so loudly above our heads once crawled beneath our feet!" The fact is that our little friend passes his childhood in a very dirty nursery. The baby fly, which is a small white worm, without feet, commonly called a maggot, is generally hatched from an egg of which his lady mother has laid about one hundred and seventy.—*W. H. D. in Riverside Magazine.*

NEW AND WONDERFUL DISCOVERY IN ELECTRICITY.

Mr. H. Wilde of Liverpool, has brought out a new discovery in electricity during the past year which is described as exceedingly brilliant and important. He has found a method of producing electricity in quantities and intensity hitherto unknown, by the action of feeble electrical currents upon powerful magnets. His apparatus consists of six small permanent magnets weighing only a pound each, a ten-inch electro-magnet weighing three pounds (which accumulates and retains the developed electricity, on the same principle as an insulated submarine cable or the Leyden jar), and an armature revolving within an iron cylinder at the rate of fifteen hundred turns a minute. The cylinder is about a foot long, and has a bore of two and a half inches; the armature which plays within it not touching the sides, is coiled about with insulated copper wire. It is from this armature, when the different parts of the apparatus have been connected and put into operation, that the electricity is evolved and the effects are produced.

This machinery evolves a light which rivals the sun in its dazzling luminousness, and surpasses that orb in taking photographs. At a distance of a quarter of a mile it throws shadows from the flames of street lamps upon a wall. Two photographers in England have set up the machines in their shops, and now do all their copying and enlarging by the new electric light at night. The heating power of flame is so intense that it melts seven feet of No. 16 iron wire, and heats to a red heat twenty-one feet of the same wire in an instant. The cost of the apparatus is small, the waste of materials trifling, and the expense of working light. For lighting streets, for lighting houses and for illuminating public buildings, the new discovery is far superior to gas, and there are probably various other purposes besides those already indicated to which it may be devoted, if its properties are truthfully described.—*Boston Journal*.

A NEW GEOLOGICAL THEORY.

We are occasionally reminded, when some new geological theory is confidently proposed, or some old hypothesis abandoned, that the questions at issue between science and revelation cannot soon reach a final settlement. Before such a result can be obtained, science must speak its last word, and establish its claims and belief beyond all reasonable doubt. How such geology is prepared to set aside the teachings of Moses may be inferred from the fact that a new theory of the structure of the earth is propounded by an English geologist, which, if accepted, must lead to a reconstruction of the science as hitherto accepted and taught.

A Mr. Evan Hopkins has published a volume on *Geology and Terrestrial Magnetism*, in which he combats resolutely the aqueous and igneous theories of Werner and Hutton, and denies that the strata in the earth's crust have been formed either by mechanical deposition from water, or by melting and hardening through the agency of internal heat. Nor does he believe in a succession of cataclysms, by which sudden and great changes have been effected in the earth's surface.

The theory which he maintains to be more consistent with known facts is, that chemical and magnetic forces have been the great agencies in all terrestrial changes; that by ordered, not by convulsive action, both the crystalline and stratified rocks and the mineral veins have been formed. He argues with great confidence that the crystalline rocks must be due to magnetic instead of mechanical agency, for they are formed in parallel bands which are vertical instead of horizontal.

The details of his theory are ingenious and complicated. Great changes are now in progress in the earth's bosom through an electro-magnetic process, whose action is continuous and all-

pervading. The earth he regards as a great magnetic globe, in which the ocean serves as a primary menstruum, keeping the crust in a constant state of saturation and active crystallization. As magnetic currents are ever active in a battery which has proper solutions between its poles, so these currents are ever working with prodigious power through the crust of the earth, between the north and south pole. The north pole is a great absorbing basin, in which the process of decomposition is carried on with an energy that never tires. The south pole is a great evolving basin, in which the process of reproduction goes on with equal regularity and energy.

This theory, it will be perceived, is in conflict with the prevailing views on the method of formation of the earth's crust. It is yet more radically opposed to the views of the time when the successive formations were made. Geologists teach that the lowest strata, as the silurian, were deposited at an age too remote for human arithmetic to reach. Mr. Hopkins teaches that it is not a question of time at all, but simply of location on the earth's surface, in nearness to or remoteness from the south pole, as the reproducing centre of action. In other words, he declares that the processes of solution and re-formation are going on continually, and the character of the formation depends on its relative place on the earth's surface. He asserts that in the antarctic region the silurian formation is now reproducing itself; in the south temperate zone the carboniferous formation; in the south tropical the bolitic; in the north tropical the cretaceous; and in the north temperate the tertiary.

We are not masters in the science, and do not assume to give judgment on a theory which, if true, must set aside the views previously advanced by great and honored names. We only allude to it as a hint to our scientific friends that a little modesty will not be unbecoming on their part, in withholding a decision on the teachings of Moses. Until the fundamental positions of geology are settled beyond controversy, and the claims of its rival schools touching both the method and the time of formation of the earth's crust are adjusted, it is wise to leave out of sight the words of revelation. God's word and God's works will surely come into harmony, but the interpretation of the latter may need amendment even more than the former.—*Wutchman and Reflector*.

"Sow, though the rock repel thee
By its cold and sterile pride,
Some cleft there may be given,
Where the little seed may hide.

"Work while the daylight lasteth,
Ere the shades of night come on,
Ere the Lord of the Vineyard calleth,
And the laborer's work is done."

—*London Christian Times*.

A GOOD CUSTOM.

It was the custom in Massachusetts, in early times, as we learn from Lewis' History of Lynn, for a person to go about the meeting-houses, during divine service, and wake the sleepers. "He bore a long wand, on one end of which was a ball, and on the other a fox tail. When he observed the men asleep he rapped them on the head with a knob, and roused the slumbering sensibilities of the ladies by drawing the brush lightly across their faces."

Let there be a conscious dependence upon the Holy Spirit for light and guidance. It is his special mission to reveal Christ unto us. Be not afraid to follow the Spirit. He sheds light upon the reason. He does not impel his followers by blind impulses which bid defiance to common sense, but sweetly assures the heart, illumines the path, and shows it to be of God.

Do not occupy yourself with the future, and think only of doing what you do at the very time you are doing it.

ITEMS.

The earthquake which was felt with such severity, 4th mo. 24th, in Missouri and Kansas, is believed by some to have reached Ohio. An acre of ground near Carthage, six miles from the city, immediately in the vicinity of the canal, sunk on the afternoon of that day a distance of ten feet. The basin formed by the depression has walls as straight and smooth as though the excavation was an artificial one. The ground which thus gave way is of a very solid character, and there are trees upon it more than a foot in thickness. The superintendent of the Southern Division of the canal has himself visited the spot, and been much astonished at the phenomenon. Along the line of the Little Miami Railroad, between Loveland and Morrow, a land slide occurred the same day, the earth and rocks being tumbled down the sides of the hills in a manner to excite the attention of all who have since travelled along the road, who declare they never saw any thing of the kind in Ohio before.—*Ex. paper.*

The railway up Mount Washington is being constructed with great activity. The track iron is being transported to the base of the mountain, and teams and laborers are hard at work. A large and magnificent hotel will be built this summer, and will be ready for the travel of next year.

The Atlantic cable has almost brought the extremities of the earth together. It is announced from Newburyport, Massachusetts, that a merchant of that city recently received a telegram from Calcutta, which had been but two days and five hours on its passage. This despatch cost \$500, and had travelled over 13,000 miles.

A College for ladies is to be established in New York City, or rather Rutgers' Institute is to be enlarged in its curriculum of studies and its facilities for instruction, so as to make it an institution of the same grade as the Vassar Female College of Poughkeepsie. An act of the Legislature of New York has given legal authority for this enlargement.

RITUALISM IN ENGLAND.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has announced that Queen Victoria, who is

legal "Head of the Church" (of England), has signified her intention of issuing a Royal commission to examine into and report upon the ritual observances which have latterly made the Anglican resemble the Roman Church, in many respects. It is stated that "The inquiry will be limited to the interpretation of the Rubric relating to the ornaments of the minister and church during divine service."

The treaty which was signed on the 11th inst. by the members of the Peace Congress has been ratified by their respective governments. By the terms of settlement, the fortress of Luxemburg is to be evacuated by the Prussians within one month from the date of the treaty.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—There is some ground for hope that the report of the assassination of this distinguished explorer may, after all, prove false. Mr. Murchison, in a letter to the *London Times*, says:

"By a letter received yesterday (April 22) from Mr. Kirk, dated Zanzibar, Feb. 8, (eleven days later than the previous date), I learn that a dispatch reached His Highness the Sultan on the previous day from the Governor of Quiloa, containing a most important statement with regard to Dr. Livingstone. The dispatch stated that the traders had arrived at this port, (Quiloa) from the far interior beyond Lake Nyassa, and that at the end of November last (i. e. two months after the time of the reported catastrophe) when they were at Moksura, within ten miles of the supposed place of the massacre, nothing was known of any mishap having befallen Livingstone. They said, on the contrary, that the traveller had continued onward toward the Avisa or Babbas Country, after having met with a hospitable reception on the western shore of the north end of Lake Nyassa. Dr. Kirk adds, however, that as Moksura is short of the place of attack described by the Johanna men, he almost fears to communicate this intelligence, lest it should buoy up hopes which may too soon be broken."

The Royal Geographical Society will send out an expedition to ascertain the truth.—*The Press.*

SILK FROM OAK TREES.—The oak silk worm, the rearing of which M. Guerin Mereville is endeavoring to introduce into Europe, has already given such results as to warrant the belief that the oaks of the forest there will soon give abundant silk crops, and especially in those countries where the silk of the mulberry cannot be produced. At the session of the Imperial Central Society of Agriculture, of France, on the 27th of last 3d month, and that of the French Academy of Sciences on the 2d of 4th month, M. Guerin Mereville read a letter from the Baron Bretton, an Australian land owner to whom he had sent eggs of the yamamai, in 1863, announcing that the colony had prospered, and, as in France, had attained the fourth generation.

There are 200 colored schools in Georgia, and 100,000 colored people in that State are learning to read and write.

The testimony of colored persons in a suit where both parties were white, has just been admitted in the municipal court at Richmond, Va. It is the first instance of the kind under a new law just passed by the legislature.

On the 13th inst., Jefferson Davis was brought before the United States Circuit Court, at Richmond, Va., on a writ of habeas corpus. After arguments by the legal gentlemen representing the government and the prisoner, Judge Underwood released the prisoner on \$100,000 bail, to appear for trial, on the 4th of Eleventh month next, at the U. S. Circuit Court for the District of Virginia. His sureties were twenty in number. Horace Greeley was the first to sign the bail bond!

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF

F. W. ROBERTSON.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

Continued from page 163.

The subjects of Christ's spiritual kingdom, who are brought under the government of the spirit of Truth, are by this means introduced into the glorious liberty of the sons and daughters of God. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

This is the subject of one of Robertson's discourses, entitled, "Freedom by the Truth." The text referred to is John viii. 32. "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

"Observe," he says, "the greatness of the aim and the wisdom of the means."

"The aim was to make all men free. He saw around Him servitude in every form,—man in slavery to man, and race to race: His own countrymen in bondage to the Romans,—slaves both of Jewish and Roman masters, frightfully oppressed: men trembling before priestcraft; and those who were politically and ecclesiastically free, in worse bondage still, the rich and rulers slaves to their own passions. Conscious of his inward Deity and of his Father's intentions, He, without hurry, without the excitement which would mark the mere earthly Liberator, calmly said, 'Ye shall be free.'"

The truth which Christ taught was chiefly on these three points: God—Man—Immortality.

1. God. Blot out the thought of God, a

Living Person, and life becomes mean, existence unmeaning, the universe dark; and resolve is left without a stay, aspiration and duty without a support.

The Son exhibited God as Love; and so that fearful bondage of the mind to the necessity of fate was broken. A living Lord had made the world; and its dark and unintelligible mystery meant good, not evil. He manifested Him as a spirit; and if so, the only worship that could please Him must be a Spirit's worship. Not by sacrifices is God pleased; nor by droned litanies and liturgies; nor by fawning and flattery; nor is His wrath bought off by blood. Thus was the chain of superstition rent asunder; for superstition is wrong views of God, exaggerated or inadequate, and wrong conceptions of the way to please Him.

And so, when the woman of Samaria brought the conversation to that old ecclesiastical question about consecrated buildings, whether on Mount Gerizim or on Mount Moriah God was the more acceptably adored, He cut the whole controversy short by the enunciation of a single truth: 'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.'

2. Truth respecting man.

We are a mystery to ourselves. Go to any place where the nations have brought together their wealth and their inventions, and before the victories of mind you stand in reverence. Then stop to look at the passing crowds who have at-

tained that civilization. Think of their low aims, their mean lives, their conformation only a little higher than that of brute creatures, and a painful sense of degradation steals upon you. So great, and yet so mean! And so of individuals. There is not one here whose feelings have not been deeper than we can fathom; nor one who would venture to tell out to his brother man the mean, base thoughts that have crossed his heart during the last hour. Now, this riddle He solved. He looked on man as fallen, but magnificent in his ruin. We, catching that thought from Him, speak as He spoke. But none that were born of woman ever felt this, or lived this like Him. Beneath the vilest outside he saw that—A human soul, capable of endless growth; and hence He treated with what, for want of a better term, we may call respect, all who approached Him; not because they were titled Rabbis, or rich Pharisees, but because they were men.

3. Truth respecting immortality.

He taught that this life is not all; that it is only a miserable state of human infaney. He taught that in words; by His life, and by His Resurrection.

This, again, was freedom. If there be a faith that cramps and enslaves the soul, it is the idea that this life is all. If there be one that expands and elevates, it is the thought of immortality; and this, observe, is something quite distinct from the selfish desire of happiness. It is not to enjoy, but to be, that we long for, to enter into a more and higher life; a craving which we can only part with when we sink below humanity, and forfeit it.

This was the martyrs' strength. They were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might attain a better Resurrection. In that hope, and the knowledge of that truth, they were free from the fear of pain and death.

Christ's gospel did not promise political freedom, yet it gave it: more surely than conqueror, reformer, patriot, that gospel will bring about a true liberty at last. This not by theories, nor by schemes of constitutions, but by the revelations of truths. God, a spirit; man his child, redeemed and sanctified. Before that spiritual equality, all distinctions between peer and peasant, monarch and laborer, privileged and unprivileged, vanish.

Slavery is that which cramps powers. The worst slavery is that which cramps the noblest powers. Worse therefore than he who manacles the hands and feet is he who puts fetters on the mind, and pretends to demand that men shall think, and believe, and feel, thus and thus, because others so believed, and thought, and felt, before.

In Judea, life was become a set of forms, and religion a congeries of traditions. One living

word from the lips of Christ, and the mind of the world was free.

Later, a mountain mass of superstition had gathered round the Church, atom by atom, and grain by grain. Men said that the soul was saved by doing and believing what the priesthood taught. The heroes of the Reformation spoke. They said the soul of man is saved by the grace of God: a more credible hypothesis. Once more the mind of the world was free—and free by truth.

There is a tendency always to think, in the masses; not what is true, but what is respectable, correct, orthodox, authorized,—that we ask. It comes partly from cowardice; partly from indolence, from habit, from imitation; from the uncertainty and darkness of all moral truths, and the dread of timid minds to plunge into the investigation of them. Now, truth known and believed respecting God and man frees from this, by warning of individual responsibility. But responsibility is personal. It cannot be delegated to another, and thrown off upon a church. Before God, face to face, each soul must stand, to give account.

Do not, however, confound mental independence with mental pride. It may, it ought to co-exist with the deepest humility. For that mind alone is free which, conscious ever of its own feebleness, feeling hourly its own liability to err, turning thankfully to light, from whatever side it may come, does yet refuse to give up that right with which God has invested it, or to abrogate its own responsibility; and so, humbly, and even awfully, resolves to have an opinion, a judgment, a decision, of its own.

"It is not enough to define the liberty which Christ promises, as freedom from sin. Many circumstances will exempt from sin which do not yet confer that liberty, 'where the spirit of the Lord is.' Childhood, paralysis, ill health, the impotence of old age, may remove the capacity and even the desire for transgression, but the child, the paralytic, the old man, are not free through the truth. Therefore, to this definition we must add, that one whom Christ liberates is free by his own will. It is not that he would, and cannot; but that he can, and will not. Christian liberty is right will, sustained by love, and made firm by faith in Christ."

In that incomparable poem, Cowper's *Task*, near the close of the fifth Book, there is a delineation of Christian freedom, that, in my estimation, surpasses in beauty and fidelity any thing I have met with in English literature. A few lines extracted from it are here subjoined:

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Sampson his green wyths.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps compared

With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—'My Father made them all.'"
(To be continued.)

There is a revelation of God to His children, a knowledge of Himself, which He gives them immediately, by His Spirit,—that is, like light, *its own witness*. The man who has it is sure he has it, and that it is of God.—*Goode*.

From the Christian Register.

THE USE OF SUNDAY.

The Sunday has no law of guidance, no uniform spirit of observance. It is a different thing to different classes. To all, more or less, a day of rest from the stated employment of life; to all a day of more or less physical indolence and indulgence; to very many much more of these than is good, than there is any need of, than they would allow were not conscience as sluggish as their bodies. To some it is a day welcome for its religious use and opportunity, for its public and private privileges, a valuable time of reckoning with the soul and calm ascertaining of its exact attitude toward God. With a portion of these the day is ascetic and gloomy, rigidly and formally observed. They try to impose an impossible thing, and make the day a long monotony of church going, Bible reading, prayers, with no cheerful intercourse or genial companionship. I believe these really desecrate the Sunday, not in their religious observance, but by their narrow religious spirit, which supposes God's service to be shut up to exercises forced to an extreme on one day. The God whose sun shines just as bright on Sunday as on all other days, asks no formal, unnatural rigidity and gloom upon his Sunday.

Others recognize and prize its peculiar adaptation for spiritual refreshing, yet hold it in a quiet gladness, and believe no thing obtrusive which is human and honorable, which helps the happiness of others and the self. They accept the obligation of public and private service, but are getting to feel, more and more, that a perpetual hearing of other men's words and prayers, and going to church, is not the truest language of a man's piety and epitome of his obligation. These seem tacitly settling down to a conviction, which many are yet too timid to assert or approve by anything but their conduct, that a single public service is enough, that the Sunday, as its forerunner the Sabbath, was made for man, the whole of every man, and that a very small part of him gets its help, when it is spent in any one way, however good that way may in itself be.

The tendency of the narrow ideas of the day

has been to give us a Sunday religion, to make people think that the day is specially for their religious service, and to cause them to confine their religious acts almost exclusively to it; to make them think that there is a time holier than any other time, and that duty binds more imperatively one day in the week than all the other six; that virtue is more virtuous and sin more sinful than at any other time. Virtually to a very great extent, the Christian religion has become a one-day religion, and there are not a few to-day who, having the position and assuming the importance of church members holy and elect, baptized and saved, make of their week-day lives a shameful comment and contradiction of their Sunday practice and profession. The rigidity of creed faiths, the setting apart of holy times, have resulted in large divorce between religion and life, and made the former not the pervading, edifying spirit its Master declared it, but the outside of function, profession and season. The staking, loud-mouthed hypocrites, whom Jesus so exposed and scored, were not more truly inimical to the best interests of the faith they pretended to uphold than this race of Sunday Christians.

Time is God's, and all holy; space is God's, and that all holy, too. Man is to be no better one hour than another, and no one place is more sacred than another. God is just as much present at the broker's board, behind the counter, at the work-bench, as he is in the church, and the dealings of men are to be just as strictly under his law as the thought and service of the Sunday. For our convenience and our help, because of a fitness in things which seem eternal, we do not bring the tables of the money changers into our churches, we do not take our prayers and sermons into the place of business, but the same God rules with unchanged law in each place, in each is to be obeyed and served. Only is the obedience and the service changed in form, not in essence. The Sunday is more especially for the quiet service of heart and lip, for the offering of the formal sacrifice of devotion; the week for the offering of obedience, in duty, and toil, and temptation, the after and concluding part without which the Sunday form is isolate, cold and incomplete.

Every regulation of society and the church, and all legislation with regard to the Sunday, should have regard to the best interests of man as man. They should remember the compound being that he is, and should aim to make the exceptional day of the week—the day on which toil, and business, and anxiety are intermitted—a day not merely for the recuperation of the whole man, for the repair of waste and vigor, *but of preparation and strengthening for the week to come*:—for, as Arnold, the teacher of Rugby, has well said, "Our Sunday is the beginning of the week, and not the end." The

day must address itself to the wants of no exclusive part, but to the *whole* of the man. He is not refreshed and strengthened by merely a religious use which exercises but a part of his nature, calls into play and puts vigor into but part of his capacity; he is not strengthened and refreshed by the mere indolence of the body, the listless, aimless, joyless dawdling of the Sunday which we mis-name *rest*, which does even the body no real good; he is not strengthened and refreshed by taking his brain off from its absorption, or by devoting the whole day exclusively to his domestic affections, or by shutting himself up to himself in a solitary and selfish enjoyment of leisure. Man is a many-sided being. His nature is complex. He wants repair and support in every part. The day which calls a halt in the ceaseless march of daily energy and demand, should be for the repair of the breach and waste which all life makes. The soul, the heart, the brain, the body, should have just and equal thought and care, and each should issue out of the Sunday into the week, rejoicing in the new energy with which it is supplied for the race still to be run.

You may call this very lax and very fatal, and perhaps some social or ecclesiastical thunder may be launched against it. Never mind. The set is that way, and the day must come when the more enlightened spirit of our religion shall triumph, and we shall, on the Sunday, *the Lord's day*, have a glorious festival worthy of that Lord's spirit—a day not for the affliction of man's body or man's soul, a day when it shall be lawful to do good in no technical, ecclesiastical sense of charity, but good to the whole man, good to his jaded body and cramped spirit and fettered and pinched life. The Sunday rests on no divine law. It stands upon high, moral expediency. In all time since Christ died good men have observed it. It is a good day. It may be a better day. Give it the benefit of a liberal spirit, hedge it with no unworthy restraint, let it be free. The man who breaks society's needed law that day, let him be punished as any other; what few extra laws must be made to prevent the sordid from trade, or any from turning liberty into license, none will object to, but there let prohibitory law stop, and throw the day open to man, by argument, by example, striving to show him how much more truly he will serve himself, as well as his fellow and his God, by using its hours so as to quicken the best and most varied life in him.

I believe we may make it the gladdest, holiest, welcomest, best of days. Sad, indeed, would be the time when it should cease to dawn with a peculiar sense of quiet and repose. I think something of ineffable calm takes possession of and satisfies at one's very waking. I

would put the soul in harmony with that, and halt whenever I found any jarring with it. I would frown upon all who make the day a waste and sin, whether in respected or disreputable classes. I would do all that I could to make it the day when the poor and the over-worked should have glad refreshing. I would make it, indeed, holy day to them. O, brothers and sisters! shall we not so help the time, shall we not so help others, that there shall grow because of it a nobler manhood, a broader brotherhood, a more liberal faith? Shall we not make the first day holy unto the Lord, indeed, by making it serve to build in man that which shall lift him toward God?

J. F. W. WARE.

Study thy God, Christian; roll over His sweetness in thy mind; see what thou hast laid up in Him; read over daily his glorious names; walk through those chambers of His presence, His glorious attributes. Let thy spirit be so filled with God, and so raised above carnal joys, that it be no damp upon thee to have nothing but God. Live above, in that serene air which is not defiled with earthly exhalations.—*Alleine*.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

There is a pleasant story told of a man living on the borders of an African desert, who carried daily a pitcher of cold water to the dusty thoroughfare, and left it for any thirsty traveler that might pass that way. There is something so quiet and spontaneous, so genial and unselfish in this little act of kindness, that it meets an instinctive response from the common heart. It is such a little thing, and yet so full of blessing to the weary pilgrim, panting with thirst amid burning wastes and under tropical skies! There is such an outgleam of goodness from the humble deed, that it touches our hearts with genial sympathy, and glowing impulses of kindness for the needy and sorrowing of our world. Such humble deeds of pity need but an infusion of the Christian element, to make them not only beautiful in the eyes of men, but *beautiful* in the sight of Him, who said: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Not only in African deserts may such deeds be done. Our world is a spiritual *Sahara*, a vast desert full of pilgrims that are way-worn and weary, to whose fainting lips may be pressed, by loving hands, the cup of *cold water*. And here we touch what is the special beauty of the benediction of Christ upon the kindly deed, however humble. There may be wanting the talents, or position, or means, for great achievements or enlarged beneficence, but Christ tells us, that the least gift to one of His needy disci-

ples for *His* sake, shall not lose its reward. It may be but a look or warm grasp of sympathy to some disconsolate spirit; it may be but a visit to some lonely couch of sickness with your flowers and the divine promises and the offered prayer; it may be but a word of encouragement to some one weary with the conflict of life; it may be your helping hand to some neglected child you have led to the Sabbath-school, and taught the way to virtue and to heaven; it may be but the genial sunshine of your heart, diffusing joy among the loved ones at home—whatever it may be of kindness and love to any one of Christ's disciples, in His name, and for His sake, He takes it as a flower of remembrance, and will press it in the Book of Life, and keep it forever. Yes, these little generousities of every-day life, these ministries of charity that run along the by-ways of a great city, blessing the poor and neglected—those pulses of love that run through our homes and circulate around the globe—are beautiful.

Let no one say, however limited or lowly his sphere, that there is nothing in the common routine of daily life to inspire him with the aim and effort of noble living. Does not the teaching of Christ invest the humblest deed of a loving heart in his service, though it be but the giving of a cup of cold water, with a divine beauty and glory? What would we *greater*, than what, in *opportunity*, God hath given to us all? And shall we let the fewness of our talents discourage us, in constant and genial living for Christ, and His needy disciples, or allow the humbleness of our earthly fortunes to shade the brow that may be radiant with the crown of virtue? No, rather let us use our gifts and opportunities, though feeble and few, in such ways of kindness and charity and Christian living, as shall make us a blessing to our generation, and give us here the earnest of heaven.

"This world's not 'all a fleeting show,'
For man's illusion given,—
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know,
There's something here of heaven."

Lutheran Observer.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

It was a custom of his mother's to pay each night a visit to the cot of her twin boys, and repeat over them Jacob's blessing: "The God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel that redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads." Gen. xlviii. 15, 16. So fascinating was this to George, that in mature years he has told a friend how he used to lie awake watching for it, pretending to be asleep, that he might enjoy it to the full.—*Extracts from the "Life of George Wilson."*

Spare moments are the gold-dust of time.

DOING GOOD BY PROXY.

Every great city in Christendom has its benevolent societies and charitable institutions. There is no human sorrow of a physical character that has not been provided with an organized remedy. We have charities for the sick, the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the aged, the poor, the ignorant, and the feeble of mind. We have associations for the prevention of pauperism and for the prevention of cruelty to animals. We have homes for the outcast, the orphan, and the friendless. We have lying-in-hospitals, and free pharmacies, and admirable systems of out-door relief. We have the ear that hears every cry of distress, and the hand that is ever ready to relieve it. However it may be with other races, the Anglo-Saxon—whether in his old home or in his new home—is always as prompt with his purse as with his tongue to alleviate the miseries that he sees around him. Yet one thing is lacking in our philanthropy. We carry our inherited business habits into fields wherein we should reverently take off the shoes of commerce from our feet. Where the cry of misery is heard, God is in the midst of it, as he appeared in the midst of the burning bush. It is not meet that we should send our servants into his presence; *we should go ourselves*, and do his bidding with reverent and jealous zeal.

Let us illustrate our full meaning by examples—impersonal, but real; for we have watched the operation of this modern method of doing good by proxy in a dozen states and during a dozen years. We have organized new charities; we have assisted in creating others; and we are familiar with the history and management of large numbers. We do not mention these facts for any poor purpose of self-praise; but that the thoughts we write may carry, as they thus ought to carry, that greater credit which results of long and careful experience obtain over the untried theories of the closet.

There is a real need of organized charity. It is not possible, for example, for an unaided individual to secure that reform in the condition of the tenements of the poor; or the education of the deaf, dumb, and blind; or the proper treatment of the insane; or even that constant care of the indigent classes, which civilization and religion compel us at our social peril to secure. If we suffer filth and foul atmosphere to encircle the homes of the poor, the fevers and diseases, physical, moral, and mental, that they breed will surely find us out, and cause us to pay, in our own persons or in our own families, the dread penalty of our criminal neglect. But all these organized agencies should be regarded as auxiliary or transitional; not as sufficient in themselves and permanent in their nature. While, as citizens, we must act as a society; as Christians, we must act as individuals as well.

The Master did not say to the rich man, Go and found a charity; but, "Sell all that thou hast, and give." All of Christ's teachings are addressed to the individual as an individual. He neither sought to save men as organized communities, nor to do good to aggregations of citizens. The modern method is to carry on reform as war is conducted; to regenerate men by the regiment, to be benevolent by battalion. It has been tried and found wanting. The ablest students of social science, as well as the most experienced superintendents of charities, are beginning to admit that the modern method is a failure. We might illustrate this discovery by many quotations, and by the history of many charities; but our space will permit of one or two representative examples only.

Take the case of orphans. What is it that an orphan needs? A home and parents. What is it that we give him? A trundle bed in a large dormitory; a place in a boy's monastery, or a girl's nunnery; instead of a home, an asylum; instead of a father and a mother, a superintendent and a matron. No class of human beings, next to our own children, have a stronger or holier claim to our warmest love and tenderest care than those little motherless wanderers. As men and women, they appeal to our sympathies: as Christians they have a *right* to our love. Each little one is a true vicegerent; he is a representative of Christ on earth. There is no mode of denying or evading this claim, except by denying and refusing obedience to the Master himself. For whoso doeth good unto one of these little ones doeth it unto him. Were Christ once more to assume the flesh, and to be wrapped in the swaddling-clothes, and laid at our doorstep, would we dare to consign him to an asylum? To ask is to answer, *No*. If we consented to give up the babe, it would only be because we knew others, with ampler means and tenderer hearts, would nurse and rear him.

Now, orphan asylums are needed; but only as temporary homes—until some Rachel, weeping for her lost children, shall come and adopt them as her own. The world is ripe enough in goodness to make this plan successful. There are already charities which are conducted on this method, and which find it easy to furnish every little wanderer with a home. Such charity, like mercy, is twice blessed; it bleaseth him that gives and him that takes. That love which it calls up in the orphan's heart is repaid a thousand fold by the holy love which it enkindles in the foster parent's home.

Take the case of the indigent poor. There are those who are satisfied with an annual contribution to some provident society, which agrees to see that it is properly disbursed. This stipulation it is beyond the power of man to fulfil. For it is not merely an occasional dollar, or a pair

of shoes, or another blanket, that our lonely and suffering poor require. It is human sympathy, as well as human aid. No agent has a heart large enough, or can find the days long enough, to do more than disburse eleemosynary gifts. Alas! also, there are few agents who have the heart, even if they had the leisure. For we should never forget that the management of all charities requires men rather of business than of heart. It is a civil necessity which compels this choice and the cases where both are united in a single man are few and far between. Besides, even men of heart soon become accustomed to the sight of distress. Like surgeons, they must learn to look on it with undimmed eyes, or their judgment might destroy their efficiency. But this is bad for the patient, even if it is good for the system. Sometimes—nay, often—a tear and a gentle, loving word are more efficient means of relieving distress than an open hand and a generous order for goods. Agents must ask questions, and even in one sense be impertinent; whereas the individual can afford to be liberal without first being skeptical.

No, philanthropic institutions have their uses—important and essential reasons even; but they are neither adequate nor fitted to perform all the holy duties of charities. Sustain such as are efficient; but first see that they *are* real workers. Take nothing on trust. Follow their agents; visit their buildings; where they carry food, convey kindness also. Above all, supplement them by your own good works. Remember the frequent saying of Dr. Howe: "There is no vicarious virtue; true charity is not done by deputy."—*N. Y. Independent*.

OCCUPATION FOR CHILDREN.

The habits of children prove that occupation is of necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing—still more to be usefully employed. With some children it is a strongly developed physical necessity, and, if not turned to good account, will be productive of positive evil, thus verifying the old adage that "Idleness is the mother of mischief." Children should be encouraged, or, if indolently disinclined to it, should be disciplined into performing for themselves every little office relative to the toilet which they are capable of performing. They should also keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should learn to be as independent of the service of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befall them. I know of no rank, however exalted, in which such a system would not prove beneficial.—*Ex. Paper*.

COURAGE IN EVERY DAY LIFE.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to make a will, and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes till you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond.

IDLENESS.

Sympathy, both public and private, is always strongly felt and expressed for those industrious operatives who, from unlooked-for causes, such as the closing or the burning of a factory, are thrown out of employment and reduced, for a while at least, to enforced idleness. We feel doubly for their loss of situation—first, because they are cut off from the means of supporting themselves and families; and secondly, because having then nothing to do, they are in danger of acquiring injurious habits which are so commonly the effects of idleness, and which would sadly interfere with their ability and readiness to resume work when it is offered them. These people represent the class of compulsory idlers who are entitled to sympathy and aid in all practicable ways. But the case is far different with voluntary idlers, who do their best to reduce life to a blank, and themselves to insignificance and contempt.

Idleness is the nurse of all the vices. It moves so slowly that they all overtake it. The Germans and the Italians say, proverbially, that "idleness is the devil's pillow." Some affect

to excuse this hydra-headed habit by asking what harm can a person do when he does nothing? The reply is ready and plain. He who is passive in allowing decay is himself a destroyer. While standing still and refusing to help he obstructs the progress of others. We are told in holy Writ: "By much slothfulness the building decayeth, and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through." And again it is said: "I went to the field of the slothful and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and lo! it was all overgrown with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down." The words of Cato, the elder, are in the proverb, "that one who does nothing learns to do evil." Idleness has been well described to be a moral leprosy, which soon eats its way into the heart and corrodes our happiness while it undermines our health. Idleness is costly without being a luxury. Montaigne always wound up the year's account of his expenses with the following entry: "Item—for my abominable habit of idleness, a thousand livres." We toil for leisure only to discover, when we have succeeded in our object, that leisure is great evil. How quickly would the working classes be reconciled to what they may call the hardships of compulsory occupation, if they were doomed only for a short time to the greater hardship of compulsory idleness. They would quickly find that it is much better to wear out than to rust out. The idle man is at the mercy of all the vices. The working man, on the contrary, finds a safeguard in his occupation, which leaves no time for temptations nor desire to yield to them. It was well said by the oldest of the Greek poets, that the laborer is the sentinel of virtue. —*Ledger.*

THE WONDERS OF SEED.—Is there upon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is enclosed in a single little seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple seed, one small seed of a tree, picked up, perhaps, by a sparrow for her little ones, the smallest of a poppy or blue bell, or even one of the seeds that are so small that they float about in the air invisible to our eyes? Ah! there is a world of marvel and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds.

About a hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnæus, who has been called "the father of botany," reckoned about 8,000 different kinds of plants; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed 10,000. But a hundred years after him, M. de Candolle, of Geneva, described about 40,000 kinds of plants, and he supposed it possible that the number might even amount to 100,000.

Well, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right kind of seeds? Have they ever deceived us? Has a seed of wheat ever yielded barely, or the seed of a poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a sycamore-tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech-tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak to feed its nestlings, and on the way may drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell unnoticed, and sixty years after it may become a magnificent tree, under which the flocks of the valleys and their shepherds may rest in the shade.—*Rural New Yorker*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIFTH MONTH 25, 1867.

PHILADELPHIA YEARLY MEETING.—In addition to the information furnished in our last number, we may state that the Yearly Meeting was considered larger than any held since its removal to Race Street Meeting-House.

The Meetings for Worship were held on First and Fifth days, both in the north and south ends of the Race Street house, as well as at the other meeting-houses belonging to us in this city, and were considered satisfactory. As the Yearly Meeting progressed, the feeling of love and unity prevailed, till all were baptized in a harmonious labor for the promotion of the cause which brought us together.

With much unanimity the Meeting recommended that Monthly Meetings, if it should appear right, appoint Committees to visit and encourage their members.

A proposition from Concord Quarter, relative to a change in the discipline respecting Women's Meetings, was referred to a Committee, on Second-day, who reported that way did not open to adopt it.

The proceedings of the Representative Committee were read and united with. During the past year they have been engaged, through a Committee, to guard the conscientious rights of our members in relation to the testimony against war. A more stringent militia law has been passed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and, notwithstanding the exertions of the Committee, it is believed the Governor has signed the bill.

The present condition of the Indian tribes, with a prospect of an impending war, baptized

the Committee into deep sympathy for these afflicted children of the forest, and resulted in the appointment of a few of their number to give such attention to this subject as way may open for.

The exclusion of the colored people from public conveyances in Pennsylvania was introduced to the notice of the Committee by a minute from Philadelphia Quarter, but finding a bill likely to pass which would relieve the colored people from their disabilities, the labor of the Committee was not required.

The Representative Committee also made an official communication to the Yearly Meeting, furnishing a list of Books now on hand for distribution, and informing how those who *have a concern to distribute* them may procure them from the fire-proof.

While the meeting was in progress, two acceptable visits were received from our sisters, and several men friends expressing a concern to visit Women's Meetings, were set at liberty to do so.

On Second-day evening a meeting of Friends' Publication Association was held; on Third-day evening the annual meeting of the Educational Association; and on Fourth-day evening the Association of Friends for the Elevation of the Freedmen,—all of which were well attended.

As a large edition of the extracts is to be published, we shall close our notice of this interesting opportunity by a minute embracing some of the exercises:—

While engaged in considering the important subjects brought into view by the reading of the queries and answers, an exercise prevailed that there might be an increase of faithfulness in the fulfilment of the various duties which devolve upon us.

The regular attendance of our Religious Meetings must ever be regarded as most important to our continuance as a body of Christian professors, and unless we are faithful to the obligation to present ourselves on these occasions under a reverent sense of our dependence upon God, we have no right to expect that we shall be preserved as a people, to bear aloft the testimonies of truth which were committed to our forefathers. "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me," was the testimony of our blessed Lord, and we should manifest this love

by meeting together to worship the Father in spirit and in truth. Having faith in the promise "that where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them," we shall not be discouraged in the attendance of our meetings, whether they be large or small. Instead of desiring vocal communication, we shall learn to depend upon the Father of Spirits for the bread which nourishes the soul, and as we dwell under this feeling, ability may be furnished to make an open acknowledgment of this for the encouragement of the weary, or we may be silent preachers of the Gospel.

From the evidence furnished, we are encouraged to believe that the love and unity which we have felt increasingly to prevail, has measurably prepared the minds of many to enter into the labor of gathering all into one fold, where we may know Christ as the true Shepherd.

The duties we owe to our dear children were brought into view, and earnest desires were expressed that parents might seek opportunities in the bosom of their families to wait upon the Lord, that a qualification may be furnished to feed the lambs. The blessing of a religious training under the fostering care of the Society was acknowledged by several Friends, and the simplicity of manners and conversation enjoined by the third query was pointed out as a means of preservation from the snares and temptations of life.

It is believed that a deficiency exists on the part of many of the older members in properly attending to the temporal and spiritual needs of those who are about starting in life. At this important period they require the aid of their older friends whose experience qualifies them to administer counsel and encouragement.

Although our reports give encouraging evidence that Friends are generally clear of the use of intoxicating liquors as a drink, we were reminded that intemperance is on the increase in the community, and that there is an obligation resting upon us, not only to bear a faithful testimony ourselves, but to exert our influence to discourage this insidious and dangerous practice. In connection with the indulgence in spirituous liquors, the use of tobacco was adverted to, as liable to create a thirst for other stimulants, and the influence of example in this, as in other things, may lead the susceptible minds of youth into habits which may prove injurious to their best interests.

The testimonies enumerated in the sixth query, severally claimed our consideration. We are abundantly convinced that those who have been called out of the pernicious and unscriptural practice of taking oaths should be afresh stimulated to maintain this testimony both by precept and example. Now that the number of oaths prescribed by the laws of our country is greater than ever before, there is an imperative

obligation to observe the injunction of our divine lawgiver, "Swear not at all."

The machinations of priestcraft are still directed to blind the consciences of men, and are antagonistic to that liberty which our fathers guaranteed to the inhabitants of this land, and hence we are bound to bear a faithful testimony against them.

The increasing prevalence of a spirit of speculation, manifesting itself in investments in gift enterprises and other species of lottery, the root of all which is in deception and falsehood, caused much concern, and Friends were affectionately advised to restrain those under their care from any participation in these dishonest practices. "They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after, they erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

The importance of dealing with offenders in the spirit of meekness, in order for their help, was impressively presented.

When a brother is overtaken with a fault, it is the duty of concerned Friends to labor with such a one, not with a view of separating him from Society when he most needs its care, but rather to wait till he is restored by that Spirit which seeks to save that which is lost.

We refer our correspondent, from whom we have received some comments on keeping the Sabbath holy, to the Essay in our present number on "The Use of Sunday," by J. F. W. Ware.

The hour for holding Little Britain Monthly Meeting, a branch of Nottingham Quarterly Meeting, has been changed from the 11th to the 10th hour during the summer months.

DIED, on the 22d of Fifth month, 1866, REUBEN R., son of Levi B. and Ann M. Stiles, of Accotink, Va., aged 2 years and 5 months.

—, on the 8th of Third month, 1867, JACOB MOORE, in the 86th year of his age; a member of Eastland Meeting. This dear friend, although deaf and dumb from his birth, was for many years a diligent attender of our religious meetings, and evinced by his demeanor, that although his outward ear was closed to what was orally communicated, his spiritual ear was open to receive, and attentive to, the impressions of that ever blessed Spirit, which requireth not words, but which "maketh intercession for us, with groanings that cannot be uttered." His end, we doubt not, was peace.

DIED, on the 29th of Fourth month, 1867, JOSEPH PILKINGTON, in the 69th year of his age; a member of Fishing Creek Monthly Meeting, Millville, Columbia Co., Pa.

—, on the 8th of Fifth month, 1867, in North Castle, SARAH, wife of Reese Carpenter, in the 73d year of her age; a member of Chappaqua Monthly Meeting. In the removal of this dear friend we hav

lost one whose example was worthy of imitation in all the relations of life, as wife, mother, friend. Although the swift-winged messenger came when least expected, her light was trimmed and her lamp burning; and in about fifteen minutes from the time she was attacked, she passed tranquilly and sweetly away to the never-ending joys of Heaven.

—, at her residence in Philadelphia, on the 9th inst., REBECCA ANDREWS, in the 67th year of her age; a member of Darby Monthly Meeting.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A *Special Meeting* of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will meet on Fourth-day evening, the 29th inst., in the Monthly Meeting Room in Race St. Meeting-House.

A full attendance of Friends is particularly requested, as a decision must be immediately arrived at as to *how many, where, and for what length of time* teachers shall be continued amongst the Freedmen.

J. M. ELLIS, } Clerks.
ANNE COOPER, }

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. VIII.

Annual Meeting.

Probably no better material can be furnished for the present number than a reference to the late Annual Meeting, and the introduction of the very interesting Report of the Committee appointed to visit the schools, and to which allusion was made in No. VII.

This meeting was held on Fourth-day evening last in Race St. Meeting-House, and was well attended by an audience apparently deeply interested in the proceedings. Portions of the Annual Report were read, together with interesting letters from some of our teachers, as well as from some of their pupils, written in their own expressive language from the fulness of hearts overflowing with gratitude to their "kind benefactors." The latter were handed round for inspection as one of the evidences of their ability to receive instruction. Some of the compositions were from children of tender years, and elicited (as they well deserved) much admiration. A straw braid hat, which was brought from Washington by the Committee, was also handed round as one of the results of the industrial teachings of this people.

Remarks were made by friends in attendance, one of whom desired an opportunity to contribute *on the spot*, and he doubted not others were in the same condition. Impromptu voluntary contributions were immediately made amounting to over three hundred dollars.

The meeting was one of deep interest throughout, and friends separated with regrets that, owing to the shortness of the evening, time could not be allowed for a fuller expression of the feeling that manifestly prevailed. Short as was the time we had been assembled, it was evident that much encouragement had been given and received; and friends to whom the more active portions of this labor have been

assigned feel warranted in the prosecution of this great work, with renewed energy and vigor, in the confident assurance that the *pecuniary* means *will* be forthcoming. *Let them not be disappointed.*

NOTE.—It may be well to direct the attention of friends to an "Errata" in the *Intelligencer* of the 11th inst., correcting typographical errors in No. VII. of this series, where in one place "personal *interviews*" was made to read "personal *intimacy*," and in another, where "referring the *querists*" was made to read "referring the *quests*, &c. J. M. E.

The Report alluded to above is as follows:

REPORT.

To perform the mission entrusted to us by the Association, we left Philadelphia Sixth day night, the 12th of Fourth month last, and proceeded directly to Alexandria, thence to Leesburg, Va., by the Alexandria, Loudon and Hampshire Railroad to Belmont, about thirty miles, and from there by stage, six miles.

Arriving at Leesburg about 2, P. M., on Seventh-day, we visited the school under the care of Caroline Thomas. It is in a comfortable frame building, a few squares from her lodgings. We found her engaged in teaching, therefore had a good opportunity of judging the capability of her pupils. We were well satisfied with their advancement. Some of the parents were present, who expressed much gratitude for this privilege for themselves and children. The teacher is earnest and zealous in her work, both in the school-room and among the colored people generally. During the winter she has held school several evenings in the week for adults, and assisted in organizing and supporting a literary association which has given opportunity for instructive reading and appropriate counsel. She believes this form of labor among these people is one of the most important aids in the work of elevation.

A Friend, who came from Waterford—six miles—in his carriage, took us to his house, where we were kindly entertained. C. Thomas accompanied us. The next morning, First-day, visited a few families. Among them was the mother of Ann E. Gould, a woman about 40 years of age, whom S. Steer had been preparing for a teacher. Before our arrival she was attacked with an inflammatory and dropsical disease in the throat, from which she did not recover. We received an interesting report of her character and influence in the school, and also of the closing moments of her life. She passed away with the clear evidence of peace, leaving affectionate and grateful messages to those who had given her the opportunity to possess the privileges of the school-room. She also expressed the hope that all her people would evince an appreciation of them in their daily life.

Perhaps it will not be out of place here to relate that we attended Friends' Meeting in the house with which many interesting incidents are connected relative to the late war.

Although it is more than 100 years since the meeting was established, not once have Friends been known to fail in gathering on the appointed occasions. During the war the house was used by a portion of the Rebel army, and on meeting days the soldiers not only prepared for the reception of Friends, but many frequently sat with them. 'Some of the pickets became so much interested in the Gospel teachings of our dear friend, Miriam Gover, that they requested not to be sent on duty until the Quakers closed their meeting.

In this house, by appointment, we met, on First-day afternoon, Sarah Steer's pupils, and their parents, as her school room could not accommodate them. We were gratified with their recitations—believe the teacher to be earnestly devoted to her work, and entirely competent to perform its requirements. A new building is in process of erection by the colored people, which will be used for religious and educational purposes.

The following morning we returned to Leesburg; stopped about half an-hour at the school, then took stage to Belmont, six miles, and thence, by railroad, about twenty-four miles to Vienna, where we saw Mary K. Brosius at the residence of Captain Hine. Her school was not in session, on account of the house being needed for other purposes. Material for a new building was ready awaiting the leisure of the colored people for its erection, but continued claims upon their time had interrupted the work. They hoped to complete it in a few weeks, and, in the meantime, we advised M. K. Brosius to open a school a few miles distant, where a house was ready and a teacher needed. This she consented to do.

Captain Hine took us in the afternoon to visit Mary McBride's school, near Fairfax Court House, about six miles distant from Vienna. Her school-house is comfortable, and filled with industrious, appreciative scholars. We heard satisfactory recitations. She appears much interested in her work.

Returned to Vienna, and in the evening, by appointment, a large company of colored people collected in a house occupied by soldiers in one of the fortifications during the war, and now used for a school for white pupils. Capt. Hine read our introduction from the Association, and explained the object of our appointment, and requested their aid by respectful attention to what they should hear, and prompt replies to required information. This was satisfactorily realized; and, after much expression from the people and ourselves in relation to their past condition and fu-

ture responsibilities, vocal thanksgiving and supplication arose from two fervent hearts. Then all united in hymns of praise.

It was an interesting and instructing occasion. We were informed that several of Moseby's men were present and participated in the closing service.

The next morning, Third-day, Capt. Hine took us about six miles to Catharine E. Hall's school, where we also saw Hannah Shortlidge. Interviews with both satisfactory. The school under the care of the latter, about five miles distant, is small, with no prospect of an increase. We spent most of the day in Catharine's school, which is held in the upper room of a building in the yard attached to her home. Found the pupils much interested. One man pays \$9 a month to another to do his work that he may come to school. A woman washes for sixteen persons, and performs other household duties, but is seldom absent, although she walks several miles. She spoke with much gratitude of her present privileges. Several of her grandchildren are pupils in the school.

Failing in a conveyance, we were prevented from visiting Martha Wright's school, but through the kindness of I. Green, with whom Catharine E. Hall boards, were conveyed in the afternoon, six miles to Fall's Church, where we saw Eliza E. Way. Her school was not in session, on account of the house needing repairs. She reported good attendance and much interest in education. Believes the continuation of the school important.

Fourth-day morning, proceeded by railroad to Herndon. Not succeeding in finding a conveyance, walked about three miles to Frances E. Gause's school; we found it in session, in a comfortable log house which the colored people have lately erected, a short distance from the place where the one stood which was burnt by some of the opposing neighbors. The school is in a very satisfactory condition, and the teacher much interested in her work. Visited some of the people in their homes, and were gratified to see evidences of thrift and industry. They rent and cultivate the land.

One man, who seems to be quite influential among the people in the neighborhood, has about 200 acres. All his buildings are good, and the whole appearance of the farm indicates capability and energy.

In the evening the house was filled with colored people, who were invited to meet us, and we conversed freely with them upon their varied duties and responsibilities. Many expressed gratitude for the interest and aid received from the Association. One of us read a portion of Scripture, and hymns were sung by the people.

Fifth day morning, returned to Herndon, and

from there, by railroad, to Alexandria. Spent a portion of the next day in visiting the schools in that place, accompanied by Col. Lee, of the Freedmen's Bureau, in all of which we saw satisfactory evidence of the capability of the colored child to receive and appreciate the education appropriate to its age. Many astonished us with their recitations.

Some of the school-houses are in the shadow of the old Slave-Pen, now a decaying monument of past iniquity; but we may rejoicingly believe that in these educational institutions memorials of present benevolence are forming, to carry cheering and imperishable records into the Future.

In the afternoon, by the kindness of a Friend from Woodlawn, we were conveyed to that place, and, on the way, stopped to visit Deborah K. Smith's school, about five miles from Alexandria. The house is situated directly on the roadside, more than a mile from the teacher's lodgings, and the most uncomfortable that we had seen. The teacher and scholars had suffered with the cold, owing to the open condition of the house; yet neither murmured; they looked happy and much interested in their respective occupations. Heard all the classes, and were well satisfied with their progress.

Seventh-day, visited some of the people in their homes at Woodlawn. The next morning returned to spend half an hour in D. K. Smith's First-day school. From there to Woodlawn meeting, and spent the afternoon with the colored people gathered in S. Lloyd's school-house, which is a comfortable building, about a mile from her boarding place. Heard the recitations of several classes in reading, spelling and arithmetic; but the afternoon was chiefly devoted to Scriptural reading and religious instruction given by several volunteer assistants. Addresses were delivered from strangers present, and cordial expressions of gratitude from the colored people for the advantages they were experiencing through our Association. We felt it to be an exceedingly interesting and impressive occasion, and a fitting close to our mission.

We may, perhaps, be allowed to add that we were much gratified with the marked improvement in the condition of the freed-people in Washington, attributable not only to the efficiency of the Bureau, but also to the judgment and energy of benevolent associations and individuals. Among the most important and effective aids in producing this encouraging change was acknowledged to be the labors of Eliza Heacock, in her departments of industrial and domestic instruction.

We saw about fifty children employed in plaiting straw braid, which is made at the same place into hats.

The beneficial effects of the mission estab-

lished by New England Friends have radiated to all surrounding localities. They have classified departments for education in one building, and a store in another, where goods of every description are sold at cost price.

In reviewing the condition of our schools, and their influence upon the neighborhoods where they are located, we feel justified in urging the Association to continue its support, not only by establishing schools, but by furnishing each teacher with a good supply of clothing, in order that the aged and sick may be cared for, and no child prevented from attending school on account of not having comfortable garments. Everywhere we saw evidences of the liberality of our friends, in the clothing worn by the people. We wondered what they would have done without it.

We look upon those under our care as children just beginning to walk, who need aid until they shall learn to step unassisted, and then the external means of support should be judiciously removed. And while we offer this view, we hope also that the Association will be furnished with pecuniary ability to extend its field of labor.

Before closing this report, we desire to state that we were greatly aided in the performance of our work through the kindness and attention received from individuals whose unreserved hospitality will be gratefully remembered.

HENRY M. LAING,
EDITH W. ATLEE.

Fifth month 1st, 1867.

DESCRIPTION OF GOOD AND BAD MEATS.

Every housekeeper or buyer should be familiar with Dr. Letheby's description of good and bad meats, as follows: Good meat is neither of a pale pinkish nor a deep purple tint. It has a marbled appearance, from a ramification of little veins of intercellular fat; and the fat of the internal organs especially is firm, hard and suety, and is never wet, whereas that of diseased meat is soft and watery. The feel of healthy meat is somewhat elastic, and hardly moistens the finger. Diseased meat is soft and wet. Good meat has but little odor, and this is not disagreeable; whereas diseased meat smells faint and cadaverous. Good meat bears cooking without much shrinking or losing much of its weight; but bad meat shrivels up and boils to pieces; this is due to the larger proportion of watery and gelatinous material, and the absence of fat and true muscular substance in the meat. Under the microscope the fibre should be clear and well defined, and free from infusorial animalculæ; whilst that of diseased meat is sodden and tumid, as if it had been soaked in water; the transverse streaks are indistinct and wide apart, and animalculæ abound in it. Dr. Letheby's official station requires

him to prevent the sale and consumption of unwholesome meat in the city of London. Were it not that facility is offered by the salesmen for the detection of fraud, his subordinates would be very much crippled in their operations, and it is gratifying to be able to acknowledge this fact. To supply more than three millions of people, about six hundred tons of meat are brought to market daily, and nearly six hundred tons of meat unfit for consumption have been condemned and destroyed during the past six years. Much of this would have certainly produced serious disease in the community. Allowing six ounces a day to each person, it represents nearly 600,000 meals, and at a reduced calculation, "we may fairly say," in the words of the London Lancet, "that nearly half a million persons would be prevented eating diseased meat once by the labors of Dr. Letheby and his inspectors in one year."—*Phila. Ledger*.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of an anonymous English writer. T.

THE GRAVE OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley, in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—*Deut. xxxiv. 6*.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale of the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.
That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes, when the night is done,
Or the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Fades in the setting sun;
Noiselessly as the spring time
Her crest of verdure waves,
And all the trees, on all the hills,
Open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
That grand procession swept.
Perchance some bold old eagle,
On grey Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance some lion stalking
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.
But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his matchless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amidst the noblest of the band,
They lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster's transept high,
Where lights like glory fall,
While the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
And never earth philosopher,
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, words half so sage,
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall;
The dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lovely land,
To lay him in the grave.

O! silent tomb in Moab's land,
O! dark Bethpeor's bill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God bath his mysteries in grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the sacred sleep
Of him He loved so well.

The "Inaugural address of John Stuart Mill," delivered to the University of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Scotland, in the second month of this year, is full of interest and instruction. Some selections from it have been made and will from time to time appear in our columns; but we would advise all interested in the subject of education to procure the entire address. It can be obtained at the office of the "Living Age," Boston, or at Challen's Book Store, 1308 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

EXTRACTS FROM JOHN STUART MILL'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Let me first say a few words on the great controversy of the present day with regard to the higher education, the difference which most broadly divides educational reformers and conservatives; the vexed question between the ancient languages and the modern sciences and arts; whether general education should be classical—let me use a wider expression, and say literary—or scientific. A dispute as endlessly, and often as fruitlessly agitated as that old controversy which it resembles, made memorable by the names of Swift and Sir William Temple in England and Fontenelle in France—the contest for superiority between the ancients and the moderns. This question, whether we should be taught the classics or the sciences, seems to me, I confess, very like a dispute whether painters should cultivate drawing or coloring, or, to use a more homely illustration, whether a tail-

or should make coats or trowsers. I can only reply by the question, Why not both? Can anything deserve the name of a good education which does not include literature and science too? If there were no more to be said than that, scientific education teaches us to think, and literary education to express our thoughts, do we not require both? and is not any one a poor, maimed, lopsided fragment of humanity who is deficient in either? We are not obliged to ask ourselves whether it is more important to know the languages or the sciences. Short as life is, and shorter still as we make it by the time we waste on things which are neither business, nor meditation, nor pleasure, we are not so badly off that our scholars need be ignorant of the laws and properties of the world they live in, or our scientific men destitute of poetic feeling and artistic cultivation. I am amazed at the limited conception which many educational reformers have formed to themselves of a human being's power of acquisition. The study of science, they truly say, is indispensable: our present education neglects it: there is truth in this too, though it is not all truth: and they think it impossible to find room for the studies which they desire to encourage, but by turning out, at least from general education, those which are now chiefly cultivated. How absurd, they say, that the whole of boyhood should be taken up in acquiring an imperfect knowledge of two dead languages. Absurd indeed: but is the human mind's capacity to learn measured by that of Eton and Westminster to teach? I should prefer to see these reformers pointing their attacks against the shameful inefficiency of the schools, public and private, which pretend to teach these two languages and do not. I should like to hear them denounce the wretched methods of teaching, and the criminal idleness and supineness, which waste the entire boyhood of the pupils without really giving to most of them more than a smattering, if even that, of the only kind of knowledge which is even pretended to be cared for. Let us try what conscientious and intelligent teaching can do, before we presume to decide what cannot be done.

A few practical reformers of school tuition, of whom Arnold was the most eminent, have made a beginning of amendment in many things: but reforms, worthy of the name, are always slow, and reform even of governments and churches is not so slow as that of schools, for there is the great preliminary difficulty of fashioning the instruments: of teaching the teachers. If all the improvements in the mode of teaching languages which are already sanctioned by experience, were adopted into our classical schools, we should soon cease to hear of Latin and Greek as studies which must engross the school years, and render impossible

any other acquirements. If a boy learnt Greek and Latin on the same principle on which a mere child learns with such ease and rapidity any modern language, namely, by acquiring some familiarity with the vocabulary by practice and repetition, before being troubled with grammatical rules—those rules being acquired with ten-fold greater facility when the cases to which they apply are already familiar to the mind; an average schoolboy, long before the age at which schooling terminates, would be able to read fluently and with intelligent interest any ordinary Latin or Greek author in prose or verse, would have a competent knowledge of the grammatical structure of both languages, and have had time besides for an ample amount of scientific instruction. I might go much farther; but I am as unwilling to speak out all that I think practicable in this matter, as George Stevenson was about railways, when he calculated the average speed of a train at ten miles an hour, because if he had estimated it higher, the practical men would have turned a deaf ear to him, as that most unsafe character in their estimation, an enthusiast and a visionary. The results have shown, in that case, who was the real practical man. What the results would show in the other case, I will not attempt to anticipate. But I will say confidently, that if the two classical languages were properly taught, there would be no need whatever for ejecting them from the school course, in order to have sufficient time for everything else that need be included therein.

Let me say a few words more on this strangely limited estimate of what it is possible for human beings to learn, resting on a tacit assumption that they are already as efficiently taught as they ever can be. So narrow a conception not only vitiates our idea of education, but actually, if we receive it, darkens our anticipations as to the future progress of mankind. For if the inexorable conditions of human life make it useless for one man to attempt to know more than one thing, what is to become of the human intellect as facts accumulate? In every generation, and now more rapidly than ever, the things which it is necessary that somebody should know are more and more multiplied. Every department of knowledge becomes so loaded with details, that one who endeavors to know it with minute accuracy, must confine himself to a smaller and smaller portion of the whole extent: every science and art must be cut up into subdivisions, until each man's portion, the district which he thoroughly knows, bears about the same ratio to the whole range of useful knowledge that the art of putting on a pin's head does to the field of human industry. Now, if in order to know that little completely, it is necessary to remain wholly ignorant of all the rest, what will soon be the worth of a man,

for any human purpose except his own infinitesimal fraction of human wants and requirements? His state will be even worse than that of simple ignorance. Experience proves that there is no one study or pursuit, which, practised to the exclusion of all others, does not narrow and pervert the mind; brooding in it a class of prejudices special to that pursuit, besides a general prejudice, common to all narrow specialities, against large views, from an incapacity to take in and appreciate the grounds of them. We should have to expect that human nature would be more and more dwarfed, and unfitted for great things, by its very proficiency in small ones. But matters are not so bad with us: there is no ground for so dreary an anticipation. It is not the utmost limit of human acquirement to know only one thing, but to combine a minute knowledge of one or a few things with a general knowledge of many things. By a general knowledge I do not mean a few vague impressions. An eminent man, one of whose writings is part of the course of this University, Archbishop Whately, has well discriminated between a general knowledge and a superficial knowledge. To have a general knowledge of a subject is to know only its leading truths, but to know these not superficially but thoroughly, so as to have a true conception of the subject in its great features; leaving the minor details to those who require them for the purposes of their special pursuit. There is no incompatibility between knowing a wide range of subjects up to this point, and some one subject with the completeness required by those who make it their principal occupation. It is this combination which gives an enlightened public: a body of cultivated intellects, each taught by its attainments in its own province what real knowledge is, and knowing enough of other subjects to be able to discern who are those that know them better. The amount of knowledge is not to be lightly estimated, which qualifies us for judging to whom we may have recourse for more. The elements of the more important studies being widely diffused, those who have reached the higher summits find a public capable of appreciating their superiority, and prepared to follow their lead. It is thus too that minds are formed capable of guiding and improving public opinion on the greater concerns of practical life. Government and civil society, are the most complicated of all subjects accessible to the human mind: and he who would deal competently with them as a thinker, and not as a blind follower of a party, requires not only a general knowledge of the leading facts of life, both moral and material, but an understanding exercised and disciplined in the principles and rules of sound thinking, up to a point which neither the experience of life, nor any one science or branch of know-

ledge, affords. Let us understand, then, that it should be our aim in learning, not merely to know the one thing which is to be our principal occupation, as well as it can be known, but to do this, and also to know something of all the great subjects of human interest; taking care to know that something accurately; marking well the dividing line between what we know accurately and what we do not: and remembering that our object should be to obtain a true view of nature and life in their broad outline, and that it is idle to throw away time upon the details of anything which is to form no part of the occupation of our practical energies.

It by no means follows, however, that every useful branch of general, as distinct from professional, knowledge, should be included in the curriculum of school or University studies. There are things which are better learnt out of school, or when the school years, and even those usually passed in a Scottish university, are over. I do not agree with those reformers who would give a regular and prominent place in the school or university course to modern languages. This is not because I attach small importance to the knowledge of them. No one can in our age be esteemed a well-instructed person who is not familiar with at least the French language, so as to read French books with ease; and there is great use in cultivating a familiarity with German. But living languages are so much more easily acquired by intercourse with those who use them in daily life; a few months in the country itself, if properly employed, go so much farther than as many years of school lessons; that it is really waste of time for those to whom that easier mode is attainable, to labor at them with no help but that of books and masters; and it will in time be made attainable, through international schools and colleges, to many more than at present. Universities do enough to facilitate the study of modern languages, if they give a mastery over that ancient language which is the foundation of most of them, and the possession of which makes it easier to learn four or five of the continental languages than it is to learn one of them without it. Again, it has always seemed to me a great absurdity that history and geography should be taught in schools; except in elementary schools for the children of the laboring classes, whose subsequent access to books is limited. Who ever really learnt history and geography except by private reading? and what an utter failure a system of education must be, if it has not given the pupil a sufficient taste for reading to seek for himself those most attractive and easily intelligible of all kinds of knowledge? Besides, such history and geography as can be taught in schools exercise none of the faculties of the intelligence except the memory. An University is indeed the place where the student should be introduced to the

Philosophy of History; where professors who not merely know the facts but have exercised their minds on them, should initiate him into the causes and explanation, so far as within our reach, of the past life of mankind in its principal features. Historical criticism also—the tests of historical truth—are a subject to which his attention may well be drawn in this stage of his education. But of the mere facts of history, as commonly accepted, what educated youth of any mental activity does not learn as much as is necessary, if he is simply turned loose into an historical library? What he needs on this, and on most other matters of common information, is not that he should be taught in boyhood, but that abundance of books should be accessible to him.

(To be continued.)

THE IRON BAR.—Here is a good lesson from an iron bar. Read it, boys.

A bar of iron worth five dollars, worked into horseshoes, is worth \$10.50; made into needles, it is worth \$355; made into penknife blades, it is worth \$3285; made into balance springs of watches, it is worth \$250,000.

What a drilling the poor bar must undergo to reach all that; but hammered and beaten and pounded and rolled and polished, how was its value increased! It might well have quivered and complained under the hard knocks it got; but were they not all necessary to draw out its fine qualities, and fit it for higher offices?

And so, my children, all the drilling and training which you are subject to in youth, and which often seem so hard to you, serve to bring out your nobler and finer qualities, and fit you for more responsible posts and greater usefulness in the world.

ITEMS.

On the evening of the 14th inst., while Judge Kelly, of Philadelphia, was addressing a large audience in Mobile, an assault was made upon the speaker, and firearms were freely used. One white man and two negroes are known to have been killed, and many wounded. The exact cause of the murderous attack is contradictorily stated, but there can be no doubt that it had its origin in the rebel determination to put down free speech in Mobile.

MARYLAND REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.—There assembled recently at Baltimore the most remarkable political body that ever held its sessions in that city. It was the Republican Convention of the State of Maryland, composed of delegates chosen without regard to color, admitted without regard to color, sitting in the Convention without regard to color, voting and speaking in the process of its deliberations without regard to color. It is a very safe statement to say that no such body ever before sat within the borders of Maryland since the foundation of the Republic.—*Wilmington Commercial*.

EDUCATION OF COLORED CHILDREN IN NEW ORLEANS.—A bill is now before the Common Council of New Orleans, which provides that \$80,000 be appropriated for the education of colored children in separate schools. It is estimated that there are 22,000 colored children in that city of a proper age to attend school.

The bankrupt act which will go into operation on the first of Sixth month, sweeps off imprisonment for debt throughout this country. It sets aside all stay laws, and all preferences, voluntary agreements, and secret attachments.

The Female Medical College, of Philadelphia, is hereafter to be known by the name of the Women's Medical College. Since the organization, young ladies or females, before they reached the era of womanhood, were admitted as pupils of the institution, but as nobody but women are hereafter to be admitted, the change of the name is necessary, as it indicates the future of the organization.

London despatches say the recent great Reform demonstration numbered 100,000. Fifteen separate meetings were organized, and at one of them a woman spoke in favor of female suffrage. There was no disturbance, but all the troops in London and vicinity were under arms, and a large force of police was concealed in a secluded part of the Park.

The Prince de Ligne will contribute a great curiosity to the Paris exhibition. It is a book which is neither manuscript nor printed; it is made of characters cut with scissors in the most delicate and adroit manner, and placed in lines of mathematical exactness. In 1640, Rodolf II., Emperor of Germany, offered 11,000 ducats for it. Nothing is known of its history.—*Late paper*.

The Emperor of France and the King of Prussia have both formally signed the Luxemburg treaty, and the war clouds have rolled away from the skies of Europe.

Brevet Major General N. A. Miles, assistant commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau for North Carolina, in his report for the month of April, represents a satisfactory condition of affairs in that State. The majority of all classes appear to be moving in their respective spheres with a determination of purpose calculated to produce good results. Notwithstanding much destitution prevails, there are encouraging prospects of the same being materially decreased. The crops are bidding fair for a large yield, and the early fruits and vegetables will soon be available. The advancing spring offers many opportunities to labor, and there are but few localities where all so disposed cannot obtain at least a partial support. The very liberal donations from Northern philanthropists, in conjunction with the facilities afforded by the recent resolutions of Congress, have enabled the bureau to reach cases of destitution unknown before or unable to be reached by the Government. The farmers are working to the fullest possible extent of their resources, and large tracts of land which have until now remained forests, or which have for years remained idle, have been taken up by energetic freedmen, who are busy with their operations, showing conclusively by the results already obtained that the great experiment of free labor is a success. As a general rule contracts are strictly observed by both parties interested, and complaints of wrongs or injuries inflicted are seldom heard. The educational work continues with unabated ardor, notwithstanding the season has arrived when many are called to the field of manual labor. The monthly returns show a much more gratifying result than for any corresponding period of the year previous. General Miles also says: "The initiatory steps taken toward giving the colored people their rights of representation already give evidence of their influence in the development of their manhood, they in a quiet manner indicating an appreciation of their position, unattended by any evidences of elatedness, but with an earnestness of purpose characterized by moderation and proper reasoning."—*Press*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF F. W. ROBERTSON.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

Continued from page 179.

In thinking or speaking of the kingdom of Heaven, most persons confine their views too exclusively to a future state. It is the reign of God in the soul, and, according to the Apostle Paul, it consists of "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit." They who attain this blessed condition realize, even in this life, a measure of that felicity of which the full fruition will be enjoyed in the spiritual world.

"God's revelation of Heaven," is the title of one of Robertson's discourses, and the text referred to is, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit."

In the opening of this discourse he says: "The preaching of the Apostle Paul was rejected by numbers in the cultivated town of Corinth. It was not wise enough, nor eloquent enough, nor was it sustained by miracles. The man of taste found it barbarous; the Jew missed the signs and wonders which he had looked for in the new dispensation; and the rhetorician missed the convincing arguments of the schools. To all which the Apostle was content to reply, that his judges were incompetent to try the question." . . . "For every kind of

truth a special capacity or preparation is indispensable."

"For a revelation of spiritual facts two things are needed:—First, a Divine Truth; next, a spirit which can receive it.

Therefore the apostle's whole defence resolved itself into this: The natural man receiveth not the things which are of the Spirit of God. The world by wisdom knew not God. And his vindication of his teaching was: These revealed truths cannot be seen by the eye, heard by the ear, nor guessed by the heart; they are visible, audible, imaginable, only to the spirit. By the spiritually prepared they are recognized as beautiful, though they be folly to all the world beside,—as his Master had said before him, 'Wisdom is justified by her children.' In whatever type of life she might be exhibited, whether in the austere Man of the Desert, or in the higher type of the social life of Christ, the Children of Wisdom recognized her lineaments, justified and loved her: she was felt by *them*.

Two things are contained in this verse:—

I. The inability of the lower parts of human nature—the natural man—to apprehend the higher truths.

II. The Nature and Laws of Revelation.

I. By the natural man is meant the lower faculties of man; and it is said of these that they cannot discover truth spiritual.

1. Eternal truth is not perceived through sensation. 'Eye hath not seen the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'

There is a life of mere sensation. The degree of its enjoyment depends upon fineness of organization. The pleasures of sense arise from the vibration of a nerve, or the thrilling of a muscle,—nothing higher.

The highest pleasure of sensation comes through the eye. Sight ranks above all the rest of the senses in dignity. He whose eye is so refined by discipline that he can repose with pleasure upon the serene outline of beautiful form, has reached the purest of the sensational raptures.

Now, the Corinthians could appreciate this. Theirs was the land of beauty. They read the apostle's letter surrounded by the purest conceptions of art. In the orders of architecture, the most richly graceful of all columnar forms receives its name from Corinth. And yet it was these men, living in the very midst of the chastely beautiful, upon whom the apostle emphatically urged, '*Eye hath not seen the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.*'"

"Therefore, when He came into the world, who was the Truth and the Life, in the body which God had prepared for Him, He came not in the glory of form; He was 'a root out of a dry ground: He had no form nor comeliness; when they saw Him, there was no beauty that they should desire Him.' The eye did not behold, even in Christ, the things which God had prepared.

Now, observe, this is an Eternal Truth; true at all times; true now and forever. In the quotation of this verse, a false impression is often evident. It is quoted as if the apostle by 'the things prepared' meant Heaven, and the glories of a world which is to be visible hereafter, but is at present unseen. This is manifestly alien from his purpose. The world of which he speaks is not a future, but a present Revelation. God *hath* revealed them. He speaks not of something to be manifested hereafter, but of something already shown, only not to eye or ear. The distinction lies between a kingdom which is appreciable by the senses, and another whose facts and truths are seen and heard only by the spirit. Never yet hath the eye seen the Truths of God; but then never shall it see them. In Heaven this shall be as true as now. Shape and color give them not. God will never be visible. Nor will his blessedness. He has no form. The pure if heart will see Him, but never with the eye; only in the same way, but in a different degree, that they see Him now. In the anticipated Vision of the Eternal, what do you expect to see?—A shape? Hues? You will never behold God. Eye hath not seen, and never shall see in finite form, the Infinite One, nor the Infinite of feeling or of Truth.

Again; no scientific analysis can discover

the Truths of God. Science cannot give a Revelation. Science proceeds upon observation. It submits everything to the experience of the senses. Its law, expounded by its great law-giver, is, that if you would ascertain its truth you must see, feel, taste. Experiment is the test of truth. Now, you cannot, by searching, find out the Almighty to perfection, nor a single one of the blessed Truths he has to communicate."

"2. Eternal Truth is not reached by hearsay. '*Eye hath not heard the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.*'"

No revelation can be adequately given by the address of man to man, whether by writing or orally, even if he be put in possession of the truth itself. For all such revelation must be made through words; and words are but counters—the coins of intellectual exchange. There is as little resemblance between the silver coin and the bread it purchases, as between the word and the thing it stands for. Looking at the coin, the form of the loaf does not suggest itself. Listening to the word, you do not perceive the idea for which it stands, unless you are already in possession of it. Speak of ice to an inhabitant of the torrid zone,—the word does not give him an idea, or, if it do, it must be a false one. Talk of blueness to one who cannot distinguish colors,—what can your most eloquent description present to him resembling the truth of your sensation? Similarly, in matters spiritual, no verbal revelation can give a single simple idea. For instance, what means justice to the unjust, or purity to the man whose heart is steeped in licentiousness?"

"So that apostles themselves, and prophets speaking to the ear, cannot reveal truth to the soul—no, not if God Himself were to touch their lips with fire. A verbal revelation is only a revelation to the ear.

Now, see what a hearsay religion is. There are men who believe on authority. Their minister believes all this Christianity true; therefore so do they. He calls this doctrine essential; they echo it. Some thousands of years ago, men communed with God; they have heard this, and are content it should be so. They have heard, with the hearing of the ear, that God is Love—that the ways of holiness are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace. But a hearsay belief saves not. The Corinthian philosophers heard Paul; Pharisees heard Christ. How much did the ear convey? To thousands exactly nothing. He believes truth who feels it. He has a religion whose soul knows by experience that to serve God and know Him is the richest treasure. And unless Truth comes to you, not in word only, but in power besides,—authoritative because true, not true because authoritative,—there has been no real revelation made to you from God.

3. Truth is not discoverable by the heart—'Neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'

The heart—two things we refer to this source: the power of imagining, and the power of loving.

Imagination is distinct from the mere dry faculty of reasoning. Imagination is creative; it is an immediate intuition, not a logical analysis. We call it popularly a kind of inspiration. Now, imagination is a power of the heart. Great thoughts originate from a large heart: a man must have a heart, or he never could create."

Under this head, Robertson points out the difference between the revelations of the Holy Spirit, with the utterances that proceed from it, and those admired efforts of gifted mind's which are frequently called the inspirations of genius. The statuary or the painter may excel in his art, the philosopher may disclose the secrets of nature, and the poet may soar to the highest regions of imagination, yet none of these unless they become the humble recipient of Divine grace, can attain the knowledge of heavenly Truth.

In illustration of this point, the discourse thus proceeds:

"The highest astronomer of this age, before whose clear eye Creation lay revealed in all its perfect order, was one whose spirit refused to recognize the Cause of Causes. The mighty heart of genius had failed to reach the things which God imparts to an humble spirit.

There is more in the heart of man—it has the power of affection. The highest moment known on earth by the merely natural is that in which the mysterious union of heart with heart is felt. Call it friendship, love, what you will, that mystic blending of two souls in one, when self is lost and found again in the being of another; when, as it were, moving about in the darkness and loneliness of existence, we suddenly come in contact with something, and we find that spirit has touched spirit. This is the purest, serenest ecstasy of the merely human: more blessed than any sight that can be presented to the eye, or any sound that can be given to the ear; more sublime than the sublimest dream ever conceived by genius in its most gifted hour, when the freest way was given to the shaping spirit of imagination.

This has entered into the heart of man, yet this is of the lower still. It attains not to the things prepared by God—it dimly shadows them. Human love is but the faint type of that surpassing blessedness which belongs to those who love God.

II. We pass, therefore, to the Nature and Laws of Revelation.

First, Revelation is made by a spirit to a

spirit—'God hath revealed them to us by His Spirit.' Christ is the voice of God *without* the man; the Spirit is the voice of God *within* the man. The highest Revelation is not made by Christ, but comes directly from the universal Mind to our minds. Therefore, Christ said Himself, He, the Spirit, shall take of mine, and shall show it unto you. And therefore it is written here—the *Spirit* searches all things, yea, the deep things of God.

Now, the spirit of God lies touching, as it were, the soul of man—ever around and near. On the outside of earth, man stands with the boundless heavens above him; nothing between him and space, space around him and above him, the confines of the sky touching him. So is the spirit of man to the Spirit of the Ever Near. They mingle—in every man this is true. The spiritual in him, by which he might become a recipient of God, may be dulled, deadened, by a life of sense, but in this world never lost. All men are not spiritual men; but all have spiritual sensibilities which might awake. All that is wanted is to become conscious of the nearness of God. God has placed men here to feel after Him if haply they might find Him, albeit *he be not far* from any one of them. Our souls float in the immeasurable ocean of spirit. God lies around us; at any moment we might be conscious of the contact.

The *condition* upon which this self-revelation of the Spirit is made to man is Love. These things are 'prepared for them that love Him;' or, which is the same thing, revealed to those who have the mind of Christ.

Let us look into this word Love. Love to man may mean several things. It may mean love to his person, which is very different from himself; or it may mean simple pity. Love to God can only mean one thing.—God is a Character. To love God is to love His character. For instance, God is Purity. And to be pure in thought and look, to turn away from unhallowed books and conversation, to abhor the moments in which we have not been pure, is to love God.

God is Love; and to love men till private attachments have expanded into a philanthropy which embraces all,—at least even the evil and enemies with compassion,—that is to love God. God is Truth. To be true, to hate every form of falsehood, to live a brave, true, real life—that is to love God. God is Infinite; and to love the boundless, reaching on from grace to grace, adding charity to faith, and rising upwards ever to see the Ideal still above us and to die with it unattained, aiming insatiably to be perfect even as the father is perfect—that is to love God.

This love is manifested in obedience: Love is the life of which obedience is the Form. 'He that hath my commandments, and keepeth

them, he it is that loveth me. . . . He that loveth me not, keepeth not my sayings.' Now, here can be no mistake. Nothing can be Love to God which does not shape itself into obedience."

"To this Love, adoring and obedient, God reveals His Truth. For such as love it is prepared; or, rather, by the well-known Hebrew inversion, such are prepared for it. Love is the condition without which revelation does not take place."

"Therefore the apostle preached the Cross to men who felt and to men who felt not the Revelation contained in it. The Cross is humbleness, love, self-surrender—these the apostle preached. To conquer the world by loving it; to be blest by ceasing the pursuit of happiness, and sacrificing life instead of finding it; to make a hard lot easy by submitting to it—this was his divine philosophy of life. And the princes of this world, amidst scoffs and laughter, replied, Is that all? Nothing to dazzle—nothing to captivate. But the disciples of the inward life recognized the Divine Truth which this doctrine of the Cross contained. The humble of heart, and the loving, felt that in this lay the mystery of life, of themselves, and of God, all revealed and plain. It was God's own wisdom felt by those who had the mind of Christ.

The application of all this is very easy: Love God, and He will dwell with you:—Obey God, and He will reveal the truths of His deepest teaching to your soul."

"To such a man it would not matter where he was, nor what: to live or die would be alike. If he lived, he would live unto the Lord; if he died, he would die to the Lord."

"No matter to such a man what he saw or what he heard; for every sight would be resplendent with beauty, and every sound would echo harmony: things common would become transfigured, as when the ecstatic state of the inward soul reflected a radiant cloud from the frame of Christ. The human would become Divine,—life, even the meanest, noble. In the hue of every violet there would be a glimpse of Divine affection, and a dream of Heaven. The forest would blaze with Deity, as it did to the eye of Moses. The creations of genius would breathe less of earth and more of Heaven. Human love itself would burn with a clearer and intenser flame, rising from the altar of self-sacrifice.

These are 'the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' Compared with these, what are loveliness,—the eloquent utterances of man,—the conceptions of the heart of genius? What are they all to the serene stillness of a spirit lost in love: the full, deep rapture of a soul into which the Spirit of God is pouring itself into a mighty tide of Revelation?"

USES OF PRAYER.—Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening.—*Henry.*

From the New York Yearly Meeting of Women Friends, held in New York by adjournments from the 28th of Fifth month, 1866, to the 31st of the same inclusive.

To the Y. Meeting of Women Friends held in Philada.:

DEAR SISTERS:—We deem it a privilege thus to hold correspondence with our absent friends, and express our desires for each other's welfare; but it is only as we are favored to enter into spiritual communion that we are qualified to sympathize with each other's labors for the promotion of Truth, and know its power to unite us together in the bonds of love. Oh! that we may be willing to ask counsel of Him who hath said, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find;" then we may be enabled to feel our own souls refreshed, and also to hold forth a word of encouragement to others.

We have with us at this time several friends from yours and other Yearly Meetings whose presence and counsel has been comforting and encouraging to us.

Mothers have been encouraged to greater faithfulness in the care of their tender offspring; they have been exhorted to dwell under the influence of that Divine power which will enable them to control their own spirits, and show forth by example the practical character of the teachings of Christ.

A deep interest has been revived amongst us in regard to the increasing dangers of intemperance. Ought we not to consider our duty in reference to this great evil, which has laid waste so many fair prospects, and brought ruin to so many who otherwise would have been shining lights in the world. Let us examine ourselves and see whether we are altogether clear of our brother's blood,—that we do not drop the first seed of intemperance, by presenting the wine-cup, or encouraging its use in social gatherings. We have been reminded that we possess an influence, which, if faithfully exerted, will do much towards the preservation of those exposed to temptation, and bring a great reward to ourselves both in the present and future world.

We would that the dear youth might feel as they go forth on errands of mercy and love into lonely habitations, that they also are fulfilling their mission in life, and that as they are faithful and obedient, cheerfully doing these acts of self-denial, their path of duty will open before them, and God will strengthen them for greater works.

It is earnestly desired by us that we not only as individuals, but as the Society of Friends, may prove faithful in our duty toward the African race, who are passing from slavery to free-

dom, helping them from ignorance and degradation to an appreciation of their new responsibilities as free men and women.

Our hearts were warmed by the reading of your acceptable Epistle and those of other Yearly Meetings with which we correspond. And we have desired that we may all be instrumental in advancing the exalted testimonies held forth by our Society; that it may become a city of renown, shedding light to surrounding nations.

And in conclusion, dear sisters, may that grace which alone is able to purify the heart and qualify for usefulness, be our guide and support in every good word and work. With the salutation of love, we bid you farewell.

Signed on behalf of the meeting by

RACHEL HICKS, *Clerk.*

"Everybody is impatient for the time when he shall be his own master, and if coming of age were to make one so, if years could indeed bring the philosophic mind, it would rightly be a day of rejoicing; but too often he who is impatient to become his own master, when the outward checks are removed merely becomes his own slave."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

JOHANN RICKLE.

The following sketch of the life of a Swiss peasant, named Johann Ricklé, was translated and published in England a number of years ago by John Yeardley, who will doubtless be remembered by many of the readers of the Intelligencer as having, in company with his wife, Martha Yeardley, made several extensive journeys in Gospel love to various parts of Europe.

S. B. F.

I was born in the year 1756, in the Canton of Berne. My parents were of the Lutheran Reformed Church; and were accounted religious people. I was their only surviving child, and they were anxious that I should receive a religious education, and taught me early to read and accustomed me to prayer. They were afraid of sending me to school, lest through the bad example of other children I should learn more evil than good.

At home I read diligently the Heidelberg Catechism, and having a quick and retentive memory, I soon learned it by heart: and could repeat the answers, and also give the names of the authors and passages referred to with readiness. From my early youth, I was very susceptible of good impressions, and while reading the Holy Scriptures and other religious books, I was often melted to tears; but from unwatchfulness these impressions did not prove real and abiding.

In the ninth year of my age, my parents were obliged, according to the law of the Can-

ton, to send me to school; and I had not been long there, before the time came for me to undergo a preparation to receive the Holy Supper. Here I again found the advantage of my ready memory; for I was soon able to repeat all the necessary questions put to me by the minister.

I wish here to remark, that great danger often arises to young persons, blessed with gifts and talents, from being too early and improperly put forward by their parents and teachers, in a manner that tends to fill the youthful mind with self-conceit and vanity. This might have proved a lasting injury to myself, had not God, in mercy, preserved me from it.

After the usual examination, I was found suitable to partake of this rite, but my preparation consisted only in a knowledge according to the letter: I knew nothing of heartfelt repentance, although my father, according to his own religious views, had taken great care that I should undergo a strict preparation, and also to myself, the subject appeared of great importance, much more so, perhaps, than it did to any of my school companions. But I soon found that the vows and promises, entered into at the time of my baptism, were not sufficient to enable me to renounce the vanities of a wicked world; yet I passed on in a pretty orderly walk, until about the eighteenth year of my age; when, sorrowful to relate, I was led away by evil companions, to lightness of conduct, and to hurtful things of almost every kind. Yet my Heavenly Father, by the convictions of His Spirit, knocked at the door of my heart, so that when I returned from my nightly revellings with my companions, I almost always formed resolutions never to accompany them again to the like excess; but these resolutions being made in my own strength, they only lasted till another temptation offered. My Heavenly Father, in His mercy, ceased not to knock still harder at the door of my heart and conscience; and the inwardly written law threatened me with judgment and hardness of heart. This made me a little more careful; I was frightened; and my stubborn will became more yielding to the gentle leading of the Spirit; and a strong desire sprang in my heart to give myself up to follow my crucified Saviour.

It was in the twenty-fifth year of my age when I experienced this happy change. As this blessed light began to shine in my dark heart, it brought my sins to remembrance, and the righteousness of God passed strict judgment on my youthful levity and dissipation; and I had bitterly to lament over many of those follies practiced by young people, and too often considered as innocent: keen was the sting of conscience for time misspent that could never be recalled.

I have seen the danger to which young per-

sions are subject in this respect, and that the example of parents too often gives to their children liberty to run into excesses, and in every station in life to depart from the simplicity of the Gospel. I observed so much moral deadness in the professors of Christianity in general, that it gave me great uneasiness; and I felt constrained to warn young people of the danger of trusting to a name of religion, without living under its power. I thought that if any one had, from his own experience, set before me the danger that I was in when under a similar temptation, I should not have gone so far astray. My counsel, though given in love, met with but little reception; yet, as a matter of duty, it brought peace to my own mind.

At the time of my awakening, I had no acquaintance with the different religious professors in the neighborhood; and I thought it better to dwell much in retirement, that the work of repentance might be carried on through the operation of the Spirit of God alone, without the intervention of man, and that I might bear the hand of my God upon me, until I became reconciled to Him, through the pardoning mercies of His Son, my Redeemer.

When pardon for sin is experienced, there is a danger of considering the work of regeneration as completed, when it is only just commenced. On this rock my soul's enemy had nearly caused me to split, by telling me the work was now done, that I was a child of God, and safe; and that it was no more needful so strictly to watch, in order to lead a godly life. The subtle enemy directed me to an outward righteousness that was flattering to my old nature, which I felt was still alive; and I received the representation with joy, and as coming from a good spirit. I was not, however, suffered to remain under this delusion; but was given to see that faith in Christ saved the soul by regenerating it, and by leading to a life of prayer, and to a humble walk before God. The lives and examples of the Apostles, and holy men of early times, recorded in the Scriptures, were made precious to me in seasons of spiritual conflict. I also became acquainted about this time with some serious people, and was induced to frequent their assemblies; but I found among them much less of vital religion than I expected. Yet I could fully appreciate the fruits of the Spirit, in whomsoever I found them.

As I was an only son, and my parents were already in years, the care of providing for the family, and the management of our little farm devolved on me. Under these anxieties I felt the want of a housekeeper, and was induced to look out for a partner, that might be a helpmeet through life. I had always considered marriage an important act; and upon being rightly guided in this step, would depend my earthly happiness, and, by which also, my eter-

nal welfare might be greatly promoted or retarded. I cried unto the Lord for direction, and have reason to believe he heard my prayer.

Through the aid of Divine Grace, I had entered into covenant to follow my Saviour wherever He might be pleased to lead; and as I had to expect persecution and suffering in my future pilgrimage, I deemed it to be my duty to make known my religious views to my intended partner; and left it for her consideration, whether she could feel it right to become united to me under such a prospect. We were ultimately joined to each other, in the promise to be faithful unto death.

After our marriage, we lived in the family with my parents. My father had a single brother, a high professor, and learned in the Scriptures; but a man of such a pharisaical spirit, that he became our bitterest enemy, and also excited my father against us. After the death of my mother, our persecution increased. For conscience' sake, we could no longer conform to many religious customs; neither could we condescend to the selfish practices of men, in our dealing; but endeavored to act uprightly, and to walk in accordance with the spirit of the Gospel.

Our conduct displeased my uncle, and drew from him many bitter reproaches. He proceeded so far as to threaten us with dismission from the family. In this trying position, I prayed to my Heavenly Father for direction, and felt an inward assurance that it would be right for me to wait until we should be turned out of doors; but that it must not be by my own act.

When reasoning on the subject, I was anxious to know to what place I should go when driven from my father's house; but my fears were abated, when I reflected on the many difficulties over which I had been helped in times past. My troubled spirit was calmed, and I became resigned patiently to wait for the opening of Providence, which was soon made manifest in a remarkable manner: for it was in this state of suspense that my aged father was suddenly removed by death; and I became heir to one-half of his property. While reflecting on the dealings of Providence with me, and the need I had to seek after and rely on Divine guidance, it occurred to me that great care was necessary to discern that which proceeded from a right spirit. For want of this discrimination, I have known many upright souls misled, in taking that for revelation which was only the working of the imagination. The apostle John exhorts us "to try the spirit; whether they be of God."

When a celebrated geologist was engaged in collecting specimens, the people of the country watched him as he went from rock to rock, from cave to cave, carrying his heavy bag of stones

on his back, and they set him down as an escaped lunatic. But that estimate of him arose not from *his madness*, but from *their ignorance*. He had gone down to depths, and up to heights of knowledge, of which they could form no conception. When Paul was pouring out the fullness of Christian truth, and the richness of his own personal experience of that truth, a shrewd intelligent man of the world said, "Paul, thou art beside thyself," and so, only that man who has been taught of the Spirit, will understand the first lesson in the school of Christ.—*Boyd.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

EMANCIPATION IN BRAZIL.

The cheering announcement is made that Don Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, has issued a decree abolishing slavery throughout his extensive dominions. A few years only have elapsed since he signed a decree prohibiting the importation of slaves into Brazil, and has sympathized with the action of our government and that of Great Britain in their efforts to suppress the African slave trade. It has been found, however, that the entire suppression of this nefarious traffic cannot be effected while there remains open a market for slaves, and the chief obstacle now remaining is the existence of slavery in Cuba.

Spain was the first to introduce African slavery into America, and will be the last European Power to abolish it. When her monarchs and people, 350 years ago, began this iniquitous practice, she stood in the foremost rank among the great Powers of Europe; now she is sunk to a very inferior position, and exercises but little influence in European politics. Her decline may be traced to the bigotry and corruption of her priesthood, the weakness and wickedness of her rulers, and the want of enlightenment among her people.

It is much to be regretted that the decree of Don Pedro II. does not require immediate emancipation, which has been found by experience to be the best and safest mode of redressing the long-continued wrongs inflicted upon the colored race. The Emperor is said to be an able and enlightened ruler, but it is probable he has encountered opposition from the landed proprietors who owned the laborers on their estates, and through their influence, we presume, the efficiency of this great measure has been impaired.

According to the accounts received by telegraph from England, it appears that "this most important executive order is to take effect in a period of twenty years, so that no violence will be done to what is termed 'right of property in slaves.' Children of every class born since the 8th of last month, date of the decree, are declared to be free by birth."

There is probably no other country governed

by the descendants of Europeans where there is less distinction founded on color or race than in Brazil. The laws enacted there for the government of the colored people are remarkably mild, and free people of color have been admitted to offices of trust and honor. Under these circumstances the transition from slavery to freedom will be easy, for there will be but little prejudice to encounter.

The population of Brazil was estimated, in 1849, at about seven millions, of whom, it was supposed, between two and three millions were slaves, and a large proportion of the residue were of mixed blood. There were 300,000 classed as converted Indians, and about 600,000 Brazilians descended from European parents.

The successive acts for the abolition of slavery that have taken place in our day,—in the West Indies, in Russia, in the United States, and in Brazil,—afford cheering evidence that the principles of Christianity are advancing in the world. The liberation of the oppressed and the elevation of the degraded will be recorded in history as the crowning glory of this eventful age.

S. M. J.

The Jewish rabbins denominated the number 10 "the all-comprehending number." What exceeds ten goes back again to units. Accordingly there are ten commandments. Among the Jews ten constituted a company. It required ten persons in a household in order that they might eat the passover. Ten persons residing in one locality made up a congregation and rendered necessary a synagogue. In marriage processions ten torches were carried. The kingdom of heaven is likened unto ten virgins; and the harp, the most popular instrument of music, had ten strings.—*Church Advocate.*

AMERICAN MANNERS.

I am a little afraid that a great many people in this country are rather too prone to undervalue this part of education. Certainly we have no admiration for anything finical or affected in manners. We do not want the manners of a village dancing school. But genuine good breeding, gentle manners, ease, modesty and propriety of bearing, we do exceedingly value. When shall we cease to be described as a spitting nation? as a lounging people? When shall we cease to be known by our slovenly speech, by our sitting with our feet higher than our heads? During an excursion of several months in Europe last year, I met hundreds of English at home, and on the continent in every situation. I never saw one spit. I cannot remember that I ever saw any one, however fatigued, lounging or sitting in an unbecoming manner. So long as the State shall feel itself obliged to provide "spittoons" for its legislative halls—so long as the directors of

our railroads shall find occasion to put inside of their carriages printed requests to the passengers to "use the spittoons and not the floor, and not to put their feet upon the seats"—so long as we shall continue to fill our conversation and our political harangues with the slang of the fish market, let us not be surprised, nor angry, if foreigners sometimes make themselves witty at our expense. And in the mean time, let all those who are entrusted with the care of the young, use their utmost efforts to correct these national barbarisms, and to form the manners of the rising generation after a model more elevated and more refined.—*Dr. Potter.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 1, 1867.

The narrative of Johann Ricklé, sent us by a correspondent, is expressive of much simplicity and dedication of heart. Although not a Friend by profession, and entertaining some doctrinal views which differ from ours, he seems to have been led to observe some of the testimonies of Truth especially valued by Friends.

SELECT MEMOIRS OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—In a recent number of the "Episcopalian" we notice a review of Wm. Hodgson's "Select Memoirs of the Religious Society of Friends," from which we make the following extract, as showing the views of those of the Episcopal denomination who see and deplore the tendency of our times to greater extravagance and formality in what is technically called worship. That many of our "Orthodox" friends who have joined the Episcopalians have been a useful leaven of spirituality in that formal and ceremonial sect is not unlikely; and if we could read the distant future, we might perhaps be able to reconcile what has been regarded as the declension of some, with the progress of society at large.

"Upon reading the work before us, and perceiving the causes which gave rise to the Society of Friends, we cannot fail to perceive that the occasions for a revival of their peculiar tenets and practices will not be long wanting, if, indeed, they are not now surrounding us. We have only to push on the developments of fashion, extravagant display and waste in the social world, and that of venality, ambition and superstition in the Churches, and advance a little farther the progress of æsthetics, sensationalism, externals of religion and false doctrine; we have only to add, by little and little,

to the mass of trashy, unsubstantial, unsatisfactory conventionalisms which burden, trammel and stifle free thought and spirituality, and then the revulsion will come. The disgusted, worn-out laborer, whose work is never done, whose labor is in the fire, and who is 'wearied in the greatness of his way,' will seek for relief and rest. The reaction arising from relief from such pressure as is now upon us, may be as great as it was in the days of George Fox, may require equally energetic means to repress it, and those means of suppression may be equally unsuccessful. We have no doubt that many Christians in our Church, now walled in by prejudices, precedents, orders, usages and fashions, who are taxed and solicited, cramped and fagged out in the endeavor to keep up with the ever-increasing demands of cultivation, refinement and worldly splendor, would find a pleasure in reading this historical sketch, and thus getting over the wall and learning what exists in the expanse beyond. Many of the true and evangelical members of our Church were once members of the Society of Friends, and they still think with reverence of the Gospel doctrines which their ancestors held, though they have laid aside some of their customs and their disuse of the Sacraments. In reading the concise and admirable summary of doctrine attributed to the Friends, we can see the reason for that retarding influence which they now exert in our Church upon the otherwise rapid and headlong rush into superstition and fatuity."

DIED, on the 3d of Third month, 1867, HANNAH FURNESS, in the 77th year of her age; a member of Eastland Meeting, Lancaster Co., Pa.

—, on the 26th of Fourth month, 1867, at his residence near Richmond, Ind., ISAAC DUDLEY, formerly of Burlington Co., N. J., in the 62d year of his age; a consistent member of Whitewater Monthly Meeting. His close was peaceful, which gives a well grounded hope of an entrance into the mansions of the blessed.

—, at his late residence, East Fallowfield, Chester Co., Pa., on the 8th of Tenth month, 1866, ALBAN MILLER, an attender of East Fallowfield Monthly Meeting.

—, at her residence, New Garden, Chester Co., Pa., on the 21st of Fourth month, 1867, AMY MILLER, widow of the late Alban Miller; a member of East Fallowfield Monthly Meeting.

—, at his residence in Montgomery Co., Pa., NATHAN CLEAVER; a member of Gwynedd Monthly and Particular Meetings. He was regular in the attendance of all our religious meetings until a short time previous to his death. He was also remarkably punctual to his promises and upright in his dealings. Within several months previous to his decease he frequently expressed to his family the belief that his time here would not be long, and gave directions in regard to his funeral. He wished the coffin to be plain and unvarnished, and the room in which he might be placed light enough to see the countenance. He had often been pained with rooms being so darkened as not to be able to recognise the features of his deceased friends. On one occasion he went many miles to attend the funeral of a beloved friend, but

owing to the darkness of the room he could not distinguish the countenance, which was a great trial to him. His illness was short, with but little suffering. He retained his faculties to the last, and passed away quietly on the 18th of Fourth month, 1867, having nearly completed his 89th year. J. O.

DIED, at his residence, Salem, N. J., on the 16th ult., JOSEPH BASSETT, in the 78th year of his age; an elder of Salem Monthly Meeting. His quiet, upright life will be a bright example to those who remain.

—, on the 14th ult., MARGARET E., wife of Josiah Bassett, Jr., and youngest daughter of Jesse W. and Elizabeth Newport, members of Green St. Mo. Meeting.

The Executive Committee of Friends' Publication Association will meet Sixth-day afternoon, Sixth month 7th, at 3½ o'clock, at Race St. Meeting-House (Monthly Meeting Room.)

LYDIA H. HALL, *Clerk of Committee.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE ROSINE ASSOCIATION.

At a late meeting of the Board of Managers of the Rosine Association, Thos. Moore, M. D., and M. M. Walker, M. D., both of Germantown, were appointed the physicians of the Association. This institution, it will be recollected, is under the exclusive management of ladies, many of whom are members of the Society of Friends, and active measures are in process to carry out very efficiently its benevolent and truly Christian object. An institution could hardly be named, even in a city so renowned for its benevolent enterprises as Philadelphia, that makes a more urgent call on the sympathies and the material aid of the philanthropist than this.

At the Annual Meeting of Friends' Publication Association, held at Race Street Meeting House, 5th month 13th, 1867.

The following Report from the Executive Committee was read and approved:—

The Executive Committee of Friends' Publication Association in reporting to the first annual meeting, would remark, that a statement of their proceedings thus early after their appointment and organization cannot reasonably be expected to contain much of interest, commencing, as they did, without funds, without agencies, and without a business location, their opportunities for carrying out the objects of the Association have been small.

The address agreed on at a former meeting of the Association was printed, and copies forwarded to the Correspondents of the Monthly Meetings within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting for distribution.

Having received a donation of over 800 bound volumes, and more than 2000 pamphlets from a Friend in this city, an arrangement was made to keep them for sale at the office of Friends' Intelligencer, 144 North 7th Street, where they can be obtained at a moderate cost.

They have also been presented with the

stereotype plates of three of the works, and can therefore (should adequate funds be furnished) issue new editions of them at a greatly reduced expense.

They have learned with much interest that several treatises on religious subjects have been written by Friends, and are now being printed; some copies of which they hope to add to their collection.

There has been a movement commenced for the formation of a permanent fund, the interest from which may be applied to the general objects of the Association.

They have received many evidences that the purpose of this Association meets with extensive approval, and they feel cheered with the prospect of its being liberally supported.

They have therefore earnestly desired that a plan of action may be early inaugurated that will give efficiency to their labors, and be commensurate with the great object in view, as set forth in the late "Address to the Members of the Society of Friends."

They are of the opinion that the appointment of agents within the limits of each of our monthly meetings, through whom books may be conveniently furnished, and by whom voluntary contributions to our funds may be received, should be early attempted. It is not doubted that in every neighborhood there are those who would willingly give a portion of their time and talents in furtherance of this concern.

The Committee would urgently press it upon the attention of Friends that the means should be placed in the hands of their successors to diffuse throughout the community wholesome food for the minds of the young, and those who are looking towards the Society of Friends for instruction and edification.*

LYDIA H. HALL, *Clerk.*

An Executive Committee was appointed to serve for the ensuing year, and the following Officers:

Clerks,

THOS. GARRIGUES, Kingessing, Phila. Co., Pa.
PHEBE W. FOULKE, Spring House, Montgome-
ry Co., Pa.

Treasurer,

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., 717 Willow St., Phila.

Prefer solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting without being useful; let no jest intrude upon your good manners, nor say anything that may offend modesty or heedlessly hurt the feelings of another.

* Friends desiring to contribute to this object may send their contributions to Joseph M. Truman, Jr., Treasurer, No. 717 Willow Street, Philadelphia, and any communication for the Executive Committee may be directed to the care of Emmor Comly, office Friends' Intelligencer.

FIRST REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS OF BALTIMORE FOR THE COLORED PEOPLE.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 8th, 1866.

The work of the Industrial School for the coming season was commenced at the Orchard Street school-house, Tuesday afternoon, October 29th.

On successive afternoons of the same week, schools were opened at Sharp Street, Calvert Street and Dallas Street; and the close of the month finds each in a prosperous condition.

The average attendance for the month has been as follows: Orchard Street, 43 pupils and 5 teachers; Sharp Street, 37 pupils and 7 teachers; Calvert Street, 43 pupils and 7 teachers; Dallas Street, 26 pupils and 5 teachers; making a total average of 149. The whole number has been nearly 225 pupils and 24 teachers.

A pleasant feature of the Dallas Street school is the presence of a number of the mothers of the children at each session.

Expressions have not been wanting from the colored women which show on their part an appreciation of this work. "These children have a better chance than we had in our young days," we heard a woman exclaim, as, standing by her clothes-line, with an uplifted garment in her hand, she watched the little girls passing out of the school-house gate.

During the month, the Secretary has visited 33 families, and in every instance has been cordially welcomed. The door is thrown wide open for the entrance of the sewing teacher. "Come again and see me, honey," said a half-blind old woman; 'pears like the sound of your voice did me good."

It is pleasing to see the attempt at ornament made in almost all their homes. The benignant face of Abraham Lincoln looks down upon you from every wall, while the portraits of many of our leading generals bear him company; and in some places Judge Bond and Henry Winter Davis lend their presence to the group. The Bible is found on almost every table, and other books, from the life and writings of Josephus, down to the school-boy's primer, show the inclination of these people for reading.

It is worthy of notice, that in all these calls, not a murmuring or complaining word has been heard, not a hint even for charity, save in one instance: and surely they are "among the poor of the earth." The dwellers in Elbow lane, King street, and the cellars in Marion street, cannot have a superfluity of "this world's goods."

A desire for self-support and independence has been manifested, which it is good to see, though there are certain widows and fatherless children, whom we would bear in mind as the winter creeps on.

FANNY ELLIS, *Secretary.*

SECOND REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS OF BALTIMORE FOR COLORED CHILDREN.

During the weeks that have passed since our last report was submitted, our schools have progressed in the usual manner. The Orchard Street school has in particular prospered in point of numbers. The little dark faces have flocked hither on successive Third-day afternoons until, at the last session, the room was almost too strait for us. The attendance for the month for all the schools has been 250 pupils and 29 teachers. During the month, the Secretary has visited 47 different families, mostly in the Orchard Street and Calvert Street districts. These calls have introduced us to all classes of our colored citizens. We have been to the house where the presence of the piano, Brussels carpets, books worth reading, pictures worth looking at, tell of the civilizing and elevating influence of freedom and education, and of the ambition and industry of its occupants. We have climbed to the attic and descended to the cellar, where less of thrift, or sickness, or other misfortunes, or mayhap vice, have brought their attendant discomforts. At No. 6 Marion Street, we found an intelligent man, an invalid, with whom we had a pleasant conversation. He had a racking cough, and it was evident he was in hopeless consumption. We alluded to his condition. He answered, "Yes, I am a dying man. I have had this cough two years, and it has nearly worn me out. I am only waiting to be gone." Glancing round the room, which had a comfortable aspect, we remarked he had a pleasant sick-room, and hoped he enjoyed reading the books which were on the table. He replied, "I enjoy what I *have* read, but am too feeble to read now: I am feeding on the honey I have already gathered. You know the Psalmist says, 'Thy words are sweeter than honey or the honey-comb.'" After a little more pleasant talk, we left him, feeling that he was a shock of corn, fully ripe, and only waiting, as he said, for "the Lord of the harvest."

We hear many expressions of gratitude from these people for the interest taken in their welfare. One wintry afternoon, when hurrying up the street, after making numerous calls in that vicinity, our steps were arrested by a voice from behind, saying, "Are you the lady that goes about hunting up little girls to go to sewing school?" I turned and found the questioner to be a bright little girl, who said she had followed me for more than a square. We answered her in the affirmative, and then went home with her. Her mother was one of those motherly old aunties with whom one loves to talk, and the whole family were bent on making the most of the schools. The father and two eldest sons were members of the Orchard Street

evening class, and the mother was more than glad to have her little girl to learn to sew. As I was leaving, she went to the door with me, and said, "You have a cold afternoon, honey, to be out hunting them up. I hope the Lord will take care of you, and keep you well, and bless the ladies in their work." "Yes," we replied, "and you must ask him to do so." "Oh, I do," she eagerly rejoined; "every morning, when I ask the Master to take care of me and my family, I ask him to bless these teachers. I remember the time when you could not go about, asking us poor blacks to go to school, let alone teaching us. Oh, it's the Lord's doings, child; no man did the work." And with the benediction of the good and grateful woman falling pleasantly upon the ear, we again turned our steps homeward.

"I am always glad to see any one from Boston," said a man to me at whose house we were calling; "we have such good friends there. We have friends true and tried here, (and he called some by name,) but outside of Baltimore our best friends are in Boston. They send us these Northern teachers with their Northern habits of teaching, and we are grateful for it, and we would not forget it."

These people know who their friends are, and find instinctively the path into which their feet must turn if they would gain real liberty. We imagine the young man in one of our evening-classes, who said, "If I did not know the letter A, I should know too much to vote the conservative ticket," was a true representative of his race.

FANNY E. ELLIS.

Baltimore, Dec. 23d, 1866.

Secretary.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SUGGESTED BY A CHERRY TREE IN BLOOM.

Fair tree, that with thy beauty greets
The loving Spring's return once more,
Thou speaks to me, in accents sweet,
Of one whose brief young life is o'er.

His hands upreared the turf, where now
Thy trunk in graceful beauty grows;
On every bud and leaf, his name
A sad, yet tender grace bestows.

Where broad Ohio graceful sweeps,
Or winds along the verdant shore,
In long and deep repose he sleeps
The sleep that never waketh more.

There, smitten in his youthful prime,
From home and friendship far away,
The whisperings came of heavenly clime
And bliss that would endure alway.

The while to heaven's decree we bow,
And own its will for us is best,
And know from earthly sorrow now
He is forever laid at rest.

Though Faith, like stars that gem the night,
Points us to where the happy dwell,
And robs the heart of deepest woe,
By teaching that "He doeth well;"

Though hope and trust still bid us rise
From low despondent thought or fear,
And raise to heaven aloft our eyes,
That drooping bend o'er his low bier;

And though our warning years attest,
Whose lengthened shadows are around,
That soon the sun's last rays may look
Upon another narrow mound;

Still mourn we still for our lost boy,
And sorrow that he is not here;
Still "breathes for him the secret sigh,"
As glides away year after year.

E. A.

Prophetstown, Ill.

From the Philadelphia Press.

THE IDEAL IS THE REAL.

BY ANN PRESTON.

"God never permitted us to form a theory too beautiful for His power to make practicable"—*Phillips*.

Men take the pure ideals of their souls,
And lock them fast away,
And never dream that things so beautiful
Are fit for every day.
So, counterfeits pass current in their lives,
And stones they give for bread;
And starv'ingly, and fearfully they walk
Through life among the dead;
Though never yet was pure ideal
Too fair for them to make their real.

The thoughts of beauty dawning on the soul
Are glorious Heaven gleams,
And God's eternal truth lies folded deep
In all man's lofty dreams!
'Twas first in Thought's clear world that Kepler saw
What ties the planets bound,
And through long years he searched the spheres, and there

The answering law he found!
Men said he sought a wild ideal,
The stars made answer, "It is real."

Paul, Luther, Howard, all the crowned ones,
Who, star-like gleam through time,
Lived boldly out before the clear-eyed sun,
Their inmost thought sublime.
These truths to them, more beautiful than day,
They knew would quicken men,
And deeds at which the blinded gazers sneered,
They dared to practice then;
'Till those who mocked their young ideal,
In meekness owned it was the real.

Thine early dreams, which came in "shapes of light,"

Came bearing prophecy—
Commissioned sweetly to unfold
Thy possible to these.

Fear not to build thine eyrie in the heights,
Bright with celestial day;
And trust thyself unto thine inmost soul,
In simple faith alway.
And God will make divinely real
The highest forms of thine ideal.

A VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

We are allowed to publish the following graphic extracts from a letter received from a Friend who recently sailed for Europe, from whom we hope to have further accounts of his travels:

Eds.

STEAMER ST. LAURENT, at Sea,
Lat. 47° 36' Lon. 14° 37'
4th mo. 27, 1867. Noon.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—We are now within one day's sail of Brest, and I propose to furnish a brief account of our voyage. Let me remark, in the first place, that this steamer is probably not inferior to any vessel afloat, being large, new, and, in all particulars, well appointed. She is admirably officered and manned, furnished with engines of one thousand horsepower. The table arrangements, sleeping accommodations, and attendance, are equal to those of a first-class hotel; in short, she appears to be all that the most fastidious traveller could desire.

We sailed from New York on the 20th instant, at 2 o'clock, P. M., amid the booming of cannon and the cheers of the crowd that thronged the pier. Just below the noted Fort Lafayette we "lay to" for some time, to await the rising of the tide, so that it was about five o'clock before we reached Sandy Hook, and were ready to discharge our pilot, and had fairly entered upon our ocean race.

A sumptuous dinner was spread at half-past four o'clock, to which some two hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down, but a small fraction of whom were able to sit it out. The "*mal de mer*," as the French say, began its work, though there was as yet but a gentle swell. Some of our party have been sick a goodly portion of the voyage; others only for the first day; myself merely a little qualmish at intervals for about twenty-four hours. The truth is, I determined *not to be sick*—not to give way—and I braved it out: the mind in this, as in all other matters, has large control over the body.

At half-past nine o'clock that night, I mounted the promenade deck. All was silent, save the regular and continuous thumping of the engine, and the rush of the mighty sea as it dashed into spray, and rebounded from the ship's side in sparkling phosphorescent foam, looking as though illuminated by an artificial light. Six men were at "the wheel" performing, in disciplined stillness, their important work. One man was at the stern compass, on the face of which a shrouded lantern threw its ray; another was closely scanning the amidship compass; the officer in command of this mighty mass, with her living freight of four hundred souls, was pacing his narrow "*passerelle*," looking momentarily out on to the deep; the sailing master was conning the ship on the weather quarter; two old tars were in the bow with speaking trumpet in hand, watching "*en avant*;" the red and green lights were duly set upon the larboard and starboard quarters, a lantern gleamed in the foretop, and everything looked "*snug*" for the night; so I prepared to retire; first, however, casting an assuring glance down

the gulf, at the bottom of which was the beautiful mass of polished mechanism, that, thanks to the genius of Watt, was driving us so speedily through the briny sea.

One of the most striking points connected with this voyage has been to me the unutterable loneliness of the ocean; whole days would pass in which a single bird, or a far distant ship, would be the only objects to meet the vision. Morning after morning have I mounted the deck, and scanned again and again the entire horizon without perceiving even a vestige of life! Whilst we were within two hundred miles of land, we saw some sea gulls. I recollect that about a half dozen of these birds leisurely followed us on the second day for about fifty or sixty miles, and then quietly gave up the chase. The stormy petrel we have seen a very few of, and possibly one or two other birds; but nothing to remove from the mind the sensation above alluded to.

My French serves me a pretty good purpose, though I confess a decided preference for English as yet. We amuse and interest ourselves, however, every day in examining the illustrated French works that are placed at the disposal of the passengers.

We have had fair winds nearly all the voyage, and they have, in no small degree, contributed to the rapid progress we have thus far made. The labor of attending to the sails in a steamer such as this is immense! Vastly more, I apprehend, than in a corresponding sailing vessel, for the latter, when she once takes the wind, generally holds it for a long stretch, but the steamer pushes right onward, regardless alike of wind and sea; hence, she must modify her sails for every different stratum of air she may chance to pass through or run into. About thirty sailors are almost constantly engaged in the adjustment and readjustment of our sailing gear, so that the shrill silver whistle of the boatswain may be heard at nearly all hours of the day and night, calling willing hands to their laborious task.

A voyage such as this might be supposed monotonous; such, however, is by no means the case, for every day brings up new thoughts, feelings, and subjects of interest. To those who are fond of high living, it may be remarked that on the ocean steamers five meals per day are furnished, and on this line, the preparation of these meals is a work of high art, in which the most elaborate resources of French cookery are brought fully into play. But the most remarkable fact of all, it seems to me, is the total loss of consciousness of danger. The wonderful combination of strength, skill and intelligence to which you have entrusted your life, becomes, after a time, a new creation: it ceases to be a ship and crew precariously floating upon the fathomless waters; it is a world, where

people walk, saunter, lull, eat, sleep, talk and act out their various parts; where there are the morning salutations of neighbors, the social calls, the formal visits; where we meet the careful, deliberate steps of age, and the wild gambols of children; where we find rain, wind, sunshine, hopes, fears and pleasures, as in any other world. And now I realize something of the sailor's devotion to his ship: it is the fixed object in the horizon of his life,—all else around him is passing and transient. No wonder that he weeps when his ship is lost: his tears are not for himself but for that creation upon which he delights to bestow the tender appellation "her."

I commenced this letter at noon to-day, but this being our last day together, many interruptions have occurred. I believe, therefore, I will reserve its completion till we arrive in Paris.

GRAND HOTEL, Paris, 5th mo. 3d, 1867.

We had a splendid entrance in Brest, and dropped anchor amid the booming of cannon and a general burst of hilarity. At 2½ we left by express for Paris, arriving at 5 the following morning. The vegetation here is far more advanced than it can possibly be about Philadelphia, although we are 8 or 9 degrees farther North. I have been too busy to write more at present. All the splendor of Broadway and Chestnut Street together might be put in or taken out of this city without any one knowing the difference.

C. S. H.

Extracts from "Inaugural Address of JOHN STUART MILL," delivered to the University of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Scotland.

(Continued from page 192.)

The only language, then, and the only literature, to which I would allow a place in the ordinary curriculum, are those of the Greeks and Romans; and to these I would preserve the position in it which they at present occupy. That position is justified, by the great value, in education, of knowing well some other cultivated language and literature than one's own, and by the peculiar value of those particular languages and literatures.

There is one purely intellectual benefit from a knowledge of languages, which I am specially desirous to dwell on. Those who have seriously reflected on the causes of human error have been deeply impressed with the tendency of mankind to mistake words for things. Without entering into the metaphysics of the subject, we know how common it is to use words glibly and with apparent propriety, and to accept them confidently when used by others, without ever having had any distinct conception of the things denoted by them. To quote again from Archbishop Whately, it is the habit of mankind to mistake familiarity for accurate knowledge. As we seldom think of asking the meaning of what

we see every day, so when our ears are used to the sound of a word or a phrase, we do not suspect that it conveys no clear idea to our minds, and that we should have the utmost difficulty in defining it, or expressing, in any other words, what we think we understand by it. Now it is obvious in what manner this bad habit tends to be corrected by the practice of translating with accuracy from one language to another, and hunting out the meanings expressed in a vocabulary with which we have not grown familiar by early and constant use. I hardly know any greater proof of the extraordinary genius of the Greeks, than that they were able to make such brilliant achievements in abstract thought, knowing, as they generally did, no language but their own. But the Greeks did not escape the effects of this deficiency. Their greatest intellects, those who laid the foundation of philosophy and of all our intellectual culture, Plato and Aristotle, are continually led away by words; mistaking the accidents of language for real relations in nature, and supposing that things which have the same name in the Greek tongue must be the same in their own essence. There is a well-known saying of Hobbes, the far-reaching significance of which you will more and more appreciate in proportion to the growth of your own intellect: "Words are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools." With the wise man a word stands for the fact which it represents; to the fool it is itself the fact. To carry on Hobbes' metaphor, the counter is far more likely to be taken for merely what it is, by those who are in the habit of using many different kinds of counters. But besides the advantage of possessing another cultivated language, there is a further consideration equally important. Without knowing the language of a people, we never really know their thoughts, their feelings, and their type of character: and unless we do possess this knowledge, of some other people than ourselves, we remain, to the hour of our death, with our intellects only half expanded. Look at a youth who has never been out of his family circle: he never dreams of any other opinions or ways of thinking than those he has been bred up in; or if he has heard of any such, attributes them to some moral defect, or inferiority of nature or education. If his family are Tory, he cannot conceive the possibility of being a Liberal; if Liberal, of being a Tory. What the notions and habits of a single family are to a boy who has had no intercourse beyond it, the notions and habits of his own country are to him who is ignorant of every other. Those notions and habits are to him human nature itself; whatever varies from them is an unaccountable aberration which he cannot mentally realize: the idea that any other ways can be right, or as near an approach to right as some of his own, is incon-

ceivable to him. This does not merely close his eyes to the many things which every country still has to learn from others: it hinders every country from reaching the improvement which it could otherwise attain by itself. We are not likely to correct any of our opinions or mend any of our ways, unless we begin by conceiving that they are capable of amendment: but merely to know that foreigners think differently from ourselves, without understanding why they do so, or what they really do think, does but confirm us in our self conceit, and connect our national vanity with the preservation of our own peculiarities. Improvement consists in bringing our opinions into nearer agreement with facts; and we shall not be likely to do this while we look at facts only through glasses colored by those very opinions. But since we cannot divest ourselves of preconceived notions, there is no known means of eliminating their influence but by frequently using the differently colored glasses of other people: and those of other nations, as the most different, are the best.

But if it is so useful, on this account, to know the language and literature of any other cultivated and civilized people, the most valuable of all to us in this respect are the languages and literature of the ancients. No nations of modern and civilized Europe are so unlike one another, as the Greeks and Romans are unlike us; yet without being, as some remote Orientals are, so totally dissimilar, that the labor of a life is required to enable us to understand them. Were this the only gain to be derived from a knowledge of the ancients, it would already place the study of them in a high rank among enlightening and liberalizing pursuits. It is of no use saying that we may know them through modern writings. We may know something of them in that way; which is much better than knowing nothing. But modern books do not teach us ancient thought; they teach us some modern writer's notion of ancient thought. Modern books do not show us the Greeks and Romans, they tell us some modern writer's opinions about Greeks and Romans. Translations are scarcely better. When we want really to know what a person thinks or says, we seek it at first hand from himself. We do not trust to another person's impression of his meaning, given in another person's words; we refer to his own. Much more is it necessary to do so when his words are in one language, and those of his reporter in another. Modern phraseology never conveys the exact meaning of a Greek writer; it cannot do so, except by a diffuse explanatory circumlocution which no translator dares use. We must be able, in a certain degree, to think in Greek, if we would represent to ourselves how a Greek thought: and this not only in the abstruse region of metaphysics,

but about the political, religious, and even domestic concerns of life. I will mention a further aspect of this question, which, though I have not the merit of originating it, I do not remember to have seen noticed in any book. There is no part of our knowledge which it is more useful to obtain at first hand—to go to the fountain head for—than our knowledge of history. Yet this in most cases we hardly ever do. Our conception of the past is not drawn from its own records, but from books written about it, containing not the facts, but a view of the facts which has shaped itself in the mind of somebody of our own or a very recent time. Such books are very instructive and valuable; they help us to understand history, to interpret history, to draw just conclusions from it; at the worst, they set us the example of trying to do all this; but they are not themselves history. The knowledge they give is upon trust, and even when they have done their best, it is not only incomplete but partial, because confined to what a few modern writers have seen in the materials, and have thought worth picking out from among them. How little we learn of our own ancestors from Hume, or Hallam, or Macaulay, compared with what we know if we add to what these tell us, even a little reading of cotemporary authors and documents! The most recent historians are so well aware of this, that they fill their pages with extracts from the original materials, feeling that these extracts are the real history, and their comments and thread of narrative are only helps towards understanding it. Now it is part of the great worth to us of our Greek and Latin studies, that in them we do read history in the original sources. We are in actual contact with cotemporary minds; we are not dependent on hearsay; we have something by which we can test and check the representations and theories of modern historians. It may be asked, Why then not study the original materials of modern history? I answer, it is highly desirable to do so; and let me remark by the way, that even this requires a dead language; nearly all the documents prior to the Reformation, and many subsequent to it, being written in Latin. But the exploration of these documents, though a most useful pursuit, can not be a branch of education. Not to speak of their vast extent, and the fragmentary nature of each, the strongest reason is, that in learning the spirit of our own past ages, until a comparatively recent period, from cotemporary writers, we learn hardly anything else. Those authors, with a few exceptions, are little worth reading on their own account. While, in studying the great writers of antiquity, we are not only learning to understand the ancient mind, but laying in a stock of wise thought and observation, still valuable to ourselves; and at the same time making ourselves familiar with a number

of the most perfect and finished literary compositions which the human mind has produced—compositions which, from the altered conditions of human life, are likely to be seldom paralleled, in their sustained excellence, by the times to come.

Even as mere languages, no modern European language is so valuable a discipline to the intellect as those of Greece and Rome, on account of their regular and complicated structure. Consider for a moment what grammar is. It is the most elementary part of logic. It is the beginning of the analysis of the thinking process. The principles and rules of grammar are the means by which the forms of language are made to correspond with the universal forms of thought. The distinctions between the various parts of speech, between the cases of nouns, the moods and tenses of verbs, the functions of particles, are distinctions in thought, not merely in words. Single nouns and verbs express objects and events, many of which can be cognized by the senses: but the modes of putting nouns and verbs together, express the relations of objects and events, which can be cognized only by the intellect; and each different mode corresponds to a different relation. The structure of every sentence is a lesson in logic. The various rules of syntax oblige us to distinguish between the subject and the predicate of a proposition, between the agent, the action, and the thing acted upon; to mark when an idea is intended to modify or qualify, or merely to unite with, some other idea; what assertions are categorical, what only conditional; whether the intention is to express similarity or contrast, to make a plurality of assertions conjunctively or disjunctively; what portions of a sentence, though grammatically complete within themselves, are mere members or subordinate parts of the assertion made by the entire sentence. Such things form the subject-matter of universal grammar; and the languages which teach it best are those which have the most definite rules, and which provide distinct forms for the greatest number of distinctions in thought, so that if we fail to attend precisely and accurately to any of these, we cannot avoid committing a solecism in language. In these qualities the classical languages have an incomparable superiority over every modern language, and over all languages dead or living, which have a literature worth being generally studied.

But the superiority of the literature itself, for purposes of education, is still more marked and decisive. Even in the substantial value of the matter of which it is the vehicle, it is very far from having been superseded. The discoveries of the ancients in science have been greatly surpassed, and as much of them as is still valuable loses nothing by being incorporated in modern treatises: but what does not so well ad-

mit of being transferred bodily, and has been very imperfectly carried off even piecemeal, is the treasure which they accumulated of what may be called the wisdom of life: the rich store of experience of human nature and conduct, which the acute and observing minds of those ages, aided in their observations by the greater simplicity of manners and life consigned to their writings, and most of which retains all its value.

(To be continued.)

COAL SUPPLY OF THE WORLD.

The question started some time since as to the length of time our coal was likely to last, has led to inquiries by our Government as to the coal supply of other countries, and the result must be very reassuring to those (if there be any such) who fear that the world will be short of coals some three or four thousand years hence. The information appears in the form of a blue-book, containing reports which have been received from secretaries to various British Embassies and Legations respecting the prospects of a supply of coal, if need be, from abroad. The return includes reports from Austria, Baden, Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil, France, Prussia, Russia, Spain, the United States, and the Zollverein. France, in 1865, produced 11,297,052 tons, and imported 7,108,286 tons, of which, 1,455,206 tons were imported from Great Britain. Every year shows an increase of coal consumption in that country. Prussia is rich in mineral fuel, especially in very good coals. The working of the coal pits is rapidly and continuously increasing. No coal is exported from Russia, which is supplied in a great degree from other countries, prominently Great Britain. During 1863, the latest date from which statistics are supplied, the coal produce of Spain amounted to 401,297 tons. No coal is exported from that kingdom. Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, and other continental countries all seem to have well-stocked coal cellars to fall back upon.

In the year ending June 30th, 1866, the produce of the United States was 20,553,550 tons, being an increase of 3,447,049 tons as compared with the previous year. It has been estimated that the capacity of the Pennsylvania mines alone is fully equal to 20,000,000 tons a year. In nine counties of the State of Missouri there are about 3,500 miles of coal lands, which average a mean thickness of 11 feet. Professor Snealow's computation makes out 38,000,000,000 tons of coal in these nine counties alone. In 40 counties of the same State there is said to be sufficient coal to last 3,000 years of 300 working days each, if an average of 100,000 tons were mined every day. Professor Rogers has estimated that the Illinois coal fields are six times as extensive as those of

Great Britain, and that it would take 100,000 years to exhaust them. South America, too, has abundance of coal.

British Columbia, Falkland Islands, Mauritius, Newfoundland, New South Wales, and New Zealand are all reported on in an Appendix. In none of these, however, is there coal in any quantity, with the exception of New South Wales, where this valuable mineral is described as abounding. The exports of coal from the colony are extensive, and are rapidly increasing. Coal, too, has been discovered in Natal, so that the notion prevalent among men of science in England that there is "not an inch of coal in Africa" requires qualification. The coal of Natal is of good quality and large quantity, forming a huge water-shed, draining a very large area into one natural outlet, the channel of the Tugela river. The coal occurs in seams over six feet thick, which alternate with beds of shale, and it may be seen running directly into the face of the hills. It is richly bituminous, burns readily, makes excellent fires and cooks well. It is already in almost universal use among the blacksmiths of the colony. There are no engineering difficulties between the coal field and the sea which would prevent the speedy construction of a railway, and the coal could thus be sold at the port for about £1 sterling per ton. Steam vessels of large burden could be made to perform profitable voyages of six and seven thousand miles, with a speed of twenty miles an hour, if they could obtain coal at this price, and Natal is less than 7,000 miles from England, and much less from India.

So much for the world's coal supply, and for our own position even were we to run short of coals at home.—*Builder*.

ITEMS.

The Exposition is neither a swindle nor a failure, and seems likely to be peculiarly remunerative. The attendance is immense, and those who visited the show when it was yet in disorder are astonished anew by its symmetry, its variety and grandeur. A New Jersey locomotive carried off the prize affixed to its class, and in machinery, as usual, America appears to good advantage. Remarkably, again, our art collection is viewed with almost unexceptional admiration, though it would hardly be considered by us first-rate or representative. Mr. Church's "Niagara" took a second prize. The American department, like the English, is closed on Sunday, partly, we suppose, to relieve the attendants, but chiefly out of respect for the estimation in which the day is held in both countries. Naturally this causes serious disappointment to Continental visitors, and especially to the laboring classes of Paris, for whom Sunday is the only holiday.—*The Nation*.

RITUALISM.—The clergy of the Episcopal Church in England have taken a decided step against Ritualism. They are now meeting in Convocation in the Province of Canterbury, and the House of Bishops, on February 13th, unanimously adopted a resolution that "our judgment is that no alteration from long-sanctioned and usual ritual ought to be made in our

churches until the sanction of the Bishop of the Diocese has been obtained thereto." It was remarked by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the time of the unanimous passage of this resolution, that but seven bishops of the province were absent, and six of them were detained by sickness, infirmity or domestic affliction. The resolution was moved by the Bishop of Oxford, and seconded by the Bishop of London. The Lower House of the Convocation having received the resolution, concurred in it, so that an authoritative declaration of the clergy of the Province of Canterbury is thus obtained against Ritualism.—*Ledger*.

The proceedings of the General Assemblies of the several Presbyterian churches are attracting more than ordinary attention, from the important discussion of a plan of union. The Old School, New School, United and Reformed Presbyterians, are all now considering the question. Most important of these schemes is the proposed union between the Old and New School Presbyterians, the two most numerous representatives of that church in the country. The joint committee which was last year appointed submitted to both Assemblies a simple and feasible plan of union. Thus the Presbyterians of America bid fair to end a religious difference which has existed for thirty years.

China, it is said, is hereafter to be tolerant in religious matters. A new Catholic cathedral, a magnificent building, has been completed in Peking, and the British Consul is soon to lay the corner-stone of an Episcopal church at Kin-Kiang. A letter from Peking says that religious temples for different sects are being built in close proximity to each other, and Protestants, Catholics, Episcopalians, Greek schismatics, Buddhists, Mohammedans, disciples of Confucius, live side by side, with a perfectly good understanding.

Queen Victoria has issued a royal proclamation declaring the union of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, under one government, to be called the Dominion of Canada. Appended to the proclamation is a list of Senators, appointed by the Queen to the Upper House of the Canadian Legislature, in accordance with the provisions of the bill of confederation, recently passed by the British Parliament.

THE CONDITION OF TURKEY.—The latest intelligence from Europe indicates that Turkey is in a very bad condition. The Candians have defeated her troops, and Russia is reported to be gradually encircling those portions of Turkey bordering her territories with hostile troops, more than 300,000 men being under arms at various points on the Black Sea, and in its neighborhood. The Turkish treasury is bankrupt, too, and at home insurrections are threatened in several provinces.

George Bancroft, the historian, has been appointed Minister to Prussia, in place of the late Gov. Wright.

General Sherman returned from Kansas on the 18th ult. He is reported to have said—"We can have an Indian war, or not, as we choose." He says parties in Kansas desire war, but he does not think they will be gratified.

The Republican Convention of South Carolina met recently in Charleston. Six out of the forty-two districts of the State were represented, almost all the delegates being colored. Among the speakers was a colored woman.

An order from the Secretary of the Treasury, dated the 1st instant, suspends the collection of direct taxes in the Southern States.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF F. W. ROBERTSON.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

(Continued from page 196.)

The parables of Christ have ever been regarded, by his devout followers, as among the most precious of those treasures of wisdom found in the Scriptures of Truth. They illustrate beautifully many of the phases of spiritual life, and the enigmatical form in which they are cast adds to the interest they inspire, as they are gradually developed by the progress of religious experience, or made clear by the teachings of Divine grace.

The Parable of the Sower, is the title of the second discourse in the first volume of Robertson's Sermons. The text is Matt. xiii. 1-10.

"The same day went Jesus out of the house, and sat by the seaside. And great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore. And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying, Behold, a sower went forth to sow: and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up. Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprang up, because they had no deepness of earth: and when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away. And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up and choked them: But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundred fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Referring to the fact that a large number of

young persons of both sexes in his church had recently made a profession of religion, the minister addressed them on the solemn responsibility resting upon them, and pointed out some of the causes of failure that had, in many cases, led the young convert to stray from the path of piety.

In the first place he shows that man was created with freedom of will. "God has performed this marvel," he says, "of creating a Being with free-will, independent, so to speak, of Himself—a real cause in His Universe. To say that he has created such a one, is to say that He has given him the power to fail. Without free-will there could be no human goodness. It is wise, therefore, and good in God, to give birth to free will. But once acknowledge free-will in man, and the origin of evil does not lie in God." . . "In our own free-will—in the grand and fearful power we have to ruin ourselves—lies the real and only religious solution of the mystery."

"In this parable are given to us the causes of failure, and the requirements which are necessary in order to enable impressions to become permanent.

I. The causes of failure.

1. The first of these is want of spiritual perception. Some of the seed fell by the wayside. There are persons whose religion is all outside—it never penetrates beyond the intellect. Duty is recognized in word—not felt." . . "Truth of life is subject to failure in such hearts, in two

ways.—By being trodden down. Wheat dropped by a harvest cart upon a road, lies outside. There comes a passenger's foot, and crushes some of it; then wheels come by,—the wheel of traffic and the wheel of pleasure,—crushing it grain by grain. It is trodden down."

"Again, conceptions of religious life, which are only conceptions outward, having no lodgment in the heart, *disappear*. Fowls of the air came and devoured the seed. Have you ever seen grain scattered on the road? The sparrow from the housetop and the chickens from the barn rush in, and, within a minute after it has been scattered, not the shadow of a grain is left. This is the picture—not of thought crushed by degrees, but of thought dissipated, and no man can tell when or how it went. Swiftly do these winged thoughts come, when we pray, or read, or listen: in our inattentive, sauntering, wayside hours: and before we can be upon our guard, the very trace of holier purposes has disappeared. In our purest moods, when we kneel to pray, or gather round the altar, down into the very Holy of Holies sweep these foul birds of the air, villain fancies, demon thoughts. The germ of life, the small seed of impression, is gone—where, you know not. But it is gone. Inattentiveness of spirit, produced by want of spiritual interest, is the first cause of disappointment.

2. A second cause of failure is want of depth in character. Some fell on stony ground. Stony ground means often the soil with which many loose stones are intermixed; but that is not the stony ground meant here: this stony ground is the thin layer of earth upon a bed of rock. Shallow soil is like superficial character. You meet with such persons in life. There is nothing deep about them; all they do and all they have is on the surface."

"Not without significance is it represented that the superficial character is connected with the hard heart. Beneath the light, thin surface of easily stirred dust lies the bed of rock. The shallow ground was stony ground. And it is among the children of light enjoyment and unsettled life that we must look for stony heartlessness:—not in the world of business—not among the poor, crushed to the earth by privation and suffering. That hardens the character, but often leaves the heart soft. If you wish to know what hollowness and heartlessness are, you must seek for them in the world of light, elegant, superficial fashion, where frivolity has turned the heart into a rock-bed of selfishness. Say what men will of the heartlessness of trade, it is nothing compared with the heartlessness of fashion. Say what they will of the atheism of science, it is nothing to the atheism of that round of pleasure in which the heart lives: dead while it lives.

3. Once more: impressions come to nothing

when the mind is subjected to dissipating influences and yields to them. 'Some fell among thorns.'

There is nutriment enough in the ground for thorns, and enough for wheat; but not enough, in any ground, for both wheat and thorns. The agriculturist thins his nursery-ground, and the farmer weeds his field, and the gardener removes the superfluous grapes, for that very reason in order that the dissipated sap may be concentrated in a few plants vigorously.

So, in the same way, the heart has a certain power of loving. But love, dissipated on many objects, concentrates itself on none. God or the world—not both. 'No man can serve two masters.'—'If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.' He that has learned many accomplishments or sciences generally knows none thoroughly. Multifariousness of knowledge is commonly opposed to depth; variety of affections is generally not found with intensity.

Two classes of dissipating influences distract such minds. 'The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the Word.' The cares of this world—its petty, trifling distractions, not wrong in themselves, simply dissipating—filling the heart with paltry solitudes and mean anxieties—*wearing*. Martha was 'cumbered with much serving.' Her household and domestic duties, real duties, divided her heart with Christ. The time of danger, therefore, is when life expands into new situations and larger spheres, bringing with them new cares. It is not in the earlier stages of existence that these distractions are felt. Thorns sprang up and choked the wheat as they grew together. You see a religious man taking up a new pursuit with eagerness. At first no danger was suspected. But it is a *distraction*—something that distracts or divides—he has become dissipated, and, by and by, you remark that his zest is gone; he is no longer the man he was. He talks as before, but the life is gone from what he says—his energies are frittered. The Word is 'choked.'

Again; the deceitfulness of riches dissipates. True as always to nature, never exaggerating, never one-sided, Christ does not say that such religion brings forth no fruit, but only that it brings none to perfection. A fanatic bans all wealth and all worldly care as the department of the devil: Christ says, 'How hardly shall they that *trust* in riches enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.' He does not say the divided heart has no religion, but it is a dwarfed, stunted, feeble religion. Many such a Christian do you find among the rich and the titled, who, as a less encumbered man, might have been a resolute soldier of the Cross; but he is only now a realization of the old Pagan fable—a spiritual

giant under a mountain of gold. Oh! many, many such we meet in our higher classes, pining with a nameless want, pressed by heavy laws of the weariness of existence, strengthless in the midst of affluence, and incapable even of tasting the profusion of comfort which is heaped around them.

There is a way God their Father has of dealing with such, which is no pleasant thing to bear. In agriculture it is called *weeding*. In gardening it is done by *pruning*. It is the cutting off the over-luxuriant shoots, in order to call back the wandering juices into the healthier and more living parts."

"It is a painful thing that weeding work. 'Every branch in me that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.' The keen edge of God's pruning-knife cuts sheer through. No weak tenderness stops Him whose love seeks goodness, not comfort, for his servants. A man's distractions are in his wealth, and perhaps fire or failure make him bankrupt: what he feels is God's sharp knife. Pleasure has dissipated his heart, and a stricken frame forbids his enjoying pleasure; shattered nerves and broken health wear out the life of life. Or, perhaps, it comes in a sharper, sadder form: the shaft of death goes home—there is heard the wail of danger in his home. And then, when sickness has passed on to hopelessness, and hopelessness has passed on to death, the crushed man goes into the chamber of the dead; and there, when he shuts down the lid upon the coffin of his wife, or the coffin of his child, his heart begins to tell him the meaning of all this. Thorns had been growing in his heart; and the sharp knife had been at work making room; but by an awful desolation—tearing up and cutting down, that the life of God in the soul may not be choked.

II. For the permanence of religious impressions this parable suggests three requirements: 'They on the good ground are they which, in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience.'

1. 'An honest and good heart.' Earnestness: that is, sincerity of purpose."

"This earnestness is the first requisite for real success in everything. Do you wish to become rich?—You may become rich: that is, if you desire it in no halfway, but thoroughly. A man sacrifices all to this single passion; hoards farthings, and dies possessed of wealth. Do you wish to master any science or accomplishment?—Give yourself to it and it lies beneath your feet. Time and pains will do anything. This world is given as the prize for the men in earnest; and that which is true of this world is truer still of the world to come. 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. Only there is this dif-

ference. In the pursuit of wealth, knowledge, reputation, circumstances have power to mar the wisest schemes. The hoard of years may be lost in a single night. The wisdom hived up by a whole life may perish when some fever impairs memory. But in the kingdom of Christ, where inward character is the prize, no chance can rob earnestness of its exactly proportioned due of success. 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' There is no blight nor mildew, nor scorching sun, nor rain-deluge, which can turn that harvest into a failure. 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth.' . . . Sow for time, and *probably* you will succeed in time. Sow the seed of Life—humbleness, pure-heartedness, love,—and, in the long eternity which lies before the soul, every minutest grain will come up again with an increase of thirty, sixty, or an hundred fold.

2. Meditation is a second requisite for permanence. They *keep* the word which they have heard.

Now, meditation is often confounded with something which only partially resembles it. Sometimes we sit in a kind of day-dream, the mind expatiating far away into vacancy, while minutes and hours slip by, almost unmarked, in mere vacuity. That is not meditation, but revery,—a state to which the soul resigns itself in pure passivity. When the soul is absent and dreaming, let no man think that that is spiritual meditation, or anything that is spiritual.

Meditation is partly a passive, partly an active state. Whoever has pondered long over a plan which he is anxious to accomplish, without distinctly seeing at first the way, knows what meditation is. The subject presents itself in leisure moments spontaneously; but, then, all this sets the mind at work—contriving, imagining, rejecting, modifying."

"He knows, again, what it is, who has ever earnestly and sincerely loved one living human being. The image of his friend rises unbidden by day and night, stands before his soul in the street and in the field, comes athwart his every thought, and mixes its presence with his every plan. So far all is passive. But besides this he plans and contrives for that other's happiness; tries to devise what would give pleasure; examines his own conduct and conversation, to avoid that which can by any possibility give pain. This is meditation.

So, too, is meditation on religious truth carried on. If it first be loved, it will recur spontaneously to the heart.

But then it is dwelt on till it receives innumerable applications; is again and again brought up to the sun and tried in various lights, and so incorporates itself with the realities of practical existence.

Meditation is done in silence. By it we renounce our narrow individuality, and expatiate

into that which is infinite. Only in the sacredness of inward silence does the soul truly meet the secret, hiding God. The strength of resolve, which afterwards shapes life and mixes itself with action, is the fruit of those sacred, solitary moments. There is a divine depth in silence. We meet God alone."

"It is not the number of books you read, nor the variety of sermons which you hear, nor the amount of religious conversation in which you mix; but it is the frequency and the earnestness with which you meditate on these things, till the truth which may be in them becomes your own, and part of your own being, that insures your spiritual growth."

3. The third requisite is endurance. 'They bring forth fruit with patience.' Patience is of two kinds. There is an active and a passive endurance. The former is a masculine, the latter for the most part a feminine virtue."

"These two diverse qualities are joined in One, and only One of woman born in perfection. One there was in whom human nature was exhibited in all its elements symmetrically complete: One in whom, as I lately said, there met all that was manliest and all that was most womanly. His endurance of pain and grief was that of the woman rather than the man. A tender spirit dissolving into tears, meeting the dark hour not with the stern defiance of the man and the stoic, but with gentleness, and trust, and love, and shrinking, like a woman. But when it came to the question in Pilate's judgment-hall, or the mockeries of Herod's men of war, or the discussion with the Pharisees, or the exposure of the hollow falsehoods by which social, domestic, and religious life were sapped, the woman has disappeared, and the hardy resolution of the man, with more than manly daring, is found in her stead. This is the 'patience' for us to cultivate: To bear and to persevere. However dark and profitless, however painful and weary existence may have become; however any man, like Elijah, may be tempted to cast himself beneath the juniper-tree and say, 'It is enough: now, O Lord!'—life is not done, and our Christian character is not won, so long as God has anything left for us to suffer, or anything left for us to do."

Patience, however, has another meaning. It is the opposite of that impatience which cannot wait. This is one of the difficulties of spiritual life. We are disappointed if the harvest do not come at once."

"Alas! a little experience will correct that. If the husbandman, disappointed at the delay which ensues before the blade breaks the soil, were to rake away the earth to examine if germination were going on, he would have a poor harvest. He must have 'long patience, till he receive the early and the latter rain.' The winter frost must mellow the seed lying in the

genial bosom of the earth: the rains of spring must swell it, and the suns of summer mature it. So with you. It is the work of a long life to become a Christian. Many, O, many a time, are we tempted to say, 'I make no progress at all. It is only failure after failure. Nothing grows.' Now look at the sea when the flood is coming in. Go and stand by the sea-beach, and you will think that the ceaseless flux and reflux is but retrogression equal to the advance. But look again in an hour's time, and the whole ocean has advanced. Every advance has been beyond the last, and every retrograde movement has been an imperceptible trifle less than the end of hours, not minutes. And this is *Christian* progress. Many a fluctuation, many a backward motion, with a rush at times so vehement that all seems lost; but, if the eternal work be real, every failure has been a real gain, and the next does not carry us so far back as we were before. Every advance is a real gain, and part of it is never lost. Both when we advance and when we fail, we gain. We are nearer to God than we were. The flood of spirit-life has carried us up higher on the everlasting shores, where the waves of life beat no more, and its fluctuations end, and all is safe at last. 'This is the faith and patience of the saints.'"

(To be continued.)

Labor to purify thy thoughts; if thy thoughts are not ill, neither will thy actions be so.—*Confucius.*

From a Yearly Meeting of Women Friends, held in Baltimore by adjournments from the 29th of Tenth month to the 1st of Eleventh month, inclusive, 1866.

To Phila. Yearly Meeting of Women Friends:

DEAR SISTERS:—Under the canopy of Heavenly love, which we trust will continue to cover this assembly, we salute you, and hope that our great and good Shepherd may shelter you with us, and us with you, beneath his protecting care, and that his strong right arm, which has borne us through so many trials—more especially within the last few years—may still be thrown about us, to guard from the many evils by which we are surrounded, all those who are depending on Him to bring their feet from the miry clay and establish them on the Rock of Ages.

Your tender salutations of love came to us as the dew of Hermon to the parched wanderer of the desert, or as the Heaven-dropped manna to the suffering Israelites, strengthening the poor feelings, and inciting us to mount as on eagle's wings to win the goal of eternal salvation.

We are often constrained to exclaim, Oh! for more faith, and a firmer reliance on his promises, which are surely yea and amen forever;

and though when we behold the waste places in our Zion the language is presented, "By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is very small," yet in the inspired volume we are told, "A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation; I, the Lord, will hasten it in his time;" and we are thus comforted. Since the convening of our assembly, we have had much salutary advice from those who minister daily at the altar of the Lord. Mothers have been counselled to greater watchfulness; wives, sisters, daughters; each to greater diligence in every sphere of usefulness; and the renewed promise is given, that "though a thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, yet shall it not come nigh the devoted Mary's, who having chosen the better part, are waiting humbly at the Master's feet, to hear the gracious words that proceed out of his mouth. We desire with you an increase of that faith which would enable us to press forward with courage through seeming difficulties, knowing Him in whom we trust, and realizing that as thy day, thy strength shall be.

With a salutation of love we bid you farewell.

Signed on behalf of the meeting by

MARY G. MOORE, *Clerk.*

THE PURE IN HEART.

The springs of everlasting life are within. There are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul, and flowing out to enliven the sphere of outward existence. But, like the waters of Siloah, they "go softly." You must listen to catch the silvery tones of the little rill as it glides from its mountain home; you may not witness its silent march through the green vale, but its course will be seen in the fresh verdure and the opening flowers; its presence will be known by the forms of life and beauty which gather around it. It is ever thus with the pure. You may not hear the "still small voice," or heed the silent aspiration; but there is a moral influence and a holy power which you will feel. The wilderness is made to smile, flowers of new life and beauty spring up and flourish, while an invisible presence breathes immortal fragrance through the spiritual atmosphere.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

JOHANN BICKLI.

(Continued from page 198.)

Some time before the Revolution I was chosen director of the choir (*chorrichter*) in the church, the performance of which office required an oath; but as the command in the New Testament—"Swear not at all"—was weighty on my spirit, I could not take any oath, but give my yea, yea, and my nay, nay. Such a declaration was at that time quite a new thing; and the magistrate was greatly surprised to find me determined to abide by the Scripture

command; but he did not deal severely with me. The same requirement was repeated by his successor, who, finding me firm in my resistance, the matter ended with a slight punishment.

Among my acquaintance with pious people, some were considered as fathers in the church. I am free to mention one particular, in which these well-disposed persons would have led me into religious exercises beyond my strength and experience, had not my Heavenly Father preserved me. Private assemblies had existed before my conversion; and as some of the individuals who frequented them considered me a converted character, and possessed of some ability, and a considerable knowledge of the Bible, they appointed me to exhort in their public assemblies. But this appeared to me such a serious matter that I could not accept of it through the appointment of man; for, according to my conviction, I believed that the exercise of such an office in the church required a divine apostolic call.

I prayed earnestly for direction how to act, and received, as I believe, an intimation in my heart that I must dwell deeper in humility before the Lord, to receive power from on high. I continued to attend the meetings, but was not easy to be put forward to speak in them at the instigation of others; yet when I felt the constraining influence of the spirit, I uttered what was in my heart, mostly in a few words, and the Lord caused his blessing to rest upon them.

I was entreated by different sects and parties to join them in church fellowship; but I could not feel freedom to unite myself exclusively to any religious body. I saw much in all of them with which I could not conscientiously unite; and was sometimes tempted to absent myself from their assemblies altogether. But this did not bring peace to my own mind; I, therefore, continued to meet with the people, and, as I believed myself called to minister among them, I was also called to imitate the example of our great High Priest, and patiently bear with the failings of others, from a humiliating sense of having many imperfections of my own. I may have erred, in looking for too much perfection in the members of Christ's church on earth; but I have ever found that to violate my religious principles never failed to wound my conscience.

When I sometimes looked at the corrupt state of professing Christendom, and contrasted it with that love to God and purity of heart which are essential to a right union of the church in the Holy Head, the passage in the prophet Hosea appeared instructive to me,—“I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord.”

This language sets forth the close union of Christ with his church, and, consequently, with each individual member of it. The ground of this union is the unchanging loving kindness and righteousness of God, who requires that his judgment should pass on the transgressing nature, until the penitent receives pardoning mercy through Jesus Christ, the bridegroom of souls; who of God is "made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption."

Since the first of my awakening I have had to experience much of the righteous judgment of God, not only on the evil, but also on that which bore the semblance of good, in order that it should be tried as gold in the fire. Earnest were my cries to the Father of Mercies, that the work of redemption might be perfected in me by the Spirit of my Redeemer; and that my experience in the things of God might be real; it was the substance that my soul longed for; shadows could no longer satisfy me. I saw with regret that professors rested too much in the outward form, without seeking after vital religion; and that the soul once awakened had need to be doubly watchful, not to fall back into a state of ease and unwatchfulness.

As the Holy Spirit that convicted me of sin in the days of my awakening continued to enlighten and instruct me, I had precious openings regarding Christian doctrine. The Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments appeared to me in a new light; all in beautiful harmony connected together as one chain of Gospel Truth. I delighted to meditate on them, and to wait before God in silence; and longed that Christians in general might come to experience that blessed declaration—"All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."

I became uneasy with my former method of prayer, whether from books or from what I had learned by heart; and as I had heard speak of men who could pray through the aid of the Spirit, without the help of books, I earnestly desired to be enabled to do the same, when it was inwardly intimated to me: "Thou must *first* persevere in waiting before God in the spirit of prayer." After this experience, my words were few in vocal prayer, until the gift of supplication was enlarged in my heart; so that I could pray for myself and family, and for the people in various circumstances, in a way that brought peace and comfort to my own soul.

In the year 1800 commenced a new period in my history. Freed, in a great measure, from many of the persecutions to which I had long been subjected, trials of another nature awaited me; and arising, too, in a quarter from whence I might have expected comfort. The children we had now living were five sons and four daughters, who, while young, were all hopeful;

and it delighted our hearts to observe in their opening minds a desire after heavenly things. I had seen the error that many pious parents commit, in being more anxious to have their children well settled in outward circumstances, than for their religious welfare. For my own I sought not earthly riches.

Through the help of Divine Grace we endeavored to discharge the relative duties towards them that devolved on us as parents; but when they came to be of an age to judge for themselves, they cast off parental restraint, and gave way to temptation; their own wills became strong, and the spirit of the world took hold of their affections; they stumbled at the cross of Christ; and despising the lowly appearance of his followers, contracted habits detrimental to our outward circumstances, which, together with some other causes, brought us for awhile into pecuniary difficulties. As I was not conscious of any wilful neglect on my part, I felt resigned to suffer all that my Heavenly Father might permit to befall me; and to His praise be it spoken, in the midst of judgment he remembered mercy, and helped me through this long and painfully afflictive dispensation.

After we had, in some measure, been delivered from a long and painful state of perplexity, relating to our outward affairs, we believed it right to give ourselves up more entirely to the leadings of Providence, and to labor for the spread of the Saviour's kingdom; but our dear children could not appreciate our motive; they thought our manner of acting would militate against their worldly interest, and subject them to scorn and derision; not having submitted to the transforming grace of God in the heart, they were not prepared to suffer for His sake. As we could not forfeit the approbation of our Heavenly Father, nor turn from the path into which He had led us to gain the good will of our children, we endeavored to commit them to Him who alone can change the heart—conversion is not the work of man, otherwise our dear children would not have remained unconverted. The sorrow of heart it cost us on their account none can tell but those who have passed through a like experience.

Many may think it strange that believing parents should have ungodly children. There was a time when I thought this almost impossible; but experience has convinced me to the contrary. So long as parents content themselves with an empty form of religion, and a cold morality, pleasing to the old nature, things, as to a life of godliness, may go on smoothly in their family; but when they obey the call, and take up the cross, deny themselves and follow their Saviour, and earnestly press the same necessity upon the objects of their care, then comes the proof of their love and zeal to His cause.

For fifteen years we experienced a close trial

of faith and patience on this account in our own children; and it is the prayer of my soul that the mercy of God may be extended unto them and their offspring; and that they may experience forgiveness of sins through the blood of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, and become prepared, through His grace, to inherit eternal life.

On the first day of the year 1816, and near the 60th year of my age, in reviewing a long and eventful life, I had to admire the boundless love and mercy of the Lord, in that he had not cast me off for my many wanderings from and unfaithfulness to him, but was still waiting to be gracious. Gratitude filled my heart; and I desired to renew my covenant, and to commit myself, my wife, and children, and all that concerned me, into the hands of my God and Saviour. Grant me, Heavenly Father, the necessary wisdom to walk according to thy will. Purify me from all evil, that whatsoever I do may tend to thy glory. Enlighten and guide me by the Spirit of thy Son, who has bought me with his own blood. Give me childlike obedience to follow thee faithfully. Grant me a new heart, that thy poor instrument may be enabled to speak of thy truth to the edification of the people, when assembled in thy name. Do thou, Lord, by thy own power, break the hard heart of sinners, that they may be converted unto thee.

Since the year 1818 nothing very remarkable occurred in our outward circumstances. My wife and I were favored to live, in our advanced age, in comparative happiness; despised and laughed at by the scoffers of religion, but respected and esteemed by those who loved the Saviour and his cause. We experienced the goodness of God both inwardly and outwardly; thanks be to his great name!

My acquaintance would often try to persuade me that a Christian might enjoy, uninterruptedly, the gratifications of this world, and, at the same time, be heir to the kingdom of heaven; an art that I could never learn, nor shall I ever be able to learn it, were it permitted me to live my course over again. If we love the world, the world will love its own; but let us remember the love of the world is enmity with God; and our blessed Lord himself said—"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me."

I have now brought this imperfect sketch of my history to a close. It was undertaken in an advanced period of my life, at the request of many of my friends; and in thus presenting it to my brethren and sisters in Christ, I desire that the simple relation it contains, of the dealings of the Lord with an unworthy servant, may be applied by his Spirit, and blessed to the edification of those who may read them.

The 23d of November, 1827, in the 72d year

of my age. "I am crucified unto the world, and the world unto me."

Account of Johann Rieckli's last days, written by one of his friends.

For a long time I had much intercourse with Johann Rieckli, and can testify that he and his wife were self-denying Christians; and devoted their spiritual energies and much of their worldly substance to the good of their fellow-creatures, and for the promotion of the Saviour's kingdom in the earth. Often have I been instructed, when travelling with J. R., to observe the remarkable influence his affectionate manner had in drawing souls unto God. So great was his love and warm his zeal for the holy cause in which he was engaged, that his abundant charity led him at times to bestow his love on objects who proved unworthy; and when occasionally thus deceived, he remarked, "I would rather that the love should be deceived than that I should live *without love* towards them.

On our journeys together I occasionally remarked, on seeing his bodily weakness, and his cheerful countenance—"That it was his habit of inward retirement, in waiting before the Lord, that enabled him to endure the fatigue of travelling, and the visits that he paid;" and he always answered with yes and amen. On behalf of the truth, I can say that his was a real conversion, and that his spirit co-operated with the Spirit of God, and enabled him to obtain one victory after another; and, through watchfulness and prayer, he attained to great steadfastness in the life of religion, which, through grace, was evident to the end of his days.

On the 14th of September, 1833, he undertook a journey with his wife to Shur, where he was to have spent some time, on a visit to their friends. But he had not been there many days when he received an impression that he must return home, which he did, leaving his wife to prolong her visit; but she had soon to be sent for to her husband, who believed his time would not be long in this world. On the 29th he had held a meeting, which had been a time peculiarly blessed. This was his last journey, and it was one of much benefit to those souls who were permitted to enjoy his company; but on account of his bodily weakness he was only able to visit a few of his friends.

When he was asked if he had any fear of death, he replied, with joy, "No; I feel, thank God, that perfect love has cast out fear; but when the time of trial comes, I know not how it may be, all that I have is not my own; it belongs to the Lord my God, and is all of grace."

October 3d he busied himself a little with some out-door work, but soon returned into the house, saying to his daughter he could work no

longer. He received a *stroke*, and fell on the floor. His daughter asking him if she should fetch the doctor, he replied—"No; I have a Physician who will do all things well. Now I shall go home." He comforted his sorrowing wife by telling her she would soon follow him. During his last illness she held him almost constantly by the hand, whereby it was remarked how this couple of seventy years loved one another in the Lord.

He was called to his eternal rest October 4th, about ten o'clock in the evening, and interred on the 7th of the same month, 1833, at Goutenschroyl.

May my life be like his life, and my end like his end!
A. R.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 8, 1867.

We must again remind our correspondents of the necessity of curtailing obituary notices.

NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING.—We have received from a friend in attendance the following notice:

"On Seventh-day, the 25th of Fifth month, the Meeting of Ministers and Elders convened at Friends' Meeting-house at Rutherford Place and Fifteenth St. There were about the usual number in attendance from the various parts of the Yearly Meeting. Ministers present from other Yearly Meetings having minutes, were John Hunt, Mary A. Smith, Ann A. Townsend, Samuel J. Levick and Wm. Dorsey, from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and John Searing, from Genesee; also Wm. Cornell and wife, Elders from the latter meeting, and John Haines and wife, members from New Jersey, and companions of Mary A. Smith, with minutes furnished by their respective Monthly Meetings. The meetings of this body were deeply interesting, and a committee was appointed to collect and place in a suitable form, for transmission to its subordinate meetings, the exercises which had prevailed during the morning and afternoon sessions. Public meetings were held as usual at Fifteenth and Twenty-Seventh Sts., and also in the Meeting-house at Brooklyn, on First-day,—all of which were largely attended by Friends and others.

Second day morning, Friends assembled at 10 o'clock, and, from the goodly number present, we might conclude that there were not a

few who are still concerned for the law and the testimony. Epistles were received from the Yearly Meetings of Friends with which this meeting corresponds, and were recorded as acceptable, and committees were appointed to essay replies to them. Men Friends were engaged in a spirited discussion, which was maintained in good feeling, on the propriety of discontinuing the custom of the subordinate meetings reporting to the Yearly Meetings the names of such members as accept or hold offices of trust or profit under Government. The sense of the meeting on the question seemed to be decidedly adverse to any change of the present custom.

The meetings on Third-day were engaged in considering the state of society as presented by the answering of the queries, and many testimonies were borne to the excellency of the Fundamental Principle of the Society and its efficiency to preserve all who are subjects of its holy influence in the path of rectitude and purity. The subject of education was introduced by a report from Nine Partners Quarterly Meeting, in which a proposition was made to the Yearly Meeting to take under its care a school which had been recently established and that was now under the supervision of the Quarterly Meeting. A joint committee was appointed to take the whole subject of education into consideration and report thereon next year. The interest of a small fund in the possession of Women's Yearly Meeting was appropriated, as it has been for several years previously, to the purchase of Friends' books for distribution in families and libraries where they may be needed.

Fourth-day morning, public meetings for worship were held. The afternoon was devoted to the consideration of some of the testimonies which Friends have been called in a peculiar manner to bear. Much encouragement was given to the young to suffer the restraining influence of Truth to operate upon their minds, in order that they may be preserved from the evils which are in the world, and be prepared to take the places of those who are now active in the support of these noble testimonies.

On Fifth-day morning, Women's meeting was visited by Samuel J. Levick. The importance of woman being awakened to a sense of the influence which she should exert, and the danger

of lapsing into a state of ease and idleness, were feelingly brought into view. Young Friends, whose circumstances exempted them from the necessity of much manual labor, were advised to seek out and assist by their own personal exertions those who with limited means and families of children were overtaxed with care. They would thus realize that, in helping others, they themselves would be blessed; and they were assured by so doing they would reap a far richer reward than by whiling away their precious time in unprofitable reading.

A proposition, originating in Men's Meeting, and introduced by them to Women Friends, to appoint a committee to visit the Meetings belonging to the Yearly Meeting of New York, was fully united with, and such a committee was appointed.

Wm. Dorsey made a visit to Women's Meeting in the afternoon; his service tended to strengthen the weak, encourage the young, and comfort the aged.

Extracts and Epistles were directed to be printed and distributed. The Meeting closed on 5th day afternoon under a solemn covering."

DIED, on the 15th of Fifth month, 1867, HEROPHILA, wife of Elisha Fawcett, in the 64th year of her age; a valuable and useful member and elder of Plainfield Monthly Meeting, Belmont Co., Ohio. Her daily walk was that of a practical Christian, whom to know was to love.

—, in Eleventh month last, 1866, at his son-in-law's, George Brown, Waynesville, Warren Co., Ohio, GIBSON DAVIS, in his 87th year; a member of Plainfield Monthly Meeting, Belmont Co., Ohio. It may truly be said of him that he was an honest man in the highest sense of the word.

—, at Rockwood, near Wilmington, Del., on the 9th of Fifth month, 1867, JOSEPH SHIPLEY, in his 72d year.

—, on the 20th of Fourth month, 1867, near Pughtown, Chester Co., Pa., ANN P. HALL, aged 83 years.

—, in Green Co., Ohio, on the 29th of Twelfth month, 1866, ANNIE LIDA, daughter of Levi W. and Ellen Oldham, aged 5 years and 8 months; a member of Green Plain Monthly Meeting. The death of this dear child was caused by a burn, and her extreme suffering was borne with patience and resignation.

—, in Green City, Ohio, on the 6th of Fifth month, 1867, after a long and painful illness of over five years, which he bore with much resignation and cheerfulness, LEVI W. OLDHAM, in his 38th year; a member of Green Plain Monthly Meeting. Before his close he expressed his entire willingness to meet the final change, saying he was only waiting the time of release.

—, at Richmond, Ind., on the 27th of Fourth month, 1867, by congestion of the brain, JOSEPH P. LAWS, son of John M. and Joanna P. Laws, aged 35

years. And on the 24th of Fifth month, 1867, of apoplexy, JOHN M. LAWS, in his 65th year.

—, on the 27th of Fifth month, 1867, SAMUEL ATKINSON, M.D., in his 69th year; a member of Green St. Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 31st of Fifth month, 1867, JOSEPHINE, youngest daughter of Joseph and Sarah G. Chapman, aged 12 months.

The Committee of Management of the Library Association of Friends will meet on Fourth-day evening, Sixth month 12th, at 8 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

Fourth Annual Re Union of Friends' Social Lyceum on the Grounds of Swarthmore College

Friends' Social Lyceum of Philadelphia propose holding their "Re-Union" on Seventh-day, Sixth month 15th, 1867. If the weather should prove unfavorable, it will take place on Seventh-day following, Sixth month 22d.

The cars leave Thirty-first and Chestnut Streets, West Philadelphia, at 7.15. 9 (special train,) 11 A.M., and 2.30 P.M. Hours for returning to be announced on the grounds.

Those residing along the line of the Baltimore Central and West Chester Railroads will arrive and depart by the regular trains,—all of which stop at Westdale Station on that day.

Friends not desirous of connecting with other roads on returning from the grounds are invited to remain until the 8 P.M. train, and enjoy a moonlight ride to the city, as arrangements with the railroad have been made for that purpose.

Excursion Tickets, Adults, 60 cts., Children, 35 cts., may be had at Parrish's Pharmacy, 800 Arch St., or of the Committee, on the day of the excursion, at the Depot and on the several trains. Corresponding rates from other points.

In the event of rain, ample shelter will be afforded by the College buildings.

CHARLES A. DIXON, MARY S. HILLBORN,
JOSEPH M. TRUMAN JR., ANNA M. HUNT,
CHARLES M. TAYLOR, LIZZIE R. COOPER,
Committee on Arrangements.

NOTE.—To prevent the overcrowding (and consequent risk) attendant on the 9 o'clock (special) train, it is hoped that as many of our friends as possible will avail themselves of the 7.15 train.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES OF THE LATE YEARLY MEETING OF WOMEN FRIENDS, HELD IN PHILADELPHIA.

At a Yearly Meeting of Women Friends, held in Philadelphia, by adjournments, from the 13th of 5th month to the 17th of the same, inclusive, 1867.

•Reports were received from all our constituent Quarterly Meetings, also from the Half-year's Meeting of Fishing Creek; and the Representatives, upon being called, were present, except ten. For the absence of six, sufficient reasons were assigned.

Minutes for Friends in attendance from other Yearly Meetings were read: for Rachel C. Tilton, a minister from Purchase Monthly Meeting, and for Avice Porter, an elder from Greenfield and Neversink Monthly Meeting, held at Neversink.

A proposition was received from Concord Quarterly Meeting relative to some change in the Discipline respecting Women's Meetings, and, after deliberation, the appointment of a committee to consider the subject was united with.

Epistles from our sisters of New York, Baltimore, and Ohio Yearly Meetings were read. Their contents were like refreshing streams from the Fountain of divine Love, and renewed our conviction that they who love the Lord love one another.

To assist the Clerks in collecting the exercises of the Meeting, a committee was appointed.

The Representatives were desired to confer together at the rise of the Meeting, in order to propose to the afternoon sitting the names of suitable Friends to serve as Clerk and Assistant Clerk the present year.

Afternoon.—Catharine P. Foulke, on behalf of the Representatives, reported they were united in proposing for the consideration of the Meeting, the names of Elizabeth K. Eastburn for Clerk, and Edith W. Atlee for Assistant Clerk; who, being separately considered, were united with, and they appointed to those services. Mary S. Lippincott and Mary H. Child, having long served the meeting acceptably, were released.

Minutes for Friends in attendance from other Yearly Meetings were read:

For David H. and Naomi Barnes, Ministers from Purchase Monthly Meeting; Alexander J. Coffin, a Minister from the Monthly Meeting held at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and endorsed by Nine Partners Quarterly Meeting; Mellis S. Tilton, an Elder and companion for his wife Rachel C. Tilton, from Purchase Monthly Meeting, State of New York.

An Epistle from Genesee Yearly Meeting of Women Friends, held at Pickering, Canada West, was read, to our comfort and edification.

To essay replies to our sisters with whom we correspond, a committee was appointed.

A committee was appointed to examine and settle the Treasurer's account, and bring forward the name of a Friend to serve as Treasurer, —Martha Dodgson having requested to be released.

We are informed by a deputation from Men's Meeting that they had considered the proposition introduced by Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting last year, and referred to this Meeting, and that way did not open in their Meeting to make the proposed change; they have therefore dismissed the subject from their Minutes. This Meeting, after a free expression of sentiment, acquiesced in their judgment.

Information having been received from Men's Meeting that they had appointed a committee

to consider the proposition introduced from Concord Quarterly Meeting, a committee was appointed to unite with them, and report to a future sitting.

Third-day—Morning.—The first, second and third Queries, with their Answers, were read and deliberately considered. Much concern was expressed that greater faithfulness should be manifest.

In considering the first Query, through much affectionate counsel and earnest exhortation we were reminded of the importance of attending all our religious meetings, and especially those in which only the few are usually gathered.

We were encouraged, by reading the Answers to the second and third Queries, in the evidence of an increasing concern to observe the requisitions contained therein.

Afternoon.—The fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh Queries and Answers were read and weightily considered. Much exercise prevailed on account of the education of our children from under the care of Friends.

Fourth-day—Morning.—The eighth Query, and its Answers, were read, and much concern expressed in regard to dealing with offenders. We were reminded that, in many instances, if a judicious care had been timely exercised, transgressions of our Discipline might have been prevented.

The second Annual Query and its Answers were also read, and left for further deliberation.

Afternoon.—We had an acceptable visit from our friends David H. Barnes and John D. Wright, whose labors of love were gratefully received.

In again entering upon the consideration of the second Annual Query, the condition of schools throughout this Yearly Meeting was reported, and in some neighborhoods, the number of children in attendance.

The schools under the care of Green St. Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia, and also Darby Monthly Meeting, Pa., are free to the children who are members of those Meetings.

The committee named to examine and settle the Treasurer's account reported that they found it correct, and proposed the name of Esther Banoroff to serve as Treasurer. The Meeting uniting, she was appointed to the service.

Fifth-day—Afternoon.—The joint committee of men and women Friends appointed to consider the subject introduced from Concord Quarterly Meeting, relative to a revision of the Discipline respecting Women's Meetings, reported that "they all met, and, on considering the subject, way did not open to adopt the proposition, fearing that its tendency would be rather to separate than to unite Men's and Women's Meetings." After deliberation, unity was expressed with the adoption of the report,

and information was received of the same judgment of Men's Meeting.

Our friends George Truman and James Mott paid us an acceptable visit.

Epistles were produced by the committee appointed for the service, two of which were read and united with.

Sixth-day.—Epistles to our sisters of Ohio, Indiana and Baltimore Yearly Meetings were read, and, with some slight alterations, united with.

Selected Minutes of the proceedings of the Representative Committee or Meeting for Sufferings were read, giving interesting information of its labors with the legislative department of Government relating to military requisition from our members, and the treatment of the Indians; which introduced the Meeting into deep feeling, especially on account of the present condition of the tribes now suffering from an exterminatory war. And it was believed that if this Society had continued the interest formerly manifested, some of the causes for the hostilities of these people might have been prevented.

The following Minute, embracing some of the exercises of this Meeting; was read and united with.

We have been favored, during the sittings of this Yearly Meeting, to realize the cementing influence of Divine Love, and we can, with humility, acknowledge that, under this influence, the various subjects presented to us for consideration have been reviewed with harmony and condescension.

The reports from the Quarterly Meetings give encouraging evidence that our members appear increasingly concerned to live in accordance with the important requisitions contained in the Queries, though deficiencies are still apparent. Much impressive counsel has been given for continued labor to remove all obstructions to the growth and fruitfulness of the seed of Truth in the vineyard of the heart.

We were reminded that these Queries, in their daily practical fulfilment by the members of our Society, might be compared to "the tree of life, which bore twelve manner of fruit, and yielded its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

We were exhorted not to neglect the attendance of our Religious Meetings—especially those in which *the few only* may be expected to gather. Such meetings were compared to the "small rills which feed the larger streams," and if these fail, the larger ones must decrease.

The recommendation was also given that the small meetings should be remembered and more frequently visited in Gospel love; as the company of a Friend thus drawn, would be cheering and encouraging to those who feel oftentimes lonely and desolate, even should not a word be spoken in outward ministry.

A concern prevailed that, in the administration of the discipline in relation to offenders, Friends should move under the influence and power of restoring love, by which, impartial care, irrespective of personal considerations, would be exercised, and also private labor extended, before the case claimed the attention of the Meeting.

It was believed that if Christian Love were the ruling feeling with those who are seldom absent from their meetings, they would seek out and visit those who are apparently lukewarm and indifferent in respect to this duty; and, by thus entering into feeling, and manifesting sympathy with them, obstructions might often be removed, and the bond of unity among our members be strengthened. The injunction was revived, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

The importance of the testimony in relation to a free Gospel Ministry was impressively presented to our view, and we were tenderly counselled not to give aid nor influence towards upholding the system of a salaried ministry, which, we believe, is in opposition to the teaching and example of Christ.

The subject of the Education of the Youth of our Society was interestingly introduced by reading the second Annual Query with the reports from each Quarterly Meeting, showing that we have forty-three schools, under the care of committees appointed either in the Preparative or Monthly Meetings, mostly taught by members. The teachers and pupils generally attend Mid week Meetings.

Friends were recommended, to establish schools, as advised in the query, and if Monthly Meetings cannot support such schools, it was considered to be the duty of the Quarterly Meetings to aid their constituent branches in such efforts, and that in no case should Friends be dependent upon the *public fund* for the education of their children.

The importance of training the flexible minds of children in the right direction was impressively brought into view, and we were reminded that, if we did not cultivate and provide for the literary taste of the young, they would seek mental food for themselves in the popular literature of the present day, much of which is not only unsuited for the elevation of the mind, but is also adverse to the testimonies which the members of our Society should be concerned to uphold and promulgate.

Much tender counsel was given to mothers in relation to their solemn responsibilities.

They were encouraged to impress upon the tender minds of the children the importance of a continual dependence upon our Heavenly Father, by frequently gathering them, and waiting in silence to receive the blessing of His love, which will cement the hearts of all, and give ability to realize the continued evidence of His

superintending care. Also, not to neglect the frequent reading of the Scriptures and the writings of our early Friends, relating to their sufferings and earnest labor, the benefits of which we are now experiencing. It was believed that if parents were thus concerned, our youth would not be so often absent from their religious meetings.

The daily evidence of delinquency in relation to the observance of the *plain* language, by our members, and also the tendency to follow the varying customs of the world in dress and amusements, occasioned deep concern, and we were solemnly warned against the enervating, enslaving influence of *Fashion*, which sometimes becomes an idol, and receives the homage due alone to the Creator.

In the government of children, we were affectionately advised carefully to refrain from harsh measures, or evidence, by word or action, that love was not the prompter of our actions.

Also, that we should set a watch upon our lips, lest, by some unguarded words, a wrong impression of the character of an individual might be formed in the susceptible, inquiring mind of the child.

We were exhorted not to offer the temptation of intoxicating beverages in social circles, remembering our influence and accountability towards our brothers and associates in relation to this great evil that is annually bringing thousands and tens of thousands to an untimely grave.

Our duties in relation to those employed as assistants in our families were alluded to, and we were encouraged to manifest a kind regard for them, and endeavor to lighten their labors, remembering the obligations are mutual. We were also advised to inculcate in our little children a consideration for this class; they should not forget, while receiving attentions and services, something was also due from them. By this care it was believed children would be introduced into a profitable participation in domestic employments.

The solemn importance of the matrimonial covenant was impressively presented, and earnest exhortation was given that Divine direction and approval might be fervently sought before entering upon this sacred obligation.

In review of our responsibilities, on account of abundant favors and blessings, we were impressively called upon to manifest our gratitude by fruits in our daily life; and mothers were solemnly reminded that although deep sadness covered the heart if a beloved child was taken from the family circle by death, much greater was the cause for sorrow in beholding evidences that the life of the good seed was becoming weakened, and its growth obstructed, by the captivating, hindering things of the world.

A deep interest was evinced in the condition of the Freedmen in our country, and a desire to aid and elevate them for usefulness. It was believed that a blessing will rest upon those who have sacrificed the comforts of their homes to go into the South land to instruct these people.

One encouraging feature, conspicuously manifested during the several sittings of this Yearly Meeting, was the general acknowledgment to the efficacy of the Divine gift, or life of God in the soul, as sufficient to redeem man from evil, and keep him in a state of acceptance.

We were reminded that on the barren mountains of an empty profession there is nothing to feed or sustain our spiritual wants, and were affectionately invited to come down into the valley of humiliation, where the verdure is green, and where the Great Shepherd causeth his sheep and tender lambs to rest at noon-day, and be refreshed by the pure water of life.

Many hearts among the mothers went forth to welcome the large attendance of our young Friends, and the belief was felt and expressed that there was among them an increased interest in the blessed testimonies of Truth, as connected with our profession.

The Gospel labors of Friends with us from other Yearly Meetings were as refreshing streams by the way.

In remembrance of all favors received, we desire to unite in grateful aspirations, and humbly ask our Heavenly Father for his continued preservation.

Exeter Monthly Meeting informs, it is concluded to hold that Meeting at 2, P. M., until the first of Eleventh month.

Fishing Creek. The time for holding Roaring Creek Monthly Meeting at Berwick, in the Eleventh month, has been changed from the usual time to the Seventh-day following, at 2 o'clock, P. M. The time for holding the Half-year's Meeting for Ministers and Elders has been changed from 5 to 8 o'clock, P. M.

The quotas are to be forwarded as usual.

Having been favored to transact the business of this Meeting with harmony and condescension, we conclude, to meet at the same time next year, if consistent with the Divine will.

Extracted from the Minutes, by

ELIZABETH K. EASTBURN, Clerk.

HOW TO LIVE.

A wealthy gentleman of Boston, several years ago, gave the editor of the Worcester *Palladium* a short narration of his own experience. He had an income of \$10,000 a year, (a large sum then, but not considered so now,) a house in town, and a country-seat a few miles out. He had several children, a coach, fine horses and a driver; and took pleasure in riding every day with his children.

One day, when riding, the thought struck him that each one of his children would expect to have a fine house, and coach, and horses and driver, as their father had before them, and to live as he lived; and if they did not, they would be unhappy. He did not think that all of them could have things as he had them, or live as he was living; and he rode home, sent his coach and horses to market and sold them; bought a cheap carry-all, and became his own driver.

With emphasis he declared that no amount of wealth could induce him to return to his former mode of living, for if any of his children should chance to be poor, as in all probability some of them would be, they should not suffer in their feelings by the reflection that their father rode in his coach while they had to rough it on foot. The example he gave them afforded him a satisfaction greater than his wealth had to bestow.—*Friends' Review*.

TRUST IN GOD.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronted palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

And oh, dear Lord, by whom are seen
The creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on thee!

Selected.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Come stand by my knee, little children,
Too weary for laughter or song;
The sports of the daylight are over,
And evening is creeping along;
The snow-fields are white in the moonlight,
The winds of the winter are chill,
But under the sheltering roof-tree
The fire shineth ruddy and still.

You sit by the fire, little children,
Your cheeks are ruddy and warm;
But out in the cold of the winter
Is many a shivering form.
There are mothers that wander for shelter,
And babes that are pining for bread;
O! thank the dear Lord, little children,
From whose tender hand you are fed.

Come look in my eyes, little children,
And tell me, through all the long day,
Have you thought of the Father above us,
Who guarded from evil our way?
He heareth the cry of the sparrow,
And careth for great and for small;
In life and in death, little children,
His love is the truest of all.
Now go to your rest, little children,
And over your innocent sleep,
Unseen by your vision, the angels
Their watch through the darkness shall keep.
Then pray that the Shepherd who guideth
The lambs that he loveth so well,
May lead you, in life's rosy morning,
Beside the still waters to dwell.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c. FIFTH MONTH.

	1866.	1867.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	6 days.	9 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,...	3 "	3 "
Snow, (very few flakes,)....	"	1 "
Cloudy, without storms,....	10 "	8 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	12 "	10 "

	1866.	1867.
Mean temperature of 5th month per Penna. Hospital,	61.37 deg.	59.44 deg.
Highest do. during month	82.00 "	86.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	42.00 "	38.50 "
Rain during the month,.....	4.68 in.	7.32 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year.....	1053	1213

Average of the mean temperature of 5th month for the past seventy-eight years	62.64 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1802—1826.....	71.00 "
Lowest do. do. do. 1848	51.75 "

SPRING TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three Spring mos. of 1866.....	61.37 deg.
Mean do do do do	
months of 1867.....	50.46 "
Average of the Spring temperature for the past seventy-eight years.....	50.90 "
Highest Spring mean occurring during that entire period, 1826,	55.00 "
Lowest do. do. do. 1799, 1846.	46.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1866.	1867.
First month	3.14 inch	1.70 inch.
Second month.....	6.61 "	2.89 "
Third month.....	2.15 "	5.46 "
Fourth month.....	2.93 "	1.81 "
Fifth month.....	4.68 "	7.32 "
Totals.....	19.51 "	19.18 "

On the 3d inst. we had heavy frost in this vicinity, killing many of the early vegetables, while on the

25th frost was reported all along the line of the Pennsylvania Rail Road.

In reply to several queries made of Dr. Conrad of the Pennsylvania Hospital, he politely gives the following information: "We have had an unusual amount of rain, and only exceeded in any corresponding month by that of May, 1864, which then amounted to 8.68 inches. The average amount for May is about 4 inches. The temperature was three degrees below the average, and the same as the year 1861, while 1838, 41, 42, 49, 50, and 58 were all colder, but only one month during which more rain fell.

Philada., 6th mo. 3d, 1867.

J. M. ELLIS.

Extracts from "Inaugural Address of JOHN STUART MILL," delivered to the University of St. Andrews, Scotland.*

(Continued from page 207.)

Much more might be said respecting classical instruction, and literary cultivation in general, as a part of liberal education. But it is time to speak of the uses of scientific instruction: or rather its indispensable necessity, for it is recommended by every consideration which pleads for any high order of intellectual education at all.

The most obvious part of the value of scientific instruction, the mere information that it gives, speaks for itself. We are born into a world which we have not made; a world whose phenomena take place according to fixed laws, of which we do not bring any knowledge into the world with us. In such a world we are appointed to live, and in it all our work is to be done. Our whole working power depends on knowing the laws of the world—in other words, the properties of the things which we have to work with, and to work among, and to work upon. We may and do rely, for the greater part of this knowledge, on the few who, in each department, make its acquisition their main business in life. But unless an elementary knowledge of scientific truths is diffused among the public, they never know what is certain and what is not, or who are entitled to speak with authority and who are not: and they either have no faith at all in the testimony of science, or are the ready dupes of charlatans and impostors. They alternate between ignorant distrust, and blind, often misplaced, confidence. Besides, who is there who would not wish to understand the meaning of the common physical facts that take place under his eye? Who would not wish to know why a pump raises water, why a lever moves heavy weights, why it is hot at the tropics and cold at the poles, why the moon is sometimes dark and sometimes bright, what is the cause of the tides? Do we not feel that he who is totally ignorant of these things, let him be ever so skilled in a special

profession, is not an educated man but an ignorant? It is surely no small part of education to put us in intelligent possession of the most important and most universally interesting facts of the universe, so that the world which surrounds us may not be a sealed book to us, uninteresting because unintelligible. This, however, is but the simplest and most obvious part of the utility of science, and the part which, if neglected in youth, may be the most easily made up for afterwards. It is more important to understand the value of scientific instruction as a training and disciplining process, to fit the intellect for the proper work of a human being. Facts are the materials of our knowledge, but the mind itself is the instrument: and it is easier to acquire facts, than to judge what they prove, and how, through the facts which we know, to get to those which we want to know.

The most incessant occupation of the human intellect throughout life is the ascertainment of truth. We are always needing to know what is actually true about something or other. It is not given to us all to discover great general truths that are a light to all men and to future generations; though with a better general education the number of those who could do so would be far greater than it is. But we all require the ability to judge between the conflicting opinions which are offered to us as vital truths; to choose what doctrines we will receive in the matter of religion, for example; to judge whether we ought to be Tories, Whigs, or Radicals, or to what length it is our duty to go with each; to form a rational conviction on great questions of legislation and internal policy, and on the manner in which our country should behave to dependencies and to foreign nations. And the need we have of knowing how to discriminate truth, is not confined to the larger truths. All through life it is our most pressing interest to find out the truth about all the matters we are concerned with. If we are farmers we want to find what will truly improve our soil; if merchants, what will truly influence the markets of our commodities; if judges, or jurymen, or advocates, who it was that truly did an unlawful act, or to whom a disputed right truly belongs. Every time we have to make a new resolution or alter an old one, in any situation in life, we shall go wrong unless we know the truth about the facts on which our resolution depends. Now, however different these searches for truth may look, and however unlike they are in their subject-matter, the methods of getting at truth, and the tests of truth, are in all cases much the same. There are but two roads by which truth can be discovered: observation, and reasoning: observation, of course, including experiment. We all observe, and we all reason, and therefore more or less successfully, we all ascertain truths: but

* St. Andrews is a parish and seaport city of Scotland, on the east coast of Fifeshire. Its University is the oldest in Scotland, founded in 1411.

most of us do it very ill, and could not get on at all were we not able to fall back on others who do it better. If we could not do it in any degree, we should be mere instruments in the hands of those who could: they would be able to reduce us to slavery. Then how shall we best learn to do this? By being shown the way in which it has already been successfully done. The processes by which truth is attained, reasoning, and observation, have been carried to their greatest known perfection in the physical sciences. As classical literature furnishes the most perfect types of the art of expression, so do the physical sciences those of the art of thinking. Mathematics, and its application to astronomy and natural philosophy, are the most complete example of the discovery of truths by reasoning; experimental science of their discovery by direct observation. In all these cases we know that we can trust the operation, because the conclusion to which it has led have been found true by subsequent trial. It is by the study of these, then, that we may hope to qualify ourselves for distinguishing truth, in cases where there do not exist the same ready means of verification.

(To be continued.)

WHY NOT SAY THIS?

Not to dwell on the mistakes of the past, the question is, "How shall the young lady applicant receive immediate compensation for some kind of labor?" In this respect she is just where young men of education and ability find themselves every day—brought close to the alternative of accepting for a time humble labor or none at all. To our Western cities and towns come scores of young men, who cheerfully undertake labors which at their Eastern homes would be exceedingly distasteful, if they did not scorn them altogether, because they feel themselves qualified for a higher grade of work. And does any one give them credit for great magnanimity? Does any one think they are anything more than *manly* in accepting without a murmur the hardness of the situation? So, for the educated young woman, one single half-hour spent in reverie over the rewards that cultivated powers and high attainments *ought* to bring is so much time worse than lost. If she is so unfortunate as to be in debt, she should accept the very first situation that offers, provided she can fill it honestly.

Domestic service receives the best pay, exacts the lightest duties, and offers the most wholesome variety of exercise of any department of female labor. To be a cook, though, requires more than book knowledge can give. But her education joined with the maternal instinct which most women possess, would fit her for the boldest of duties, the care of children. To spurn such a place is simply to "decline an-

gelhood." She would be doing what thousands of the very best of our sex are giving life and strength to do. In thousands of homes these same "best of women" would value her (if she deserved it) as a faithful sister. But suppose a frivolous mother wants some one upon whose shoulders to cast the duties irksome to herself, and who is entirely content to give up those cares to an ignorant foreigner; is the labor intrinsically any the less high and holy? In such a situation she would be using her gifts and knowledge, eminently "for others," with a further reach and a more powerful leverage, if with a narrower field, than from the recitation-room of a high school; and if she has had the good sense *once* to have accepted the *lower position*, how can she hesitate to fill it again till she finds her true level? It cannot be long. Every one, sooner or later, finds his or her place: and by the allotments of Providence, the work that God has best fitted him or her to do. It is not wise for any young person to imagine that society will appreciate their right-minded intentions, their holy resolves, their noble self-denials; all these are measured only by the "Father who seeth in secret." Society pays for what it gets in tangible acts, often grudgingly. If you accomplish anything for society, it recognizes you when it is obliged to do so, and pays you at its own time. But with God the reward is sure; and the very humblest labor is holy, dignified and angelic according to the spirit in which it is performed. Let young women who meet these struggles help themselves, and others in like circumstances, by creating a better public sentiment, by constantly insisting upon the justness of receiving an equal remuneration to that awarded to young men for labor of an equal quality, and, lastly, by filling every situation with the dignity of conscientious faithfulness.

All this I would say to my younger sisters with the utmost tenderness, fully remembering how hard it is to struggle against the errors of our false education, and fully measuring the difficulties and perplexities by which they are surrounded. Had such counsel been given to me twenty years ago, it would have been a mine of blessing, by God's favor, in strengthening my heart.—*N. Y. Independent.*

OXYGEN.

Oxygen, in its native condition, is a gas or air. It floats freely in the atmosphere, forming, by measure, above one-fifth of the whole, and by weight a much larger proportion. It is the vital principle in the air,—that which supports both life and flame; the support of each of which is more nearly allied to each other (as we shall see ere long) than most people think. But though it floats freely in the air, oxygen is never found there alone. If it were so, flame

and life would burn with too much energy and rapidity. It is always diluted with another gaseous element, called nitrogen, in the proportion of twenty one parts of the former to seventy-nine of the latter. There are also small and varying quantities of other gases and vapors in the air; but these quantities of its chief components are always constant, whether the air be light or heavy, expanded or compressed. Oxygen exists also abundantly in water. There it is not free, but chemically combined or united with hydrogen; two elements thus combined always forming a very different substance from what either of them is alone. Oxygen will mix with hydrogen as gas; but wherever they may be in the proportions of two-thirds, by measure, of hydrogen and one-third of oxygen, they have such an affinity or liking that if a spark or flame come in contact with them, they will explode, and, uniting together, form water; existing in that state in many thousand times less space than they occupied as gas or air. Thus water is oxygen and hydrogen united or married, and flame is the priest which marries them. And fire will unite oxygen with many other elements beside hydrogen. In fact, either by that or other means, it may be made chemically to unite with at least sixty-three out of the sixty-five elements which have been discovered. And in such union it exists abundantly on the surface of the earth, forming about one half of its solid crust, or outer surface, as far as man has penetrated. Oxygen, however, when thus married, is far from being a faithful spouse. Its restlessness, and the preference it gives to one element over another, cause it to be continually seeking fresh combinations. Thus, when it is quietly settled down in water, the water may be set on fire by throwing a piece of potassium in it; because the nearest particles of oxygen leave the hydrogen, with which in water they were combined, to unite by flame with the potassium which they like better, and form potassa. And thus in a quieter way, if iron be thrown into water, oxygen will leave the hydrogen and seize upon the outer particles, to form oxide of iron (rust), though this process goes on much more rapidly in damp air, where the oxygen was free. And a volume might be written upon the uses to which this oxide of iron is turned; for it forms the red, orange, and yellow coloring of sands, and clays, and marbles, and the pigments of many paints. It gives strength to vegetables, and through them to animal frames, where it is distinctly traced as the coloring matter of the blood; and in fine, supplies the warm and glowing tints of nearly all outward nature. Restless, however, as oxygen is generally, its union with some elements, especially some of the less known metals, is hard to be severed. This is the case with calcium, aluminum, sodium, mag-

nesium, and potassium, which are only met with in a pure state after having passed through the laboratory of the chemist; because oxygen likes them so well that they can scarcely be parted. To these firm combinations we are indebted for clay, sand, lime; yea, nearly all our earths, which are really only, for the most part, oxides of other elements. Their changes—nay, their very existence—are due to the preference which oxygen gives to one element over another, and to its restless seeking for new combinations; and by it nearly all the material operations of nature, slow or rapid, minute or grand, are carried into effect.—*Our Own Fireside.*

Nothing renders one more happy than to do pleasantly what one must do from necessity.

ITEMS.

THE PANAMA RAILWAY.—Since the construction of this road across the Isthmus it has carried nearly 40,000 passengers and \$675,000,000 of treasure, the latter from the Pacific to the Atlantic side of the Isthmus. The silver shipments over the road are gradually declining, and most of the silver transported is shipped to the Isthmus from the Pacific coast of South America. Of freight the road has transported 614,535 tons, but this year it is estimated the traffic will amount to 150,000 tons. America now controls the road, which runs through the territory of New Granada, but England is making great exertions to get possession of it.

From the Atlantic seaboard to Sacramento, by the railroad route, is 3129 miles, of which 1887 have been completed and are now in successful operation, leaving but 1252 miles yet to be built. It is confidently asserted that the gap will be filled up within two years.

Owing to the stringent rules enforced in Louisiana, and the neglect of the whites to register, the New Orleans papers say the proportion of registered colored voters to white voters is so large as to become alarming. Outside the city the proportion is still greater. At the latest accounts the voters registered at Baton Rouge were thirty-six whites and three hundred and fifty colored. At Ascension, fifty-one whites and seven hundred and ninety-six colored. Part of the disproportion is accounted for by the fact that every qualified negro registered, while a large proportion of those whites not disfranchised by law refused to register.

The Third Annual Report of Friends' Association of Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen, shows that their efforts the past year have been directed almost exclusively to the establishment and support of schools. Seventeen are represented as in successful operation. In some of these it has been found necessary to seek out from the more advanced pupils those who showed decided qualifications for teaching, and place them over the primary classes. More than eight hundred children have been under instruction in these schools, and the condition and deportment of the colored people in sections where they are located are encouraging and hopeful. The Association asks the aid of Friends to enable them to continue their teachers at their posts of usefulness. It is not thought that in future clothing will be needed, but money is indispensable. Books and seeds will also be of great importance, and it is hoped that all interested in the welfare of these people will generously respond to their need.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF F. W. ROBERTSON.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

(Continued from page 212.)

Love is the great characteristic of Christianity, and the seal of that life which is hid with Christ in God; for by this we know "we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brethren abideth in death."—1 John. iii. 14.

This is the subject of one of Robertson's discourses, entitled, "The new commandment of love to one another," from the text, John xiii. 34. "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

"In the opening of the discourse he says, 'There is a difficulty in the attempt to grasp the meaning of this command, arising from the fact that words change their meaning. Our Lord affixed a new significance to the word love. It had been in use, of course, before, but the new sense in which He used it made it a new word.

His law is not adequately represented by the word love; because love is, by conventional usage, appropriated to one species of human affection, which, in the commoner men, is the most selfish of all our feelings; in the best, too exclusive and individual to represent that charity which is universal.

Nor is charity a perfect symbol of his meaning; for charity by use is identified with another form

of love, which is but a portion of it,—almsgiving; and too saturated with that meaning to be entirely disengaged from it, even when we use it most accurately.

Benevolence or philanthropy, in derivation, come nearer to the idea: but yet you feel at once that these words fall short; they are too tame and cool; too merely passive, as states of feeling rather than forms of life.

We have no sufficient word. There is, therefore, no help for it, but patiently to strive to master the meaning of this mighty word love, in the only light that is left us, the light of the Saviour's life: 'As I have loved you;' that alone expounds it.

We will dispossess our minds of all preconceived notions; remove all low associations, all partial and conventional ones. If we would understand this law, it must be ever a 'new' commandment, ever receiving fresh light and meaning from His life.

Take, I. The novelty of the law—'That ye love one another.'

II. The spirit or measure of it—'As I have loved you.'

I. Its novelty. A 'new commandment:' yet that law was old. See 1 John ii. 7, 8.

1. It was new as a historical fact. We talk of the apostolic mission as a matter of course; we say that the apostles were ordered to go and plant churches, and so we dismiss the great fact. But we forget that the command was rather the result of a spirit working from within, than of

an injunction working from without. That spirit was Love.

And when that new spirit was in the world, see how straightway it created a new thing. Men before that had travelled into foreign countries: the naturalist, to collect specimens; the historian, to accumulate facts; the philosopher, to hive up wisdom, or else he had stayed in his cell or grove to paint *pictures* of beautiful love. But the spectacle of an Apostle Paul crossing oceans, not to conquer kingdoms, nor to hive up knowledge, but to impart life,—not to accumulate stores for self, but to give and to spend himself,—was new in the history of the world. The celestial fire had touched the hearts of men, and their hearts flamed; and it caught, and spread, and would not stop. On they went, that glorious band of brothers, in their strange enterprise, over oceans, and through forests, penetrating into the dungeon, and to the throne; to the hut of the savage feeding on human flesh, and to the shore lined with the skin-clad inhabitants of these far Isles of Britain. Read the account given by Tertullian of the marvellous rapidity with which the Christians increased and swarmed, and you are reminded of one of those vast armies of ants which move across a country in irresistible myriads, drowned by thousands in rivers, cut off by fire, consumed by man and beast, and yet fresh hordes succeeding interminably to supply their place.

A new voice was heard; a new yearning upon earth; man pining at being severed from his brother, and longing to burst the false distinctions which had kept the best hearts from each other so long; an infant cry of life—the cry of the young Church of God. And all this from Judea—the narrowest, most bigoted, most intolerant nation on the face of the earth.

Now, I say that this was historically a new thing.

2. It was new in extent. It was, in literal words, an old commandment, given before both to Jew and Gentile. To the Jew; as, for instance, in Lev. xix. 18. To the Gentile, in the recognition which was so often made of the beauty of the law in its partial application, as in the case of friendship, patriotism, domestic attachment, and so on.

But the difference lay in the extent in which these words 'one another' were understood. By them, or rather by 'neighbor,' the Jew meant his countrymen; and narrowed that down again to his friends among his countrymen; so that the well-known Rabbinical gloss upon these words, current in the days of Christ, was, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy.' And what the Gentile understood by the extent of the law of love, we may learn from the well-known words of their best and wisest, who thanked heaven that he was born a man, and not a brute; a Greek, and not a barbarian; as

if to be a barbarian were identical with being a brute.

Now, listen to Christ's exposition of the word neighbor. 'Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies.' And he went further. As a specimen of a neighbor he specially selected one of that nation whom, as a theologian and a patriot, every Jew had been taught to hate."

"3. It is new in being made the central principle of a system. Never had obedience before been trusted to a principle: it had always been hedged round by a law. The religion of Christ is not a law, but a spirit,—not a creed, but a life. To the one motive of love God has intrusted the whole work of winning the souls of His redeemed. The heart of man was made for love; pants and pines for it:—only in the love of Christ, and not in restrictions, can his soul expand. Now, it was reserved for One to pierce, with the glance of intuition, down into the springs of human action, and to proclaim the simplicity of its machinery. 'Love,' said the apostle after Him,—'Love is the fulfilling of the law.'

We are told that in the new commandment the old perishes; that under the law of love, man is free from the law of works. Let us see how

Take any commandment,—for example, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth. I may abstain from murder and theft, deterred by law; because law has annexed to them certain penalties. But I may also rise into the spirit of Charity; then I am free from the law. The law was not made for a righteous man; the law no more binds or restrains me, now that I love my neighbor, than the dike built to keep in the sea at high tide restrains it when that sea has sunk to low-water mark.

Or the seventh. You may keep that law from dread of discovery,—or you may learn a higher love: and then you *cannot* injure a human soul—you cannot degrade a human spirit. Charity has made the old commandment superfluous. In the strong language of St. John, you cannot sin, because you are born of God.

It was the proclamation of this, the great living principle of human obedience, not with the pedantry of a philosopher, nor the exaggeration of an orator, but in the simple reality of life, which made this commandment of Christ a new commandment.

II. The spirit or measure of the law,—'as I have loved you.'

Broadly, the love of Christ was the spirit of giving all he had to give. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' Christ's love was not a sentiment; it was a self-giving. To that his adversaries bore testimony:—'He saved others;

Himself He cannot save.' Often as we have read these words, did it ever strike us,—and, if not, does it not bring a flash of surprise when we perceive it,—that these words, meant as taunt, were really the noblest panegyric, a higher testimony and more adequate far than even that of the centurion? 'He saved others; Himself He cannot save.' The first clause contained the answer to the second—'Himself He cannot save!' How *could* He, having saved others? How can any keep what he gives? How can any live for self, when he is living for others? Unconsciously, those enemies were enunciating the very principles of Christianity, the grand law of all existence, that only by losing self you can save others; that only by giving life you can bless."

"That spirit of self-giving manifests itself in the shape of considerate kindness. Take three cases:—First, that in which He fed the people with bread. 'I have compassion on the multitude, because they continue with me now three days, and have nothing to eat.' There was a tenderness which, not absorbed in his own great designs, considered a number of small particulars of their state—imagined, provided; and this for the satisfaction of the lowest wants. Again, to the disciples: 'Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile.' He would not over-work them in the sublimest service. He did not grudge from duty their interval of relaxation; He even tenderly enforced it. Lastly, his dying words: 'Behold thy mother! Woman, behold thy son!' Short sentences. He was too exhausted to say more. But in that hour of death-torture He could think of her desolate state when he was gone, and, with delicate, thoughtful attention, provide for her well being.

There are people who would do great acts; but, because they wait for great opportunities, life passes, and the acts of love are not done at all. Observe, this considerateness of Christ was shown in little things. And such are the parts of human life. Opportunities for doing *greatly* seldom occur—life is made up of infinitesimals. If you compute the sum of happiness in any given day, you will find that it was composed of small attentions,—kind looks, which made the heart swell, and stirred into health that sour, rancid film of misanthropy, which is apt to coagulate on the stream of our inward life, as surely as we live in heart apart from our fellow-creatures. Doubtless the memory of each one of us will furnish him with the picture of some member of a family whose very presence seemed to shed happiness:—a daughter, perhaps, whose light step even in the distance irritated every one's countenance. What was the secret of such a one's power? What had she done? Absolutely nothing; but radiant smiles, beaming good humor, the tact of

divining what every one felt and every one wanted, told that she had got out of self, and learned to think for others; so that at one time it showed itself in deprecating the quarrel, which lowering brows and raised tones already showed to be impending, by sweet words; at another, by smoothing an invalid's pillow; at another, by soothing a sobbing child; at another, by humoring and softening a father who had returned weary and ill-tempered from the irritating cares of business. None but she saw those things. None but a loving heart *could* see them."

"That was the secret of her heavenly power. Call you those things homely trifles,—too homely for a sermon? By reference to the character of Christ, they rise into something quite sublime. For that is loving as He loved. And remark, too, these trifles prepare for larger deeds. The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love, is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones. The soul which poured itself out to death upon the cross for the human race, was the spirit of Him who thought of the wants of the people, contrived for the rest of the disciples, and was thoughtful for a mother."

"Once again:—It was a love never foiled by the unworthiness of those on whom it had been once bestowed. It was a love which faults, desertion, denial, unfaithfulness, could not chill, even though they wrung his heart. He had chosen; and He trusted.

And it is on this principle that Christ wins the hearts of His redeemed. He trusted the doubting Thomas; and Thomas arose with a faith worthy 'of his Lord and his God.' He would not suffer even the lie of Peter to shake his conviction that Peter might love Him yet; and Peter answered to that sublime forgiveness. His last prayer was extenuation and hope for the race who had rejected Him,—and the kingdoms of the world are become His own. He has loved us, God knows why—I do not; and we, all unworthy though we may be, respond faintly to that love, and try to be what He would have us.

Therefore, come what may, hold fast to love. Though men should rend your heart, let them not embitter or harden it. We win by tenderness; we conquer by forgiveness. O, strive to enter into something of that large celestial Charity which is meek, enduring, unretaliating, and which even the overbearing world cannot withstand forever. Learn the new commandment of the Son of God. Not to love, but to love as he loved. Go forth in this spirit to your life-duties; go forth children of the cross to carry everything before you, and win victories for God by the conquering power of a love like His."

(To be continued.)

Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—*Addison*.

It is evident that the systems of education which obtain, need great and almost total reformation. What does a boy in the middle class of society learn at school of the knowledge and the spirit of his age or country? When he has left school, how much does he understand of the business and duty of life?—*Dymond's Essays*.

EXTRACTS FROM BOGATSKY.

By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. (John xiii. 35.) Forbearing one another in love. Endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath, but be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. (Eph. iv. 2, 3, 26, 32.)

Humble Christians never affect singularity, nor set up extraordinary claims; they rather study to be of one mind, and strive not about words or places of distinction, lest the general harmony subsisting among them and the edification of souls should be hindered. Whoever judges and blames everything, and can never agree or join in devotion with other experienced Christians, is puffed up with self conceit, and is in the way to a dangerous shipwreck, "for pride comes before a fall." Believer, cultivate humility. Take thy place at the feet of Jesus, and learn of Him. He sets thee an example of love, patience, forbearance, long suffering, and readiness to forgive. If you know these things, happy are you if you do them. Practical conformity to the life of Christ is the best proof that we have the spirit of Christ. What tends not to thy glory, O Lord, and is not thy own work, (whatever appearance it may have) is not really good and profitable. One that is really poor in spirit, though he has practiced the duties of the Christian life ever so long, and ever so diligently, always thinks himself to have received but a very little portion of Christ, and the work of sanctification hardly to be begun in his soul, so far is he from believing he has already attained it, that after all his best actions he counts himself not worthy to be called by the name of a grateful son. He is never pleased with himself. No degree of holiness will satisfy his soul. He seeks and finds no rest or comfort but in the infinite mercy of God, and in the pardon of his sins by faith, resigning himself entirely in His hands, to be more and more sanctified and perfected. In this state he is safe indeed; he is prepared for death, and has no reason to be anxiously afraid, though earnestly desirous of higher degrees of sanctification.

Believers are subject to many changes of joy and sorrow. In a state of gladness therefore we have reason to fear, and in the hours of trouble and sadness, to entertain good hopes. Thus we shall be able to keep the happy medium between the extremities of levity and despair. Before a man has a true sense of his own miseries, the complaints and infirmities of the saints are often stumbling-blocks to him, but afterwards they will administer to him great comfort.

Disquiet of mind and spiritual slothfulness often proceed from self-righteousness and not looking to Christ for everything, but trusting secretly to something in ourselves.

"Nevertheless I am continually with thee. Thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever." (Psalm lxxiii. 23, 26; Psalm xvi. 8, 11.)

Babes in religion long not only for Christ, but for sensible communion with Him, and very often are they indulged with it, that they may be weaned from the world. But those of fuller age, who have their senses more exercised, are thankful that they can trust him when they do not see him, and can follow him when they feel no comfort, relying more on the words and covenant of God, than on those sensations which, though ever precious and desirable, are often withdrawn, that it may be seen whether we are so decided and eager to follow God into a land not sown. Lord give me grace to trust thee in the dark, to rest on thy promises, believing that thou art always present, though unseen. I would not live on frames and feelings, but on Christ, nor fancy that my God changes because I do. I am always with thee, as thy child, needing thy watchful care; and thou art always with me, as my father, sympathising with and caring for me. Lord suffer us not to despair in any extremity, but cause us to believe and feel that the greater our distress, the nearer and more glorious will be thine aid; that man's extremity is God's opportunity; and that at evening time it shall be light.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

That earnestness in the service of God, and that activity and perseverance in doing good which true religion inspires, appear to many to be indications of insanity, and awaken in them solicitude; while equal earnestness in the pursuit of worldly things awakens no such apprehensions, but is viewed with approbation.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF SORROW.

There is comfort in the thought of an order beyond which nothing can pass, into which each sorrow is adjusted; and in the thought of a Supreme Hand that can mould all things to its purpose, and thus guarantees the stability of that divine order. They are like resting places on the stairway up a gray cathedral spire, platforms on each of which you stop and breathe, and rest and enjoy, the widening landscape, and the promise of the view which is to crown the whole, and grow familiar with a feature here and there. So, resting as we pass, in these lower thoughts—we reach the last: that the end of all things is our good. The particular sorrow may hurt, but the drift of the whole is good. And sometimes the very sorrow has wrought us good. We know that already by experience. It was good for our temper to suffer. It calmed, restrained, chastened us—made us less impatient, or fretful, or violent. Trial has been purifying us, from the throng of the vulgar, animal desires, from restless cravings, from the stain of passion. It has done good by preventing us laying hold of the present world, loosening our attachment to it, setting us a little apart from its painted shows, out of its babble and haste. It has strengthened our sympathy with others. We have entered into the fellowship of sorrow. We have learned to feel the common burden. We can comfort, for we know what it is to be comforted. But the most of what we know is by faith. We have not seen or felt it yet. We have but caught a glimpse of the system here and there. If you ever spent a misty day upon the Right, you will have seen, through shifting rifts in the lower clouds, the edge of a lake, or the fringe of a wood, or the gay fragment of a town—vague, transitory hints of a great world beneath. And such vague hints are the sum of what we know in part—visions into God's working that we have seen closed as suddenly as opened. We must hold on and wait, living, in this, as in every thing else, by faith.—*Sunday Magazine.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE PRESS.

The sensational tone and tenor of the popular newspapers have generated a feverish excitement in the public mind that craves whatever prolongs and intensifies the malady. War having ceased, the daily chronicles of cruelty and horror are now continued in the recital of all forms of private vices and criminality. And it seems as though most of the editors, conscious of this tacit demand for evil aliment, covet examples of crime, as if the felon and the press are joint conservators of civilization. The gallows may be hidden for its known demoralizing tendency; but the actual executions which give to the gibbet all its immoral effect, may be

minutely delineated under a caption of glaring capitals, and sent to every fireside. Parents, conscientious and careful, may restrain their offspring from visiting local exhibitions of vice, while a daily or a weekly chart of a nation's sins is laid open to the eager and familiar gaze. There is a passage in the Scriptures relative to the impossibility of sweet and bitter waters issuing from the same fountain at the same time. The Press is a great fountain, either of light or darkness. If the darkness is made more manifest, more pointed and conspicuous than light, its eclipse will shroud the day, and people the night with chimeras, vicious, visionary, and vain.

But we are called out of the darkness into light. Shall we, then, under a plea for the necessity of news, go into darkness, and foster its evil spirit?

The Friends are a reading and intelligent body of people, and capable of sustaining a large weekly paper, devoted to the promotion of peace, the details of useful news, the furtherance of scientific enquiry, and such a synopsis of current literature, that its perusal shall tinge no cheek with the blush of shame, and touch no heart, however pure, with emotions that cause the unavailing tear. Alone, if it be alone, must one take the burthen of this testimony, and bear it to the end; conscious of its truth, and of its need.

Prophetstown, Ill.

SIDNEY AVERILL.

From "Elements of Character."

COMPANIONSHIP.

BY MARY G. CHANDLER.

Man was not born to live alone, and it is only in and through the relations of the family and the social circle that the better parts of his nature can be developed. Solitude is good occasionally, and they who fly from it entirely can hardly attain to any high degree of spiritual growth; but still in all useful solitude there must be a recognition of some being besides self. He who turns to solitude only to brood over thoughts of self, soon becomes a morbid egotist, and it is only when we study in solitude in order to make our social life more wise and true, that our solitary hours are blessed.

Man really alone is something we can hardly imagine. He becomes cognizable almost entirely through his relations with God and with his fellow-men. Heathen philosophy sought to make man wise by withdrawing him from the passions and affections that move him when associated with his fellow-men, in order that he might devote himself to the study of abstract truth. Christian philosophy teaches that truth owes its sanctity to the Divine Love, which alone gives it life; and that by leading a life of love we acquire the power of understanding the truth. Philosophy is a dead abstraction

until piety and charity fill it with the breath of life.

The offices of piety belong in great part to solitude, and the offices of charity to society; but the principle of Companionship is involved in both; for piety associates us with God as charity associates us with man.

All Companionship involves the idea of both giving and receiving. In the offices of piety, in proportion as we give a worship that is earnest and heartfelt, is the warmth and clearness of the influx of heavenly love and wisdom that we receive. In the offices of charity, our love is warmed and our wisdom enlightened in proportion as we disinterestedly seek the true happiness of those whose lives come within the sphere of our influence, guided not by blind instinct, but by an enlightened Christianity. Thus the quality and quantity of what we receive from Companionship depends on the quality and quantity of what we give.

There is no surer test of character than the Companionship we habitually seek; for we always prefer the society of those who administer to our dominant love. Some seek the society of their superiors, others of their equals, and others, again, of their inferiors; and the members of each class are actuated in their choice by very various motives. Thus, among the first class are found the ambitious, who seek their superiors because they fancy themselves elevated by the reflection of the attributes they admire; the proud, who fancy themselves degraded by association with their inferiors; and the humble, who seek to be advanced in goodness, in knowledge, or in refinement, through intercourse with those who excel. On the other hand are those who seek their inferiors from the vanity that demands admiration as its daily food, or the pride that feels itself oppressed in the presence of a superior, or the philanthropy that loves to give up its stores to those less endowed than itself. The middle class may be actuated in their choice by the love of sympathy in their pursuits, or by a kind of indolence that is disturbed by whatever differs much from itself. There is less purpose and vitality in this class than in either of the others; but merely a desire to float with the surrounding current, whithersoever it may tend.

The constituents of society are so varied in quality, that it would be very difficult for any one to associate exclusively with a particular class; and it may be doubted if we have a right to seek to do so. The variety in social life is adapted to develop the various qualities of the human soul far more perfectly than they could be if the different classes of humanity were entirely separated in their walks. All should be willing to give as well as to receive, and to this end all should be willing to associate in a spirit of brotherly love with their superiors or their

inferiors, without any feeling either of servility or of elation. We may seek the society of our superiors in order to enrich ourselves, and that of our inferiors in order to give freely even as we have received; while with our equals we alternately give and receive, for no two persons are so similarly endowed but that each may gain by associating with the other. In truth, which ever way the balance may incline, none ever give without receiving, and none can receive without giving.

No Companionship is wise that does not involve the principle of growth. If the influence of our associates does not make us go forward, it will surely cause us to go backward. If we are not elevated by it, we shall certainly be degraded. Two persons cannot associate, and either party remain just as he was before; and if we would find in society an element of growth, we must seek for all that is elevating in whatever circles we move; for it is not confined to any particular circle or class, but waits everywhere for the true seeker.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth, said the Lord, teaching as never man taught; and it is in proportion as we walk meekly with our fellow-men that our capacities become capable of receiving, to their fullest extent, the influx of goodness and truth that should be the end of social intercourse. Nothing obstructs our receptivity so much as that egotism of thought and affection which keeps self perpetually before the mind's eye, and to this egotism meekness is the direct opposite. Meekness implies forgetfulness of self. There is nothing servile about it, but it pursues its way in pure simplicity, forgetting self in its steadfast devotion to what it seeks. Egotism pursues its aims from love of self and of the world, and confides in its own strength for success. Meekness pursues its aims from the love of excellence, and confiding in the strength of the Lord. The first love is dim of sight, and often satisfies itself with the shadow of what it seeks, while its strength is too feeble to grasp the higher forms of excellence. The second love is full of light, because its eye is single; it can be satisfied only with substance, and its endeavors know no limit, because its strength comes from Him who never fails nor wearies.

Meekness is always ready to receive of the excellence it seeks, through whatever medium it can be obtained; while egotism is perpetually hindered in its advancement by its unwillingness to owe it to any source out of self.

Similar results follow in giving as in receiving. Meekness gives in simplicity from love to the neighbor, and feels as great pleasure in imparting from its stores as in receiving additions to them, because the pleasure it imparts is reflected back upon itself, making all its good offices twice blessed. Egotism is twice cursed,

as all that it receives and all that it gives perpetually adds to its love of self; for it values what it possesses because it is its own, and imparts to others because it enjoys a feeling of superiority over the recipient of its possessions. Meekness builds itself up; egotism puffs itself up. To meekness Companionship is a perpetual source of healthful growth; while to egotism it furnishes food only to supply the demands of a morbid enlargement, destructive to all manly and womanly symmetry.

(To be continued.)

"Unchangeable His will,
Whatever be my frame;
His loving heart is still
Eternally the same:
Our souls through many changes go,
His love no change can ever know."

We have received from an esteemed friend, now travelling in Europe, a description of a scene so different from any thing in our own country that its novelty makes it doubly interesting. We should be glad to receive other communications from the same source.—EDS.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

PRAGUE, BOHEMIA, 5th mo. 16th, 1867.

Very many years ago, so long, indeed, that the stereoscopic art was quite new, an acquaintance received from Europe a beautiful view on glass of the long bridge over the Moldau at Prague.

The exquisite perspective, the groups of statues on either side, the old gothic tower at the end, with the houses of the city beyond, formed a picture so beautiful and so singular, and the art itself was then such a novelty, that this stereoscope gave me an impression of pleasure, vivid enough to make it one of the lasting ones of my early youth.

On arriving here a few days ago, one of the first points I sought was the old bridge; and, truly, if the picture was so striking, the view from the bridge was no less so.

The bridge is supported on numerous arches of solid masonry, and the roadway is paved with cubic blocks of stone. It is about 1800 feet long, and, owing to the small size of the rivers here, is one of the longest in Europe. Each pier is surmounted by groups of statues on either side—some 20 or 30 in all—making the bridge itself an object of great interest; but this is nearly lost in the contemplation of the beautiful scene which breaks upon your view.

As you leave the old town to cross to the Kleinsite, you have before you a splendid panorama of a semi-circular range of hills, about two miles in extent. To the left it is clothed with magnificent groves of horse chestnuts and lindens, half hiding various monasteries, churches, and other buildings; while on the right, overtopping the houses of the town, the Hrad-

schin, the old palace of the Bohemian Kings, spreads its vast front along the summit of the range.

This palace, in which the ex-Emperor Ferdinand now resides, is of immense extent, containing over 400 apartments, and includes within its courts the old Cathedral, celebrated as the church in which John Huss preached, and now noted as containing the shrine of the patron saint of bridges in all Catholic countries, St. John Nepomuk.

The shrine itself is not so remarkable for beauty as for its material, viz.: solid silver, of which about 4000 lbs. were required for its construction.

The legend of the Romish Church is, that a priest, having refused to betray the secrets confided to him in the confessional by the Queen of Wenceslaus the IV., was, by order of the King, thrown from the bridge; but that, three days afterwards, flames appeared on the surface of the water, and continued to burn there, until, from curiosity, the river was dragged, and the body found.

This occurred in 1383; the bridge you will see is not very modern. About 350 years afterwards the priest was canonized as St. John Nepomuk, and his silver shrine erected from a small part of the votive offerings made. This has become one of the pilgrimage shrines of Bohemia; there is also a temporary shrine erected on the bridge, where the bronze statue of St. John Nepomuk stands, close to the spot from which he was thrown, and so great is the superstitious veneration in which he is held, that one year over 80,000 pilgrims visited these shrines. To-day being his festival day, and the first day of the pilgrimage, which lasts eight days, the city has been filled with the devotees who have arrived to pay their homage.

A procession of peasants has just passed our hotel with a band, a crucifix, banner, and a box richly covered, borne upon the shoulders of several young girls dressed in white, followed by a crowd of peasant women in their best attire, but carrying large bundles on their backs. The streets are thronged with processions of pilgrims in holiday costumes, going from church to church, singing hymns, and the approaches to the bridge, the bridge itself, and the way thence to the Cathedral, are one moving mass of pilgrims and others, on their way to visit the shrines.

Many of the men wear knee breeches, and some green vests and green pointed felt hats with feathers stuck in them, while the women mostly have bright calico dresses reaching to within about one foot of the ground, and bearing the appearance of costume, as they wear no bonnets, but cover their heads with all kinds of gaudy-colored handkerchiefs and shawls, which, hanging down their backs, give them a very

picturesque appearance. Occasionally you see a more decided costume—a velvet body with embroidered blue or pink skirt, a very complicated head-shawl worked with initials, and a large gilt buckle fastened round the throat by six or eight silver chains. The whole way was lined with booths, offering for sale thousands of small, highly-colored pictures, little leaden figures of the saints in frames, small statues in iron, religious books, &c. Neither did they neglect to provide for the bodily wants of the pilgrims.

The whole scene was so entirely different from home that it seems impossible to convey any idea of what appeared to us so striking; but there were some traits which showed that human nature is a good deal alike in widely separated countries. The toy stands and gingerbread booths were especially showy and attractive; and I saw many a young father and mother carrying back with them the cake, doll, drum, gun, or other toy that was to reward the young ones left at home.

There were many pleasant faces among the young, but the older persons, especially the women, bore heavily the traces of exposure and hard labor.

It was said there would be 50,000 strangers in the city to-day, but the number was certainly not nearly so great; the existence of these pilgrimage shrines, and the resort of such great numbers to them, were novel features to an American; and it was exceedingly pleasant to notice the general well-to-do air of all classes of the pilgrims; the contrast between the cleanliness here apparent, and the filth of a crowd in Italy, was too striking to escape notice.

In all this crowd, too, there did not appear to be a single intoxicated or unruly person, but everywhere the greatest kindness and consideration for those around them; even in the crowd on the bridge at the shrine, everything was perfectly orderly; and it is worthy of remark that, although before the building of the suspension bridge, this was the only avenue between the two portions of the city, yet, for eight days it was given up to the pilgrims, no carriage being allowed to cross during that time.

We have been agreeably surprised at the pervading appearance of thrift, comfort and industry that we have noticed in those portions of the Austrian Empire that we have visited—say Tyrol, Austria proper, and Bohemia. They have reminded us strongly of Lancaster county, Penna., none the less, perhaps, that the inhabitants there are so essentially German, and that the same careful cultivation of the land which marks that portion of our State is to be found in this country. W. U. B.

Do not envy any one for being superior to

you in piety or reputation; but love the gifts of God in him, and they will be your own.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 15, 1867.

The following notice of the History of Friends, by our friend S. M. Janney, is from the Editorial column of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin:—

"History of the Religious Society of Friends, from its rise to the year 1828," by Samuel M. Janney, author of the Life of Wm. Penn, etc., in 4 volumes, 12 mo., published by T. Ellwood Zell, 17 South Sixth street, Philadelphia. To the student of the history of Pennsylvania, these volumes will prove valuable, and to all readers interesting, for the scope of treatment, the research exhibited, the information conveyed, and the clearness of the style, with which the whole is imparted.

The "Friends" bore so large a share in settling the foundations of our ancient Commonwealth, that no one can thoroughly understand its annals, and the working of the causes which shaped its early policy, without some familiarity with the history of the Quakers.

The influence they exerted, however, necessarily diminished under the large accessions of a heterogeneous population, entertaining other religious and political views, and to the melancholy fact that no community existing within large territorial limits, and holding extensive commerce with the world, can survive in perfect peace, free from internal foes and external enemies. The simplicity of life, the cultivation of learning, the avoidance of motives to contention, the conservative spirit, the thrift and industry, the merciful penal code, the sacred regard for the rights of conscience, the jealous guardianship of political liberty, which her people maintained, have left their impress upon the history of a great State, and in no respect more distinguishable than in the last three particulars, and which form so bright a contrast to the intolerance which prevailed elsewhere. The horror which they had contracted for the bloody code of the mother country, and their ardent love of religious and political liberty, not for themselves only, but for all who sought shelter within the Province have been slow in reacting upon the land which gave them birth, for it took England more than a century and a half to learn both the impolicy and cruelty of hanging for the most trivial offences, and she has not yet learned that the establishment of civil and religious liberty upon a foundation which cannot be shaken is a right and not a boon which she owes the subject.

Mr. Janney, after rapidly tracing the pro-

gress of Christianity from its inception, through its different stages to the period of the rise of the Society of Friends, presents a sketch of the life of that remarkable man, George Fox, whose biography reads like a romance, through so many vicissitudes did he pass. He notices the causes which led to the origin of the Society. The bitter persecutions the Quakers underwent in Great Britain, and more particularly in Massachusetts, where so many suffered death for the fidelity with which they adhered to their religious convictions, are carefully narrated.

The restoration of the Monarchy, under Charles II., which the Quakers hoped would bring with it "measures of clemency and toleration," and which the King had promised, *was not propitious*, and did not do so. The rising of the Fifth Monarchy men was a pretext for a "proclamation against the Anabaptists, Quakers, and Fifth Monarchy men assembling and meeting together under pretence of worshipping God." This led to numerous persecutions; hundreds were fined and imprisoned, many died in jail, and all bore their afflictions with fortitude.

As it came within the plan of the author to describe the settlement of New Jersey and Pennsylvania in its relation to the Society, his previous investigations in this direction had prepared him for the task. This part of the undertaking is well done, as is the whole, and occupies a considerable share of the second volume. The third volume opens with an account of the accession of Thomas Story to the ranks of the Society. Story was designed by his family for the profession of the law. He also received a liberal education and acquired many accomplishments. The circumstances of his conversion to the principles of the Friends are graphically related in his "Journal." He was a master of English composition, as this production abundantly testifies.

The following touching passage from his journal, depicting the effects of the malignant fever which prevailed in Philadelphia in 1699, and which carried off a large number of the inhabitants, is a fair example of his powers of description:

"In this distemper had died six, seven, and sometimes eight in a day, for several weeks. There being few houses, if any, free of the sickness. Great was the majesty and hand of the Lord! Great was the fear that fell on flesh. I saw no lofty or airy countenances, nor heard any vain jesting to move men to laughter, nor witty repartee to move men to mirth, nor extravagant feasting to excite the lusts and desires of the flesh above measure. But every face gathered paleness, and many hearts were humbled, and countenances fallen and sunk, as such that waited every moment to be

summoned to the bar, and numbered to the grave."

The secession of George Keith, and the circumstances that led to it are carefully traced. No event had occurred which excited such bitter animosity; it shook the organization for the time to its centre, and separated father and son.

Keith was a native of Scotland, a man of education and ability, and for many years bore an active part in religious affairs. Removing to England in 1668, he took charge of a Friends' school, but had not been long in the occupation when he was informed against for preaching and teaching without a license, and on his refusing to take the oath was committed to jail.

The degree of oppression, which at that time prevailed in England, cannot be well conceived. No one could teach the languages without a license from a bishop; and in 1668 Keith was kept in Newgate for five months, because of this tyrannical restriction. After his liberation he came to New Jersey, and was afterwards employed as a teacher in the Friends' Academy, which was for so many years established in Fourth street, below Chestnut, in this city, the ancient building belonging to which has just been taken down.

Keith, however, soon began to manifest symptoms of discontent and the result was a separation from the Society. It was perhaps a fortunate circumstance that he left them. Of a turbulent and disputatious nature, he would have been useful in no religious community. He drew with him many adherents, and had not a few of the most conspicuous persons of the Province on his side. Some of these became "Keithian Baptists," some attached themselves to the Episcopal Church, but many afterwards returned to the Society.

The fourth volume is devoted to a sketch of the lives of members of the Society, who flourished during the present century; among them we notice many whose memories are familiar to us for their piety and their eloquence. The volume closes with an account of the "causes which led to the separation of the Society."

We commend the work to the general reader. Although religious narratives are rarely interesting to the many, Mr. Janney, by judiciously interspersing biographical details, and interweaving an account of the progress of events, sustains the interest in his pages. He appears to us to have performed his task with impartiality, and these volumes supply a want which has been long felt. The work is clearly printed on good paper, and does credit to its enterprising publisher.

The Executive Committee of "Friends' Publication Association," will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, 6th mo. 21st, at 3½ o'clock. The punctual and full attendance of the members is particularly requested.

LYDIA H. HALL, Clerk.

THE COLORED SCHOOL SYSTEM.

FORTRESS MONROE, May 28.—The American Missionary Association of New York recently purchased the Wood farm, or "Little Scotland," as it is called, containing about one hundred and fifty acres of good farming land, situated on the east side of Hampton creek. The price paid was \$19,000. The association design putting into operation by next fall a training school for colored teachers. Pupils are to be received from all parts of the country and admitted to the school, and furnished with good accommodations and an excellent education, to qualify them to take their destined positions in life. In the centre of this purchase there is a large national cemetery, containing about five thousand soldiers' graves, the farm having been during the war covered with hospital buildings, wherein the lives of over ten thousand patients were taken care of. Should the training school succeed, an attempt will be made to establish a first-class normal school or colored college, which will be amply supported to render it efficient and successful in accomplishing the objects which led to its inception.

The entire colored school system which is in general use in this district of the Freedmen's Bureau, and more particularly on the peninsula, has been inaugurated by the different missionary societies of the North, and the rapid progress which has been made by the scholars of all ages has induced these additional steps to be taken towards a still further improvement and elevation of the race. The teachers of these schools are sent out by the societies, and all the expenses incurred in building school-houses and providing for the education of the pupils, are instantly defrayed and provided for by the charities of the benevolent.

The school system is perfect, and the teachers who manifest a highly creditable zeal in the discharge of their duties, belong to the most respectable classes of society—many of them coming a distance to labor in shaping the future career of the young negroes. General Armstrong, superintendent of this district, has the supervision of the schools, and it is only due to his energy and practicability that their present success is attributed.

The education of the negro is generally viewed by the people of the country with a rapidly improving opinion, as the only wise course that can ever elevate them from the degradation to which they have so long been subjected; and it is a theme of congratulation that the predictions of opposition and difficulty to be met with have disappeared as the work progresses.—*The Press*.

Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment.

SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN.

Extract from a speech made by John Stuart Mill in the House of Commons, England, on the 20th of last month.

I should not feel the confidence I do in this subject if the great change I advocate was not grounded on a previous social change. The idea of a hard line of separation between man's province of thought and woman's belongs to a state of society that is receding farther and farther into the past. We talk of the political revolutions of the world, but we do not pay sufficient attention to the fact that there has taken place among us a silent domestic revolution. Women and men for the first time in history are really companions. Our traditions of the proper relations between them have descended from a time when their lives were apart, when they were separate in their thoughts because they were separate both in their amusements and in their serious occupations. The man spent his hours of leisure among men—all his friendships, all his intimacies were with men—with man alone did he converse on any serious subject; the wife was either a plaything or an upper servant.

All this among the educated classes is changed. Men no longer give up their spare time to violent outdoor exercises and boisterous convivialities with male associates; the home has acquired the ascendancy; the two sexes really now pass their time together; the women of the family are the man's habitual society—the wife is his chief associate, his most confidential friend, and often his most trusted counsellor. Now, does a man wish to have for his nearest companion—linked so closely with himself, and whose wishes and preferences have so strong a claim upon him—one whose thoughts are alien from those which occupy his own mind, one who can give neither help, nor comfort, nor support, to his noblest feelings and purposes?

Is this close and almost exclusive companionship compatible with women being warned off all large subjects, taught that they ought not to care about what it is the man's duty to care for, and that to take part in any serious interests outside the household is stepping beyond their province? Is it good for a man to pass his life in close communion of thoughts and feelings with a person studiously kept inferior to himself—whose earthly interests are forcibly restrained within four walls—who is taught to cultivate as a grace of character ignorance and indifference about the most inspiring subjects, those among which his highest duties are cast? Does any one suppose that this can happen without detriment to the man's own character?

The time is come when women, if not raised

to the level of men, men will be pulled down to theirs. The women of a man's family are either the stimulus and support to his higher aspirations or a drag upon him. You may keep them ignorant of politics, but you cannot keep them from concerning themselves with the least respectable part of politics—its personalities. If they do not understand and cannot enter into the man's feelings of public duty, they do care about his private interests, and that is the scale into which their weight is certain to be thrown. They are an influence always at hand, co-operating with his selfish promptings, watching and taking advantage of every moment of moral irresolution, and doubling the strength of every temptation. Even if they maintain a modest neutrality their mere absence of sympathy hangs as a dead weight on his moral energies, and makes him averse to incur sacrifices which they will feel, and to forego worldly successes and advantages in which they would share for the sake of objects which they cannot appreciate.

But suppose him to be happily preserved from temptation to an actual sacrifice of conscience, the insensible influence of the higher part of his own nature is still deplorable. Under an idle notion that the beauties of character of the two sexes are mutually incompatible, men are afraid of manly women; but those who have reflected on the nature and power of social influence know that when there are not manly women there will not be manly men. Men and women are really companions. If the women are frivolous, the men will be frivolous. If women care only for personal interests and trifling amusements, men in general will care for little else. The two sexes must now rise and sink together.

It may be said that women can take interest in great national questions without having a vote. Certainly they can; but how many of them will? All that society and education can do is exhausted in inculcating in women that their rule of conduct ought to be what society expects from them. And the denial of the vote is a proclamation intelligible to every one, that society does not expect them to concern themselves with public questions. Why, the whole of a girl's thoughts and feelings are toned down by it from her earliest school days. She does not take the interest even in national history that a boy does, because it is to be no business of hers when she grows up. If there are women—and fortunately there are now—who do care about those subjects and study them, it is because the force within is powerful enough to bear up against the worst kind of discouragement, that which acts not by interposing obstacles which may be struggled against, but by deadening the spirit which faces and conquers obstacles.

In patient waiting there is no loss.

SALOME'S PRAYER.

"Grant that these my two sons may sit, one on Thy right hand, and the other on Thy left, in Thy kingdom."

O MOTHER! full of fondest dreams,
And did thy hopes aspire
To where before the Throne there gleams
The crystal sea of fire?
Did'st see in vision, left and right,
Thy two sons seated there,
With golden crowns, arrayed in white,
In glory none might share?
Ah! could thine eyes have seen, indeed,
The boon that thou did'st ask;
How one dear son for Christ must bleed,
And one work out his task!
Not e'en their Lord that boon might give,
But by his Father's rule;
And suffering is, for all that live,
The saints' appointed school.
He crowns the victim's brow, but, first,
Must come the fierce, hot strife;
The soul must taste earth's last and worst,
And then the perfect life:
By weary years, or sudden pain,
He ends what He began;
And only thus His children gain
The stature of the man.

Ye mothers, who for children seek
Great heritage of fame;—
God's gifts, a prophet's words to speak,
A statesman's might and name,
The wreath that binds the conqueror's brow,
The poet's tongue of fire—
Who thus, if free, would utter now
Your deepest heart-desire.

How would ye shrink in pale dismay
Could ye the future scan,
And trace the lonely age and grey,
The features worn and wan;—
Could hear the minstrel's minor sad,
And see the statesman foiled,—
The one prize never to be had,
For which alone they toiled!

Ye know not how the fire which burns
In words from poet's lips,
Upon the man's own spirit turns,
And ends in dark eclipse:
Ye know not, when, for those ye love,
Ye ask the world's success,
That wealth, power, glory, never prove
Enough the heart to bless.

Far better ask Salome's prayer
For those, the heirs of light,
When thy Lord's kingdom comes, to share
The thrones to left and right:
Then with thy Father's perfect will
Be ready to comply,
Sure that His love will lead them still
In wanderings far or nigh.

But, best of all, seek only this,
The power for service true,
To find in good their perfect bliss,
One light in varying hue:
They please Him best who make their choice
To take the lowest place;
And in His presence they rejoice,
True heirs of God's great grace.

—Christian Society.

We are not answerable for what thoughts
come into the mind, but only for what thoughts
we keep in the mind.—J. A. James.

MYSTERIES.

BY LORD KINLOCK.

I met a child, amidst a deafening maze
 Of wheels, and bands, and engines loudly wrought;
 On which the child fixed a bewildered gaze,
 Viewing such products rare, so strangely brought.
 The master of the work stood by, and taught
 How this revolved, whence that its action drew;
 The child looked up with eye of pure clear blue,
 And ne'er the while, but half his meaning caught:
 Yet was his smile so sweet, his mien so kind,
 The child believed it all, nor held one doubt.
 Then I, whose faith in Thee was nigh worn out,
 My God, went from the spot with bettered mind;
 I am that child, content thy word to take,
 For all thy world holds strange, for thy love's sake.

From the Philadelphia Press.

A CHINESE HISTORY OF AMERICA.

WASHINGTON, May 16.

The State Department has made public the following translation of a Chinese history of the United States:

PREFACE.

Sen-Ki-Yu was, from 1844 to 1850, Governor of Fuh-Kien. During that time he wrote, in the Chinese language, and published a work on universal geography, giving an account of the establishment of America by Washington. For this publication, so favorable to the Western powers, some of which were then in collision with China, and so favorable especially to the United States, Sen-Ki-Yu was dismissed from office by the Emperor Hien-Fung, on his accession to the throne of China in 1850.

His work and his sacrifices for the truth of history were made known to the Government at Washington by the late Charge of the United States at Peking, Mr. Williams. Through the efforts of the legation, the Imperial Government reversed its sentence of proscription against Sen-Ki-Yu, and recalled him into its employment as a member of the Foreign Office of the government.

The Secretary of State presented him with a portrait of Washington.

The following is a copy of the letter of the Secretary of State:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

WASHINGTON, January 21, 1867.

SIR: Mr. S. Wells Williams, in a dispatch, No. 16, and in an unofficial letter of the 22d of February last, invited my attention to the fact that his Excellency Sen-Ki-Yu, a distinguished Chinese statesman, then recently appointed to the Foreign Office, had in various ways manifested a liberal and friendly appreciation of the importance of amicable relations between the United States and other Western powers and China, and that he had written a eulogy upon the life and character of George Washington, which reflects great credit upon the author. When these facts became known to me they afforded me the liveliest satisfaction, and I

thought it might be agreeable to his Excellency to possess a faithful portrait of the subject of his eulogy. I have accordingly caused an exact copy to be made by one of our most skilful artists of the original likeness, painted by Gilbert Stuart from life. This copy, suitably framed, will be forwarded to your address by the first convenient opportunity, for presentation by you in such manner as may seem most appropriate to his Excellency, Sen-Ki-Yu, as a mark of the high appreciation entertained of the wisdom and virtue which have justly entitled him to the exalted station which he has attained.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WM. H. SEWARD.

The history from the original Chinese, translated into English at the United States Legation, Peking.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA (a).

America is a vast country. Owing to its merchant ships carrying a variegated flag, it is usually known at Canton as the Hwa-ki-kwoh or Flowery Flag nation (b). It is bounded on the north by the English territory, and on the south by Mexico and Texas; its eastern border lies along the Great Western Ocean, while its western is on the vast ocean, a distance of about ten thousand *li* (c) lying between them. From north to south the distance is between five thousand and six thousand *li* in the widest parts, and from three thousand to four thousand *li* in the narrowest. The Apalachian range winds along its eastern coasts, and the Great Rocky Mountains enclose its western borders, between which lies a vast level region of many thousands of miles in extent.

The Mississippi is the chief of its rivers. Its sources are very remote, and, after running more than a myriad *li* in a serpentine course, it joins the Missouri river, and the great united river flows on south to the sea. The other celebrated rivers are the Columbia, Mobile, Apalachicola, and Delaware. Great lakes lie on the northern border toward the west. They are divided from each other by four streams, and are called Iroquois or St. Clair, Huron, Superior, and Michigan. To the east lie two others, Erie and Ontario, which are joined to each other. These together form the boundary between the United States and the British possessions.

It was the English people who first discovered and took North America, and drove out the aborigines. The fertile and eligible lands were settled by emigrants moved over there from the three (British) islands, who thus occupied them. These emigrants hastened over with a force like that of the torrent running down the gully. Poor people from France, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden also sailed over to join them, and as they all daily opened up new clearings, the country continually grew rich in its cultivated lands. High English officers held it

for their sovereign, and as cities and towns sprung up all along the coasts, their revenues were collected for his benefit. Commerce constantly increased in extent and amount, so that thus the inhabitants rapidly became rich and powerful.

During the reign of Kemberg (A. D. 1736-1796), the English and French were at war for several years, during which the former exacted the duties throughout all their possessions, increasing the taxes more than previously. By the old tariff, for instance, the duty on tea was levied when it was sold; but the English now required that another tax should be paid by the buyer.

The people of America would not stand this, and in the year 1776 their gentry and leading men assembled together in order to consult with the (English) Governor how to arrange this matter; but he drove them from his presence, dispersed the Assembly, and demanded that the tax be collected all the more strictly. The people thereupon rose in their wrath, threw all the tea in the ships into the sea, and then consulted together how they could raise troops to expel the British.

There was at this time a man named Washington, a native of another colony, born in 1732, who had lost his father at the age of ten, but had been admirably trained by his mother. While a boy he showed a great spirit, and aptitude for literary and martial pursuits, and his love for brave and adventurous deeds exceeded those of ordinary men. He had held a military commission under the English, and during the war with France, when the French leagued with the Indians, and made an irruption into the southern provinces, he led on a body of troops and drove them back; but the English general would not report this expedition's operation, so that his worthy deeds were not recorded (for his promotion.)

The people of the land now wished to have him to be their leader, but he went home on plea of sickness and shut himself up. When they had actually raised the standard of rebellion, however, they compelled him to become their General.

Though neither troops nor depots, neither arms nor ammunition, stores nor forage, existed at this time, Washington so inspirited everybody by his own patriotism, and urged them on by his own energy, that the proper boards and departments were soon arranged, and he was thereby enabled to (bring up his forces) invest the capital. The British General had intrenched some marines outside the city, when a storm suddenly dispersed his ships. Washington improved the conjuncture by vigorously attacking the city, and succeeded in taking it.

The English then gathered a great army

and renewed the engagement. He lost the battle completely, and his men were so disheartened and terrified that they began to disperse. But his great heart maintained its composure, and he so rallied and reassured his army that they renewed the contest, and victory finally turned in their favor. Thus the bloody strife went on for eight years,—sometimes victorious and sometimes vanquished. Washington's determination and energy never quailed, while the English General began to grow old.

The King of France also sent a general across the sea to strengthen the tottering States. He joined his forces with those of Washington, and gave battle to the British army. The rulers of Spain and Holland likewise hampered their military operations, and advised them to conclude a peace. The English, at last, could no longer act freely, and ended the strife in the year 1783, by making a treaty with Washington. According to the stipulations, the boundary line was so drawn that they had the desolate and cold region on the north, while the fertile and genial southern portions were confirmed to him.

Washington, having thus established the States, gave up his military command for the purpose of returning to his farm, but the people would not permit him thus to retire, and obliged him to become their ruler. He, however, proposed a plan to them as follows: "It is very selfish for him who gets the power in the State, to hand it down to his posterity. In filling the post of the shepherd of the people, it will be most suitable to select a virtuous man!"

Each of the old colonies was thereupon formed into a separate State, having its own Governor to direct its affairs, with a Lieutenant Governor to assist him (*d*) each of whom held office for four years (*e*). At the general meeting of the people of his State, if they regard him as worthy, he is permitted to hold his post during another term of four years (*f*); but if not, then the Lieutenant Governor takes his place. If, however, the latter does not obtain the approbation of the people, another man is chosen to the dignity when his time has expired. When the head men of the villages and towns are proposed for office their names and surnames are written on tickets and thrown into a box. When everybody has done so the box is opened, and it is then known who is elected by his having the most votes, and he takes the office. Whether he has been an official or is a commoner, no examination is required as to his qualifications; and when an officer vacates his place he becomes in all respects one of the common people again.

From among all the Governors of the separate States one supreme Governor (or President) is chosen, to whom belongs the right to make treaties and carry on war, and whose or-

ders each State is bound to obey. The manner of his election is the same as that for a Governor of a State. He holds his office four years, or, if re-elected, for eight. Since the days of Washington (who died in 1799) the country has existed sixty years; there have been nine Presidents, and the present incumbent (Tyler) was elected from Virginia.

When Washington made peace with the British he dismissed all the troops, and directed the attention of the country entirely to agriculture and commerce. He also issued a mandate saying, "If hereafter a President should covetously plot how he can seize the forts or lands of another kingdom, or harass and extort the people's wealth, or raise troops to gratify his personal quarrels, let all the people put him to death." He accordingly retained only twenty national war vessels, and limited the army to ten thousand men.

The area of the country is very great, and every one exerts himself to increase its fertility and riches. The several States have all one object, and act together in entire harmony; the other nations of the world have therefore maintained amicable relation with the United States, and have never presumed to despise or encroach on them. During the sixty years that have elapsed since peace with England, there has been no internal war, and their trade has increased, so that the number of American merchantmen resorting to Canton yearly is second only to those of Great Britain.

It appears from the above that Washington was a very remarkable man. In devising plans he was more daring than Chin Shing or Hain Kwang. In winning a country he was braver than Tsan Tsan or Sin Pis. Wielding his four-foot falchion, he enlarged the frontiers myriads of miles, and yet he refused to usurp regal dignity, or even to transmit it to posterity; but, on the contrary, first proposed the plan of electing men to office. Where in the world can be found a mode more equitable? It is the same idea, in fact, that has been handed down to us (the Chinese) from three reigns of San Shun and Yu. In ruling the State he honored and fostered good usages, and did not exalt military merit, a principle totally unlike what is found in other kingdoms. I have seen his portrait. His mien and countenance are grand and impressive in the highest degree. Oh, who is there that does not call him a hero! (g)

Notes.

a. It is also called Collected Nations of America. United Leagued Nations, Confederate Countries of America, and United all States (i. e. these different Chinese names have been used).

b. This flag is an oblong banner, with red and white stripes alternating; in the right hand corner is a small square of a black color, wherein are drawn many white spots arranged in a form resembling the Constellation of the Dipper.

c. This is a vague expression for a vast distance; three *li* are usually reckoned to equal an English mile.—*Translator's Note.*

d. Sometimes the Lieutenant-Governor is a single officer; in other cases several persons aid the Governor.

e. They are also changed biennially, and sometimes annually.

f. When he has held the office for eight years he cannot be re-elected.

g. Ching Shing and Hang Kwang were two patriotic generals, who endeavored to overthrow the Tsin dynasty (B. C. 208), and restore the feudal system, and establish their own prince in his stead. Tsan Tsan and Sin Pi were rival chieftains (A. D. 220), the first of whom destroyed the great Han dynasty, and the second, after surviving all his own efforts to uphold it, founded a small State himself in the west of China. The four-footed falchion is an allusion to the celebrated sword of Sin Pan, the founder of the Han dynasty (B. C. 202), with which he clove in twain a huge serpent that crossed his path. The three monarchs, Yan, Shun, and Yu, were among the earliest Chinese rulers (B. C. 2357-2405), and were chosen to fill the throne on account of their virtues.

Extracts from "Inaugural Address of JOHN STUART MILL," delivered to the University of St. Andrews, Scotland.

(Continued from page 233.)

In what consists the principal and most characteristic difference between one human intellect and another? In their ability to judge correctly of evidence. Our direct perceptions of truth are so limited; we know so few things by immediate intuition—or, as it used to be called, by simple apprehension—that we depend for almost all our valuable knowledge, on evidence external to itself; and most of us are very unsafe hands at estimating evidence, where an appeal cannot be made to actual eyesight. The intellectual part of our education has nothing more to do, than to correct or mitigate this almost universal infirmity—this summary and substance of nearly all purely intellectual weakness. To do this with effect needs all the resources which the most perfect system of intellectual training can command. Those resources, as every teacher knows, are but of three kinds: first, models, secondly, rules, thirdly, appropriate practice. The models of the art of estimating evidence are furnished by science; the rules are suggested by science; and the study of science is the most fundamental portion of the practice.

Take in the first instance mathematics. It is chiefly by mathematics we realize the fact that there actually is a road to truth by means of reasoning; that anything real, and which will be found true when tried, can be arrived at by a mere operation of the mind. The flagrant abuse of mere reasoning in the days of the schoolmen, when men argued confidently to apposed facts of outward nature without properly establishing their premises, or checking the conclusions by observation, created a preju-

dices in the modern, and especially in the English mind, against deductive reasoning altogether, as a mode of investigation. The prejudice lasted long and was upheld by the misunderstood authority of Lord Bacon; until the prodigious applications of mathematics to physical science—to the discovery of the laws of external nature—slowly and tardily restored the reasoning process to the place which belongs to it as a source of real knowledge. Mathematics, pure and applied, are still the great and conclusive example of what can be done by reasoning. Mathematics also habituates us to several of the principal precautions for the safety of the process. Our first studies in geometry teach us two invaluable lessons. One is, to lay down at the beginning, in express and clear terms, all the premises from which we intend to reason. The other is, to keep every step in reasoning distinct and separate from the other steps, and to make each step before proceeding to another; expressly stating to ourselves, at every joint in the reasoning, what new premise we there introduce. It is not necessary that we should do this at all times, in all our reasonings. But we must be always able and ready to do it. If the validity of our argument is denied, or if we doubt it ourselves, that is the way to check it. In this way we are often enabled to detect at once the exact place where paralogism or confusion get in: and after sufficient practice we may be able to keep them out from the beginning. It is to mathematics, again, that we owe our first notion of a connected body of truth; truths which grow out of one another, and hang together so that each implies all the rest; that no one of them can be questioned without contradicting another or others, until in the end it appears that no part of the system can be false unless the whole is so. Pure mathematics first gave us this conception; applied mathematics extends to it the realm of physical nature. Applied mathematics shows that not only the truths of abstract number and extension, but the external facts of the universe, which we apprehend by our senses, form, at least in a large part of all nature, a web similarly held together. We are able, by reasoning from a few fundamental truths, to explain and predict the phenomena of material objects: and what is still more remarkable, the fundamental truths were themselves found out by reasoning; for they are not such as are obvious to the senses, but had to be inferred by a mathematical process from a mass of minute details, which alone came within the direct reach of human observation. When Newton, in this manner, discovered the laws of the solar system, he created, for all posterity, the true idea of science. He gave the most perfect example we are ever likely to have, of that union of reasoning and observation, which

by means of facts that can be directly observed, ascends to laws which govern multitudes of other facts—laws which not only explain and account for what we see, but give us assurance beforehand of much that we do not see, much that we never could have found out by observation, though having been found out, it is always verified by the result.

While mathematics, and the mathematical sciences, supply us with a typical example of the ascertainment of truth by reasoning, those physical sciences which are not mathematical, such as chemistry, and purely experimental physics, show us in equal perfection the other mode of arriving at certain truth, by observation, in its most accurate form, that of experiment. The value of mathematics in a logical point of view is an old topic with mathematicians, and has even been insisted on so exclusively as to provoke a counter-exaggeration, of which a well-known essay by Sir William Hamilton is an example: but the logical value of experimental science is comparatively a new subject, yet there is no intellectual discipline more important than that which the experimental sciences afford. Their whole occupation consists in doing well, what all of us, during the whole of life, are engaged in doing, for the most part badly. All men do not affect to be reasoners, but all profess, and really attempt, to draw inferences from experience: yet hardly any one, who has not been a student of the physical sciences, sets out with any just idea of what the process of interpreting experience really is. If a fact has occurred once or oftener, and another fact has followed it, people think they have got an experiment, and are well on the road towards showing that the one fact is the cause of the other. If they did but know the immense amount of precaution necessary to a scientific experiment; with what sedulous care the accompanying circumstances are contrived and varied, so as to exclude every agency but that which is the subject of the experiment—or, when disturbing agencies cannot be excluded, the minute accuracy with which their influence is calculated and allowed for, in order that the residue may contain nothing but what is due to the one agency under examination; if these things were attended to, people would be much less easily satisfied that their opinions have the evidence of experience; many popular notions and generalizations which are in all mouths, would be thought a great deal less certain than they are supposed to be; but we should begin to lay the foundation of really experimental knowledge, on things which are now the subjects of mere vague discussion, where one side has as much to say and says it as confidently as another, and each person's opinion is less determined by evidence than by his accidental interest or prepossession. In

politics, for instance, it is evident to whoever comes to the study from that of the experimental sciences, that no political conclusions of any value for practice can be arrived at by direct experience. Such specific experience as we can have, serves only to verify, and even that insufficiently, the conclusions of reasoning. Take any active force you please in politics, take the liberties of England, or free trade; how should we know that either of these things conduces to prosperity, if we could discern no tendency in the things themselves to produce it? If we had only the evidence of what is called our experience, such prosperity as we enjoy might be owing to a hundred other causes, and might have been obstructed, not promoted, by these. All true political science is, in one sense of the phrase, *à priori*, being deduced from the tendencies of things, tendencies known either through our general experience of human nature, or as the result of an analysis of the course of history, considered as a progressive evolution. It requires, therefore, the union of induction and deduction, and the mind that is equal to it must have been well disciplined in both. But familiarity with scientific experiments at least does the useful service of inspiring a wholesome scepticism about the conclusions which the mere surface of experience suggests.

(To be continued.)

LIBERALITY IN FARMING.

In this art, and almost in this art alone, "it is the liberal hand which maketh rich."

Liberality in providing utensils is the saving both of time and labor. The more perfect his instruments, the more profitable are they.

So also is it with his working cattle and his stock. The most perfect in their kinds are ever the most profitable.

Liberality in good barns and warm shelter is the source of health, strength and comfort to animals; causes them to thrive on less food; and secures from damage all sorts of crops.

Liberality also in the provision of food for domestic animals is the source of flesh, muscle and manure.

Liberality to the earth, in seed, culture, and compost, is the source of its profit.

Thus it is in agriculture, as in every part of creation, a wise and paternal Providence has inseparably connected our duty and our happiness.

In cultivating the earth, the condition of man's success is his industry upon it.—*Josiah Quincy.*

ITEMS.

AN IMMENSE TELESCOPE.—One of the largest and most improved telescopes ever constructed in England is now nearly completed, and is intended for Melbourne. It was made under the direction of the Royal Society, at a cost of \$25,000. The form which

has been selected is known as the Cassegranian telescope. It differs from the Gregorian form in apparently a very slight degree, but to an extent which confers on it some striking advantages. In the latter the reflected image is received upon a small concave speculum; in the Cassegranian the surface of the small mirror is convex. By this apparently slight difference is secured more light, and a better defined image in consequence of the small convex mirror correcting the aberration necessarily present in the large concave mirror. The tube of the telescope is of the enormous diameter of four and a half feet, and of proportional length. The diameter of the speculum is but six inches less than that of the tube, or four feet, being four and a half inches in thickness, and weighing about twenty-seven hundred weight. The telescope will be moved by clock-work.—*Country Gentleman.*

The "Dominion of Canada" may be regarded as having begun its existence. The Queen's proclamation was made on the 22d of Fifth month, declaring that Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were united as this dominion, and nominating the Senators to be summoned as the "Senate of Canada."

An expedition has recently left England, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, to explore the interior of Greenland. This immense island—if island it be—supposed to be larger than the whole United States between the Canadian line and the Gulf of Mexico, and the Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean, has never yet been thoroughly explored. Edward Whymper, of Alpine fame, and Robert Brown, a Rocky Mountain explorer, are the leaders of this expedition.

The slaves who were emancipated by John Randolph were settled by him upon land which he gave them in Ohio. The Judge of their district says there never was one of them before him for any violation of law. They are peaceable, law-abiding, industrious, thrifty and courteous, and command the respect of their neighbors.

Sir Charles Lyell in a new edition of his "Principles of Geology" notices the discovery of fish in some of the Artesian Wells sunk in the desert of Sahara. They were brought from the depth of 175 feet, and were not blind like those of Adelsburg, but had perfect eyes.

It is estimated that there are thirty-two and one-half millions of sheep in the loyal twenty States and two territories. It is supposed that the annual number of lambs will be over twenty-four millions.

THE DIAMOND MINES OF BRAZIL.—These mines have been visited by a gentleman who writes that, in taking the gems from the earth, a driver places a gang of slaves in a mud-hole where the gems are found, and pans out the earth in the water like gold-washers. The negroes are naked, to prevent their secreting the diamonds in their clothes. They are required to work facing the overseer, and are forbidden to raise a hand to the face, lest they should swallow the jewels when found. Yet they do carry them away, by becoming so expert that they can snap them with their fingers from the pan to the mouth without detection.

The expedition to Africa in search of Dr. Livingstone has sailed from England.

The New York branch of the American Freedmen's Union Commission has, since the first of 10th month, put into the field 163 teachers, of whom 186 are now actively engaged in the service. They are distributed as follows: Delaware, 4; Maryland, 7; District of Columbia, 24; Virginia, 41; North Carolina, 23; South Carolina, 39; Florida, 7, and Tennessee 1.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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THE MINISTRY OF THE SENSES AND APPETITES TO HUMAN CULTURE.

BY O. DEWEY.

There are other peculiarities in the human organization to be noticed.

One is the countenance. You can conceive, though perhaps with difficulty, that on striking an ox or a dog with a cruel blow, the animal might turn around upon you, with a distinctly human expression of indignation or reproach; as much as to say, "I have my thoughts, and this is cruel." If no other feature could express that, the eye might. It does not; that power is not *given* to the animal face; if it were, it would be such a metamorphosis as would fill us with terror, and would penetrate with horror every reckless or savage abuser of the uncomplaining, dumb creatures that God has given for his service. But man is made to stand erect, and the crowning glory of his person is a countenance, every lineament of which is clothed with moral expression. The lowering brow of defiance, the cheek blanched with indignation, the eye challenging truth, or killing with accusation, or veiled and shaded with softening pity, the winning sweetness of smiles, the whole manifold mirror of radiant goodness and honor—all is moral ministration. And indeed, speaking of smiles, I think I never *saw* a smile that was not beautiful. Hardly less remarkable, perhaps, is the circumstance of every man's face being his own, clearly distinguish-

able from all others. We see the inconvenience, and sometimes fatal inconvenience, of not being able to distinguish one man from another, in the very few and rare cases of remarkable resemblance. If this were common, it would hardly be too much to say that the intercourse, the business, the very civilization of the world must stop. Not to know certainly whom we talked with, whom we traded with, who had told us or promised us this or that, whom we had married or who our children were; the world would be thrown into utter confusion; and all good relations would become impossible. To prevent this, there is achieved in the human countenance, what seems to me scarcely short of a miracle. Here it is—a little patch of white ground, nine inches long and six wide, with the parts the same, the configuration the same, and the hues generally the same; and yet, if all the hundreds of millions of the human race were brought together, every man could pick out from them all, his friend, with a certainty equal to that of his own identity.

Finally, the human hand is to be mentioned. It serves indeed one of the purposes of the animal claw or forefoot—i. e., to obtain food. Taking into account the forearm, the arm, and shoulder, it is worthy of note, that a similar formation prevails throughout the entire animal economy, as if nothing more perfect could be devised. That is to say, there are the scapulae or shoulder blades, the clavicles or collar bones to keep them from pressing upon the chest, the arm,

the forearm, and the hand, claw, or hoof, as the case may be. The same general construction is found in the fins of the fish, the wings of the bird, and the foreleg of the quadruped. But in man, this organ, I do not say, comes to its perfection—for all its perfection, every animal has that which is best for itself—but this organ comes in man to answer purposes peculiar to himself; and most of these are mental and moral. "The indefeasible cunning" that lies in the right hand, has more to do than to procure food. For instance, it has to fashion clothing, without which there could not be comfort in all climates, nor civilization in any. No animal could cut cloth, or sew it, or thread the needle. Then, again, all the practical arts depend upon the hand—building, the use of tools, all skill in making fabrics, which is called *manufacturing*. Then, all the fine arts require the hand—painting, sculpture, music. Then, once more, all writing is handwriting. All human communication, beyond that which is oral, all literature, all books, all works of genius, all the grandest agencies in the world depend upon the hand. Yes, in the human hand lies the whole moral fortune, the whole civilization, the whole progress of humanity. The right arm is a lever that moves the world.

I have thus spoken of certain parts of the human organism as superior to the animal, and as evidently intended to answer higher purpose—touch, speech, laughter, the human face and hand. Let us now consider, in the next place, the general ministry of the senses, appetites, and passions.

Some of you, I have no doubt, will feel, when you hear these words, appetites and passions, as if I named things that are not friends, but enemies to human culture. You have associated with them perhaps *only* ideas of temptation. But in the good order of Providence, I am persuaded it will always be found that temptation and ministration go together, and that ministration is the end, and temptation only the incident. Temptation is but another word for strong attraction to a thing; that attraction is necessary, and was never meant to be injurious but useful. I do not say, therefore, with some, that powerful passions and appetites were placed in man on purpose to try his virtue, but that they were placed there for other ends; that they are, in fact, a necessary part of the human economy; and that the trial is purely incidental, and in fact unavoidable. Just as fire was not meant to burn the house, nor, as the main intent, to make the keepers vigilant, but simply to warm it, though it could not warm, without being liable to burn it.

I shall solicit attention particularly to this part of the human economy, to these fires of appetite and passion in the house of life; because here arises the only moral question about our

sensitive constitution; and I am persuaded the question can be met. But I ask the inquirer to see, in general, what his simple senses teach him. I ask him to consider his own physical frame, fearfully and wonderfully made, as the very shrine of wise and good teaching, and to listen to the oracle that comes from within. Ay, to the oracle; but remember it is when nature's flame burns upon the altar, and not the strange fire of idolatrous passion. I appeal to nature against sensualism; and am willing to risk the cause of virtue on that issue. I will show you—I think, at least, I can show—that simple natural appetite it is *not*, that leads to vicious and ruinous excess, but something else. I concede the liberty in our physical constitution—provided it can be truly understood—to follow nature.

"Fatal concession!" I heard it said. "Fatal concession!" exclaim both ancient philosophy and modern religion. "What can the body teach, but evil, error, excess, vice?"

Let us see. You find yourself possessed with a nature other than your spiritual nature: different from it, inferior to it; and you hastily conclude that because its qualities are lower, its uses must be lower, and its tendencies all downward. You say, or think, perhaps, that if your being were a purely spiritual essence, you would be free from all swayings to evil. But how do you know that? Nay, keener than the temptations of sense itself, are the spiritual passions—ambition, envy, revenge, and malignant hate. You imagine that if your present frame were exchanged for some ethereal body, you would have passed out of the sphere of evil and peril. That, again, you do not know. Come, then, to the simple fact, and let it stand unprejudiced by any theory, or any fancy, or any comparison. God has given to us, in the present stage of our being, this body—this wonderful frame. Sinews and ligaments bind it together, such as no human skill could ever have devised. Telegraphic nerves run all over and through this microcosm, this little world, and bear mysterious messages, vital as thought and swift as sunbeams. Now I say that these are all moral bonds, good ministries, channels meant to inform and replenish the soul, and not to clog or corrupt it.

I hardly need say this, in the first place, of the five distinct senses—touch, taste, smell, sight, hearing. They are the mind's instruments to communicate with the outward world; instruments so varied as to convey every kind of information; servants that need not to be sent to and fro on errands, but that stand as perpetual ministrants—before the gates of morning, and amidst the melody of groves, and by the bowers of fragrance, and at the feast of nature, and wherever the pressure of breathing life and beauty comes to ask admission to the soul. The body is a grand harmonicon, a pan-

harmonicon, strung with chords for all the music of nature. Serving all needful purposes also—to walk, to run, to move from place to place; to work, to achieve more than all animal organisms together can do; it is, at the same time, an *organon scientiarum*, an organ of all knowledge. It is more than a walking library, it is a walking perception—of things that no library can teach; it is a walking vision—of things that no language can describe: like the wheels that appeared to the rapt Ezekiel, full of eyes within and without.

All this, then, it will not be denied, is good and useful ministration to the mind. One might as well inveigh against a telescope or an ear trumpet as against the eye or ear.

But now to this system belong certain distinct susceptibilities which are not classed under the head of senses: these are called appetites. Such, for instance, is hunger; or, in other words, the general relish for food and drink, which, when denied for a certain time, becomes hunger or thirst. I have before alluded to the uses of this particular appetite, but I wish to say a word further and more distinctly of it in this connection.

You can easily conceive that a being might have been made without this appetite—made to move, to act, to live; but not to eat. Or you can conceive that he might have had the relish for agreeable food and drink, without the intolerable pain he feels when they are long denied. Why, then, this pain? I look upon it as a distinct provision, designedly, and, if I may say so, gratuitously put into the system, to arouse man from indolence, to arouse him to activity. I look upon it just as if nature had provided a whip; just as if there were an organ attached to the human body as the arm is, and fashioned like a scourge, and, when the man is sinking to ruinous indolence, lifting itself up and striking him with a blow, to stir him to action. It is a *sting*, and answers that purpose. And moreover, it is a stimulus exactly adjusted to the strength of the agent, and also to the means of gratification. If hunger returned every hour, instead of two or three times a day, human sinews could not bear it, nor provide for it, nor the world supply of food suffice it.

And is it a point too low for philosophy to observe, furthermore, that hunger, with the peculiar needs of that appetite in man, promotes social intercourse? I say with the peculiar needs of that appetite in man; for his food must be cooked. He cannot pursue his prey or pull up his root, like the wild animal, and eat it on the spot, alone. He must bring it home; he must have arrangements for cookery; and the convenience of this process makes it almost necessary that families should assemble at certain times of the day and eat together. I am persuaded that we little suspect the immense social

and civilizing effect of these daily gatherings around the social board.

(To be continued.)

We do not know how much good may result from labor, which, to ourselves, may sometimes appear of little value. By embracing every opening presented by Divine Providence, and following the guidance of Divine Grace in simplicity of heart, we shall find peace.

Duty is ours—results we must leave to the Author of all good.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

COUNSEL FROM AN AGED MOTHER.

"How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I cast thee off from being a people before me?"

I have said in my heart, O! that this tender, this Fatherly, this solemn appeal might be brought home, and duly considered by the descendants of a people, gathered, as was Israel of old, from the bondage of superstition and idolatry which abounded in that day,—called, as Abraham was, to forsake all these things for the promise, that he should be made a blessing to the families of the earth! and, in *obedience to this call*, many of our early Friends had literally to forsake their father's house, and to feel as strangers in the world; but though they were thus called to "dwell alone," yet the power that operated in them, as "the good seed of the kingdom," was sown in other hearts prepared to receive it, and these were drawn together, and united as children of the same family, in accordance with the promise—"He that doeth the will of my father, the same is my mother, sister and brother." It was this *love* to their Heavenly Father, and love one to another, that so strengthened the bond of Christian fellowship, that they were often drawn together for mutual edification. And though the haughty and the self-righteous could observe "no comeliness," yet, to the eye anointed to see the beauty of holiness, there was that to be seen in their deportment and conversation which was honorable and deeply instructive. And by steady adherence to the revelations of the spirit of Christ, they were enabled to maintain the testimonies given them to bear through great persecutions and cruel mockings, both from professor and profane, until, by patient endurance, they wearied out the enmity, and "room" was made for them in the hearts of the people; and the mild and excellent government we are now blest with is the fruit of their faithfulness. They bequeathed this goodly heritage to their descendants, and *they* became honorable among the nations, and were recognized as the "respectable Society of Friends." How has this standard been maintained by us of the *present generation*? Have we, by *example*, held out the inviting language—"Follow us, as we fol-

low Christ?" It was said to Israel—"They should *lend* unto many nations, but they should not *borrow*. But, alas! instead of lending to others the example of meekness and moderation, and a willingness to bear the cross and despise the shame, we have borrowed largely from the vanities of those around us, and have so far forsaken the God of our fathers that it may be said of us—"They have changed their glory for that which doth not profit." Now, if this is our condition, in which the young and the old are implicated, should we not pause and look about us for a way of escape? Can we not adopt the language—"By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion." O! that a desire might be kindled in our hearts to return to our *first love*. We are not yet a forsaken people. "Return unto me, and I will return unto you," saith the Lord. And this endearing language would be applicable to us. "I remember the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown."

He would remember his covenant with our fathers, who were faithful in keeping watch over the flock, "as those who must give an account." In this *we*, as a Society, have been deficient. Those who have been placed as shepherds and overseers have not been vigilant enough to guard their own spirits, and to feed the flock, as was said of those formerly who fed themselves—"Should not the shepherds *feed* the flock? The diseased have you not strengthened, nor bound up that which was broken, nor brought again that which was *driven away*." Thus the young of the flock have been scattered as upon the mountains, and upon every high hill, and few did search or seek after them. I believe it is now the design of the good Shepherd to search out his own, and make with them "a covenant of peace;" and as they adhere thereto, "he will cause the showers to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessings."

If our young women would unite in a noble resolution to renounce the extravagant and ridiculous fashions of the present day, and adopt a style more suited to their needs, and which their best judgment could approve, the sensible and prudent from among other societies would be drawn to inquire the motive which induced them to lay aside these things, and an opportunity would be given them to advance the standard of truth, and thus become valiants in the Lamb's warfare, and the prediction be realized "that many from among the different persuasions would come and take hold of the skirts of him that is a Jew, saying, *We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you.*" And we should be made again to "possess the dew of our youth."

R. HILL.

Richmond, Ind., 6th mo. 6th, 1867.

COMFORT FROM LITTLE THINGS.

The heart in its despondency may be cheered by trifling incidents, and nerved for strength and endurance. An old lady, who had moved from cultivated society to a desolate region, was once asked if she did not feel homesick and gloomy, and she replied:—"Only once during an almost uninterrupted succession of snow storms. We could not get out for any purpose; our supplies were running low. Save a neighbor in the cabin at the extremity of the woods, the only living creatures that we knew were a pack of wolves, that sometimes swept by; on one occasion there was not less than thirty of them. That was a dismal time; my heart almost sank within me. Just then, when I felt like giving up entirely, I heard a sweet song—a clear, cheerful piping of a bird. You cannot tell how it cheered and thrilled me. I looked from the window, and there, right on the corner of our dwelling, it sat, caroling just as sweet as if it were June. This gave me fresh courage. Said I to my husband—'If that wee bit of a thing can sing, much more can I;' and I struck up a hymn of praise to God, and his bass voice made an excellent accompaniment. We felt better, and that was the last of our blues."

EXTRACTS FROM AN ESSAY ON THE EFFECTS OF SORROW.

Happy is he who uses his trouble so that it makes him better. Often sorrow is itself outgrown by the very growth which it inspires. Sometimes it develops in you things that you never could have come at independent of it. I have seen persons who, it seemed to me, were unfit to grapple with life, and by and by sorrow took hold of them, and then strangely I was led to reverse my judgment concerning them. And there are many cases of men who it would seem if it had not been for sorrow, would never have been born into their better nature. And where sorrow melts or breaks down a crude and harsh nature, and softens it, and refines it, and enriches it, then it is accomplishing a most blessed work. Sorrow should be like loam when the plough turns it; and when, being turned, it falls mellow from the share. Sorrows that are like clay that, when the plough turns it, rolls over in lumps, and is more unmanageable after it has been ploughed than it was before—such sorrows bring poor husbandry in the heart.

Dr. Spurzheim used to say that no person was fitted for domestic life that had not been educated by sorrow. Not that none should enter into that life who come with a smiling face unscarred with trouble; but that no person having come into domestic life, could grow into the fulness thereof until he had been developed and disciplined in the school of suffering and sorrow.

There are many fruits that never turn sweet till the frost has lain upon them. There are

many nuts that never fall from the bough of the tree till the frost has opened them and ripened them. There are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful till sorrow touches them; and then they are like autumnal colors, and all men behold and admire them. There is a sorrow that sweetens the acerbities and corrects the naturalness of disposition. There is a sorrow that breaks down hard and reluctant natures. Many a man that would not yield to his fellow-men at last yields to his own suffering and sorrow, and is all the better for it; and all men behold him, and say, "How wonderful is God's grace! for since he was afflicted he has learned to love all men."

Sorrows benefit us where they lead us to broader resources of life. One of the mistakes that almost all men commit is to invest all their joys in one direction. It is wise for us to invest them in many directions, that we may never become bankrupt. When men invest their funds, they scatter their means in various directions, so that if bankruptcy should touch one sort of investment, others would be left. Now this is wise in money matters, and it is a great deal wiser in morals. If a man has put all his means of enjoyment in one direction, and trouble comes and his only resource is swept away, he is bankrupt indeed.

One man makes the whole enjoyment of his life to consist in business. He has no taste for anything else. Reading does not please him; art does not; social comforts do not. He lives for enterprise. So long as he has the health and strength to carry it forward, he says, "I want no better life."

Another man lives wholly in the affections. So long as those whom he loves are left, he is happy; but when these are taken, life ceases to him.

Now the multiplied faculties with which we are endowed that have joy in them, are on purpose, it would seem to me, to give us an intimation that we should not make our earthly enjoyments rest in any one thing. You need to have great resources of mind, and therefore you need to educate the understanding. You also need great resources in affection. And you need great resources in the direction of beneficence, and in the direction of activities in other ways. You need these various resources, so that when you are driven out from one you can take refuge in other.

Blessed is that man whom no trouble can altogether destroy, but who, if he finds an enemy in this chamber, retreats to another, and bolts and bars the doors; and who, if he is driven out of that, finds another resource, and another, and another, and rises higher and higher till he reaches the threshold of his Father's house, where no more sorrow or crying can come forever more.

We live too narrowly. We live on too few alternatives. We want broader resources. It is not God's fault, but our own, that we do not have them.

Where sorrow more effectually introduces us into the knowledge of our own kind, it is a great blessing. There is nothing that makes a man take to his fellow-men, I think, as sorrow does. Men do not know much beyond their own sphere. We know what happens in our little circle. Right beyond our circle is another set of men. They have another way of looking at life and its pursuits. We never meddle with them any more than if they were of some other nationality. It is the tendency of human nature to make a man separate himself from his fellows. It is the tendency of a true Christian growth to make a man take to his fellow-men, as Christians do, and to recognize the bond of a common brotherhood; and toward this end some kinds of sorrow work wonderfully.

In my two hands I bring together kernels of wheat; but they only touch by the outside. We cannot mix them; they lie in juxtaposition, that is all. They just slide over each other. And after the attempt has been repeated fifty times, they are as much unmixed as they were in the beginning. But let me take those kernels of wheat and triturate and grind them till they are very pulverulent, and then see how perfectly I can blend them, and reduce them to the most intimate mixture. Each particular kernel is broken to pieces, and the particles are all mingled so that they cannot be separated any more.

Now there is many a man who is hard, and unyielding and unsympathetic; but God takes him, and rolls him over, and breaks him down in trouble, and when he gets up how he sprouts in every direction. From that time forward he sees no man with trouble on his face that he does not say, "I know how he feels." Men learn in trouble how to be drawn to those who are in trouble.

Oh, what a solemn brotherhood is that which lets you into the experience of others! How deep is the relationship that begins to subsist!

Where sorrows disenchant life of its exaggerated satisfactions and goodness, without going to the other extreme, it is of great benefit. We are at first apt to think that life is better than it is, brighter than it wears, better adapted to give satisfaction than it proves to be; and when we discover our mistake, we are apt to go to the other extreme, and to find that life is all care and hardship. And blessed is that sorrow which tempers our judgment.—*Exchange*.

A Christian when he comes into the world, lives to die again; but, when he goes out of the world, he dies to live again.

PURE AIR ESSENTIAL TO PROFITABLE WORK-SHIP.

A certain rural church was somewhat famous for its picturesque gothic architecture, and equally famous for its sleepy atmosphere; the rules of gothic symmetry requiring very small windows, which could only be partially opened. Everybody was affected alike in this church; minister and people complained that it was like the enchanted ground in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Do what they would, sleep was ever at their elbows; the blue, red, and green of the painted windows melted into a rainbow dimness of hazy confusion, and ere they were aware they were off on a cloud to the land of dreams.

An energetic sister in the church suggested the inquiry whether it was ever ventilated, and discovered that it was regularly looked up at the close of service, till opened for the next week. She suggested the thought whether giving the church a thorough ventilation on Saturday would not improve the Sunday services; but nobody acted on her suggestion. Finally she borrowed the sexton's key on Saturday night, and went to the church and opened all the windows herself, and let them remain so for the night. The next day everybody remarked the improved comfort of the church, and wondered what had produced the change. Nevertheless, when it was discovered, it was not deemed a matter of enough importance to call for an order on the sexton to perpetuate the improvement.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

COMPANIONSHIP.

BY MARY G. CHANDLER.

(Continued from page 231.)

Society at large, according as we walk in it in a spirit of meekness or a spirit of egotism, thus serves to develope and expand our powers, or to narrow and degrade them more and more continually. To the casual observer, the difference in the advancement of the two classes may not in early life be apparent. The forth-putting pretension of egotism may indeed cause it to seem the more rapidly advancing character of the two, but the progress of years will widen the separation between their paths, till it shall be seen as a great gulf, of which the opposite sides have naught in common. Advancing age will show the egotist narrow-minded and overbearing, peevish and fault-finding; while he who pursues his even course, walking in Christian meekness with his fellow men, will in old age exhibit ever-enlarging charity and ever-expanding wisdom, and his gray hairs will seem like a crown of glory.

It may seem almost needless to speak of the danger to Character that is involved in seeking the Companionship of the worthless or the evil-disposed. "Can one handle pitch and not be defiled?" Yet the usages of society are so dis-

ordered, that the possession of wealth, family distinction, or personal elegance, though accompanied by ignorance, folly, or even dissoluteness, is sometimes a surer passport into what is termed good society, than the best culture of mind and heart, where external advantages have been denied.

When we value mankind according to their external advantages, our moral standard is as false as the drawing upon a Chinese plate. We have no true moral perspective. Our ideas of right and wrong are confused and imperfect, and in danger of becoming corrupt. We laugh at the stupidity of the poor Chinaman in his attempts after beauty and art, while in morals we are quite as stupid as he. Believing ourselves wise, we are fools. It is very hard to escape being unduly influenced by the opinions of society; but the more earnestly we seek true excellence for ourselves, the more easily we learn to value true excellence in others, and to overlook the opinions of the world. The more independent we become of opinion, the better will be the influence we exert upon society, as well as that which we receive from it in return.

If the influence of our Companionship with those whom we meet in general society and in the daily avocations of life be important, far more so is that which comes to us through the friends whom we select from the world at large as best adapted to minister to our happiness; and in proportion as they are near and dear to us will their influence be strong and deep.

The choice of friends is influenced by an equal variety of motives, and of a similar nature as those that lead to the selection of the social circle. There is often no better foundation than selfishness for what passes current in the world for ardent friendship. The selfish and worldly love from selfish and worldly motives, and doubtless they receive their reward; but if we would derive the advantages to Character that result from a wise Companionship, we must select our friends without undue regard to the opinions of the world, and impelled by a desire for moral or intellectual advancement. Falsehood and fakeness in friendship result from its being built upon merely selfish or circumstantial foundations. When built upon mutual respect and affection, it contains no element of decay or change; and they who trust to any other foundation have no right to complain if their confidence is abused and disappointed.

Persons sometimes suppose themselves the fast friends of others, when their affection is merely the result of benefits received, directly or indirectly; and if these benefits are withheld, their supposed friendship is dissipated at once, or perhaps changed to enmity. Such a friendship

is merely circumstantial, and has no just claim to the name. Mere juxtaposition, the habit of seeing each other every day, is often sufficient to produce what the parties concerned esteem friendship, and to occasion the freest interchange of confidence. The slightest change of circumstance, a few miles of separation, an inadvertent offence, a trivial difference of opinion, a clashing of interest, are, any one of them, sufficient to bring such an intimacy to an end, and to cast reproach upon the sacred name of friendship, when friendship had never existed between the parties for a single moment.

Genuine friendship can exist only between persons of some elevation of moral character, and its strength and duration will be commensurate with the degree of this moral elevation. Truthfulness, frankness, disinterestedness, and faithfulness are qualities absolutely essential to friendship, and these must be crowned by a sympathy that enters into all the joys, the sorrows, and the interests of the friend, that delights in all its upward progress, and when he stumbles or falls, as all at times must, stretches out the helping hand, not condescendingly nor scornfully, but in the simplicity of true charity that forgives even as it would be forgiven, and is tender and patient even where it condemns. In such a friendship there is no room for rivalry, weariness, distrust, or anything subversive of confidence. With the selfish and the worldly, such a connection cannot exist, because with them rivalries and clashing interests must arise; for it is only among the seekers after excellence that there is room for the gratification of the desires of all. Neither can it exist between the false, for falsehood shuts the door upon confidence; nor with the morally weak, the foolish, or the idle, for they weary of each other even as they weary of themselves.

Of all earthly companionship, there is none so deeply fraught with weal or woe, with blessing or with cursing, as the companionship of married life. After this relationship is formed, although the threads still remain the same, the whole warp and woof of the being are dyed with a new color, woven according to a new pattern. Character is never the same after marriage as before. There is a new impetus given by it to the powers of thought and affection, inducing them to a different activity, and deciding what tendencies are henceforth to take the lead in the action of the mind; whether the soul is to spread its wings for a higher flight than it has hitherto ventured, or to sit with closed pinions, content to be of the earth, earthy. All are interested, even strangers, in hearing of the establishment of a newly married pair in what relates to the equipage of external life. Far more interesting would it be if we could trace the mental establishing that is going on, as old

traits of character are confirmed or cast aside, and new ones developed or implanted.

This union, so sacred that it even supersedes that which exists between parent and child, should be entered upon only from the highest and purest motives; and then, let worldly prosperity come or go as it may, this twain whom God has joined, not by a mere formal ritual of the Church, but by a true, spiritual union that man cannot put assunder, are a heaven unto themselves, and peace will ever dwell within their habitation.

In proportion as a true marriage of the affections between the pure in heart is productive of the highest happiness that can exist on earth, so every remove from it diminishes the degree of this happiness, until it passes into the opposite, and becomes, in its most worldly and selfish form, a fountain of misery, of a quality absolutely infernal.

Amid the disorder and imperfection reigning in the world, it is not to be supposed that a large proportion of marriages should be truly heavenly. In order to arrive at this, both parties must be of a higher moral standing than is often reached at an age when marriage is usually entered upon; but unless the character of each is inclined heavenward, there is no rational ground for anticipating happiness, except of the lowest kind.

Many persons of a naturally amiable disposition enjoy what may seem a high degree of happiness, through their sympathy with each other in worldliness and ambition: but such happiness is not of a kind that can endure the clouds and tempests of life. It is nourished only by the good things of this world, and if it cannot obtain them, is converted into the greater wretchedness because the being which is dearest in life shares this wretchedness. When, on the contrary, things heavenly are those most highly prized and earnestly sought, each party helps to sustain the other in all earthly privations and disappointments; for each is looking beyond and above the trials of earth and, each is in possession of a hope, nay, a fruition, that cannot be taken away, and which is dearer than all that is lost. With them, to suffer together is to rob suffering of half its weight, and almost all its bitterness. Whatever earthly deprivation may befall them, the kingdom of heaven is ever within their souls.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SAVING FAITH.

Most professing Christians will, perhaps, admit the necessity of having a saving faith in the Redeemer of men, in order that they may be received into the kingdom of God. Converted men and women everywhere surely have had convincing evidence of this. Admitting,

therefore, the necessity of faith and trust in this Saviour, to enable us to pass, in the language of Scripture, from death in transgression unto life in Christ, to be born as it were a new creature, reconciled to our Heavenly Father, yet, how easy it is for us to attach undue importance to that form or body of flesh in which a large body of the Christian world profess to place their hopes and affections as their Saviour. If the One ever living God, our Father, manifested himself in Jesus Christ to accomplish a work in the world, why need we question or attempt strictly to analyze the nature of Jesus? Is it not more important to endeavor to imitate his example, and strive to have the same spirit born in each of us that manifested itself in Him, that we, too, may become, through its saving influence, one in Christ, one in the Father?

In considering the differences that exist between professing Friends and others, the above thoughts have suggested themselves to my mind.

C.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 22, 1867.

MARRIED, on the 5th of Sixth month, 1867, at the residence of the bride's parents, according to the order of the Society of Friends, **JOSEPH FLOWERS, JR.**, to **HANNAH RICH**, both of Bucks Co., Pa.

DIED, on the 5th of Sixth month, 1867, at her residence in Columbiana, Columbiana Co., Ohio, **CASSANDRA NICHOLS**, widow of Wm. Nichols, aged nearly 82 years; a member of Middleton Monthly Meeting. Her illness was only of one week's duration, and was attended with much suffering, which she bore with much patience and resignation, giving full evidence that her peace was made. About two hours before her departure she said she "would soon rest in Heaven." She was liberal and just in her dealings, and evinced much sympathy for the afflicted and needy; and was a diligent attender of meetings, seldom absent, however stormy the weather.

—, at Rensselaerville, Albany Co., N. Y., on the 29th ult., **MIRIAM**, wife of Caleb Frost, aged 66 years. This dear friend was the mother of a numerous family of children, remarkable for their affection and circumspect life, to whose welfare and happiness, in conjunction with her dear husband, her life was devoted. Her hand was open to the needy in her neighborhood, and her heart to the oppressed everywhere. Some days before her death she called her household around her, imparting to them her last wish and her last counsel; then taking each by the hand, she bade them a most impressive farewell. Lovely in her life, sweetly peaceful in her death.

FOUND,

On Swarthmore grounds, on the day of the Excursion, a Morocco Satchel, supposed to belong to "S. E. Moore," which the owner can have by calling at the Store of E. Parrish, Eighth and Arch.

AFFECTATION.—Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our de-

fect, and never fails to make us be taken notice of, either as wanting sense or as wanting sincerity.—*Locke*.

DOING GOOD BY PROXY.

Every great city in Christendom has its benevolent societies and charitable institutions. There is no human sorrow of a physical character that has not been provided with an organized remedy. We have charities for the sick, the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the aged, the poor, the ignorant, and the feeble of mind. We have associations for the prevention of pauperism and for the prevention of cruelty to animals. We have homes for the outcast, the orphan, and the friendless. We have lying-in hospitals, and free pharmacies, and admirable systems of out-door relief. We have the ear that hears every cry of distress, and the hand that is ever ready to relieve it. However it may be with other races, the Anglo-Saxon—whether in his old home or in his new homes—is always as prompt with his purse as with his tongue to alleviate the miseries that he sees around him. Yet one thing is lacking in our philanthropy. We carry our inherited business habits into fields wherein we should reverently take off the shoes of commerce from our feet. Where the cry of misery is heard, God is in the midst of it, as he appeared in the midst of the burning bush. It is not meet that we should send our servants into his presence; *we should go ourselves*, and do his bidding with reverent and jealous zeal.

Let us illustrate our full meaning by examples—impersonal, but real; for we have watched the operation of this modern method of doing good by proxy in a dozen states and during a dozen years. We have organized new charities; we have assisted in creating others; and we are familiar with the history and management of large numbers. We do not mention these facts for any poor purpose of self-praise; but that the thoughts we write may carry, as they thus ought to carry, the greater credit which the results of long and careful experience obtain over the untried theories of the closet.

There is a real need of organized charity. It is not possible, for example, for an unaided individual to secure that reform in the condition of the tenements of the poor; or the education of the deaf, dumb and blind; or the proper treatment of the insane; or even that constant care of the indigent classes, which civilization and religion compel us at our social peril to secure. If we suffer filth and foul atmosphere to encircle the homes of the poor, the fevers and diseases, physical, moral, and mental, that they breed, will surely find us out, and cause us to pay, in our own persons or in our own families, the dread penalty of our criminal neglect. But all these organized agencies should be regarded

as auxiliary or transitional; not as sufficient in themselves and permanent in their nature. While, as citizens, we must act as a society; as Christians, we must act as individuals as well. The Master did not say to the rich man, Go and found a charity; but, "Sell all that thou hast, and give." All of Christ's teachings are addressed to the individual as an individual. He neither sought to save men as organized communities, nor to do good to aggregations of citizens. The modern method is to carry on reform as war is conducted; to regenerate men by the regiment, to be benevolent by battalion.

It has been tried and found wanting. The ablest students of social science, as well as the most experienced superintendents of charities, are beginning to admit that the modern method is a failure. We might illustrate this discovery by many quotations, and by the history of many charities; but our space will permit of one or two representative examples only.

Take the case of orphans. What is it that an orphan needs? A home and parents. What is it that we give him? A trundle-bed in a large dormitory; a place in a boys' monastery, or a girl's nunnery; instead of a home, an asylum; instead of a father and a mother, a superintendent and a matron. No class of human beings, next to our own children, have a stronger or holier claim to our warmest love and tenderest care than those little motherless wanderers. As men and women, they appeal to our sympathies; as Christians, they have a *right* to our love. Each little one is a true vicegerent; he is a representative of Christ on earth. There is no mode of denying or evading this claim, except by denying and refusing obedience to the Master himself. For whose doeth good unto one of these little ones doeth it unto him. Were Christ once more to assume the flesh, and to be wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and laid at our doorstep, would we dare to consign him to an asylum? To ask is the answer, *No*. If we consented to give up the babe, it would only be because we knew others, with ampler means and tenderer hearts, would nurse and rear him.

Now, orphan asylums are needed; but only as temporary homes—until some Rachel, weeping for her lost children, shall come and adopt them as her own. The world is ripe enough in goodness to make this plan successful. There are already charities which are conducted on this method, and which find it easy to furnish every little wanderer with a home. Such charity, like mercy, is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. The love which it calls up in the orphan's heart is repaid a thousand fold by the holy love which it enkindles in the foster parent's home.

Take the case of the indigent poor. There are those who are satisfied with an annual contribution to some provident society, which

agrees to see that it is properly disbursed. This stipulation it is beyond the power of man to fulfil. For it is merely an occasional dollar, or a pair of shoes, or another blanket, that our lonely and suffering poor require. It is human sympathy, as well as human aid. No agent has a heart large enough, or can find the days long enough, to do more than disburse eleemosynary gifts. Alas! also, there are few agents who have the heart, even if they had the leisure. For we should never forget that the management of all charities requires men rather of business than of heart. It is a civil necessity which compels this choice, and the cases where both are united in a single man are few and far between. Besides, even men of heart soon become accustomed to the sight of distress. Like surgeons, they must learn to look on it with undimmed eyes, or their judgment might destroy their efficiency. But this is bad for the patient, even if it is good for the system. Sometimes—nay, often—a tear and a gentle, loving word are more efficient means of relieving distress than an open hand and a generous order for goods. Agents must ask questions, and even in one sense be impertinent; whereas the individual can afford to be liberal without first being skeptical.

No, philanthropic institutions have their uses—important and essential uses even; but they are neither adequate nor fitted to perform all the holy duties of charity. Sustain such as are efficient; but first see that they are real workers. Take nothing on trust. Follow their agents; visit their buildings; where they carry food, convey kindness also. Above all, supplement them by your own good works. Remember the frequent saying of Dr. Howe:—"There is no vicarious virtue; true charity is not done by deputy."—*N. Y. Independent*.

NIGHT.

If the relation of sleep at night, and, in some instances, its converse, be real, we cannot reflect without amazement upon the extent to which it carries us. Day and night are things close to us; the change applies immediately to our sensations; of all the phenomena of nature, it is the most obvious and the most familiar to our experience; but in its cause, it belongs to the great motions which are passing in the heavens. Whilst the earth glides round her axis, she ministers to the alternate necessities of the animals dwelling upon her surface, at the same time that she obeys the influence of those attractions which regulate the order of many thousand worlds. The relation, therefore, of sleep at night is the relation of the inhabitants of the earth to the rotation of their globe; probably it is more; it is a relation to the system of which that globe is a part; and, still further, to the congregation of systems of which theirs

is only one. If this account be true, it connects the meanest individual with the universe itself; a chicken roosting upon its perch, with the spheres revolving in the firmament.—*Paley*.

HOW OUR INDIAN TROUBLES ARISE.

The Omaha correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* gives a very accurate as well as racy account of the origin of some of our Indian difficulties, as follows :

"A fair illustration of the origin and course of most of our Indian disturbances is to be found in the present trouble with the Sioux. For many years, during the overland emigration to California and Utah, though the road daily travelled by hundreds lay through the heart of the Indian country, murders and outrages by the Indians were unheard of. Many petty thefts occurred, but it might be confidently asserted that they did not equal in magnitude what would have been suffered under the same conditions in a journey of equal distance through the settled portion of our country. While this was the fact, it was also true that many of our emigrants were of a class of frontiersmen to whom the sight of an Indian was like a red flag to a mad bull. From this class came many wanton and unprovoked outrages to the tribes through whose country they were passing. All these the Indians endured with exemplary patience, and that, too, when they were under no treaty obligations with us. Let it be remembered, too, that for years and years all our official intercourse with Indian tribes has recognized them as independent people, over whom we had and claimed only such control as they chose to grant by treaty.

"This state of things continued until, in 1853, a reckless criminal, travelling with an emigrant train, and boasting of his prowess with the rifle, deliberately and wantonly shot an Indian who was quietly riding across the road some hundred yards ahead of the train, and killed him to show his skill with his weapon. A couple of nights afterwards the train with which the fellow was travelling was 'wiped out' by the friends of the Indian. Then came an outcry against the Indians, and a demand for the delivery of the murderers of the train. The Indians refused, and in consequence were attacked; in retaliation they attacked and captured Babbitt's mail party. Then Lieutenant Grattan was sent to demand restitution for this, and with imprudent confidence in his strength, attacked the Indians when they refused compliance with his demands, and he and nearly all his party were killed.

"Then followed the Sioux war of 1854 and 1855, which was terminated by the terrible thrashing given the Indians by Harney and Cook at Blue Water, in 1855. After this fight, Harney made a treaty with these Indians, by

which they stipulated to give the unmolested right of way to the whites along the old California trail of the Platte and the navigation of the Missouri River. On the other hand, Harney stipulated for the government, that the country between the Platte and Missouri Rivers was to be considered as the exclusive property of the Indians, and that no whites were to be allowed to trespass upon it, even going so far in his talk with Little Thunder, the Sioux chief, as to say that he would be justified in killing any whites who trespassed on his country.

"Meantime a ruler comes who knows not Joseph, and Harney's treaty, if recognized by the government, is utterly disregarded. The discovery of rich mines in Montana, and the necessity for short lines of communication with that territory, compel the making of roads, the passing of trains of emigrants, and the establishment of military posts for their protection through and in the very heart of the country which Harney had sacredly promised should be their sure possession. For a long time even this, though growled at and complained of by the Indians, was, with more or less willingness, submitted to. But eventually some acts of the Indians or whites, it is now impossible to say which, set the spark of this magazine of discontent, and the whole plains at once became the scene of Indian atrocities, the last of them unparalleled in all the history of frontier warfare."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

STRENGTH OF THE BEETLE.

This insect has just astonished me by its vast strength of body. Every one who has taken the common beetle in his hand knows that his limbs, if not remarkable for agility, are very powerful; but I was not prepared for so Sampsonian a feat as that I have just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss where to put it till I could kill it; but a quart bottle full of milk being on the table, I placed the beetle for the present under that, the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, the bottle began to move slowly and glide along the smooth table propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce, so that it really moved a weight of one hundred and twelve times its own. A better notion than figures can convey, will be obtained of this fact by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's which weighs 12,000 pounds, and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within.—*Professor Goss*.

THE NAME IN THE SAND.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand:
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast:
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so methought t'will shortly be
With every mark on earth from me:
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought;
Of all this thinking soul has thought:
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it
with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve
thee and thy brother.
Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful
still renew;
Scaanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for
two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is
living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with
gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps drag
wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear
both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, would'st thou
sleep amid the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together
both shall glow.
Is the heart a well left empty? None but God its void
can fill:
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain can its ceaseless
longings still.
Is the heart a living power! self-entwined its
strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving; and by serving love will
grow.

—Author of Schoenburg-Cotta Family.

AIMING AT PERFECTION.

There is no manner of inconvenience in
having a pattern propounded to us of so great
perfection as is above our reach to attain to;
and there may be great advantages in it. The
way to excel in any kind is to propose the
brightest and most perfect examples to our imi-
tation. No man can write after too perfect and
good a copy; and though he can never reach
the perfection of it, yet he is likely to learn

more than by one less perfect. He that aims
at the heavens, which yet he is sure to come
short of, is like to shoot higher than he that
aims at a mark within his reach.—*Tillotson.*

SYMPATHY FOR THE POOR.

One of England's greatest judges, within a
few years, said that the worst evil they had to
contend with was the want of sympathy for the
poor on the part of the rich. To some this
might seem to have been nobly contradicted
last winter, by the immense amounts that have
been given and have kept the poor of England
alive in many cases. But, in truth, this very
fact only illustrates what we mean. There is a
vast difference between giving our money and
giving our *sympathy*. It is the lack of sym-
pathy on the part of the rich that creates the want
on the part of the poor, which has to be thus
relieved to prevent revolution. There is a
social antagonism created by wealth and pov-
erty. Wealth has *power*, too often used in
grinding the faces of the poor by insufficient
wages, hard contracts, overbearing conduct,
creating quite different aspirations, not only as
to dress and comforts, but as to education, re-
finement, hopes, morals, religion, and the possi-
bilities of the future. Wealth settles rank—it
controls our churches. Its effects are becoming
every year more manifest among us as a power
sought after and coveted. There are plenty of
friends to the poor, but friends by condescen-
sion—not seeking to elevate them, and so lessen
the differences, but rather to increase it by a
weight of obligation. It is this last which has
given their greatest value to the munificent
gifts of George Peabody and the Christmas
stories of Charles Dickens. To really elevate
the poor, and thus lessen the distinction, is living
Christianity—the kingdom of Heaven on earth.
From the camera of the upper room the New
Jerusalem is projected on the world below. In
fact, the only preventive of the greatest danger
of the present age in the accumulation of the
worst corruptions of the Old World in the New,
is such a growth of Christian love for alleviat-
ing the condition of the poor among the wealthy
as shall lessen this antagonism. It would be a
narrow rendering of those words of Jesus, that
“the poor have the Gospel preached to them,”
to speak to them of religion, but neglect the
rest and leave them to perish here. The physi-
cal, social and moral improvement of the poor
is objective Christianity. Without this sym-
pathy there is nothing.

Frugality is one chief means by which this
may be done. Simplicity in dress, in equip-
age, not only saves money that can be better
employed, but it sets an example that saves
many who can but illy afford it the expense of
imitating costly fashions. Society is benefited
in proportion as all consumption is reproductive.

In all our wards and villages curtailments are made in the expenses of public school houses, in their comforts, and often in their necessities for the health and best advantage of teachers and scholars, lest the taxes should be complained of. How many a parent might save enough from costly foreign articles of dress or furniture, to buy which is sending gold out of the country, to build a school-house or to furnish it with apparatus!

When Madame de Maintenon tried to persuade Louis XIV. to give more to the poor, he replied that kings were God's almoners to the poor by the costly luxuries they introduced. But these selfish ostentations and luxuries are the most mocking ways of benefiting the poor. A French lady at court, not long since, wore a single scarf, into which were worked pearls, emeralds and other jewels, till the value amounted to a million of dollars! This formed part of the third fortune expended by the same lady, being purchased by the patrimony inherited from her grandfather. Had the same money been devoted to improving the land or educating the tenants, how different the results! But the same copy of the Times that recorded all the costly dresses of the court at Queen Victoria's wedding mentioned, in a corner, the death of two persons in London of starvation! By men and women of wealth and rank setting an example of simplicity, the strobh bear the infirmities of the weak.

It will, we hope, add to the value of these thoughts that they were substantially uttered the other-day by one of the ablest divines and philosophers of the present age—Dr. Hedge, of Brookline—under these circumstances: "The right and left wings of the Unitarian body were thrown into some ferment, and a new organization expecting to be formed, led some to expect, from the known ability of the preacher of the annual sermon, a theological discussion. Instead of anything of the kind, the whole current of thought was turned to an able and earnest consideration of the practical requirements of religion upon the wealthy to the poor. There seems to be a general feeling rising up among the wisest and best of all denominations, that less theorizing and more practical exhibition of the living power of religion, in directing and controlling the uses of wealth, is the great want of the present day. Perhaps it should also be noted that when the constitution of a new association was proposed 'for the scientific discussion of religion,' the venerable Lucretia Mott expressed the greatest disappointment and declined her name, because, she said, I deny religion to be a science, and expressed her regret at so many organizations and so few advances in practical religion."—*Public Ledger*.

JOHN G. WHITTIER ON HIS OWN LITERARY LIFE.

To the Editor of the Nation :

I am very well aware that merely personal explanations are not likely to be as interesting to the public as to the parties concerned; but I am induced to notice what is either a misconception on thy part, or, as is most probable, a failure on my own to make myself clearly understood. In the review of "The Tent on the Beach," in thy paper of last week, I confess I was not a little surprised to find myself represented as regretting my lifelong and active participation in the conflict which has ended in the emancipation of the slave, and that I had not devoted myself to purely literary pursuits. In the half-playful lines upon which this statement is founded, if I did not feel at liberty to boast my anti-slavery labors and magnify my editorial profession, I certainly did not mean to underestimate them, or express the shadow of a regret that they had occupied so large a share of my time and thought. The simple fact is, that I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the Divine Providence that so early called my attention to the great interests of humanity, saving me from the poor ambitions and miserable jealousies of a selfish pursuit of literary reputation. Up to a comparatively recent period my literary writings have been simply episodic, something apart from the real object and aim of my life, and whatever of favor they have found with the public has come to me as a grateful surprise, rather than as an expected reward. As I have never staked all upon the chances of authorship, I have been spared the pain of disappointment, and the temptation to envy those who, as men of letters, deservedly occupy a higher place in the popular estimation than I have ever aspired to. Truly, thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER.
Amesbury, 3d mo. 9th, 1867.

LEAD PENCILS.

It is estimated that 500,000,000 pencils are used annually. In the United States alone, more than 2,000,000 of this number are used, the most part of which are received from abroad. The Cumberland mines, in England, have heretofore furnished the best quality of the mineral, graphite or plumbago, from which the lead is had; but the supply has been nearly exhausted by constant working, and few of the genuine Cumberland pencils are now made. In Germany, where the pencil trade is most flourishing, there are several manufactories, the largest of which is at Stein, kept by the Faber Brothers. It is a family business with them, their father and grandfather having been engaged in it before them, and has been carried on until the name of Faber, as a pencil-maker, is renowned. A manufactory has existed for some time at Con-

cord, Mass., and another extensive one has now been established near Hoboken, New Jersey. At this establishment nearly all the work is done by machinery, which is constructed by machinists at the factory, while in Germany the pencils are made by hand. For the wood of the pencil Florida cedar is used, being cut up with small saws. One set of the wooden slips are grooved, and fitted to other pieces called "covers," and then left till the lead is inserted. The plumbago is not properly prepared until it has gone through a process of breaking, cleaning, mixing, pressing, and baking. When it comes out of the grinding mill it goes into large tanks, where it is refined and separated from all ingredients, and it is then placed in a bowl-shaped machine, where it is rolled and mixed. It is next pressed, and this is the most interesting of the various degrees of preparation it undergoes. A cylinder with tubes in the bottom is used, and through these runs the lead in hexagon, square, round, or any other shape wanted, and is received in coils underneath by a small boy, who manages the board on which it falls with great dexterity. Other boys take the lead afterward and put it in models, which are then sent to the heating-room for drying and hardening; for the lead, when it comes from the press, is soft and flexible, and wanting in tenacity. It is left in the heating-room one day, when it is removed to a kiln, where it is put in crucibles and burned after the manner of burning brick. When this is done, about twenty girls are kept employed in putting the leads into grooves, and glueing on the covers, and this work is performed in a very rapid and systematic style. The cutting of the strip is done by knives run by a machine, and after they are turned out are put into another machine, where they are smoothened. From there they go to the carpenter's shop, where the ends are neatly cut, and they then pass through the polisher's hands, the printer's, and the counter's, and are finally put in boxes ready for sale.—*Late Paper.*

DETERMINATION.

The endowments of nature we cannot command, but we can cultivate those given. My experience is that men of great talents are apt to do nothing for want of vigor. Vigor, energy, resolution, firmness of purpose—these carry the day. Is there one whom difficulties dishearten—who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That kind of man never fails. Let it be your first study to teach the world that you are not wood and straw—some iron in you. Let men know that what you say you will do; that your decision made is final—no wavering; that, once resolved, you are not to be allured nor intimidated.—*Sir Fowell Buxton.*

Extracts from "Inaugural Address of JOHN STUART MILL," delivered to the University of St. Andrews, Scotland.

(Continued from page 240.)

The study, on the one hand, of mathematics and its applications, on the other, of experimental science, prepares us for the principal business of the intellect, by the practice of it in the most characteristic cases, and by familiarity with the most perfect and successful models of it. But in great things as in small, examples and models are not sufficient: we want rules as well. Familiarity with the correct use of a language in conversation and writing does not make rules of grammar unnecessary; nor does the amplest knowledge of sciences of reasoning and experiment dispense with rules of logic. We may have heard correct reasonings and seen skilful experiments all our lives—we shall not learn by mere imitation to do the like, unless we pay careful attention to how it is done. It is much easier in these abstract matters, than in purely mechanical ones, to mistake bad work for good. To mark out the difference between them is the province of logic. Logic lays down the general principles and laws of the search after truth; the conditions which, whether recognized or not, must actually have been observed if the mind has done its work rightly. Logic is the intellectual complement of mathematics and physics. Those sciences give the practice, of which logic is the theory. It declares the principles, rules, and precepts, of which they exemplify the observance.

The science of Logic has two parts; ratiocinative and inductive logic. The one helps to keep us right in reasoning from premises, the other in concluding from observation. Ratiocinative logic is much older than inductive, because reasoning in the narrow sense of the word is an easier process than induction, and the science which works by mere reasoning, pure mathematics, had been carried to a considerable height while the sciences of observation were still in the purely empirical period. The principles of ratiocination, therefore, were the earliest understood and systematized, and the logic of ratiocination is even now suitable to an earlier stage in education than that of induction. The principles of induction cannot be properly understood without some previous study of the inductive sciences: but the logic of reasoning, which was already carried to a high degree of perfection by Aristotle, does not absolutely require even a knowledge of mathematics, but can be sufficiently exemplified and illustrated from the practice of daily life.

Of logic I venture to say, even if limited to that of mere ratiocination, the theory of names, propositions, and the syllogism, that there is no part of intellectual education which is of greater value, or whose place can so ill be supplied

by anything else. Its uses, it is true, are chiefly negative; its function is, not so much to teach us to go right, as to keep us from going wrong. But in the operations of the intellect it is so much easier to go wrong than right; it is so utterly impossible for even the most vigorous mind to keep itself in the path but by maintaining a vigilant watch against all deviations, and noting all the byways by which it is possible to go astray—that the chief difference between one reasoner and another consists in their less or greater liability to be misled. Logic points out all the possible ways in which, starting from the true premises, we may draw false conclusions. By its analysis of the reasoning process, and the forms it supplies for stating and setting forth our reasonings, it enables us to guard the points at which a fallacy is in danger of slipping in, or to lay our fingers upon the place where it has slipped in. When I consider how very simple the theory of reasoning is, and how short a time is sufficient for acquiring a thorough knowledge of its principles and rules, and even considerable expertness in applying them, I can find no excuse for omission to study it on the part of any one who aspires to succeed in any intellectual pursuit. Logic is the great disperser of hazy and confused thinking; it clears up the fogs which hide from us our own ignorance, and make us believe that we understand a subject when we do not. We must not be led away by talk about inarticulate giants who do great deeds without knowing how, and see into the most recondite truths without any of the ordinary helps, and without being able to explain to other people how they reach their conclusions, nor consequently to convince any other people of the truth of them. There may be such men, as there are deaf and dumb persons who do clever things, but for all that, speech and hearing are faculties by no means to be dispensed with. If you want to know whether you are thinking rightly, put your thoughts into words. In the very attempt to do this you will find yourselves, consciously or unconsciously, using logical forms. Logic compels us to throw our meaning into distinct propositions, and our reasonings into distinct steps. It makes us conscious of all the implied assumptions on which we are proceeding, and which, if not true, vitiate the entire process. It makes us aware what extent of doctrine we commit ourselves to by any course of reasoning, and obliges us to look the implied premises in the face, and make up our minds whether we can stand to them. It makes our opinions consistent with themselves and with one another, and forces us to think clearly, even when it cannot make us think correctly. It is true that error may be consistent and systematic as well as truth; but this is not the common case. It is no small advantage to see clearly the princi-

ples and consequences involved in our opinions, and which we must either accept, or else abandon those opinions. We are much nearer to finding truth when we search for it in broad daylight. Error, pursued rigorously to all that is implied in it, seldom fails to get detected by coming into collision with some known and admitted fact.

You will find abundance of people to tell you that logic is no help to thought, and that people cannot be taught to think by rules. Undoubtedly rules by themselves, without practice, go but a little way in teaching anything. But if the practice of thinking is not improved by rules, I venture to say it is the only difficult thing done by human beings that is not so. A man learns to saw wood principally by practice, but there are rules for doing it, grounded on the nature of the operation, and if he is not taught the rules, he will not saw well until he has discovered them for himself. Wherever there is a right way and a wrong, there must be a difference between them, and it must be possible to find out what the difference is; and when found out and expressed in words, it is a rule for the operation. If any one is inclined to disparage rules, I say to him, try to learn anything which there are rules for, without knowing the rules, and see how you succeed. To those who think lightly of the school logic I say take the trouble to learn it. You will easily do so in a few weeks, and you will see whether it is of no use to you in making your mind clear, and keeping you from stumbling in the dark over the most outrageous fallacies. Nobody, I believe, who has really learnt it, and who goes on using his mind, is insensible to its benefits, unless he started with a prejudice, or, like some eminent English and Scottish thinkers of the past century, is under the influence of a reaction against the exaggerated pretensions made by the schoolmen, not so much in behalf of logic as of the reasoning process itself. Still more highly must the use of logic be estimated, if we include in it, as we ought to do, the principles and rules of Induction as well as Ratiocination. As the one logic guards us against bad deduction, so does the other against bad generalization, which is a still more universal error. If men easily err in arguing from one general proposition to another, still more easily do they go wrong in interpreting the observations made by themselves and others. There is nothing in which an untrained mind shows itself more hopelessly incapable, than in drawing the proper general conclusions from its own experience. And even trained minds, when all their training is on a special subject, and does not extend to the general principles of induction, are only kept right, when there are ready opportunities of verifying their inferences by facts. Able scientific men, when they venture upon subjects

in which they have no facts to check them, are often found drawing conclusions or making generalizations from their experimental knowledge, such as any sound theory of induction would show to be utterly unwarranted. So true is it that practice alone, even of a good kind, is not sufficient without principles and rules. Lord Bacon had the great merit of seeing that rules were necessary, and conceiving, to a very considerable extent, their true character. The defects of his conceptions were such as were inevitable while the inductive sciences were only in the earliest stage of their progress, and the highest efforts of the human mind in that direction had not yet been made. Inadequate as the Baconian view of induction was, and rapidly as the practice outgrew it, it is only within a generation or two that any considerable improvement has been made in the theory; very much through the impulse given by two of the many distinguished men who have adorned the Scottish universities, Dugald Stewart and Brown.

(To be continued.)

WHEN AND WHERE THE DAY BEGINS.

As we travel eastward, the day begins earlier; near the equator starlight appears an hour earlier for each thousand miles going east. When it is sunrise in New York, the people of Europe have had sunlight for many hours, and the Californians are still in their beds dreaming. Evidently the day has a first beginning, and at the eastward. But how far and where? Who are the people who first see the light of Monday morning?

It is the sun which brings the day; where does he first bring Monday? If we could travel with him, we might find out. Let us suppose the case. We will take an early start: At sunrise, on Sabbath morning, with the sun just at the point of peeping over the horizon behind us. As we go, the people give us a Sabbath greeting; we bring Sabbath with us to Pittsburg, St. Louis, Salt Lake, San Francisco. At San Francisco, our faithful chronometer informs us that we have been on the tramp about five hours. But we started on Sabbath morning, and it is Sabbath morning still. We go on, still on Sabbath morning. Will this Sabbath morning never end? The quiet Pacific knows very little of Sabbath or any other day, and our question scarcely receives an echo for reply. When we get to Yokohama, in Japan, or Shanghai, in China, we search for some Yankee, wide awake in early morning, and we are told for the first time that Monday has come. Everywhere now we bring Monday, and in twenty-four hours, by the chronometer, after starting, we are in New York again, and find the merchants taking down their shutters, and the Monday newspapers telling us what has happened during our absence.—*Scientific American.*

SUGAR BEET IN ILLINOIS.

Another year's experience in the manufacture of sugar on the prairies of Illinois has been had, and the results of this experience has been watched with increasing interest by thousands. What have been the results? A large crop of beets of excellent quality has been grown, shown to be as rich in sugar and as abundant in yield as in the best sugar districts of the old country, where no other sugar is used. As with all new enterprises, so new to a country as this one, there have been many unlooked for difficulties to overcome. Much of the machinery in the establishment at Chatsworth has been made in this country, and delay and unexpected difficulties presented themselves before the working up of the beets could be commenced.

About 100,000 lbs. of sugar of an excellent quality has been manufactured and put on the market, fully realizing the highest expectations regarding its quality and the yield of sugar, giving much encouragement to the managers, to whom all credit is due for their perseverance in the enterprise. The experiment will be continued the present year with about 600 acres of beets, and preparations made for doubling the amount another year.

In the ultimate complete success of the enterprise, we have not the shadow of a doubt, and fully believe that sugar of the very best quality is to be as much a regular article of export from our Prairie State as corn and beef, adding to our products a branch of industry which will bring thousands of industrial people to our State, and add untold millions to our wealth.—*Prairie Farmer.*

SAVING A BOY.

Many years ago a teacher in a country town in Massachusetts saw a boy come into his school whom he knew to be one of the worst boys in town. He determined, if he could, to make a good boy of him. So he spoke kindly to him, and the boy behaved well that day. The next morning the Prudential Committee (as he is called) came in and said—"Mr. Towne, I hear that bad fellow, Bill Marcy, has come to your school. Turn him out at once. He will spoil the rest of the boys." "No, sir," replied the teacher. "I will leave the school if you say so; but I cannot expel a boy so long as he behaves well." So he kept him, encouraged him, and confided in him, till Bill Marcy became one of the best boys in the school. And afterwards, whenever William L. Marcy came from Washington, he took pains to go and see his old teacher, Salem Towne, and thank him for having been the means of saving him, and making him the man he was.—*J. F. Clarke.*

Winter, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they for-

merly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyments only to enlarge the prospect of eternity before us.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

COTTON ON THE GALLOWES.

Less than one hundred and fifty years ago, the masses of the people of Great Britain believed that the introduction of cotton clothing and its manufacture would ruin the kingdom. Woollen and linen garments were then almost universally worn, and large manufacturers, employing many thousand workmen, were engaged in supplying the demand for them. It was thought that the woollen and flax machinery would be useless and a total loss, and the workmen thrown out of employment, if cotton should take the place of the fabrics then worn. Even Parliament shared this belief, and in 1721 passed an act imposing a penalty of five pounds upon the seller of a piece of calico. The common people, on one occasion, took a singular way to show their prejudice against the new fibre, and to bring it into disrepute. One Michael Carmody was executed at Cork, in Ireland, for felony: upon which the journey-men weavers (who were short of work, and who attributed the "hard times" to the introduction of cotton manufacture) assembled in a body and dressed the criminal, the hangman and the gallows, in cotton, in order to bring the wearer of it into disgrace; and at the place of execution the criminal made the following remarkable speech: "Give ear, O good people, to the words of a dying sinner. I confess I have been guilty of what necessity compelled me to commit, which starving condition I was in, I am well assured, was occasioned by the scarcity of money that has proceeded from the great discouragement of our woollen manufactures. Therefore, good Christians, consider that if you go on to suppress your own goods by wearing such cottons as I am now clothed in, you will bring your country into misery, which will consequently swarm with such unhappy malefactors as your present object is, and the blood of every miserable felon that will hang, after this warning, will lie at your doors." Nevertheless, happily for Great Britain, the wearing of cotton continued to be extended, so that in thirty years afterward, the yearly manufacture was estimated at \$1,000,000, and at the present day nearly 400,000 steam looms are at work there upon cottons, directly employing at least 500,000 persons, besides the millions engaged in producing the staple.—*American Agriculturalist.*

ITEMS.

CARBONIC ACID GAS AND FIRE.—A large crowd of citizens and police officers assembled yesterday, in and around the yard of the old Pennsylvania Bank,

on Dock street, Philadelphia, between two and three o'clock, to witness the experiment of extinguishing fire by means of carbonic acid gas. A small wooden structure was erected. Its interior was pretty well strewn with shavings saturated with coal oil, or some other equally combustible material, and then the match was applied. The flames, of course, spread with great celerity. Four machines for generating and forcing the gas were brought into requisition, and in less time than it takes to write about it the fire was extinguished. About four gallons of the preparation were thrown into the building. The success was attended with a round of applause, contributed by the spectators. Carbonic acid gas is forty to fifty times heavier than the atmospheric air. It destroys all the oxygen which gives life to fire; hence the latter is suppressed simply by the power of the gas thus introduced. There are many ways in which this effect may be attained.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Nitro-glycerine is being largely used by the Californians in mining operations, also by the contractors of the Pacific Railroad, in blasting passage ways through the mountains. The article is made on the spot, and no accidents have occurred in its application. It is more economical and efficient than powder.

The International Ocean Telegraph Company expects to have its line, as far as the Island of Cuba, in working order in Seventh month next. Although the railway tunnel under Mt. Cenis makes but slow progress, the railway over the mountain is almost completed, and it is anticipated will be opened for traffic by the middle of Ninth month, 1867. When this line is opened the railway journey between Paris and Turin can be accomplished in twenty-two hours.

It is shown that in the five years preceding the American war the average yearly value of cotton imported into England from India was £3,862,776. In the five succeeding years the average rose to £24,844,646. The quantity imported during the year 1866, the year just closed, is the largest known, amounting to 1,747,710 bales, worth upwards of £33,000,000.

The papers in the Southwestern States are unanimous in saying that there never was a better promise for the crops than now, and the accounts from the Southern States are almost as promising.

The annual exportation of copper from California is said now to amount to ten thousand tons, which is five times as large as the annual product of the whole United States only ten years ago.

A former slave of the Davis family holds the valuable plantations of Jeff and Joe in Mississippi, having purchased them of the government for \$400,000. He is said to be a skilful manager, and will make \$80,000 a year profit.

During the year 1866 there were 34 slave vessels captured on the coast of Africa by the British fleet. One vessel captured on the West Coast had no slaves on board, but was fully equipped, and 550 slaves were waiting to embark from the shore. The Dahomey, from Portugal, also captured on the West Coast, had only three slaves on board, but 600 were held in readiness to embark. All the other captures were made on the East Coast; 1303 slaves were found on board the vessels captured. Several, however, had no slaves on board, but had landed slaves—one as many as 176. One large Arab vessel from Zanzibar had 200 on board; 28 were captured and the rest drowned. Five of the vessels are described as unseaworthy.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF F. W. ROBERTSON.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

(Continued from page 227.)

There are two of Robertson's discourses relating to the rights of property and the rights of labor—the relative duties of the rich and the poor—and the effect of Christian principles in promoting the adjustment of antagonistic interests, which are applicable to the present condition of affairs throughout Christendom, and worthy of our consideration. The first of these sermons is entitled, "The message of the Church to men of wealth." We learn from his biographer that "it brought him into undesired notoriety." Being accused of advocating democratic principles, he answered, "that the expression, 'democratic principles,' was too vague to deal with, the only expression in his sermon which bore upon the subject of democracy was a distinction drawn between the reverence to authority which is declared in Scripture to be a duty, and the slavish reverence to wealth and rank which is confounded with that duty, and in Scripture nowhere declared a duty: that if by democratic principles was meant Socialism, —Socialism was not only not advocated, but distinctly opposed in his sermon."

His text was 1 SAM. xxv. 10, 11.—"And Nabal answered David's servants, and said, Who is David? and who is the son of Jesse? There may be many servants now-a-days that break away every man from his master. Shall

I then take my bread, and my water, and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers, and give it unto men whom I know not whence they be?"

"I have selected this passage for our subject this evening, because it is one of the earliest cases recorded in the Bible in which the interests of the employer and the employed—the man of wealth and the man of work—stood, or seemed to stand, in antagonism to each other.

It was a period in which an old system of things was breaking up, and the new one was not yet established. The patriarchal relationship of tutelage and dependence was gone, and monarchy was yet in firm existence. Saul was on the throne; but his rule was irregular and disputed. Many things were slowly growing up into custom which had not yet the force of law; and the first steps by which custom passes into law, from precedent to precedent, are often steps at every one of which struggle and resistance must take place.

The history of the chapter is briefly this. Nabal, the wealthy sheep-master, fed his flocks in the pastures of Carmel. David was leader of a band of men who got their living by the sword on the same hills,—outlaws, whose excesses he in some degree restrained, and over whom he retained a leader's influence. A rude, irregular honor was not unknown among those fierce men. They honorably abstained from injuring Nabal's flocks. They did more: they protected them from all harm against the ma-

raiders of the neighborhood. By the confession of Nabal's own herdsmen, 'they were a wall unto them both by night and day, all the time they were with them keeping their flocks.'"

"David presented a demand, moderate and courteous enough (v. 6, 7, 8.) It was refused by Nabal, and added to the refusal were those insulting taunts of low birth and outcast condition which are worse than injury, and sting, making men's blood run fire. One court of appeal only was left. There remained nothing but the trial by force. 'Gird on,' said David, 'every man his sword.'"

Now, observe two things.

1. An apparent inconsistency in David's conduct. David had received injury after injury from Saul, and only forgiven. One from Nabal, and David is striding over the hills to revenge his wrong with naked steel. How came this reverence and irreverence to mix together?

We reply: Saul had a claim of authority on David's allegiance; Nabal, only one of rank. Between these the Bible makes a vast difference. It says, the *powers* which be are ordained of God. But upper and lower, as belonging to difference in property, are fictitious terms: true, if character corresponds with titular superiority; false, if it does not. And such was the difference manifested in the life of the Son of God. To lawful authority, whether Roman or Jewish, even priestly, He paid deference; but to the titled mark of conventional distinction, none. Rabbi, Rabbi, was no Divine authority. It was not power, a delegated attribute of God; it was only a name. In Saul, therefore, David revered one his superior in authority; but in Nabal he only had one surpassing him in wealth. And David refused, somewhat too rudely, to acknowledge the bad, great man as his superior; would pay him no reverence, respect, or allegiance whatever."

"2. This great falsehood, respecting superior and inferior, rested on a truth. There had been a superiority in the wealthy class once. In the patriarchal system wealth and rule had gone together. The father of the family and tribe was the one in whom proprietorship was centered. But the patriarchal system had passed away. Men like Nabal succeeded to the patriarch's wealth, and expected the subordination which had been yielded to patriarchal character and position; and this when every particular of relationship was altered. Once, the patriarch was the protector of his dependents. Now, David's class was independent, and the protectors rather than the protected,—at all events, able to defend themselves. Once, the rich man was the ruler in virtue of paternal relationship. Now, wealth was severed from rule and relationship; a man might be rich, yet neither a ruler, nor a protector, nor a kinsman. And the fallacy of Nabal's expectations consisted in

this, that he demanded for wealth that reverence which had once been due to men who happened to be wealthy.

It is a fallacy in which we are perpetually entangled. We expect reverence for that which was once a symbol of what was revered, but is revered no longer. Here, in England, it is common to complain that there is no longer any respect of inferiors towards superiors; that servants were once devoted and grateful, tenants submissive, subjects enthusiastically loyal. But we forget that servants were once protected by their masters, and tenants safe from wrong only through the guardianship of their powerful lords; that thence a personal gratitude grew up: that now they are protected by the law from wrong by a different social system altogether; and that the individual bond of gratitude subsists no longer. We expect that to masters and employers the same reverence and devotedness shall be rendered which were due to them under other circumstances, and for different reasons: as if wealth and rank had ever been the claim to reverence, and not merely the accidents and accompaniments of the claim; as if anything less sacred than holy ties could purchase sacred feelings; as if the homage of free manhood could be due to gold and name; as if to the mere Nabal-fool who is labelled as worth so much, and whose signature carries with it so much coin, the holiest and most ennobling sensations of the soul, reverence and loyalty, were due by God's appointment.

No. That patriarchal system has passed forever. No sentimental wallings for the past, no fond regrets for the virtues of a by-gone age, no melancholy, poetical, retrospective antiquarianism, can restore it. In church and state the past is past: and you can no more bring back the blind reverence than the rude virtues of those days. The day has come in which, if feudal loyalty or patriarchal reverence are to be commanded, they must be won by patriarchal virtues, or feudal real superiorities."

"Want and unjust exclusion precipitated David and his men into this rebellion. It is common enough to lay too much weight on circumstances. Nothing can be more false than the popular theory that ameliorated outward condition is the panacea for the evils of Society. The Gospel principle begins from within, and works outwards. The world's principle begins with the outward condition, and expects to influence inwardly. To expect that by changing the world without, in order to suit the world within, by taking away all difficulties, and removing all temptations, instead of hardening the man within against the force of outward temptation,—to adapt the lot to the man, instead of moulding the spirit to the lot,

is to reverse the Gospel method of procedure. Nevertheless, even that favorite speculation of theorists, that perfect circumstances will produce perfect character, contains a truth. Circumstances of outward condition are not the sole efficient in the production of character, but they are efficient which must not be ignored. Favorable condition will not produce excellence; but the want of it often hinders excellence. It is true that vice leads to poverty,—all the moralizers tell us that,—but it is also true that poverty leads to vice. There are some in this world to whom, speaking humanly, social injustice and social inequalities have made goodness impossible. Take, for instance, the case of these bandits on Mount Carmel. Some of them are outlawed by their own crimes; but others, doubtless, by debts not wilfully contracted,—one, at least, David, by a most unjust and unrighteous persecution. And these men, excluded, needy, exasperated by a sense of wrong, untaught outcasts,—could you gravely expect from them obedience, patience, meekness, religious resignation?"

"The message of the Church contains those principles of Life which, carried out, would, and hereafter will, realize the Divine Order of Society. The revealed Message does not create the facts of our humanity: it simply makes them known. The Gospel did not make God our Father: it authoritatively reveals that He is so. It did not create a new duty of loving one another: it revealed the old duty which existed from eternity, and must exist as long as humanity is humanity. It was 'no new commandment,' but an old commandment which had been heard from the beginning. The Church of God is that living body of men who are called by Him out of the world, not to be the inventors of a new social system, but to exhibit in the world by word and life,—chiefly by life,—what humanity is, was, and will be, in the Idea of God. Now, so far as the social economy is concerned, the revelations of the Church will coincide with the discoveries of a Scientific Political Economy. Political Economy discovers slowly the facts of the immutable laws of social well-being. But the living principles of those laws, which cause them to be obeyed, Christianity has revealed to loving hearts long before. The spirit discovers them to the spirit."

"In Abigail's reply to David we have the anticipation, by a loving heart, of those duties which selfish prudence must have taught at last.

1. The spiritual dignity of man as man. Recollect David was the poor man; but Abigail, the high-born lady, admits his worth: 'The Lord will certainly make my lord a sure house; because my lord fighteth the battles of the Lord, and evil hath not been found in thee

all thy days.' Here is a truth revealed to that age. Nabal's day, and the day of such as Nabal, is past; another power is rising above the horizon. David's cause is God's cause. Worth does not mean what a man is worth,—you must find some better definition than that.

Now, this is the very truth revealed in the Incarnation. David, Israel's model king,—the king by the grace of God, not by the conventional rules of human choice,—is a shepherd's son. Christ, the king who is to reign over our regenerated humanity, is humbly born the poor woman's Son. That is the Church's message to the man of wealth; and a message which, it seems, has to be learned afresh in every age. It was new to Nabal. It was new to the men of the age of Christ. In His day they were offended in Him, because He was humbly born. 'Is not this the carpenter's son?' It is the offence now. They who retain those superstitious ideas of the eternal superiority of rank and wealth have the first principles of the Gospel yet to learn. How can they believe in the Son of Mary? They may honor Him with the lip: they deny Him in His brethren. Whoever helps to keep alive that ancient lie of upper and lower, resting the distinction not on official authority or personal worth, but on wealth and title, is doing his part to hinder the establishment of the Redeemer's kingdom."

"2. The second truth expressed by Abigail was the Law of sacrifice. She did not heal the grievance with smooth words. Starving men are not to be pacified by professions of good-will. She brought her two hundred loaves (v. 18), and her two skins of wine, her five sheep ready dressed, &c. A princely provision!"

"David's men and David felt that these were not gifts of a sordid calculation, but the offerings of a generous heart. And it won them—their gratitude, their enthusiasm, their unfeigned homage.

This is the attractive power of that great Law, whose highest Expression was the Cross. 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.' Say what you will, it is not interest, but the sight of noble qualities and true sacrifice, which commands the devotion of the world. Yea, even the bandit and the outcast will bend before that, as before a Divine thing. In one form or another it draws all men,—it commands all men.

Now, this the Church proclaims as part of its special message to the rich. It says that the Divine Death was a Sacrifice. It declares that death to be the law of every life which is to be like His. It says that the Law, which alone can interpret the mystery of life, is the self-sacrifice of Christ. It proclaims the law of His life to have been this: 'For their sakes I

devote (sanctify) Myself, that they also may be devoted through the Truth.' In other words, the Self-sacrifice of the Redeemer was to be the living principle and law of the self-devotion of His people. It asserts that to be the principle which alone can make any human life a true life. 'I fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for His body's sake, which is the Church.' We have petrified that Sacrifice into a dead theological dogma, about the exact efficacy of which we dispute metaphysically, and charge each other with heresy. That atonement will become a living truth only when we humbly recognize in it the eternal fact that sacrifice is the Law of life. The very mockers at the crucifixion unwittingly declared the principle: 'He saved others; Himself He cannot save.' Of course. How could He save Himself who had to save others? You can only save others when you have ceased to think of saving your own soul; you can only bless when you have done with the pursuit of personal happiness. Did you ever hear of a soldier who saved his country by making it his chief work to secure himself? And was the Captain of our salvation to become the Saviour by contravening that universal law of Sacrifice, or by obeying it!

Brother men, the early Church gave expression to that principle of sacrifice in a very touching way. They had all things in common. 'Neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own.' They failed, not because they declared that, but because men began to think that the duty of sharing was compulsory. They proclaimed principles which were unnatural, inasmuch as they set aside all personal feelings, which are part of our nature too. They virtually compelled private property to cease, because he who retained private property when all were giving up was degraded, and hence became a hypocrite and liar, like Ananias. But let us not lose the truth which they expressed in an exaggerated way: 'Neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own.' Property is sacred. It is *private* property; if it were not, it could not be sacrificed. If it were to be shared equally by the idle and industrious, there could be no love in giving. Property is the rich man's own. Nabal is right in saying, my bread, my water, my flesh. But there is a higher Right which says, It is not yours. And that voice speaks to every rich man in one way or another, according as he is selfish or unselfish: coming as a voice of terror or a voice of blessing. It came to Nabal with a double curse, turning his heart into stone with the vision of the danger and the armed ranks of David's avengers; and laying on David's soul, the sin of intended murder. It came to the heart of Abigail with a double

blessing: blessing her who gave and him who took. To the spirit of the Cross alone we look as the Remedy for social evils. When the people of this great country, especially the rich, shall have been touched with the spirit of the Cross to a largeness of sacrifice of which they have not dreamed as yet, there will be an atonement between the Rights of Labor and the Rights of Property.

8. The last part of the Church's message to the man of wealth touches the matter of rightful influence.

Very remarkable is the demeanor of David towards Nabal, as contrasted with his demeanor towards Abigail. In the one case, defiance, and a haughty self-assertion of equality: in the other, deference, respect, and the most eloquent benediction. It was not, therefore, against the wealthy class, but against individuals of the class, that the wrath of these men burned.

See, then, the folly and the falsehood of the sentimental regret that there is no longer any reverence felt towards superiors. There is reverence to superiors, if only it can be shown that they are superiors. Reverence is deeply rooted in the heart of humanity,—you cannot tear it out. Civilization, science, progress, only change its direction; they do not weaken its force. If it no longer bows before crucifixes and candles, priests and relics, it is not extinguished towards what is truly sacred and what is priestly in man. The fiercest revolt against false authority is only a step towards submission to rightful authority. Emancipation from false lords only sets the heart free to honor true ones. The free-born David will not do homage to Nabal. Well, now go and mourn over the degenerate age which no longer feels respect for that which is above it. But, behold—David has found a something nobler than himself. Feminine charity—sacrifice and justice—and in gratitude and profoundest respect he bows to that. The state of society which is coming is not one of protection and dependence; nor one of mysterious authority, and blind obedience to it; nor one in which any class shall be privileged by Divine right, and another remain in perpetual tutelage; but it is one in which unselfish services and personal qualities will command, by Divine right, gratitude and admiration, and secure a true and spiritual leadership.

O! let not the rich misread the signs of the times, or mistake their brethren: they have less and less respect for titles and riches, for vestments and ecclesiastical pretensions; but they have a real respect for superior knowledge and superior goodness; they listen like children to those whom they believe to know a subject better than themselves. Let those who know it say whether there is not something inexpressibly touching, and even humbling, in the large,

heartly, manly English reverence and love which the workingmen show towards those who love and serve them truly, and save them from themselves and from doing wrong. See how David's feelings gush forth (v. 33)—'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel which sent thee this day to meet me; and blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou which has kept me this day from coming to shed blood, and from avenging myself with mine own hand.' The rich and the great may have that love, if they will.

To conclude. Doubtless, David was wrong; he had no right even to redress wrongs thus. Patience was his divine appointed duty; and, doubtless, in such circumstances we should be very ready to preach submission, and to blame David. Alas! we the clergy of the Church of England, have been only too ready to do this: for three long centuries we have taught submission to the powers that be, as if that were the only text in Scripture bearing on the relations between the ruler and the ruled. Rarely have we dared to demand of the powers that be, justice of the wealthy man, and of the titled, duties. We have produced folios of slavish flattery upon the Divine Right of Power. Shame on us! we have not denounced the wrongs done to weakness: and yet, for one text in the Bible which requires submission and patience from the poor, you will find a hundred which denounce the vices of the rich;—in the writings of the noble old Jewish prophets, that, and almost that only;—that in the Old Testament, with a deep roll of words that sound like Sinai thunders; and that in the New Testament, in words less impassioned and more calmly terrible from the apostles and their Master:—and woe to us, in the great day of God, if we have been the sycophants of the rich, instead of the Redressers of the poor man's wrongs:—woe to us if we have been taunting David into respect to his superior, Nabal, and forgotten that David's cause, not Nabal's, is the cause of God!"

EXTRACT.

The ministry of Friends affected me greatly, and was often a means of comfort and strength. I never suffered myself to criticise it, but acted on the uniform principle of endeavoring to obtain from what I heard all the edification which it afforded. This is a principle which I would warmly recommend to my young friends in the present day; for nothing can be more mischievous than for learners to turn teachers, and young hearers critics. I am persuaded that it is often the means of drying up the waters of life in the soul; and sure I am that an exact method of weighing words and balancing doctrines in what we hear is a miserable exchange for tenderness of spirit and for the dews of heaven."—J. J. Gurney.

THE MINISTRY OF THE SENSES AND APPETITES
TO HUMAN CULTURE.

BY O. DEWEY.

(Continued from page 248.)

But admitting that the appetites have their uses—which is the first position I take—it is said, nevertheless, that they have bad tendencies, tendencies to excess, to vice, to ruin. On this point, there is, in the second place, a most important distinction to be made; and that is, between appetite in its simple, natural state, and appetite in its artificial and unnatural state; a state brought on by voluntary habit and corrupting imagination and mental destitution; for which man's will is responsible, and not his constitution. Look then at simple, unsophisticated, unperverted appetite. Is the draught of intemperance, or the surfeit of gluttony, naturally agreeable? Far otherwise. Moreover, all those stimulant and narcotic substances and those rich condiments, of which excess makes its principal use, are naturally distasteful and disgusting in the highest degree. I do not say that even *they* were created in vain, or must necessarily be injurious; for everything is good in its place and degree—even poison is so; but I say that there is no natural demand for these strong stimulants. On the contrary, fever in the veins, poison in the blood, sickness, nausea, are remonstrances of simple appetite, remonstrances of nature against them. And show me what diseased and vicious passion you will, and I will show you that it is the mind's guilt, and not the body's defect; that it is not the passion let alone, still less duly controlled by the higher nature. It is not nature, but bad example or companionship, that leads to evil. It is imagination that nurses passion into criminal desire. There is a natural *modesty* which unhallowed license always has to overcome. Let no man lay that flattering unction to his soul, that God has made him to love evil—made vice and baseness to be naturally agreeable to him; for it is not true!

But these appetites, besides their general uses, and besides their natural innocence, seem to me, in the third place, to bear a specific relation to the mind. They are urgent teachers. They teach, first, *moderation*. They teach the necessity of self-restraint, of self-denial. I have no doubt that a being not clothed with flesh, a pure spiritual essence, would feel the necessity of self-restraint. But if any physical organization, belonging to an intellectual nature, could be made to enforce this law, it appears to me that it would be that of our human senses and appetites. Because it is manifest that their unrestrained indulgence works the direst ruin to the whole nature. What! does this our sensitive frame teach lessons of evil, lessons of vice? God and nature forbid! Open, patent, and everlasting fact teaches the very contrary.

The woes of intemperance, gluttony, licentiousness, excess, are the very horrors and calamities of the world in every age. They are so horrible that we dare not describe them. Here, then, is "elder Scripture writ by God's own hand," written before ever voice was heard on Sinai or by the shores of Galilee, written all over the human frame, and within every folded leaf of that wonderful system. Yes, upon the ghastly form it was written, and upon the burning cheek, and deep in the branching arteries, and along the secret and invisible nerves is it written. And sometimes you may read the writing by the literal, alcoholic fires, kindled in the veins; which, with visible flame, burn up the man; and sometimes by such haggard lines of deformity as nothing but the worst license of vice ever drew upon the human frame. I once saw in Paris a collection of wax figures taken from life, and designed to present such an illustration. I do not wish to speak of it, nor of the vice illustrated, nor of the nightmare horror felt by the beholder for hours after it is seen. But it seemed to me that no preaching on earth was ever like that silent gallery.

You must have patience with me, my friends, for I *must* overthrow entirely, and utterly demolish this plea of the senses for vice. My argument for the ministry of the senses and appetites, cannot stand at all, unless I do that. The truth is, the senses, fittest for virtue, happiest in innocence, are only *capable of vice*—that is all, but no conceivable organization could be surrounded with more tremendous remonstrances against evil. So the *mind* is *capable of evil*, and so is the mind, too, guarded. And it might as well be said that the *mind* seduces to ill, as that the body does—nay, I think, *better*—with far more reason. But because sensual aberration is more apparent, and the effects are more visible, therefore the world, with little insight as yet into the truth of things, has agreed to charge this fact of temptation especially upon the body. It would be coming nearer to the truth to say, that the mind is the real culprit.

What are the comparatively poor, puny, and innocent senses, but servants of the mind—compelled to do its bidding? I know it is a doctrine of old time, that the body does all the mischief; that the body is the enemy of the mind, a clog, an encumbrance, a corrupter. The philosopher, Plotinus, affected to have forgotten his birthplace and parentage, because, says Porphyry, "he was ashamed that his soul was in a body." He imagined that the mind had good cause to complain of the body. But I believe it would not be difficult, and scarcely fanciful, to set forth a counter plea. "I have wandered"—might the substance of the body say to the mind—"I have wandered through

all the regions of existence, and never was abused, till I came in contact with you. I have made a part of animal natures, that were innocent; I have lived in the beautiful forms of vegetable life; I have flowed in the streams and sported in the air, all purity and freshness and freedom; and never till I was subjected to your influence, was I breathed upon by any bad spirit; never till then, was I tainted by the diseases of vice, or made a loathsome mass of sin-wrought corruption; never till then, was my nature perverted from its uses, and made the instrument of evil."

But to speak most seriously: What a wonderful, moral structure is our physical frame! If a command to be pure were written, imprinted in visible letters, upon every limb and muscle, it could not be a clearer mandate, and by no means so powerful. It was said to the mad and rebellious Saul, "It is hard for thee to kick against the thorns." Such a message comes indeed from no open vision, but from his inmost frame, to every raging voluptuary. Thorns and tortures does it shoot out against him from every part. If, every time he indulged in any excess, he was covered with nettles and stings, the intimation would not be a whit more monitory than it is now.

How different is it with the animal! You may feed him to repletion; you may fatten him into a monster; and there is no disease, no suffering; there is only enjoyment; and so far as he is destined for food, he is the more fitted for his purpose. But if you do this to man, disease and pain enter in at every pore.

The ancient philosophers, in their theories, desecrated matter; the modern, and especially the sensual school in France, have deified it. They boldly proclaimed—I speak of the French infidel philosophers of the latter part of the eighteenth century—they boldly proclaimed matter to be the true divinity; the human frame, its altar; and the appetites, its priesthood. Selfishness with them was the only motive; sensation, the only good; and life a bowing down in worship to the appropriate divinity. But whoever tries that theory, will find that matter is indeed a god, too powerful for him; the fleshly altar will be burned up and destroyed by the strange fire that is laid upon it; and the priests, the appetites, will perish in that profane ministration. The Government builds prisons for culprits, and protects the honest house. All men pronounce that to be a moral administration. But what if, when wrong was perpetrated in the honest house, and it had become the habitation of the base and vile, it should, by some wonder-working intervention of the Government, grow dark and desolate, and should gradually turn into a prison—the windows narrowing year by year, and grated bars growing over them; the rooms, the ceilings, slowly

darkening; the aspects of cheerful and comfortable abode gradually disappearing, and gloom and filth coming instead, and silence broken only by the sobs and moans of prisoners, or the sadder sound of cursing or revelling? Such, mark it well! becomes the body, the more immediate house of life, to every abandoned transgressor! Not alone the mount that burned with fire, utters the commandment of God; not alone the tabernacle of Moses, covered with cloud and shaken with thunder; but this cloud-tabernacle of life, which God has erected for the spirit's dwelling, and the electric nerves that dart sensation-like lightning through it—all its wonders, all its mysteries, all its veiled secrets, all its familiar recesses, are full of urgent and momentous teaching.

But there is something further to be observed concerning this teaching; there is one respect in which it is yet more urgent. For it demands not only moderation and self-denial, but activity: it forbids not only excess, but indolence. It demands of those that do not labor, daily, out-of-door exercise—not a lounge in a carriage only, but a walk, or some bracing exercise in the open air—demands *that*, or says, “pay for your neglect.” Some inuring, some hardness—hardship if they please to call it—nature exacts even of the gentlest of its children. The world was not built to be a hothouse, but a gymnasium rather. Voluptuous repose, luxurious protection, enervating food and modes of life, are not the good condition, not the permitted resort, for our physical nature. Half of the physician's task with many, is to fight off the effects of such abuses. The laws of the human constitution are moral laws; they address the conscience, the moral nature; they exact penalties for neglect. And doubtless the penalties are severe. That is not nature's fault, but nature's excellence. Doubtless the penalties are severe. I am persuaded, indeed, that if they could be enumerated; if all the languid and heavy pulses could be numbered; if all the miseries of nervous and diseased sensation could be defined; if all *that* could be described which surrounds us with wasted forms, or sequesters them in silent chambers, an aggregate of ills could be found which would match the statistics of pauperism, or of intemperance itself. I believe there is less suffering among the idler and more luxurious classes, from violent disorders, than from those chronic and nervous ailments, which do not always inflict acute pain, which do not alarm us for the patient—well if they did!—but which enfeeble the energies, destroy the elasticity of the frame, undermine the very constitution of the body; which depress the spirits, too, wear out the patience, sour the temper, cloud the vision of nature, disrobe society of its beauty and de-

spoil it of its gladness, and send their victim to the grave at last, from a life which has been one long sigh. And all might have been prevented by one brisk daily walk in the open air.

This subject—and I mean now this whole subject of the right training and care of the body—is one, I conceive, of unappreciated importance. Our physical nature is more than the theatre, more than the stage, it is the very costume, the very drapery in which the mind acts its part; and if it hangs loosely or awkwardly upon the actor, if it weighs him down as a burden, or entangles his step at every turn, the action, the great action of life must be lame and deficient. What that burden, that entanglement is *now*; and what is the genuine vigor and health of a man; what is the true, spiritual ministry of the body to the soul, I am persuaded, we do not yet know.

(To be continued.)

Despondency in God's service is sinful and unreasonable, for He is both able and ready to bestow upon his servants any measure of strength and wisdom which their necessities may demand.

COMPANIONSHIP.

BY MARY G. CHANDLER.

(Continued from page 247.)

The Companionship of our fellow-beings is not confined to the living men and women around us, but comes to us through books, from all nations and ages. Wise teachers stand ever ready to instruct us, gentle moralists to console and strengthen us, poets to delight us. Scarce a country village is so poor that there may not be found beneath its roofs the printed words of more great men than ever lived at any one period of the earth's great history.

We are too apt to use books, as well as society, merely for our amusement; to read the books that chance to fall into our hands, or to associate with the persons we happen to meet with, and not stop to ask ourselves if nothing better is within our reach. It may not be in our power to associate with great living minds, but the mental wealth of the past is within the reach of all. We boast much that we are a reading people, but it may be well to inquire how intelligently we read. The catalogues of books borrowed from our public libraries show, that, where the readers of works of amusement are counted by hundreds, the readers of instructive books are numbered by units. In conversation it is not uncommon to hear persons expressing indifference or dislike to whole classes of books,—to hear Travels denounced as stupid, Biography as tame, and History as heavy and dull. It does not seem to occur to the mass of minds that any purpose beyond the amusement of the moment is to be thought of in reading, or that

any plan should be laid, or any principle adopted in the choice of books to be read.

It is undoubtedly a great good that nearly all our people are taught to read, but it is a small fraction of the community that reads to much good purpose. Children, so soon as they have acquired the use of the alphabet, are inundated with little juvenile stories, some of them good, but most of them silly, and many vulgar. As they grow older, successions of similar works of fiction await them, until they arrive at adolescence, when they are fully prepared for all the wealth of folly, vulgarity, falsehood, and wickedness that is bound up within the yellow covers of most of the cheap novels that infest every highway of the nation.

As you are jostled through the streets of our populous cities, or take your seat in a crowded railway-car, you are, perhaps, impressed with the general air of rudeness that pervades the scene,—a rudeness of a kind so new to the world, that, no old word sufficing to describe it, a new name has been coined, and the swaggering, careless, sensual looking beings, reeking with the fumes of tobacco, that make up the masses of our moving population, are adequately described only by the word *rowdy*. As yet no title has been found for the female of this class,—bold, dashing, loud-talking and loud-laughing, ignorant, vain, and so coarse, that she supposes fine clothes and assuming manners are all that is necessary to elevate her to the rank of a lady. Perhaps you wonder how so numerous a race of these beings has come to exist; but that boy at your elbow, bending under the weight of his literary burden, is a colporteur for converting the men and women of this “enlightened nation” to rowdyism. Those books portray just such men and women as you see before you, and that is why they are welcomed so warmly. A few cents will buy from that boy enough folly and impurity to gorge a human mind for a week, and possibly few among this throng often taste more wholesome intellectual food.

It is probable that some of these persons are the children of intelligent and well-bred parents; but their fathers were engrossed in business, and their mothers in family cares, and thought they had no time to form the moral and intellectual tastes of the immortal minds committed to their charge. They fancied that, if they sent their children to good schools, and provided liberally for all their external wants, they had done enough. Ignorant nursery-maids, perhaps, taught them morals and manners, while the father toiled to accumulate the means for supplying their external wants, and the mother hemmed ruffles and scalloped trimming, to make people say, “How sweetly those children are dressed!” as the maid paraded them

through the streets, teaching them their first lessons in vulgar vanity.

A child may be educated at the best schools without acquiring any taste for good literature. The way a parent treats a child in relation to its books has far more influence in this respect than a teacher can possibly possess. A mother, even if she is not an educated woman, can learn to read understandingly, and can teach her child to read in the same way. She can talk to it about its books, and awaken a desire in its mind to understand what it reads. Children are always curious in regard to the phenomena of nature, and whether this curiosity lives or dies depends very much on the answers it receives to its first questions. If the mother cannot answer them herself, she can help the child to find an answer somewhere else, and she should beware how she deceives herself with the idea that she has not time to attend to the moral and intellectual wants of her child. She has no right to so immerse all her own mind in the cares of life that she cannot, while attending to them, talk rationally with her children. The mothers who best fulfil their higher duties towards their children are quite as often found among those who are compelled to almost constant industry of the hands, as among those of abundant leisure. There is nothing in the handiwork of the house-keeper or the seamstress that need absorb all the mental attention; and hers must be an ill-regulated mind that cannot ply the needle, or perform the more active duties of the household, and yet listen to the child as it reads its little books, and converse with it about the moral lessons or the intellectual instruction they contain. The mother has it in her power to influence the mode in which the child makes companions of its books, more than any other person; and the character of its Companionship with them through life will generally depend in a great degree on the tastes and habits acquired in childhood.

Many parents who guard their children with jealous care from the contamination of rude and vicious society among other children, allow them to associate with ideal companions of a very degraded kind. The parent should check the propensity, not only to read bad books, but also to read idle or foolish books, by exciting the action of the mind towards something better. Merely to deny improper books is not enough. Something must be given in place of them, or the craving must continue, and the child will be very apt to gratify its appetite in secret.

Children are easily led to observe nature, animate or inanimate, with interest, and there are many simple books illustrating the departments of natural science which mothers could make interesting to their children at the same time that they instructed themselves. Juvenile works on history abound, and through them the

child may be led, as intelligence expands, to seek more extended and thorough treatises; and the sympathy of the mother should be ready to help him on his way. It is mere self-deception in those mothers who deny their mental capacity, or their command of time, to aid their children in their mental progress. It is a moral want of their own, far more than everything else, that causes them to shrink from this most important responsibility.

(To be continued.)

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MONTH 29, 1867.

EARLY HOME-CULTURE.—The proper training of the youthful mind is a subject which must continue to claim the serious attention of those impressed with the responsibility connected with the care of children. None who have observed the eagerness often manifested for knowledge even in very early life, by the never wearying questioner, can, we think, regard with indifference the manner in which this want is to be met. That it has not at all times been recognized or fully appreciated, must have been because it has not received the consideration its importance demands.

We believe that not unfrequently the proper moulding of the character is too long deferred. A mother oppressed with household cares, or with her attention otherwise engrossed, may seek to amuse her infant prattler with the highly colored outs which abound for the purpose, without sufficiently regarding the reading matter of the little book, whereby a false idea or a taste for the unreal may be early and unintentionally fostered. With a little more effort perhaps, but with much happier results, instruction might be combined with amusement, as has been amply proven by "Object Teaching."

In every branch of knowledge this system may be made available; and much that is not only interesting, but wonderful, both in the animal and vegetable kingdom, may be introduced in a manner to be comprehended by very little children. With the mind turned toward this kind of instruction, the means of imparting it will be abundantly unfolded. If there be a hesitation in adopting it lest the tender and sensitive organization of the child should be injured by premature thought or reflection, we have need only to exercise a care in this as in

other modes of teaching; and an intelligence common to all enables us to see the advantages of truth over error.

Instead of the nonsensical though amusing jingle of Mother Goose's Melodies, let the loving mother, from her own store-house, produce a true story drawn from one of the grand divisions into which the products of the earth are divided. The clothing of the animals, the antlers of the deer, the tusks of the elephant, the art of the beaver, the antics of the monkey, and the habits of many of the plants familiar to most, will be as entertaining in their development to the mind of the uninitiated, as the work of the Fairies drawn out in its wild fancies. The one will have furnished material for future use, while the other would sow pernicious weeds to be sooner or later eradicated. The importance of a right cultivation of the literary tastes of children cannot be over-estimated. At schools knowledge is acquired which is deemed essential, but if a judicious care is not extended by parents, there may be the luxuriant vine without nutritious fruit. Many Friends are aware that the Association of Friends of Philadelphia, within the past few years, has published several little books for the purpose of aiding the good cause. Some evidences have been furnished that the labor has not been in vain, but we could wish that there was a more general appreciation of the works to which allusion has been made. "The Scriptural Watchword" is a valuable book when viewed in connection with the need we have of help amid the pressing cares of life, to turn the mind to the unfailing Fountain of strength. "Thoughts for Children" contains much that is suggestive for a wider range in the same direction.

The two little books of "Devotional Poetry" have been compiled with care, and breathe the spirit of love and purity in an eminent degree. If children were encouraged to commit some of these selections to memory, we doubt not that in after years they would arise with the odor of a grateful heart to refresh the remembrance of youthful days, when by kind parents these children were taught to remember their Creator.

Other valuable books will be found in the catalogue of the Association.* Among them

* As furnished by T. Ellwood Zell, Nos. 17 and 19 South Sixth Street, and Emmor Comly, at the office of Friends' Intelligencer.

are three volumes recently published for the use of families and First-day Schools—"Familiar Talk with Children," in "Part First" and "Part Second," and "Biblical History Familiarized by Questions"—all having the same end in view, viz., to draw the mind away from that which has a hurtful tendency, and lead it into a field rich with fruit that will not only be pleasant to the taste, but healthful to the spirit.

The Fourth Annual Reunion of Friends' Social Lyceum took place on the grounds of Swarthmore College, on the 15th inst., and was held to the satisfaction of the large concourse of Friends who assembled on the occasion.

The day, though warm, was pleasant, and many from the city and adjoining counties, and some from New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware, participated, and exchanged the friendly greetings which the occasion was calculated to inspire. One of the pleasant features of the scene was to observe so many in advanced life participating with the young in innocent relaxation and enjoyment.

Owing to the excellent arrangements of the Committee, every thing necessary for comfort and enjoyment was provided. Entire order prevailed throughout, and nothing occurred that we heard of to mar the pleasure of the day.

The literary exercises were of an unusually interesting character, and two of the articles read on the occasion appear in the present number.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS ON THE PRAIRIES OF IOWA.

A year ago, in the Sixth month, the Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting was opened under a feeling of solemnity not soon to be forgotten. On the 8th inst., the Meeting for Ministers and Elders convened, and was favored to realize a unity of spirit and judgment, and a sensible evidence of the covering of Divine Power.

On First-day previous to the public meeting the First-day School was held, in which an excellent and impressive article was read from the Intelligencer. After the Bible reading, a season was devoted to conversation and comments upon what had been read, which interested many. The school was closed by reading a chapter in the book of James, when the hour arrived for the public meeting. On this occasion the house was completely filled, a number being unable to find seats. Owing to the very remarkable backwardness of the season, it was not anticipated that Friends from remote

neighborhoods could leave their planting to be present; but in this we were agreeably disappointed, several having travelled over 140 miles in private carriages. A heavenly covering was felt to be over the meeting at its opening, and remained until the close, to the tendering of our souls in contrition before the Lord. The Quarterly Meeting was very comfortable; and although we had no strangers from abroad in the ministry, some Friends from Pennsylvania were acceptably with us. The hospitality shown by our Orthodox Friends to some of our members who have recently visited some of their meetings for Worship and Discipline was alluded to as an encouraging evidence of the increase of toleration and charity.

Sixth mo. 11, 1867.

J. A. D.

ESSAY

Read at the Fourth Reunion of Friends' Social Lyceum, on the Swarthmore College Grounds, Sixth month 16th, 1867.

When invited a few weeks since to contribute something by way of essay for the present occasion, I felt a strong desire to comply, and ran over in my mind some of the subjects which seemed most appropriate and calculated to call forth agreeable ideas and feelings. The one at last selected will not I fear prove to be of this agreeable character; but it had previously so occupied my thoughts that, to write at all, it was necessary to write on that. In its treatment I may approach so near the confines of censure and sarcasm, that if they are overstepped I must plead the necessity of the case.

There is a strange power, whose fantastic freakishness is only equalled by its unreasonable despotism, and which is withal so insidious, that even while we protest against it, it is silently leading nearly all of us captive. Unlike most despotisms, which control only the actions of men, but leave thought free, this power tyrannizes over thought, taste and sentiment, compelling its subjects by some subtle process to adept and even to admire that which but a short time before they condemned.

When we have given the name of *Fashion* to this mysterious something, we have not defined it. The question still arises, What is it? whence originates this influence which leads so many captive, enters our homes uninvited, models our dress, our social intercourse, and our household arrangements? I imagine that of this large company not one could answer the question satisfactorily. Some perhaps would say, It is the force of custom. But custom is steady and regular, and does not tolerate changes, which is certainly not a characteristic of Fashion. Custom is congenial to that faculty of the mind which dislikes change, while Fashion appeals to that which loves change. Some would say it is imitation—that propensity ex-

isting more or less in all—to do as they see other people do. No doubt it is to this propensity that Fashion chiefly addresses itself, but we have come no nearer to defining Fashion; for the question then arises, who *are* the other people whom we imitate, and who are they who influence *them*? Is there a league, a secret association, where these things are all settled? If so, there is some hope that a vigorous attack may disband it!

But, giving up as hopeless the attempt to define this power, let us look at some of its strange freaks, which of latter time have been so odd and ludicrous as to suggest the hope that the old tyrant is in his dotage, and may ere long pass away. We will take as an example a woman's *bonnet*. The bonnet in its first conception was evidently intended as a covering for the head, superadded to the natural covering for protection out of doors. Accordingly it had a *crown*, which fixed it firmly on the head; a *front*, which projected sufficiently to protect the face from sun and wind, and to some extent from the rude public gaze; and a *cape*, which protected the back of the neck. This bonnet, *per se*, admitted within its limits of some deviation in form, and much in material and ornament, according to the taste of the wearer. But in no article of woman's dress has Fashion played such pranks. The crown of the bonnet has been lowered and lowered, until it is now nearly obliterated; and various contrivances have been devised to prevent its falling off the head. While this process was going on with the crown, the *front* has been curtailed and curtailed, until it has nearly disappeared; and the *cape* has shared the same fate. The antiquarian who in a future age stumbles on the little *disc* now worn by the votaries of Fashion on the top of the head, and most absurdly called a "bonnet," would be somewhat at a loss to discover, from its shape, for what it was intended; and even if some quick-witted woman should suggest that perhaps it was worn as a head-dress, the wonder might still be why it was worn at all. The Friends' or *plain* bonnet (as it is technically called) has stood its ground without much change amid the mutations of fashion; and many a wearer has congratulated herself, with a feeling of thankfulness, that she was not compelled to change it for one of a less convenient shape at the command of a power she despised. It has stood, too, an unmistakable evidence of what a bonnet was originally intended for; a fact which but for it might have been lost sight of. A "plain bonnet" is a recurrence to "first principles." Did this wayward sprite, Fashion, confine itself only to fantastic freaks, we might be tempted to smile at them; but when it invades the domain of feminine dignity and delicacy, we must cease to smile in order that we may

grieve and protest. When a young woman walks in the public streets, wearing a man's hat, and wearing it, too, in a manner that would characterize a young man as "fast" and "rakish;" when, like the untutored savage, she ornaments nearly every part of her dress with *beads*; when, like him, she perforates her flesh that she may introduce a pendant ornament; when she trails the finest and costliest fabrics in the dirt, with a disregard of cleanliness worthy also of the savage; what shall we say but that we are only so far civilized as Fashion will allow us to be! Oh! for the zeal and earnestness of an Apostle, to show to woman how she has surrendered to Fashion her dignity, her influence for good, and her high destiny.

The idea that prevails among Friends that a special visitation of Divine grace can *alone* redeem the mind from the bondage of Fashion, is mischievous in its effects. It leads the young to believe that Fashion *must* be followed until a special visitation shall *compel* them into that sobriety of dress and manners which is regarded as peculiarly the outward sign of a religious life. Many, very many, *have* been thus redeemed. But should any higher motive be needed to induce a woman to dress herself properly than good sense and good taste? Divine power can indeed break the chains of the bondman, but should the chains ever have been placed upon him?

Although the distinctive form of dress worn by Friends may not be the very best that could be adopted, and may indeed have been productive of evil, because too much stress has been laid upon it as a badge of religious fellowship, yet it has been found by many to be a *refuge* in these days of rapid and absurd fluctuations in fashion. Within its limits, some indulgence in individual taste and some convenient changes are admissible, while its rational permanency obviates the necessity of much thought and attention whenever a new article of attire is needed. I believe if the idea of what is called "making a profession of religion" could be disjoined from the "plain dress," many, even among the young, would adopt some approximation to it, on account of its convenience, neatness, economy and becomingness. If this association of ideas cannot be broken in upon, and the "plain dress" must continue to be avoided by those who are not willing to assume all that it implies, sensible women, who despise the tyranny of Fashion, while in some measure they feel compelled to submit to it, should adopt some alternative. In the suppression of many of the evils that afflict humanity, the principle of association has been resorted to with some success. The evils of war, of slavery, of pauperism, have had public attention called to them in this way, and have no doubt been lessened by united action. Why should not women avail themselves of some

such means to loosen the terrible bondage of Fashion? If a woman singly has not the moral courage to resolve that she will adopt no fashion that makes her appear bold and unfeminine, none that is injurious to health, none that make scrupulous cleanliness impossible, none that are unbecoming, inconvenient or too expensive, then let her strengthen her feeble will and supply her want of independence by association with others who are prepared practically to protest that they will be slaves no longer. If such an association could be formed, large enough and influential enough to tell upon a community, Fashion would be foiled with its own weapons, and it might come to be the fashion for each one to dress according to her own taste and her own sense of fitness, without danger either of forfeiting her position in society or of being supposed more religious than she really is.

Although it is in dress that the tyranny of Fashion is most seen, yet there is a social emulation springing from the same source, which creeps into almost every department of life, repressing spontaneity, originality and independence of character, and doing its utmost to reduce all to a dead level. It strains every energy in those whose means are narrow to keep up as nearly as possible in style of living with those whose means are ample; it fashions our entertainments without regard to our pecuniary means, transfers the habits of the city to the country, however inconvenient and unfitting, and substitutes a restless craving to do as others do for that calm serenity which is the portion of those who assume nothing and are content to appear what they really are. What a state of society would be witnessed were this unhealthy stimulant withdrawn! for a stimulant it undoubtedly is, and one too that leads to much activity and improvement in material things. Many a character would then shine out resplendently that is now shrouded by striving to be like some one else. How much care and toil and fretting would be avoided, and the energy thus expended, if turned into purer channels, would enrich and sweeten life.

Much of this emulation and restlessness is peculiar to our own country, and is no doubt partly owing to the equality and absence of distinctly marked classes existing amongst us. But this effect need not be permanent. May we not hope that a higher culture, that is, a culture of the higher faculties (which is to be in "the good time coming,") and a more enlarged sphere of useful activity, will raise woman above the liability of being brought under bondage to a power which in her best moments she despises. The world is gradually breaking loose from all the grosser and more palpable forms of tyranny; and when attention shall be called by the wise and gifted to its more subtle

forms, many social customs, many abuses dignified by Fashion, and now considered as necessities, will be abolished, and in the liberty, the enjoyment and the development of a higher order of faculties which will ensue, society will look back with astonishment, and ask, "Were these things ever so?" "Did women ever sacrifice good taste, convenience, and even modesty at the bidding of some one, they knew not whom? and did the sensible and high-minded bow down also, while they inwardly protested against it?" Fancy might run riot in depicting the change that would be produced were this tyrant laid low. Many a young woman whose appearance and manners suggest the idea of a butterfly existence would be transformed into a being she would herself scarcely recognize. Powers she was hardly aware of possessing would be discovered, and the time, the thought and the means once spent in votive offerings at this shrine would go to enrich and beautify her whole nature, making her existence not an ephemeral one, like the butterfly, but enduring in its influence, because a part of the fabric of Christian Civilization.

In the reform of many of those social habits imposed upon us by custom, we should find a freedom, a sincerity, and a consequent enjoyment of social intercourse, to which we are now strangers. Were the insincerity and untruthfulness which are now thought necessary in order that the machinery of society may move smoothly, laid aside, the necessity for cultivating those virtues which *politeness* only simulates would be doubly felt, and in place of mere politeness we should have justice, kindness, self-denial, generosity. But, it may be urged, these are Christian virtues, and the fruits of the Spirit! Truly they are; but no one can know until he has put away evil (and much of the fruit of Fashion is evil) how many of the Christian graces will take its place. S.

Quiet confidence in God is the only way to obtain deliverance from darkness. They who in times of distress forsake the mercy seat and rely on their own devices must "lie down in sorrow."

PROGRESSION.

Read at the Fourth Annual Reunion of Friends' Social Lyceum, on the grounds of Swarthmore College.

"And God said let there be light." GEN. I. 5. "There is no new thing under the sun." ECC. I. 9.

His word returns not void. Around the world The light is spreading, and that term we call Progression, means alone perceiving facts And learning plans of Nature,—means alone The seeing of those truths, long overlooked, Which are as old as their Eternal Source. Fresh applications of some well known fact We make in physics, and the new results, Inventions called, which fill these modern days, So passing full of wonders, but repeat The words—"There's no new thing beneath the sun."

Five years ago, in yonder city fair,
When darkness nightly came upon the earth,
The merchants closed their shutters, and the grate
Of bolts was heard, and all their costly wares
Were hid. Now, far across the cheerful streets
The light streams out through windows wide, and shows

To passers all the merchandize within.
Our princely traders here the olden fact
Apply, that burglars fear revealing light
Far more than bolts and bars, and so they make
A guard of its clear beams.

Three years ago,
When ships put out to sea and bore the loved
At home to distant lands, the anxious friends
Awaited for the weeks to bring the news
That safe the ship had reached its port. Last month
I heard a mother say, "the ship in which
Our Edward sailed, at Queenstown touched to-day;"
And then the thrill that through the cable ran
Beneath the sea, ran through our hearts, and filled
Our souls with awe, our eyes with joyful tears,
And thanks arose that man had learned so much
Of that which Nature always held for him.

Ten years ago our country's banner red
With blood we saw. The proud oppressor's arm
Was strong, and wrong appeared triumphant. Now
The slave is rearing schools, and wielding votes,
And singing loud Hosannas on the banks
Of all the rivers where he toiled in pain,
And Kelley stands in Mobile's streets, and speaks
The equal truth to slave and master. Here
At last we've learned the olden truth that Wrong
Must fall, and Right is strong, and Justice blooms
All over with the lilies white of peace.

Nature adheres unto her first-laid plan
In all her work, and God, to every soul,
Repeats the law that never knew a change.
By ancient rules these trees and flowers compound
From air and earth their essences and sweet
Aromas, build, by them, their structures fair,
And scatter seeds to bring renewing green
To all the summers.

He, the Beautiful,
Who stood transfigured on the mountain, in
His dispensation new, transcended not
That old sublime command, the Lord thy God,
With all thy heart and all thy mind, thou still
Shalt love, and love thy neighbor as thyself.
In coming times, the daughters and the sons
Shall understand a little more of God's
Great work in Nature than their fathers knew.
They shall be taught, with fearless hearts, to bring
The fullest light to bear on every act
And thought, and trained to feel that truth shall
stand,

And error only, shrink and flee before
Its beams; and thus an outlook far and wide,
A life more rich and large, shall be secured;
But for that rest for which the spirit sighs,
And for that triumph which alone gives life
Its crown of glory,—triumph over self
And over death and over every fear
Save that of sin,—the olden way must still
Be trod, and man within the quiet deeps
Of his own soul must still acquaint himself
With God to be at peace. ANN PRESTON.

It is as necessary as sweet that we and our
reins (that is our secret thoughts) should con-
fer together every night. We should call our
hearts to account every evening, and say, O
my heart, where hast thou been to-day? Is

there better entertainment with the creature
than with God?—*Flavel.*

LIFE IN THE HEBRIDES.

The Habits of the Middle Ages in the Nineteenth Century.

The Scottish Educational Commission gives incidentally some curious glimpses of Scottish life. Mr. Nicholson, an assistant commissioner who visited the Hebrides, gives an account of the way in which the people live in the island of Lewis, which has a population of more than twenty-one thousand souls.

After specially excepting Stornoway, he says: "In other parts of the island the general appearance of the dwellings of the people may be described as that of ill-developed hybrids between the hay and the peat stack. In fact the peat-stocks, which generally line the space in front of them, are of much more symmetrical architecture than the houses. The practice of housing the cattle under the same roof with the human family still prevails to a very large extent. The Lewis people for the most part tenaciously adhere to the rude *menage* of their ancestors. The description of their houses given in the old statistical account seventy years ago, requires no modification yet. The uncouthness of the outside is generally in faithful correspondence with the state of the interior. Windows in the wall are a rare extravagance. Usually there is just a single pane in the lower part of the roof, dimly revealing the otherwise conspicuous absence of furniture.

"Visiting one of these dwellings with a friend who knew the occupants, the old woman who did the honors of the house at the time, accommodated us with stools, humbly apologizing for the absence of 'the chair.' My friend inquired what had become of it, whereupon the venerable woman gave a full and true account of how it had been sent to a neighbor on the occasion of a call from the minister, and had progressed from house to house for the same purpose, and not yet returned. [In reference to this subject it is right to bear in mind the almost total want of native timber.] The entrance to a house is generally through a rude porch, of aspect like a small cave in a hillside of a trap, the walls being of dry stone, sometimes mixed with turf. Beyond this one descends—supposing the season to be summer or autumn; in spring, before the contents are emptied, it is an ascent—into the apartment of the cows.

"Cautiously picking his steps, the explorer turns to the right, and through the gloom advances to where the peat fire, burning in the centre of the floor, reveals the residence of the human inhabitants, and sends the circling eddies of blue smoke up to the straw roof, through which it makes its way 'at its own sweet will,' without the aid of a chimney. For,

strange to say, the chief end of a house in Lewis is not to keep out the elements, but to produce manure for the potatoes from the floor beneath the cattle and the sooty thatch above, which is regularly lifted off once a year. Yet within these murky receptacles live many brave and stalwart, and sometimes most exemplary men. There are probably no better or bolder boatmen on the British coasts than the fishermen of Lewis, especially of Ness and Uig. On any sea where a boat can live—and the seas there must be seen to be judged of—they will venture out in open boats, however the wind blow, far out of sight of land. Their hardihood is often rewarded by takes of ling such as are rarely to be got anywhere else. There is also a good deal of lobster fishing.

"The only other important sources of employment in the island besides, of course, the occupations connected with agriculture, are the improvements going on in the neighborhood of the castle and elsewhere, which give constant occupation to a considerable number of people, and the temporary but remunerative occupation afforded in Stornoway during the herring fishery in summer. A good many people are also employed in connection with the works erected by the proprietor for the extraction of oil, &c., from peat. There is none of that regular yearly migration for work to the Lowlands which prevails in some of the other islands. Ecclesiastically, nearly the whole population is connected with the Free Church."—*Evng. Bulletin*.

DIGNITY GIVEN TO TRIFLES.

In an admirable work recently published by the Appletons, entitled "*Literature in Letters*," edited with much taste by Dr. James P. Holcome, of New York, there is a very suggestive letter published from F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, in which he makes this remark: "A little plan I have found very serviceable in past years is to put down every night the engagements and duties of the next day. The advantages of this are several. You get more done—a healthful feeling pervades the whole of life. There is a feeling of finding at the end of the day that the greater part of what is planned has been accomplished. This is the secret of giving dignity to trifles. As units they are insignificant; they rise in importance when they become parts of a plan."

The secret of *dignity to trifles* is a matter of the utmost importance and difficulty. To know how to occupy the units of time successfully and wisely is the great matter. As necessary parts to the success of a whole, points of detail may be made to assume such importance that they shall be sure of being well done and crowned with success. One of the greatest dangers and difficulties with exalted natures is, that the love of the noblest and most intense

studies and duties leads them to find no interest in commonplace duties and everyday affairs. Even Howard, the philanthropist, who visited all the prisons in Europe, and performed the most important works for humanity, has been accused of grossly neglecting the education and proper treatment of his own son. Alas, poor youth! had he only been a prisoner and his father not known him, he might have been relieved. We heard of a clergyman's wife lamenting that she were not a simple member of the congregation, for then her husband would find leisure sometimes to give her spiritual advice. The more men are used to work on a large scale, the more prone they are to neglect the trifling duties on which the happiness and usefulness of life to so great a degree depend. Nearly all literary men are prone increasingly to neglect the bodily health, so far as exercise and recreation are concerned. In turn the usefulness of almost every man of peculiar power loses more or less of its natural strength by neglecting some every day duties of this sphere. Even the most profound mathematicians are found to be so much less reliable in working out the easier and common processes and rules, that Say mentions in his *Political Economy* that it was found best to let humbler arithmeticians work out the details from formulas prepared by the profounder men. The fact is, that commonplace calculations do not entice the mind to care and the putting forth of its strength.

It is a plan which associates the commonplace duties of life with those more profound that alone can make a man truly great to the full extent of his power; and this habit of making a plan on paper for each day's campaign, so that no duty shall be neglected, but all attended to in the right time and manner carefully, and not allowed to occupy too much or too little, is of the utmost value. How many a general has lost a battle by neglecting some little routine work of watchfulness and inspection, while his plans were most able and wise. At the battle of Inkermann the want of a little more care in smoothing off the escarpment of the English earthworks gave the Russians a foothold of attack that nearly proved fatal to the whole army. In private life how many a close student has lost his best friend by neglecting a call or two at the right time, or lost a fortune by neglecting opportunities passed over for the time to be taken up again at some future time that never came.

A time for everything, and everything in its proper time, is what every man, sooner or later, finds most necessary to his success; and a plan gives dignity to trifles as a part of a great system, every portion of which is most valuable. Perhaps it may be added, that this is one way in which religion becomes so essential to the

success of the greatest and wisest men. It gives a plan and purpose to every part of life—a plan that comprehends all the details. The daily prayers of a good man lead him to think of the danger he is in of omitting some duties because they are so insignificant, and others because they are so annoying and interrupting to what seems to be the best and noblest efforts. They make him strive to be faithful even in that which is least, by regarding every detail as the appointment of infinite wisdom and a Heavenly Father. Certain it is that he who rises early in the morning and lays out a distinct plan for each day will be surprised at the success it will give him—the hour it will save him from waste and trifling, and the rapid improvement, especially in the economical use of time, it will secure him.

EXTRACTS FROM INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF
JOHN STUART MILL.

(Continued from page 265.)

I have given a very incomplete and summary view of the educational benefits derived from instruction in the more perfect sciences, and in the rules for the proper use of the intellectual faculties which the practice of those sciences has suggested. There are other sciences, which are in a more backward state, and tax the whole powers of the mind in its mature years, yet a beginning of which may be beneficially made in university studies, while a tincture of them is valuable even to those who are never likely to proceed further. The first is physiology; the science of the laws of organic and animal life, and especially of the structure and functions of the human body. It would be absurd to pretend that a profound knowledge of this difficult subject can be acquired in youth or as a part of general education. Yet an acquaintance with its leading truths is one of those acquirements which ought not to be the exclusive property of a particular profession. The value of such knowledge for daily uses has been made familiar to us by all the sanitary discussions of late years. There is hardly one among us who may not, in some position of authority, be required to form an opinion and take part in public action on sanitary subjects. And the importance of understanding the true conditions of health and disease—of knowing how to acquire and preserve that healthy habit of body which the most tedious and costly medical treatment so often fails to restore when once lost, should secure a place in general education for the principal maxims of hygiene, and some of those even of practical medicine. For those who aim at high intellectual cultivation, the study of physiology has still greater recommendations, and is, in the present state of advancement of the higher studies, a real necessity. The practice which it gives in the study

of nature is such as no other physical science affords in the same kind, and is the best introduction to the difficult questions of politics and social life. Scientific education, apart from professional objects, is but a preparation for judging rightly of man and of his requirements and interests. But to this final pursuit, which has been called *par excellence* the proper study of mankind, physiology is the most serviceable of the sciences, because it is the nearest. Its subject is already Man; the same complex and manifold being, whose properties are not independent of circumstance, and immovable from age to age, like those of the ellipse and hyperbola, or of sulphur and phosphorus, but are infinitely various, indefinitely modifiable by art or accident, graduating by the nicest shades into one another, and reacting upon one another in a thousand ways, so that they are seldom capable of being isolated and observed separately. With the difficulties of the study of a being so constituted; the physiologist, and he alone among scientific enquirers, is already familiar. Take what view we will of man as a spiritual being, one part of his nature is far more like another than either of them is like anything else. In the organic world we study nature under disadvantages very similar to those which affect the study of moral and political phenomena: our means of making experiments are almost as limited, while the extreme complexity of the facts makes the conclusions of general reasoning unusually precarious, on account of the vast number of circumstances that conspire to determine every result. Yet, in spite of these obstacles, it is found possible in physiology to arrive at a considerable number of well-ascertained and important truths. This, therefore, is an excellent school in which to study the means of overcoming similar difficulties elsewhere. It is in physiology, too, that we are first introduced to some of the conceptions which play the greatest part in the moral and social sciences, but which do not occur at all in those of inorganic nature. As, for instance, the idea of predisposition, and of predisposing causes, as distinguished from exciting causes. The operation of all moral forces is immensely influenced by predisposition: without that element it is impossible to explain the commonest facts of history and social life. Physiology is also the first science in which we recognise the influence of habit—the tendency of something to happen again merely because it has happened before. From physiology, too, we get our clearest notion of what is meant by development or evolution. The growth of a plant or animal from the first germ is the typical specimen of a phenomenon which rules through the whole course of the history of man and society—increase of function, through expansion and differentiation of structure by internal forces. I

cannot enter into the subject at greater length; it is enough if I throw out hints which may be germs of further thought in yourselves. Those who aim at high intellectual achievements may be assured that no part of their time will be less wasted than that which they employ in becoming familiar with the methods and with the main conceptions of the science of organization and life.

Physiology, at its upper extremity, touches on Psychology, or the Philosophy of mind: and without raising any disputed questions about the limits between Matter and Spirit, the nerves and brain are admitted to have so intimate a connexion with the mental operations that the student of the last cannot dispense with a considerable knowledge of the first. The value of psychology itself need hardly be expatiated upon in a Scottish university; for it has always been there studied with brilliant success. Almost everything which has been contributed from these islands towards its advancement since Locke and Berkeley has, until very lately, and much of it even in the present generation, proceeded from Scottish authors and Scottish professors. Psychology, in truth, is simply the knowledge of the laws of human nature. If there is anything that deserves to be studied by man, it is his own nature and that of his fellow-men: and if it is worth studying at all, it is worth studying scientifically, so as to reach the fundamental laws which underlie and govern all the rest. With regard to the suitability of this subject for general education, a distinction must be made. There are certain observed laws of our thoughts and of our feelings which rest upon experimental evidence, and, once seized, are a clue to the interpretation of much that we are conscious of in ourselves, and observe in one another. Such, for example, are the laws of association. Psychology, so far as it consists of such laws—I speak of the laws themselves, not of their disputed applications—is as positive and certain a science as chemistry, and fit to be taught as such. When, however, we pass beyond the bounds of these admitted truths, to question which are still in controversy among the different philosophical schools—how far the higher operations of the mind can be explained by association, how far we must admit other primary principles—what faculties of the mind are simple, what complex, and what is the composition of the latter—above all, when we embark upon the sea of metaphysics properly so called, and inquire, for instance, whether time and space are real existences, as is our spontaneous impression, or forms of our sensitive faculty, as is maintained by Kant, or complex ideas generated by association; whether matter and spirit are conceptions merely relative to our faculties, or facts existing *per se*, and in the latter case,

what is the nature and limit of our knowledge of them; whether the will of man is free or determined by causes, and what is the real difference between the two doctrines; matters on which the most thinking men, and those who have given most study to the subjects, are still divided; it is neither to be expected nor desired that those who do not specially devote themselves to the higher departments of speculation should employ much of their time in attempting to get to the bottom of these questions. But it is a part of liberal education to know that such controversies exist, and, in a general way, what has been said on both sides of them. It is instructive to know the failures of the human intellect as well as its successes, its imperfect as well as its perfect attainments; to be aware of the open questions, as well as of those which have been definitely resolved. A very summary view of these disputed matters may suffice for the many; but a system of education is not intended solely for the many; it has to kindle the aspirations and aid the efforts of those who are destined to stand forth as thinkers above the multitude; and for these there is hardly to be found any discipline comparable to that which these metaphysical controversies afford.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS.

The broken cable which was recently injured by an iceberg has been successfully repaired, and the electrical communication through it between the two continents is completely restored, and may be considered as reliable as though no damage had occurred. It was found to be absolutely crushed, notwithstanding its heavy iron armor, for a length of 120 feet.

The newspapers of South Carolina and Georgia state that the Sea Island cotton crop will be a very profitable one. Cotton mills are going up in several localities.

The attempt to build a tunnel under the Chicago river, which runs through the city of Chicago, it is announced has signally failed. The entire work lately in progress, including masonry, timber, &c., fell in with a crash, involving heavy losses to the contractors.

The total Indian population of the United States is stated at from 300,000 to 350,000 persons.

At the Greenwich Observatory, in England, they have an electric clock, known as the "motor clock," which regulates the time in England. It maintains various clocks in perfect sympathy with itself, regulates clocks in London, sends signals throughout the country, drops a time ball at Deal, fires guns at Newcastle and Shields, and maintains such good communications that the operator at Greenwich can receive such reports of the going of distant clocks as he may desire. Electricity signals also convey Greenwich time from this clock to some places in Ireland, and during the laying of the Atlantic cable the Observatory sent signals to the Great Eastern twice a day, to enable her constantly to determine her longitude. In thirty-eight days out of one hundred this clock is said ordinarily to have an error of less than one second, and in only one day in one hundred has it an error great as four seconds.—*Ledger*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KNEE HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF F. W. ROBERTSON.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

(Continued from page 261.)

The second of the discourses relating to the rights of property and the rights of labor is entitled, "Christ's Judgment respecting Inheritance." Although especially directed to the relative duties of the rich and the poor in England, it applies to some of the questions which are agitating society in this country, and the conclusions arrived at are consistent with Christian principles.

The text is, Luke xii. 13-15.—"And one of the company said unto him, Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me. And he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge, or a divider over you? And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

"The Son of God," he says, "was misunderstood and misinterpreted in his day."... Even His own friends and followers misunderstood Him.

"They heard Him speak of a kingdom of Justice and Righteousness, in which every man should receive the due reward of his deeds. They heard him say that his kingdom was not far off, but actually among them, hindered only by their sins and dullness from immediate appearance. Men's souls were stirred and agitated. They were ripe for anything, and any

spark would have produced explosion. They thought the next call would be to take the matter into their own hands.

Accordingly, on one occasion, St. John and St. James asked permission to call down fire from heaven upon a village of the Samaritans which would not receive their message. On another occasion, on a single figurative mention of a sword, they began to gird themselves for the struggle; 'Lord,' said one, 'behold, here are two swords.' Again, as soon as He entered Jerusalem for the last time, the populace heralded his way with shouts, thinking that the long-delayed hour of retribution was come at last. They saw the conqueror before them who was to vindicate their wrongs. In imagination they already felt their feet upon the necks of their enemies.

And because their hopes were disappointed, and He was not the demagogue they wanted, therefore they turned against Him. Not the Pharisees, but the people whom He had come to save,—the outcast, and the publican, and the slave, and the maid-servant: they whose cause He had so often pleaded, and whose emancipation he had prepared. It was the *People* who cried, 'Crucify Him, Crucify Him!'

This will become intelligible to us, if we can get at the spirit of this passage."

"We ask attention to two things.

I. The Saviour's refusal to interfere.

II. The source to which He traced the appeal for interference.

I. The Saviour's refusal to interfere.

1. He implied that it was not his *part* to interfere. 'Who made me a Judge, or a Divider?'

It is a common saying, that religion has nothing to do with politics; and particularly there is a strong feeling current against all interference with politics by the ministers of religion. This notion rests on a basis which is partly wrong, partly right.

To say that religion has nothing to do with politics, is to assert that which is simply false. It were as wise to say that the atmosphere has nothing to do with the principles of architecture. Directly, nothing—indirectly, much. Some kinds of stone are so friable, that though they will last for centuries in a dry climate, they will crumble away in a few years in a damp one. There are some temperatures in which a form of building is indispensable which in another would be unbearable. The shape of doors, windows, apartments, all depend upon the air that is to be admitted or excluded. Nay, it is for the very sake of procuring a habitable atmosphere within certain limits that architecture exists at all. The atmospheric laws are distinct from the laws of architecture; but there is not an architectural question into which atmospheric considerations do not enter as conditions of the question.

That which the air is to architecture, religion is to politics. It is the vital air of every question. Directly it determines nothing—indirectly, it conditions every problem that can arise. 'The kingdoms of this world must become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.' How, if His Spirit is not to mingle with political and social truths?

Nevertheless, in the popular idea that religion as such must not be mixed with politics there is a profound truth. Here, for instance, the Saviour will not meddle with the question. He stands aloof, sublime and dignified. It was no part of His to take from the oppressor and give to the oppressed, much less to encourage the oppressed to take from the oppressor himself. It was His part to forbid oppression. It was a Judge's part to decide what oppression was. It was not His office to determine the boundaries of civil right, nor to lay down the rules of the descent of property. Of course, there was a spiritual and moral principle involved in this question. But He would not suffer His sublime mission to degenerate into the mere task of deciding casuistry.

He asserted principles of love, unselfishness, order, which would decide all questions; but the questions themselves He would not decide. He would lay down the great political principle, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's.' But He would not determine whether this particular tax was due to Cæsar or not.

So, too, He would say, Justice, like Mercy and Truth, is one of the weightier matters of the law; but He would not decide whether, in this definite case, this or that brother had justice on his side. It was for themselves to determine that, and in that determination lay their responsibility.

And thus religion deals with men, not cases; with human hearts, not casuistry.

Christianity determines general principles, out of which no doubt the best government would surely spring; but what the best government is it does not determine—whether Monarchy or a Republic, an Aristocracy or a Democracy.

It lays down a great social law: Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal. But it is not its part to declare how much is just and equal. It has no fixed scale of wages according to which masters must give. That it leaves to each master, and each age of society.

It binds up men in a holy brotherhood. But what are the best institutions and surest means for arriving at this brotherhood it has not said. In particular, it has not pronounced whether competition or coöperation will secure it.

And hence it comes to pass that Christianity is the Eternal Religion, which can never become obsolete. If it sets itself to determine the temporary and the local,—the justice of this tax, or the exact wrongs of that conventional maxim,—it would soon become obsolete: it would be the religion of one century, not of all. As it is, it commits itself to nothing except Eternal Principles.

It is not sent into this world to establish monarchy, or secure the franchise; to establish socialism, or to frown it into annihilation; but to establish a Charity, and a Moderation, and a sense of Duty, and a love of Right, which will modify human life according to any circumstances that can possibly arise.

2. In this refusal, again, it was implied that His kingdom was one founded on spiritual disposition, not one of outward Law and Jurisprudence.

That this lawsuit should have been decided by the brothers themselves, in love, with mutual fairness, would have been much; that it should be determined by authoritative arbitration was, spiritually speaking, nothing. The right disposition of their hearts, and the right division of their property thence resulting, was Christ's kingdom. The apportionment of their property by another's division had nothing to do with His kingdom."

"To apply this to the question of the day. The great problem which lies before Europe for solution is, or will be, this: Whether the present possessors of the soil have an exclusive right

to do what they will with their own; or whether a larger claim may be put in by the workman for a share in the profits? Whether Capital has hitherto given to Labor its just part or not? Labor is at present making an appeal, like that of this petitioner, to the Church, to the Bible, to God. 'Master, speak unto my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me.'

Now, in the mere setting of that question to rest, Christianity is not interested. That landlords should become more liberal, and employers more merciful,—that tenants should be more honorable, and workmen more unselfish,—that would be indeed a glorious thing, a triumph of Christ's cause; and any arrangement of the inheritance, *thence* resulting would be a real coming of the kingdom. But whether the soil of the country and its capital shall remain the property of the rich, or become more available for the poor,—the rich and the poor remaining as selfish as before;—whether the selfish rich shall be able to keep, or the selfish poor to take, is a matter, religiously speaking, of profound indifference. Which of the brothers shall have the inheritance, the monopolist or the covetous? Either—neither; who cares? Fifty years hence, what will it matter? But a hundred thousand years hence it *will* matter whether they settled the question by mutual generosity and forbearance.

8. I remark a third thing. He refused to be the friend of one, because He was the friend of both. He never was the champion of a class, because He was the champion of Humanity.

We may take for granted that the petitioner was an injured man,—one, at all events, who thought himself injured; and Christ had often taught the spirit which would have made his brother right him: but He refused to take his part against his brother, just because he *was* his brother, Christ's servant, and one of God's family, as well as he.

And this was His spirit always. The Pharisees thought to commit Him to a side, when they asked whether it was lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not. But He would take no sides as the Christ: neither the part of the government against the tax-payers, nor the part of the tax-payers against the government.

Now, it is a common thing to hear of the rights of man,—a glorious and a true saying; but, as commonly used, the expression only means the rights of a section or a class of men. And it is very worthy of remark, that in these social quarrels both sides appeal to Christ and to the Bible as the champions of their rights, precisely in the same way in which this man appealed to Him. One class appeal to the Bible, as if it were the great Arbiter which decrees that the poor shall be humble, and the subject submissive; and the other class appeal

to the same book triumphantly, as if it were exclusively on their side: its peculiar blessedness consisting in this—that it commands the rich to divide the inheritance, and the ruler to impose nothing that is unjust.

In either of these cases, Christianity is degraded, and the Bible misused. They are not as they have been made—O shame!—for centuries, the servile defenders of Rank and Wealth, nor are they the pliant advocates of discontent and rebellion.

The Bible takes neither the part of the poor against the rich exclusively, nor that of the rich against the poor; and this because it proclaims a real, deep, true, and not a revolutionary brotherhood.

The brotherhood of which we hear so much is often only a one-sided brotherhood. It demands that the rich shall treat the poor as brothers. It has a right to do so. It is a brave and a just demand: but it forgets that the obligation is mutual; that, in spite of his many faults, the rich man is the poor man's brother, and that the poor man is bound to recognize him and feel for him as a brother.

It requires that every candid allowance shall be made for the vices of the poorer classes, in virtue of the circumstances which, so to speak, seem to make such vices inevitable: for their harlotry, their drunkenness, their uncleanliness, their insubordination. Let it enforce that demand; it may and must do it in the name of Christ. He was mercifully and mournfully gentle to those who, through terrible temptation and social injustice, had sunk; and sunk into misery at least as much as into sin. But, then, let it not be forgotten that some sympathy must be also due, on the same score of circumstances, to the rich man. Wealth has its temptations,—so has power. The vices of the rich are his forgetfulness of responsibility, his indolence, his extravagance, his ignorance of wretchedness. These must be looked upon, not, certainly, with weak excuses, but with a brother's eye, by the poor man, if he will assert a brotherhood. It is not just to attribute all to circumstances in the one case, and nothing in the other. It is not brotherhood to say that the laborer does wrong because he is tempted, and the man of wealth because he is intrinsically bad.

II. The Source to which He traced this appeal for a division."

"Covetousness: the covetousness of all. Of the oppressed as well as the oppressor; for the cry, 'Divide,' has its root in covetousness just as truly as 'I will not.' There are no innocent classes; no devils who oppress, and angels who are oppressed. The guilt of a false social state must be equally divided.

We will consider somewhat more deeply this covetousness. In the original the word is a

very expressive one. It means the desire of having more,—not of having more because there is not enough, but simply a craving after more. More when a man has not enough,—more when he has. More—more. Ever more. Give—give. Divide—divide.

This craving is not universal. Individuals and whole nations are without it. There are some nations the conditions of whose further civilization is that the desire of accumulation be increased. They are too indolent or too unambitious to be covetous. Energy is awakened when wants are immediate, pressing, present; but ceases with gratification.

There are other nations in which the craving is excessive, even to disease. Preëminent among these is England. The desire of accumulation is the source of all our greatness and all our baseness. It is at once our glory and our shame. It is the cause of our commerce, of our navy, of our military triumphs, of our enormous wealth, and our marvellous inventions. And it is the cause of our factions and animosities, of our squalid pauperism, and the worse than heathen degradation of the masses of our population.

That which makes this the more marvellous is, that of all nations on the earth, none are so incapable of enjoyment as we. God has not given to us that delicate development which He has given to other races. Our sense of harmony is dull and rare; our perception of beauty is not keen. An English holiday is rude and boisterous. If protracted, it ends in *ennui* and self-dissatisfaction. We cannot enjoy. Work, the law of human nature, is the very need of an English nature. That cold shade of Puritanism which passed over us, sullenly eclipsing all grace and enjoyment, was but the shadow of our own melancholy, unenjoying national character.

And yet we go on accumulating, as if we could enjoy more by having more. To quit the class in which they are, and rise into that above, is the yearly, daily, hourly effort of millions in this land. And this were well, if this word 'above' implied a reality; if it meant higher intellectually, morally, or even physically. But the truth is, it is only higher factitiously. The middle classes already have every real enjoyment which the wealthiest can have. The only thing they have not is the ostentation of the means of enjoyment. More would enable them to multiply equipages, houses, books: it could not enable them to enjoy them more.

Thus, then, we have reached the root of the matter. Our national craving is, in the proper meaning of the term, covetousness. Not the desire of enjoying more, but the desire of having more.

And if there be a country, a society, a people, to whom this warning is specially applica-

ble, that country is England, that society our own, that people we. 'Take heed and beware of covetousness.'

The true remedy for this covetousness He then proceeds to give. 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesses.'

Now, observe the distinction between His view and the world's view of humanity. To the question, What is a man worth? the world replies by enumerating what he has. In reply to the same question, the Son of Man replies by estimating what he is. Not what he has, but what he is—that, through times and through eternity, is his real and proper life. He declared the presence of the soul; He announced the dignity of the spiritual man; He revealed the being that we are. Not that which is supported by meat and drink, but that whose very life is in Truth, Integrity, Honor, Purity. 'Skin for skin,' was the satanic version of this matter: 'All that a man hath will he give for his life.' 'What shall it profit a man,' was the Saviour's announcement, 'if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

"Most assuredly Christianity proclaims laws which will eventually give to each man his rights. I do not deny this. But I say that the hope of these rights is not the message, nor the promise, nor the consolation, of Christianity. Rather they consist in the assertion of the true Life, instead of all other hopes; of the substitution of blessedness, which is inward character, for happiness, which is outward satisfactions of desire. For the broken hearted, the peace which the world cannot give. For the poor, the life which destitution cannot take away. For the persecuted, the thought that they are the children of their Father which is in heaven.

A very striking instance of this is found in the consolation offered by St. Paul to slaves. How did he reconcile them to their lot? By promising that Christianity would produce the abolition of the slave-trade? No; though this *was* to be effected by Christianity; but by assuring them that, though slaves, they might be inly free—Christ's freedmen. Art thou called, being a slave? *Care not for it.*

This, too, was the real compensation offered by Christianity for injuries.

The other brother had the inheritance; and to win the inheritance he had laid upon his soul the guilt of injustice. His advantage was the property; the price he paid for that advantage was a hard heart. The injured brother had *no inheritance*, but instead he had, or might have had, innocence, and the conscious joy of knowing that he was not the injurer. Herein lay the balance."

(To be continued.)

All true spiritual and moral greatness roots itself in simplicity, humility and love.

THE MINISTRY OF THE SENSES AND APPETITES
TO HUMAN CULTURE.

BY O. DEWEY.

(Concluded from page 268.)

I confess that I sometimes think that this subject—what old Læwis Cornaro denominated in his book “the advantage—not the duty only—but the *advantage* of a temperate life,” is one that goes behind all the preaching. The physical system, though not the temple, is the very scaffolding without which the temple cannot be built. We call from the pulpit for lofty resolution, cheering courage, spiritual aspiration, divine serenity. Alas! how shall a body clogged with excess, or scorched through every pore with nervous debility; how shall a body, at once irritable, pained and paralyzed, yield these virtues in their full strength and perfection? We ask that the soul be guarded, nurtured, trained to vigor and beauty, in its mortal tenement; that the flame in that shrine, the body, be kept bright and steady. Alas! the shrine is shattered; and rains and wind-flaws beat in at every rent; and all that the guardian—conscience—can do oftentimes, is to hold up a temporary screen, first on one side, and then on another; and often the flickering light of virtue goes out, and all in that shrine is dark and cold and solitary; it has become a tomb!

I am endeavoring in this part of my lecture to defend man's physical constitution in general from the charge that it naturally develops evil, vice, intemperance, excess every way. I before showed that the specific organs and attributes of the physical structure—the sense of touch, speech, laughter, the human face and hand—are five ministries to the intellectual nature. I came then to what is thought the more questionable tendency of the senses and appetites; and I have shown, first, that they are useful—as hunger, for instance, impelling to industry; secondly, that they are naturally innocent, *i. e.*, that they do not like, but naturally *dislike* excess; and thirdly, that they powerfully teach and enforce wholesome moderation and healthful activity.

I deny, therefore, that the bodily constitution naturally ministers to evil, to vice. A similar organization shows no such tendency in *animals*. It is the mind; then, that is in fault. But now I wish further to show, before I leave the subject, that vicious excess is a complete inversion of the natural relations of the mind and body; that instead of being according to nature, it turns everything upside down in our nature.

Certainly, in the natural order of our powers, the mind was made to be master; the body was made to be servant. Naturally the body does not say to the mind, “Go hither and thither; do this and that;” but the mind says this to the body. The mind too has boundless wants

that range through earth and heaven, through infinitude, through eternity; and it must have boundless resources. Can it find them in the body?—in that for which “two paces of the vilest earth” will soon be “room enough.” Our physical frame is only the medium; as it were, an apparatus of tubes, reflectors, *Æolian* harpstrings, to convey the mysterious life and beauty of the universe to the soul. So far as it loses this ministerial character, and becomes in itself an *end* on which the mind fastens, on whose enjoyments the mind gloats, all is wrong, and is fast running to mischief, misery, and ruin.

For suppose this dreadful inversion to be effected; suppose that the all-grasping mind resorts to the body alone for satisfaction—forsakes the wide ranges of knowledge, of science, of religious contemplation, the realm of earth and stars, and resorts to the body alone, and has, alas! for it, no other resource. What will the mind do *then*? It will—I had almost said, it *must*—with its boundless craving, push every appetite to excess. It must levy unlawful contributions upon the whole physical nature. It must distract every physical power to the utmost. Ah! it has so small a space from which to draw its supplies, its pleasures, its joys. It must exact of every sense, not what it may innocently and easily give, but all that it *can* give. What ere long will be the result of this devotion to the body and to bodily pleasures? *There comes a fearful revolution in the man!* The sensual passions obtain unlawful ascendancy—become masters—become tyrants; and no tyranny in the world was ever so horrible. None had ever such agents as those nerves and senses—*seductive* senses, call you them!—say rather those ministers of retribution, those mutes in the awful court of nature, that stand ready, silent and remorseless, to do their work. The soul which has used, abused, and desecrated the sensitive powers, now finds in them its keepers. Imprisoned, chained down, famishing in its own abode, it knocks at the door of every sense; no longer, alas! for pleasure, but for relief. It sends out its impatient thoughts, those quick and eager messengers, in every direction for supply. It makes a pander of the imagination, a purveyor for indiscriminate sensuality of the ingenious fancy, a prey of its very affections; for it will sacrifice everything to be satisfied.

Could it succeed—could it, like the martyr, win the victory through these fiery agonies—but no; God in our nature forbids. Sin never wins. Ruin falls upon soul and body together. For now, at length, the worn-out and abused senses begin to give way: they can no longer do the work that is exacted of them. The eye grows dim; the touch is palsied; the limbs tremble; the pillars of that once fair dwelling are shattered and shaken to their foundation;

the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint; the elements *without* become enemies to that poor, sick frame; the fires of passion are burning within; and the mind, like the lord of a beleagured castle, sinks amidst the ruins of its mortal tenement, in silent and sullen despair, or with muttered oaths and curses and blasphemies.

Oh, let the mind but have its own great satisfactions, its high thoughts and blessed affections, and then it could say to these poor proffers of sense, "I want you not; I am happy already; I want you not; I want no tumult nor revel; I want no cup of excess; I want no secret nor stolen indulgence; and as for pleasure—I would as soon sell my body to the fire for pleasure, as I would sell my soul to *you* for *pleasure*."

Such is the true and natural relation of the mind and body; such is the law of their common culture. Under this law the body would be fashioned into a palace of delights, hardly yet dreamed of. We want a higher *ideal* of what the body was made and meant to be to the *soul*. Sensualism has taught to the world its terrible lessons. Is not a higher æsthetic law coming, to teach in a better manner? Sensualism is but the lowest and poorest form of sensitive enjoyment. One said to me, many years ago, "I have been obliged, from delicacy of health, to abstain from the grosser pleasures of sense; neither feast nor wine have been for me: perhaps I have learned the more to enjoy the beauty of nature—the pleasures of vision and the melodies of sound." The distinction here taken, shows that the very senses might teach us better than they do. For I say, was that witness a loser, or a gainer? Vision and melody; shall grosser *touch* and *taste* carry off the palm from *them*? Vision that makes me possessor of the earth and stars!—the eye, in whose mysterious depths is pictured the beauty of the whole creation!—and what comprehensive *wonders* in that bright orb of vision! Think of grosser touch and taste; and think, for one moment, what sight and hearing are. It is proved by experiments, that, naturally and by mere visual impression, the *eye* sees all things as equidistant and near—close to us—a pictured wall. By comparisons of equal size and hue, we have learned to refer all objects to their real distance. Sky and clouds, mountain-sides and peaks and rocks, river, plain and grove, every tree and swell of ground, all are fixed in their place in an instant of time. Hundreds of comparisons—hundreds of acts of mind, are flung into that regal glance of the eye! But more than the telescopic eye, is the telegraphic ear. More, to my thought, lies in the hidden chambers of viewless sound; in that more spiritual organ, which indeed expresses nothing, but receives the largest and finest im-

port of things without; in that mysterious, echoing gallery, through which pass the instructive, majestic, and winning tones of human speech; through which floats the glorious tide of song, to fill the soul with light and melody. Instruments of Godlike skill, types and teachers of things divine, harbingers of greater revelations to come, are these. Not for temptation; not for debasement, was this wondrous frame built up, let ancient philosophers or modern voluptuaries say what they will; but to be a vehicle of all nobleness, a seer of all beauty, a shrine of worship, a temple of the all-pervading and in-dwelling Life.

Archbishop Leighton saith, Let the love of your brethren be as fire within you, consuming that selfishness that is so contrary to it; let it eat your thoughts on work to study (not merely to increase your property, but also) how to do others good; let your love be an active love, intense within you, and extending itself in doing good to the souls and bodies of your brethren, as they need and you are able.

COMPANIONSHIP.

BY MARY G. CHANDLER.

(Concluded from page 265.)

Those who have passed the period of childhood, who have taken upon themselves the responsibility of all that concerns their own minds, and who have any desire after upward progress, should remember that the books they love best are those which reflect their own characteristics. Every one looks up to his favorite books, and the tone of his mind is influenced by them in consequence. In our Companionship with our fellow-beings we may be governed to a great extent by our desire to stand well with the world, and, therefore, seek the society of those whom the world most admires, rather than those we most enjoy. In the choice of our books there is much less influence of this kind exerted upon us. In the retirement of our homes we may daily consort with the low or the wicked, as they are delineated in books, and our standing with the world be in no way affected, while the poison we imbibe will work all the more surely that it works secretly. They whose ideas of right and wrong are dependent on the judgment of the world may need even this poor guide, and suffer from the want of it; for, in doing what the world does not know, and, therefore, cannot condemn, they may encounter evil and danger from which even the love of the world would protect them, if the same things were to be exposed to the public eye. We have no more moral right to read bad books than to associate with bad men, and it would be well for us in selecting our books to be governed by much the same principles as in the selection of our associates; to feel that they are, in fact,

companions and friends whose opinions cannot fail to exert a powerful influence upon us, and that we cannot associate with them indiscriminately without great danger to our characters.

The Book of books should occupy the first place in our estimation; and the test question in regard to the value of all other books is, whether they draw us towards or away from the Bible. So far as they are written with a genuine love for goodness and truth, books in every department of science and literature have a tendency, more or less strong, to increase our reverence and love for the Source of all goodness and truth; and no book can be subversive of our faith in the Scriptures that has not its foundation laid in falsehood.

Nature may tell us of a Creator, but the Bible alone reveals a Father. Nature describes him as far from us, removed beyond all sympathy, before whose power we tremble, and whose mercy we might strive to propitiate by sacrifices or entreaties; but from the Bible we learn that he is near at hand, watching every pulsation of the heart, listening to every aspiration that we breathe; that we walk with him so long as we obey his commandments, and that, though we may turn from him, he never turns from us; that when we approach him in prayer, it should not be with fear, but with love; and loving him with the knowledge that he first loved us, we find that prayer, in its true form, is a Companionship, and that the Father rejoices over his child in proportion as the child rejoices in approaching the throne of mercy.

Pure and holy influences come to us mediately through our Companionship with those among our fellow-beings who have received of the overflowings of the Divine Fountain of goodness and truth. But when we reverently approach that Fountain, we receive immediately, with a power and fulness that can descend upon us through no human being.

What we receive through other mediums reaches only the lower and more external planes of our being; but prayer brings us, if we pray aright, before the throne of the Most High, and opens those inmost chambers of the soul that remain for ever closed and empty, unless they are opened and filled by the immediate presence of the Lord. These constitute that Holy of Holies which is the inmost of every human soul. The world at large may enter its outer courts, chosen friends may minister before the altar of its sanctuary; but within all this there is a holier place, which none but the Lord can enter; for it is the seat of the vital principle of the soul, which can be touched and quickened by no hand but his.

The quality of the life of the whole being depends upon the degree in which we suffer the Lord to dwell within our souls. His Compan-

ionship fills and vivifies everything that is below it. The more entirely we walk with the Lord, the more constant we shall be in the performance of all our duties. The more entirely we open our hearts to his influence, the more benefit we shall receive from all other influences. The more reverently we listen to the truth that comes directly from him, the more capable we shall be of finding out and appreciating the truth that comes indirectly. The more we open our hearts to receive his love, the more perfect will be the love we shall bear towards our fellow beings. The more constantly we feel that we are in his presence, the more perfect will be the hourly outgoings of our lives.

Intimate Companionship with the Lord does not abstract us from the world around us, but fills that world with new meanings. There is nothing abstract in the nature of the Deity. He is operating perpetually upon all nature. Gravity, organic life, instinct, human thought, and affection are forms of his influx manifesting itself in varying relations. Wherever he comes there is life, and his activity knows no end.

Let no human being think that he holds Companionship with the Lord, because he loves to retire apart, to pray, or to contemplate the Divine attributes, if, at such times, he looks down upon and shuns the haunts of men. The bigot may do so; and all his thoughts about things holy, all his prayers, only confirm him in his spiritual pride. Every thought of self-elevation, every feeling that tends towards "I am holier than thou," smothers the breath of all true prayer, and associates us with the spirit of evil; for our prayers cannot be blessed to us if pride inspire them. Neither let any one suppose himself spiritual because material life or material duties oppress him. God made the material world as a school for his children; and he will not keep us here a moment after we are prepared for a higher state. We are putting ourselves back when we work impatiently, in the feeling that the duties of life are beneath us.

If we would abide with our Heavenly Father, we must co-operate with him perpetually. It is doing his will, not contemplating it, that teaches us his attributes, and builds us up in his image and likeness. His fields are ever white unto the harvest; let us work while it is yet day, ever bearing in mind that he gives us the power to work, and that we can work rightly only so long as we live in the constant acknowledgment of our dependence upon Him.

DOING GOD'S WILL.

It appears to me that true fidelity consists in obeying God in everything, and following the light that points out our duty, and His spirit that prompts us to do it; having the desire to

please him without debating about great or little sins, about imperfections or unfaithfulness; for though there may be a difference in fact, to the soul that is determined to do all His will, there is none. To a sincere desire to do God's will, we must add a cheerful spirit, that is not overcome when it has failed, but begins again and again to do better; hoping always to the end to be able to do it, bearing with its own involuntary weakness, as God bears with it, waiting with patience for the moment when it shall be delivered from it; going straight on in singleness of heart, according to the strength it can command; losing no time by looking back, or making useless reflections upon its falls, which can only embarrass or retard its progress. The first sight of our little failures should humble us; but then we must press on, not judging ourselves with Judaical rigor, not regarding God as a spy watching for our least offence, or as an enemy, but as a father who loves and wishes to save us, trusting in His goodness, invoking His blessing, and doubting all other support. This is true liberty.—*Fénelon*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 6, 1867.

BIBLE READINGS IN MEETINGS FOR WORSHIP.—A proposition to introduce the reading of a portion of Scripture into some of the small meetings which are usually held in silence, has been made by a few Friends, with a view to make these assemblies more attractive to the younger members of the Society, and induce their regular attendance of them.

Our sentiments in relation to the subject are so clearly expressed by a correspondent of the London Friend, in the last number of that periodical, that we republish the letter entire.

To the Editor of the Friend.

DEAR FRIEND,—It has been cause of anxiety to many that so large a space in the Fourth month number of the *Friend* was occupied by the advocates of Scripture reading in meetings for worship; and it is evident the subject cannot be much longer overlooked by those who desire to maintain the principles and practices of Friends.

It seems to me that they who want to introduce the practice entirely misapprehend the object of our meeting together; and I believe its adoption would so change the character of such gatherings, as that one of the most noble testimonies which we have hitherto borne before the world would be in great danger of being lost.

Our assembling together at stated times is

publicly to manifest our allegiance to our Heavenly Father, from whom we receive all our blessings, and also to exhibit a testimony to the spiritual nature of Divine worship. The latter object, especially, cannot be done more strikingly or more appropriately than by sitting down together in solemn silence. Upon this point we are generally agreed; but it is urged by some that more is needed!—that, in order to promote devotional feelings, and for purposes of religious instruction, a portion of Scripture might be read which would probably open the way for other vocal offerings, either in exposition of what had been read, or more generally in exhortation or prayer; and this, it is said, would be an improvement on our present practice.

I feel convinced the Society of Friends cannot consistently entertain the proposition, and am equally well assured that no real Friend can consistently ask it to do so; because it would manifestly be a going back again into those things out of which our forefathers were led, and would speedily obliterate a most important distinguishing feature in our mode of worship, which marks us from other religious bodies. The solemnity of our public approaches to the throne of grace must be preserved, and all appearance of creaturely contrivance should be studiously avoided. It is better that our silent meetings are open to the charge of formality, than that they should become systematically formal, by the introduction of set reading, teaching, or vocal prayer.

I fear this desire for Scripture reading in public springs from a distorted, superstitious estimate of the character of those writings, itself at variance with the recognized views of Friends; and this is probably induced through more or less of sympathy with the "dogmatic school" in the great controversy now going on in the religious world. But this should not be the attitude of any Friend; were they at this juncture true to the principles preached by their forefathers, and still nominally held, the present would be accepted as the time in which to speak out boldly for liberty and freedom of thought; and with becoming reverence for that great truth, the perceptible influence of the Spirit of God on the minds of men.

Thy friend sincerely,

CHARLES THOMPSON.

Morland, 4th mo. 22, 1867.

We have been interested in the above letter, not only as expressing views in unison with ours, but were gratified that they should proceed from the English press. From what has appeared in the two Periodicals which are looked upon as the organs of the Society of Friends in England, it would seem as if many of its active members were in great measure

losing sight of the spirituality of our profession. George Fox, who passed through the dispensations of an outward religion, found not that for which he was hungering and thirsting, until he was brought into silent communion with the Divine mind. After this he could testify of the life-giving presence of Him, who continues, in accordance with the ancient promise, to be found of those who seek Him; and in unison with this soul-inspiring faith, he and his contemporaries when assembled for public worship adopted the form of silent waiting, in order to hear the "still small voice," which is no other than the sure word of prophecy alluded to by the Apostle, "to which," he said, "ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts."

Let us not, under a plea that silent worship is "less suited to the partially instructed and the young," suffer innovations upon this wholesome order; but rather endeavor to impress such with the nature of our obligations to the Father of Spirits, and our dependence upon Him for that bread which can alone sustain the spiritual life. "They that worship the Father," said the blessed Jesus, "must worship Him in spirit and in truth;" and when assembled for this exalted purpose, if He pleases to qualify His servants to minister in His name, then indeed may we drink, through instrumental means, of the refreshing Gospel stream, and be edified together in Love.

We acknowledge the need of engaging the attention of our young Friends in some way by which they may be made more fully acquainted with the testimonies of the Society in which they have a birthright. And so far from ignoring outward helps, we consider them most valuable in their proper places. Among them we number the "Meetings for Readings," which have been instituted in some neighborhoods before the hour for the meeting for worship, in which the old and the young mingle together with interest and profit.

Most fully do we believe with C. T. that were Friends "at this juncture true to the principles preached by their forefathers, and still nominally held, the present would be the accepted time in which to speak out boldly for liberty and freedom of thought; and with be-

coming reverence for that great truth, the perceptible influence of the spirit of God on the minds of men."

DIED, on the 20th of First month, 1867, at his residence, Bay Side, Long Island, HENRY C. BOWRON, in the 70th year of his age. He was a member of New York Monthly Meeting, and occupied the station of Elder and Overseer for many years, during which time the maintenance of good order and the right administration of our discipline were objects of his earnest solicitude, while the strict integrity and uprightness of his character won the love and respect of all who knew him.

—, after a short illness, at his residence in West Liberty, Iowa, on Sixth-day evening, the 14th ult., DAVID STRATTON, in the 74th year of his age. He was a truly exemplary and worthy member of Wapeseonoc Monthly Meeting, giving evidence by his daily life, by his calm serenity, and by his clear views and elevated counsel, that he had been taught in the school of Christ.

—, on the morning of Sixth month 26th, 1867, MARY, widow of Israel Hollowell, in her 87th year; a member of Abington Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 26th of Sixth month, 1867, in West Philadelphia, of paralysis, HANNAH, daughter of the late Jacob and Mary Hamer, aged 64 years; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 30th of Sixth month, 1867, JOSEPH GREEN, in his 77th year; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

—, at his residence in Germantown, Sixth mo. 28th, STANTON DORSEY, aged 59 years; a member of Green Street Monthly and Germantown Particular Meeting.

A parasol and other articles, found at Swarthmore, at the time of the recent "Reunion," can be reclaimed by applying at 717 Willow street.

EMINENT BOOKS.

All eminent books are expressional of their age, and so monumental of it in the worthiest way. Marble or colors preserve in memory the features of a friend, but even more excellently do books deliver to us the form and features of a time. For marble lips will not unclothe, nor pictured forms move forth from the canvas. Winter after winter the portrait's gaze is on the family, but the hand will not touch or the voice greet us. But in books the dead live for us, and discourse to us with staid eloquence, of the thought, the feeling, and the customs of their times. The words which they spoke to their contemporaries they speak to us; and following their guidance, with them we walk through avenues of thought, as of a garden, towards a terrace whence a river or a city may be seen. We perceive the river of the time with its current, or observe the city of works and customs, with its thronging crowds, and see how the general habit of life formed itself. So it is that books are more monumental than marble or portraiture, for we have the departed for our companions and friends, and their words still uttered in our hearing.—Thos. T. Lynch.

THE WONDERFUL MOTHER.

In the winter of the year 1709 there was one of the coldest spells of weather ever known in Central Europe. In France a great many people froze to death, even in their beds, not only among the mountains, but in villages and cities. The hottest fire was not sufficient to keep the rooms warm; while the stoves were red hot, the water would freeze but a few feet from them. The trees in the forest and by the roadside became so frozen that some of them burst, and made a noise as if a small mine had exploded.

Sparrows, and jackdaws, and crows sometimes fell down dead while flying in the air. Large flocks of sheep and cattle froze in barnyards. The bats, which usually sleep during the winter, were awakened out of their torpid slumber, fluttered around a little while, and then fell dead on the ground. The deer in the forests could no more run swiftly, but crept slowly out of the woods, and came near the dwellings of men. Finally spring came, and a multitude of them were found dead in the woods. The little lakes, brooks and rivers, after they had been thawed by the sun, emitted a very unpleasant odor, because nearly all the fish in them had been frozen to death. Of course the people suffered from extreme poverty, for the cold weather had destroyed many of their means of support. The wheat that had been sowed in the autumn, their sheep, fowls, fish, and vegetables that had been covered in the ground, were completely destroyed by the frost.

During this winter a poor little Savoyard boy was wandering in the streets of Luneville, in Lothringid. He was a pitiable orphan. His older brother, who had taken care of him, had now gone on a message to the city of Nancy, to earn a few francs. But he suffered the fate of many travellers, and was frozen to death; for many of the passengers in the stages and riders on horseback, though covered with cloaks and furs, were frozen. The drivers lost their lives, and still held the reins in their stiff hands.

The little forsaken Savoyard boy wandered from one house to another, to get a little employment, or a piece of bread. He was glad to blacken boots and shoes, dust clothes, clean dishes in the kitchen, or do any thing that would gain him a sou. But when night came on, his sufferings became intense. He had slept with his brother, in a carpenter's shop, where the two had covered themselves with an old foot-cloth, on which they piled shavings very high. They lay very close together, and by this means managed to be protected from the severity of the cold. But he was now alone, and he would certainly freeze if he tried to sleep alone in the carpenter's shop. The wife of a hostler took compassion on him. She

showed him a sleeping-place in one of the stalls in the stable where the horses of a certain prince were kept. In this stall there stood an iron cage, in which a large brown bear was confined, for the beast was very wild and angry. The little Savoyard boy, who had come in the darkness into the stable, neither knew nor cared for any wild beast that might be near by. He lay down upon some straw, and stretched out his hand to pull in more. As he stretched it out, he put it between the wires of the cage in which the bear was, and found that a large pile was there. Thinking it was better to get where it was than to stay in his place, he crawled up to the cage and squeezed through between the iron bars. The bear grunted a little, but committed no violence. The little Savoyard boy offered to God a prayer which his departed mother had taught him, and committed himself to the keeping of his Heavenly Father. He asked for protection from the cold, and he was protected both from the cold and the wild beast.

The bear took the little stranger between her paws and pressed him to her, so that he lay in her warm breast and against her thick skin so comfortably that he who had not slept many nights with any comfort whatever now forgot all fear, and soon fell into a sweet, deep sleep.

In the morning the little boy waked up with new strength, crept out from the cage, and went into the city to attend to his business and seek his daily bread. In the evening he returned to his strange mother.

Beside her there lay a great many pieces of bread and meat, which had been brought there from the table of the prince; but the bear had eaten all she wanted, and these were left over. So the little Savoyard helped himself to all that he could find. He then lay quietly down between the paws of his thick-clad mother, who pressed him to her as she had done the night before, and he slept there as if in the warmest feather bed.

In this way he spent five nights without any body's knowing it. On the morning of the sixth night he overslept himself, so that when the hostlers went around with their lanterns in the early morning, to attend to the many horses in the stable, they saw him lying between the paws of the great bear. The old bear grunted a little, as if she was very much offended that anybody should see her taking care of her little favorite. The little Savoyard sprang up and squeezed out through the cage, to the great wonder of the bystanders.

This affair became known, and created great astonishment throughout the city. Although the modest little Savoyard was very much ashamed that anybody should know that he had slept in the arms of a bear, he was ordered to appear in the presence of the prince, to

whom he told his recent experience. The prince appointed a day for him to come again. The little Savoyard came, and, in the presence of the princesses and many people of rank, he was requested to enter the cage where the great bear was. She received him as kindly as ever, and pressed him to her breast.

The good duke now understood that the bear—or rather God working providentially through the bear—had been the means of saving the little orphan Savoyard from death. No person had taken care of him, no body had shown any sympathy for him; and yet, in the very coldest nights of that remarkable winter, this rough bear was the means of saving his life. It was the providence of God which preserved him.

This circumstance led the prince to look at the providence of God in a higher light than he had ever done before; and so should it lead us all to remember that God sometimes uses the most unexpected means as the instruments for the consummation of his wishes. The little Savoyard afterward led an honorable and useful life, nor did he ever forget how God helped him in his great need.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

POWER OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

There is one department of Christian evidence to which no skill or industry of the champion of revealed truth can do justice—one also with which the sceptic is little disposed to meddle. It is that which is spread before us in the noiseless and almost entirely unrecorded lives of thousands of the faithful followers of Christ. Ambitious of no distinction, intent only on the Master's service, pursuing the even tenor of their way in the discharge of common duties, their lives are ennobled, and sometimes become heroic, through the lofty purity of their aims, and the singleness of their devotion to life's great end. No theory of infidel philosophy can account for them. The attempt to explain them by means of enthusiasm or fanaticism is an insult to common sense.

Cowper has graphically portrayed the lot of one who may be taken as the representative of the class of which we speak:

"Perhaps the self-approving, haughty world,
That, as she sweeps him with her whistling silks,
Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she sees,
Deems him a cypher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest to the prayers he makes,
When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And thinks on her that thinks not on herself."

—*Boston Recorder.*

A man may suffer without sinning, but a man cannot sin without suffering.

SUBMISSION.

Years ago, I vainly fancied
God had much for me to do;
And my foolish heart was longing
Some great proof of love to show.
Then my Father, in His goodness,
(How I bless His gentle hand!)
Took from me each cherished labor,
Made me meekly wait and stand.
How my spirit chafed and fretted!
How I strove against my lot!
Why, oh why is this? I murmured;
But my Father answered not.
Only firmer still He beld me
To the task He had assigned,
Only, as I vainly struggled,
Closer still my chains did bind.
Must I spend my days in silence,
Longing for my Lord to speak?
Tend *one* lamb, and leave the hundreds
Straying, that I yearned to seek?
Must I waste in menial service
Gifts that might so many bless?
Seeing others gain promotion,
Who, I felt, deserved it less?
Yes, I must: my Father knew it,
And in mercy did not spare;
Foolish though my heart, He loved it,
For its truest weal took care.
Oh how foolish! now I see it!
And I wonder and adore,
Thinking of the matchless patience
That with all its folly bore.
Now, no more by pride made restless,
All is easy, pleasant, light,
Useless, if He wills, I will it,
Busy, if it seems Him right.
Gently chastened, sweetly humbled,
Like a little child I sit,
Happy in my lowly posture,
At my Heaven's Father's feet.

AUGUSTA, GA.

J. A. S.

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

"What I spent, that I had: what I kept, that I lost; what I gave, that I have!"—OLD EPIGRAM.

Every coin of earthly treasure
We have lavished upon earth
For our simple worldly pleasure,
May be reckoned something worth;
For the spending was not losing,
Though the purchase were but small;
It has perished with the using;
We have had it—that is all!
All the gold we leave behind us
When we turn to dust again,
(Though our avarice may blind us,)
We have gathered quite in vain;
Since we neither can direct it,
By the winds of fortune tossed,
Nor in other worlds expect it;
What we hoarded—we have lost.
But each merciful oblation,
(Seed of pity wisely sown,)
What we gave in self-negation,
We may safely call our own.
Thus of treasure freely given,
For the future we may hoard,
For the angels keep, in heaven,
What is lent unto the Lord.

Saxe.

FACTS ABOUT THE BIBLE.

The *Zion's Herald* sums up the statistics of the Bible thus:

The Scriptures have been translated into 148 languages and dialects, of which 121 had, prior to the formation of the British Foreign Bible Society, never appeared. And 25 of these languages existed without an alphabet, in an oral form. Upward of 43,000,000 of those copies of the Scriptures are circulated among not less than 600,000,000 of people.

The first division into chapters and verses is attributed to Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of King John, in the latter part of the twelfth century, or the beginning of the thirteenth. Cardinal Hugo, in the middle of the thirteenth century, divided the Old Testament into chapters, as they stand in our translation. In 1661, Athias, a Jew of Amsterdam, divided the sections of Hugo into verses,—a French printer had previously (1561) divided the New Testament into verses as they are at present.

The Old Testament contains 39 books, 929 chapters, 23,214 verses, 592,439 words, 2,738,100 letters.

The New Testament contains 27 books, 260 chapters, 7,950 verses, 182,253 words, 933,380 letters.

The entire Bible contains 66 books, 1,188 chapters, 31,185 verses, 774,692 words, 3,566,480 letters.

The name of Jehovah or Lord occurs 6,855 times in the Old Testament.

The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,643 times.

The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is the 29th of Job.

The middle verse is the 2d Chronicles, 20th chapter, 10th verse.

The middle book of the New Testament is 2d Thessalonians.

The middle chapters are Romans 13th and 14th.

The middle verse is Acts xi. 7.

The middle chapter to be found in the Bible is Psalm cxvii.

The middle verse in the Bible is Psalm cxviii. 8.

The middle line in the Bible is 2d Chronicles i. 16.

The least verse in the Bible is John xi. 35.

The 19th chapter of 2d Kings and Isaiah 36th are the same.

In the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra are all the letters of the alphabet, I and J being considered as one.

The Apocrypha (not inspired, but sometimes bound between the Old Testament and the New) contains 14 books, 183 chapters, 15,081 verses, 152,185 words.

The preceding facts were ascertained by a gentleman in 1718. Also by an Englishman residing at Amsterdam, in 1772; and it is said to have taken each gentleman nearly three years in the investigation.

There is a Bible in the library of the University of Goettingen, written on 5,475 palm leaves.

A day's journey was 33 1-5 miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was eleven feet, nearly.

A cubit is twenty-two inches, nearly.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighth inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold \$8.09.

A talent of silver was \$516.32.

THE WORLD COMPARED TO AN INN.

I have before said, that our home, our country, is heaven and everlasting happiness, where there are no sorrows, nor fears, nor troubles; that this world is the place of our travel and pilgrimage, and, at the best, our inn. Now when I am in my journey, I meet with several inconveniences; it may be the way is bad and foul, the weather tempestuous and stormy; it may be I meet with some rough companions, that either turn me out of my way, or all dash and dirt me in it; yet I content myself, for all will be mended when I come home; but if I chance to lodge at my inn, where, it may be, I meet with bad entertainment; the inn is full of guests, and I am thrust into an inconvenient lodging, or ill diet, yet I content myself, and consider it is no other than what I have reason to expect, it is but according to the common condition of things in that place; neither am I solicitous to furnish my lodgings with better accommodations, for I must not expect to make long stay there; it is but my inn, my place of repose for a night, and not my home; and therefore I content myself with it as I find it; all will be amended when I come home. In the same manner it is with this world; perchance I meet with an ill and uncomfortable passage through it; I have a sickly body, a narrow estate, meet with affronts and disgraces, lose my friends, companions, and relations; my best entertainment is but troublesome and uneasy,—but yet I do content myself, I consider it but my pilgrimage, my passage, my inn; it is not my country, nor the place of my rest; this kind of usage, or condition, is but according to the law and custom of the place, it will be amended when I come home, for in my Father's house there are mansions, many mansions instead of my inn, and my Saviour himself hath not disdained to be my harbinger; he is gone thither before me, and gone to prepare a place for me;

I will therefore quiet and content myself with the inconveniences of my short journey, for my accommodations will be admirable when I come to my home, that heavenly Jerusalem, which is the place of my rest and happiness—*Sir Matthew Hale*.

REPLANTING OF FORESTS.

It would be difficult for any one in England, or anywhere else in the North of Europe, says the London Times, to conceive a just idea of the importance which the subject of the replanting of forests has acquired in France, no less than in Spain and Italy. Let us say a few words for our own country in this matter. Until of late years the uppermost thought in the minds of the rural population of the United States would be to clear the land of trees, which everywhere, away from the prairies and the plains, the first settlers, the pioneers in civilization, regarded in the light of obstructions. In some parts, particularly in the older or Atlantic States, we might speak of the inhabitants in the same language in which the writer in the Times does of the Latin races, whose hatred of all shade "makes them look upon even a bush as a very upas tree—a nest for seed-devouring birds and a lurking-place for robbers."

Even at the present time the Venetians make one of the earliest uses of their freedom by cutting the timber off the crests of the Friuli mountains. In our own country, North and South, how painfully common is the sight of large farm-houses, and of stately mansions too, without any protecting trees, exposed in summer to the tropical heat of a southern and western sun; in winter to the unmitigated rage of winds and storms! Too often extensive pastures are unrelieved by a clump of trees to afford a needful shelter in the heats of summer to the cattle feeding in them. The inherited enmity to trees pays the penalty of personal discomfort and suffering, and of diminished yield of the dairy. A change happily is coming over the minds of our people, and although the laying bare of their mountain sides and denuding their low lands of forest timber have not been carried to the destructive extent, nor attended with the damaging results, of similar practices in Southern Europe, yet it is now becoming a question not only for discussion, but one calling for early remedial action. Ship and house builders and makers of railroads will not be among those who may feel disposed to smile at the suggestion to replant forest trees.

Climatic changes, attributed to the exposure of the surface of the soil by cutting down the forests which once covered it have not been clearly proved. Dr. Drake, in his great work on the Climate, Topography and Diseases of the Valley of the Mississippi, infers, from the result of extended observations and the study of mete-

orological records, that there is scarcely any appreciable change of temperature from this cause. Doctor Dove cites several facts to show the drying up of springs and streams after a country has been cleared of its timber, and then renewed when left to be again clothed with forests. It is generally conceded that the rivers of moderate size are much less in volume after the clearing of a country than before. Mr. Blodgett, in his elaborate treatise on the Climatology of the United States, believes that "the whole change of condition is limited to the surface, and is one merely dependant on the retention and slow evaporation in the forest, in contrast with the rapid drainage and prompt evaporation on the open surface." The English writer already cited tells us that the whole aspect of Southern Europe, its soil and climate, have been materially affected by the denudation of its surface. Unrestrained by any vegetation and barrier afforded by trees and the interlacing of the roots of these, the melting of snow on the mountains and hill sides and heavy rains give rise to torrents which rush down, wearing the land, even to the plains, into deep gullies, and carrying off all the finest and most valuable particles of the soil. "Sunny Spain," even more than Southern France and Italy, has suffered from the operation of these causes, as is seen in entire provinces arid and barren.—*Public Ledger*.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

It is not our want of aptitude for doing good which stands in our way, half so much as it is our want of communion with God. The rule is, "Oh! taste and see that the Lord is good!" Out of this experimental acquaintance with truth grows our power to fitly offer it. Only thus can we learn to recommend the various viands on the table of the gospel feast. Scholarship becomes a means to an end. It is not the show of splendid attainments, but the hidden force of piety underlying them, which affects the souls we hope to influence.

The gospel light is much like the solar light; its beauty is not its efficiency. You may divide the sunbeam into seven beautiful colors, and not one alone nor all together will imprint an image on a daguerreotype plate. Just outside the spectrum in the dark, there is one entirely invisible ray, called the chemical ray, which does all the work. No man ever saw it, no man ever felt it; and yet this it is which bleaches and blackens a dull surface into figures of loveliness and life. I care not how luminous a man's personal or intellectual qualities may be, if he lacks amid the showy beams that are shining this one which is viewless—this efficient but inconspicuous beam of spiritual experience—all his endeavors will surely prove inoperative for good.—*Dr. Robinson in Hours at Home*.

EXTRACTS FROM INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF
JOHN STUART MILL.

(Continued from page 272.)

In this brief outline of a complete scientific education, I have said nothing about direct instruction in that which it is the chief of all the ends of intellectual education to qualify us for—the exercise of thought on the great interests of mankind as moral and social beings—ethics and politics, in the largest sense. These things are not, in the existing state of human knowledge, the subject of a science, generally admitted and accepted. Politics cannot be learnt once for all, from a text-book, or the instructions of a master. What we require to be taught on that subject, is to be our own teachers. It is a subject on which we have no masters to follow; each must explore for himself, and exercise an independent judgment. Scientific politics do not consist in having a set of conclusions ready made, to be applied everywhere indiscriminately but in setting the mind to work in a scientific spirit to discover in each instance the truths applicable to the given case. And this, at present, scarcely any two persons do in the same way. Education is not entitled, on this subject, to recommend any set of opinions as resting on the authority of established science. But it can supply the student with materials for his own mind, and helps to use them. It can make him acquainted with the best speculations on the subject, taken from different points of view; none of which will be found complete, while each embodies some considerations really relevant, really requiring to be taken into the account. Education may also introduce us to the principal facts which have a direct bearing on the subject, namely the different modes or stages of civilization that have been found among mankind, and the characteristic properties of each. This is the true purpose of historical studies, as prosecuted in an University. The leading facts of ancient and modern history should be known by the student from his private reading; if that knowledge be wanting, it cannot possibly be supplied here. What a Professor of History has to teach, is the meaning of those facts. His office is to help the student in collecting from history what are the main differences between human beings, and between the institutions of society, at one time or place and at another: in picturing to himself human life and the human conception of life, as they were at the different stages of human development: in distinguishing between what is the same in all ages, and what is progressive, and forming some incipient conception of the causes and laws of progress. All these things are as yet very imperfectly understood even by the most philosophic enquirers, and are quite unfit to be taught dogmatically. The object is to lead the student to attend them; to make him take interest in history not

as mere narrative, but as a chain of causes and effects still unwinding itself before his eyes, and full of momentous consequences to himself and his descendants; the unfolding of a great epic or dramatic action, to terminate in the happiness or misery, the elevation or degradation, of the human race; an unremitting conflict between good and evil powers, of which every act done by any of us, insignificant as we are, forms one of the incidents; a conflict in which even the smallest of us cannot escape from taking part, in which whoever does not help the right side is helping the wrong, and for our share in which, whether it be greater or smaller, and let its actual consequences be visible or in the main invisible, no one of us can escape the responsibility. Though education cannot arm and equip its pupils for this fight with any complete philosophy either of politics or of history, there is much positive instruction that it can give them, having a direct bearing on the duties of citizenship. They should be taught the outlines of the civil and political institutions of their own country, and in a more general way, of the more advanced of the other civilized nations. Those branches of politics, or of the laws of social life, in which there exists a collection of facts or thoughts sufficiently sifted and methodized to form the beginning of a science, should be taught *ex professo*. Among the chief of these is Political Economy; the sources and conditions of wealth and material prosperity for aggregate bodies of human beings. This study approaches nearer to the rank of a science, in the sense in which we apply that name to the physical sciences, than anything else connected with politics yet does. I need not enlarge on the important lessons which it affords for the guidance of life, and for the estimation of laws and institutions, or on the necessity of knowing all that it can teach in order to have true views of the course of human affairs, or form plans for their improvement which will stand actual trial. The same persons who cry down Logic will generally warn you against Political Economy. It is unfeeling, they will tell you. It recognizes unpleasant facts. For my part the most unfeeling thing I know of is the law of gravitation: it breaks the neck of the best and most amiable person without scruple, if he forgets for a single moment to give heed to it. The winds and waves too are very unfeeling. Would you advise those who go to sea to deny the winds and waves—or to make use of them, and find the means of guarding against their dangers? My advice to you is to study the great writers on Political Economy, and hold firmly by whatever in them you find true; and depend upon it that if you are not selfish or hard-hearted already, Political Economy will not make you so. Of no less importance than Political Economy is the study of what is called Jurisprudence; the general prin-

principles of law; the social necessities which laws are required to meet; the features common to all systems of law, and the differences between them; the requisites of good legislation, the proper mode of constructing a legal system, and the best constitution of courts of justice and modes of legal procedure. These things are not only the chief part of the business of government, but the vital concern of every citizen; and their improvement affords a wide scope for the energies of any duly prepared mind, ambitious of contributing towards the better condition of the human race. For this, too, admirable helps have been provided by writers of our own or of a very recent time. At the head of them stands Bentham; undoubtedly the greatest master who ever devoted the labor of a life to let in light on the subject of law; and who is the more intelligible to non-professional persons, because, as his way is, he builds up the subject from its foundation in the facts of human life, and shows by careful consideration of ends and means, what law might and ought to be, in deplorable contrast with what it is. Other enlightened jurists have followed with contributions of two kinds, as the type of which I may take two works, equally admirable in their respective times. Mr. Austin, in his *Lectures on Jurisprudence*, takes for his basis the Roman law, the most elaborately consistent legal system which history has shown us in actual operation, and that which the greatest number of accomplished minds have employed themselves in harmonizing. From this he singles out the principles and distinctions which are of general applicability, and employs the powers and resources of a most precise and analytic mind to give to those principles and distinctions a philosophic basis, grounded in the universal reason of mankind, and not in mere technical convenience. Mr. Maine, in his treatise on *Ancient Law in its relations to Modern Thought*, shows from the history of law, and from what is known of the primitive institutions of mankind, the origin of much that has lasted till now, and has a firm footing both in the laws and in the ideas of modern times; showing that many of these things never originated in reason, but are relics of the institutions of barbarous society, modified more or less by civilization, but kept standing by the persistency of ideas which were the offspring of those barbarous institutions, and have survived their parent. The path opened by Mr. Maine has been followed up by others, with additional illustrations of the influence of obsolete ideas on modern institutions, and of obsolete institutions on modern ideas; an action and reaction which perpetuate, in many of the greatest concerns, a mitigated barbarism; things being continually accepted as dictates of nature and necessities of life, which, if we knew all, we should see to have originated in artificial

arrangements, of society long since abandoned and condemned.

(To be continued.)

Be not satisfied that you are doing nothing *against* God, but ask yourselves, day by day, what can I do for Him? Give up yourselves in entire surrender to live to him with every power of your mind and body. Be sure there is no happy religion that comes short of *this aim*, and there can be no interruption of happiness even in a world like this, where God is thus restored to His throne in the human heart. —Goode.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.

Don't be discouraged if, in the outset of life, things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish of the future are realized. The path of life in the prospect is smooth and level enough, but when we come to travel it, we find it all up-hill, and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one, and whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find our disappointment, if we have built on other calculation. To endure cheerfully what must be, and to elbow our way as easily as we can, hoping for a little, yet striving for much, is perhaps the true plan.

But don't be discouraged if occasionally you slip by the way, and your neighbors tread over you a little; in other words, don't let a failure or two dishearten you—accidents will happen; miscalculations will sometimes be made; things will often turn differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like the skies in April—sometimes clouded, and sometimes clear and favorable; and, as it would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun because the day is stormy, so it is equally unwise to sink in despondency when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things, she may be surely expected to smile again. And, again, don't be discouraged if you are deceived in the people of the world; it often happens that men wear borrowed clothes, and sometimes those who have long stood fair before the world are very rotten at the core. From sources such as these you may be deceived; and you will naturally, under such deceptions. To these you must become used; if you fear as most people do, they will lose their novelty before you grow gray, and you will learn to trust men cautiously and examine their characters closely before you allow them great opportunities to injure you. Don't be discouraged under any circumstances. Go steadily forward—rather consult your own conscience than the opinions of men; though the last is not to be disregarded. Be industrious, be frugal, be honest; deal in perfect kindness with all that come in your way, exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in your whole

intercourse, and if you do not prosper as rapidly as any of your neighbors, depend upon it you will be as happy.—*Moravian.*

HOW THE FRENCH RAISE TOMATOES.

An exchange says that the best gardeners in France are in the habit of cutting off the stem of the tomato plants down to the first cluster of flowers that appear thereupon. This impels the sap into the two buds next below the cluster, which soon push strongly, and produce another cluster of flowers each. When these are visible, the branch to which they belong is also topped down to their level; and this is done five times successively. By this means the plants become stout dwarf bushes, not over eighteen inches high. In order to prevent them from falling over, sticks or strings are stretched horizontally along the rows, so as to keep the plants erect. In addition to this, all the laterals that have no flowers, and, after the fifth topping, all laterals whatsoever, are nipped off. In this way the ripe sap is directed into the fruit, which acquires a beauty, size, and excellence unattainable by other means. It will be well for our friends to try this simple and rational method the present season.

HINTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sidney Smith, a good authority on this subject, says:—"In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style." The same writer says, "All pleasantries should be short, and for that matter, all gravities, too."

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received since last report:—

From City contributions.....	\$25.00
" Alan Corson.....	6.00
" N. & E. Potter, Battle Creek, Mich.	1.00
" Rachel Haines, Fallston, Md.....	10.00
" Soldiers Aid Soc., Fallston, Bucks county.....	5.70
" Rachel Haines, Fallston, Md.....	45.00
" A Friend, per R. H.....	5.00
" Collection at Annual Meeting.....	240.00
	\$377.70

HENRY M. LAING, Treasurer.

Phila., 6th mo. 29th, 1867. No. 30 N. Third St.

ITEMS.

The President has issued a proclamation informing the country that the treaty concluded between the United States and Russia concerning Russian America had become a law. It is stated that this newly acquired territory will be attached to the Department of Oregon and Washington, under the military jurisdiction of General Rousseau.

It is noted as a curious fact that all the fighting nations of ancient times have died out. They seem to have been consumed by their fierce internal passions. On the other hand, the Chinese a peaceful people, now number about four hundred million—a number sufficient if warlike, to sweep resistlessly over all Europe.

It is reported by the last steamer that the English language is to be studied in the public schools of Japan, and that American school books are to be introduced for the purpose of instruction.

The Japanese Commissioners in this country have ordered some 20,000 copies of various American school books, and the first shipment was made from New York on Wednesday by way of the Isthmus and San Francisco.

A curious case is reported from Missouri. A man in that state ten years ago bequeathed \$500 each to ten of his slaves, on condition that they should emigrate to Liberia or some country set apart for free persons. The slaves remained in Missouri, and the St. Louis County Court, in that State, has decided that it is "a place set apart for free persons of color," and the executor has been ordered to pay over the money.

The Minister of the Interior in Holland has issued a decree admitting women to examination for the position of assistant apothecaries, an occupation hitherto restricted exclusively to men. This measure will enable the Holland doctors to have their prescriptions made up by their wives and daughters, and will thus relieve them from the charges of a male assistant. The decree has been received with a good deal of astonishment by the male persuasion at Hague, who look upon this as the beginning of a systematic invasion of masculine privileges.

A life-boat of peculiar construction is shown at the Paris Exhibition. It is about thirty feet long, weighs a little less than three tons, and can accommodate, with its full crew of thirteen, nearly forty persons. It is impossible to sink it, and it is self-righting. This is effected in several ways, but mainly by constructing at each end two large, airtight, hollow compartments, supplying buoyancy to float the vessel with its company, and rendering it impossible for her to remain for more than a moment or two on her beam ends. In addition there are the usual cellular spaces running along each side, so that submersion is out of the question with any human load that could be crammed on board. Below the deck, which is above the water-line, or close to it, are iron tanks, some of which, filled with water, afford ballast, while others are hammered down and empty, which increases the buoyancy.

As life-boats are liable to be swamped in certain seas, even this exigency is provided for, and in that is one of the great merits of the boat. It is said she may fill for a moment, but only for a moment. The self-acting valves or scuppers running down right through, immediately open and drain off the water, which can by no chance swell up through them. The water, in fact, carries itself off by its own weight, and is then locked out. Supposing the men flung out, there are catch-lines for them to seize or to hold fast by when the peril approaches, and each wears a life-belt on a new plan, which deserves particular mention. It is of cork; it can be slipped on and off as easily as a fisherman slips on his jacket; it in no way impedes the action of the arms, and the persons taken off a wreck are supplied each with one immediately, should the condition of the weather permit of the least action beyond that of clinging to the "bark of hope."—*Public Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF F. W. ROBERTSON.

BY S. M. JANNRY.

(Continued from page 276.)

The selections that have been presented in this Review, from the discourses of F. W. Robertson, have probably prepared the readers of the *Intelligencer* to take an interest in his Life and Correspondence.

The early part of his career, and his settlement as incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, have already been noticed. His ministerial labors in that city were distinguished by the eloquence and earnestness of his discourses, the boldness with which he uttered unpalatable truths, and the interest he manifested in the cause of degraded humanity. His powerful intellect and refined manners attracted the attention of cultivated minds, and his sympathy for the laboring classes drew to his chapel a crowd of the working men and sewing women of Brighton.

His position is thus described by his biographer:—

"He came into contact at Brighton with religious tendencies and sects as extreme as at Cheltenham, but they were opposed more strongly than at Cheltenham by a bold freedom of thought among the upper and lower classes, which tended in the former to carelessness or silent contempt for Christianity, and in the latter to open infidelity. He met with men of all classes, whose opinions had been formed and

widened in the storm and stress of London life, and with others, whose prejudices were as blind as those of the smallest village in England. He associated with clergymen of all religious denominations, who had rendered themselves known by their eloquence and their writings, or by their active leadership of party. He mingled with persons of every shade of Conservatism and Liberalism, and among the working-men, with large numbers of hot and eager Chartists.

If he had been as fresh and enthusiastic as he had been six years before, he would, like a young soldier, have rejoiced at his position, placed thus in the fore-front of the battle. But, as we have seen, he was worn and weary.

He had a presentiment, which was not altogether painful to him, that his work,—done as he did it, with a throbbing brain, with nerves strung to their utmost tension, and with a physical excitement which was all the more consuming from being mastered in its outward forms,—would kill him in a few years. He resolved to crowd into this short time all he could. He had long felt that Christianity was too much preached as theology, too little as the religion of daily life; too much as a religion of feeling, too little as a religion of principles; too much as a religion only for individuals, too little as a religion for nations and for the world. He determined to make it bear upon the social state of all classes, upon the questions which agitated society, upon the great movements of the world.

Shortly after his arrival at Brighton, he had an opportunity for carrying out his intention. The great surge which took its impulse from the volcanic outburst of February, 1848, in Paris, rolled over half of Europe. The decrees of February 25, 26, by which Lamartine declared France republican, and which practically proclaimed Socialism as well as Communism, chimed in with the hopes of all the unregulated and uneducated minds among the working classes. The cry of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and the demands based upon this watchword, created a wild fear in some Englishmen, and a wild joy in others, which were alike irrational. No man in society could be silent on these subjects. Mr. Robertson resolved not to be silent in the pulpit. His spirit was stirred within him, as the spirits of Coleridge and of Wadsworth had been at the beginning of a greater revolution. He rejoiced in the downfall of old oppressions; and in the 'young cries of Freedom' he thought that he heard the wheels of the chariot of the Son of Man, coming nearer and nearer to vindicate the cause of the poor. He writes in 1848:—

The world has become a new one since we met. To my mind, it is a world full of hope, even to bursting. I wonder what you think of all these tumults:

For all the past of time reveals
A bridal-dawn of thunder peals,
Wherever thought had wedded fact.

Some outlines of a kingdom of Christ begin to glimmer, albeit very faintly, and far off, perhaps, by many, many centuries. Nevertheless, a few strokes of the rough sketch by a master-hand are worth the seeing, though no one knows yet how they shall be filled up. And those bold, free, dashing marks are made too plainly to be ever done out again. Made in blood, as they always are, and made somewhat rudely; but the Master-Hand is visible through the great red splotches on the canvas of the universe. I could almost say, sometimes, in fulness of heart, 'Now let Thy servant depart in peace.'

I have been very much overdone by work here. It is extremely trying; full of encouragement, but full of a far larger amount of misunderstanding and dislike than I expected to meet with. And I work alone with 'many adversaries,' and few to bless; but with a very distinct conviction that I am doing something; and for that I am grateful, for it is well nigh the only thing that is worth the living for.

Early in the year 1848, he began a course of lectures on the first book of Samuel. His subject required him to treat of a great revolution in the commonwealth of Israel, passing from the patriarchal governments of the Judges to the establishment of a kingdom; and this led him to treat of hereditary rights and questions

relating to civil government. His views on the rights of property and the rights of labor were subsequently expounded in two discourses that have been noticed in this review. In the lectures on the book of Samuel, these subjects were treated of as Israelitish, not as modern questions, but the principles enunciated were obviously applicable to the events then transpiring. The consequence was that "he irritated and terrified almost all parties in Brighton. A cry was raised against him. He was spoken of as a Revolutionist and a Democrat. Some even went so far as to complain to the bishop of the diocese that he was preaching politics. He answered that, if the principles revealed in the inspired history of Israelitish society happened to be universal, and to fit the events going on in 1848, it only proved the deep inspiration and universal character of the Bible, and he was not to be blamed. On the other hand, workingmen who were themselves Revolutionists in feeling, and all who saw something deeper in the revolutions than a mere blind attack upon existing Governments, listened to these lectures as sincere endeavors towards a Christian solution of great problems. Many a man traces to their influence upon him his escape from the false fraternity and the false freedom of Socialism, into a higher region of thought, where a truer brotherhood and a purer liberty were conferred on him in Christ. But not only in the pulpit, where he was necessarily shackled did he meet these questions. A better and more public opportunity was soon afforded him. In the beginning of the year 1848, he had visited, during a severe illness, Mr. Holtham, a member of his congregation. 'I found one thought,' Mr. Robertson says, 'uppermost in his mind: How shall I do good to the working classes?' Their consultations for many weeks on the subject resulted in a steady effort to establish a Workingman's Institute at Brighton."

"The Institute was set on foot. It was supported by the subscription of a penny a week from each of the members. More than a thousand put down their names. They cleaned and papered and furnished the house in which they met with their own hands. The library was, for the most part, bought by themselves. In this way their independence was secured. But they were not too haughty to accept assistance and gifts of books from the wealthy. Thus, in accordance with one of Mr. Robertson's deepest desires, the rich and the poor were brought together, on the ground of sympathy. He was asked by the committee, which was composed solely of workingmen, to open the Institute by an address. He answered in a letter, which shows that even then, scarcely a year after his arrival in Brighton, the isolation which so painfully affected his career had already begun:—

I do not think I am at all the man that should be selected. They should have some one of standing and influence in the town, and I am almost a stranger; and my taking so prominent a position might fairly be construed into assumption. Again, I am much afraid that my name might do them harm rather than good. They wish not to be identified at all with party politics and party religion; and I fear that in minds of very many of the more influential inhabitants of the town my name being made conspicuous would be a suspicious circumstance. It is my conviction that an address from me would damage their cause. For though the institution is intended to be self supporting, yet there is no reason why it should wilfully throw away its chances of assistance from the richer classes, and I am quite sure that of these very many, whether reasonably or unreasonably, are prejudiced against me, and perhaps the professedly religious portion of society most strongly so. Now, I do think this is a point for very serious consideration, and I think it ought to be distinctly suggested to the committee before I can be in a position to comply with or decline complying with their request. Besides this, I believe they have erred in their estimate of my mental calibre. I wish most earnestly, for their own sakes, that they would select a better man."

The following letter written to Lady Henly gives an account of his hopes and fears:—

"I am anxious to enlist your sympathy in the cause which I am trying to assist. The case is this. About 1,100 workmen in this town have just organized themselves into an association which, by a small weekly subscription, enables them to have a library and reading-room. Their proceedings hitherto have been marked by singular judgment and caution, except in one point,—that they have unexpectedly applied to me to give them an opening address.

A large number of these are intelligent Chartists, and there is some misgiving in a few minds as to what will be the result of this movement, and some suspicion of its being only a political engine.

My reasons for being anxious about this effort are these,—it will be made. The workmen have as much right to a library and reading-room as the gentlemen at Fulthorp's or the tradesmen at the Athenæum. The only question is, whether it shall be met warmly on our parts, or with that coldness which deepens the suspicion, already rankling in the lower classes, that their superiors are willing for them to improve so long as they themselves are allowed to have the leading-strings.

The selection of books for the library is a matter of very great importance; as I have become aware, since getting a little insight into

the working of this institute, of an amount of bitterness and jealousy, and hatred of things as they are, which I had not before suspected in its full extent. And people go on saying, 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace!'

The address was delivered on Monday, October 23, 1848. It was listened to with deep admiration and attention. It was so eloquent; the voice and manner with which it was delivered were so thrilling, the earnestness and deep belief of the speaker in all that he said were so impressive, that men said the words seemed imprinted on their characters forever. It was moreover a brave and noble speech, more brave and noble than can be easily understood at present. Fifteen years ago the feelings and opinions on the social relations of the upper and lower ranks of society, which are common now, were very uncommon, especially, on the lips of clergymen. The 'elevation of the working classes,' meant to most men at that time, the destruction of the aristocracy and the monarchy: to own any sympathy with a Chartist was to acknowledge one's self a dangerous character: to speak of the wrongs of the laboring men was to initiate a revolution: to use the words 'liberty, equality, and fraternity,' and to say that they had a meaning and a truth in them, was to that large class of persons to whom terms have only one meaning and truth only one side,—to whom error is error and nothing more,—teaching which was perilous in a politician, but almost impious in a clergyman. Supported by his faith in truth, Mr. Robertson cared for none of these things. He taught the right, and left the seed to its own vitality. It cost him ease and finally his life to speak, but he would not be silent. The misunderstanding and censure which he incurred stung him acutely, but could not sting him into faithlessness to duty. He did not seek for martyrdom: few men have ever shrunk more painfully from publicity; but he steadfastly resolved to fulfil his work and bear his cross. One class, though for a long time suspicious, received his words with joy, and hailed him as a faithful friend. The workmen of Brighton felt that, at last, a minister of the Church of England had entered into their aspirations and their wrongs."

"The whole address may be described as an effort to destroy the errors of socialistic theories, not by denouncing them, but by holding forth the truths which lay beneath them, and gain them their vitality: to show that these truths were recognized in Christianity and placed there upon a common ground—where the various classes of society could meet and merge their differences in sympathy and love."

The labors of Robertson among the poor, and his intense desire to rescue the fallen and degraded, gained for him the entire confidence of the laboring classes. He did not despise

those who had been reared in ignorance and surrounded by the most unfavorable circumstances, but through all their degradation he beheld the ruins of a noble nature, which, by Christian sympathy and judicious training, might be led to the knowledge of heavenly truth.

"His rule of life was not 'Crush what is natural,' but 'Walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh.' Far above all other motives was his love to Christ. That was the root of his life, and the life of all his effort. It was a conscious, personal, realized devotion. It was too hallowed a feeling for him to speak much of. It colored and pervaded every thought; was an unceasing presence with him; lay at the foundation of every endeavor, and was brought to bear on every action in life, on every book he read, and almost on every word he spoke.

Temptations and doubts he strove to solve by working among the poor. The indulging in mere aspirations he would not permit himself: he freed his ideal world from its atmosphere of sloth and vague cloud land, by putting, as far as he could, his aspirations into action. No work was too small for him. He did not despise the dullest intellect; and was fair, patient, and gentle in argument, even with the intolerant. He listened to a child with interest and consideration. Somehow, he reached the most dense in a Sunday-school class. He led the children to elaborate for themselves the thought he wished to give them, and to make it their own. No pains or patience were spared in doing this. It was strange to see so fiery a nature drudging on so meekly, and gently, and perseveringly, content to toil at striking sparks out of apparently hopeless clay. But untiring earnestness and unflinching resolution in duty made him do all things as in God's sight."

To be continued.

"In passing judgment upon the characters of men we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another, for although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which appear to us most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities, which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he undertook. To rouse mankind when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal as well as a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached nor excited those to whom it was addressed. A spirit more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's, would have shrunk back from the dangers which he braved and surmounted."—*Cyclopaedia of English Literature*.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

DEAR FRIENDS:—The calls to duty are of daily occurrence with you as well as with me, but the painfully pressing needs of many entire tribes call now for earnest care, because it does not admit of delay. If what I have written is not opportune, I must implore you to raise a voice in the Indians behalf. I have written under a sense of deep responsibility, and O shall the appeal be in vain.

Your sincere friend, SIDNEY AVERILL.

AN APPEAL.

There is, looming up in the Western horizon, the appalling portent of a war of extermination of the scattered tribes—the original owners of a vast territorial domain. The Indian, though artful as a warrior, appears to be destitute of reflection, and blind to consequences; the plan he takes to elude his pursuers imperil his wife and children. For his pale faced enemy, there is but one way to conquer him, and that is to destroy the Indian lodges in the covert absence of the warriors. To fall without mercy upon the defenceless, though opposed to every sentiment of justice, will be impleaded as a needful element in this general massacre. The Society of Friends may not stay the tide of vengeance; but it is believed they can divert it into a peaceful course. They have, on behalf of the Indians, a great and growing influence with the Government. A committee representing all the Friends in America, would not appeal in vain. A carefully written and impartial account of the causes which have led to the Indian atrocities, will disclose beyond a doubt the darkest chapter that has ever disgraced the annals of a greedy speculation. And we should, in justice to the poor Indian, examine the wrongs which drive him on to desperation. It is not too much to say, that the ultimate guilt of every fiendish outrage upon the western plains, lies not at the door of the wigwam, but at the trail or ranch of the white man. To prevent the shedding of innocent blood, or if the deep, dark guilt fall upon our nation that we may escape its stain, are we not called to act in the ability which He gives who hears the cry of every outcast race; for of one blood He has made all nations.

S. A.

If you depend for water on a pond that is only filled by thunder-storms, you will often want water; but if you have a conduit that brings in water from a deep and ever-flowing fountain, you never want. Human feelings and excitement, and emotions created by appeals to our feelings, may produce a temporary action, but it is only the soul which is actually "joined to the Lord" by a true and living faith, that never wants strength, because Christ, who supplies that strength, can never fail.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

"Sometime since," says Dr. Payson in a letter to a young clergyman, "I took up a little work purporting to be the lives of sundry characters as related by themselves. Two of these characters agreed in remarking that they were never happy until they ceased striving to be great men. This remark struck me, as you know the most simple remarks will strike us when heaven pleases. It occurred to me at once that the most of my sufferings and sorrows were occasioned by an unwillingness to be nothing, which I am, and by consequent struggles to be something. I saw if I would cease struggling, and consent to be anything or nothing, just as God pleases, I might be happy. You will think it strange that I mention this as a new discovery. In one sense it was not new; I had known it for years. But I now saw it in a new light. My heart saw it and consented to it; I am comparatively happy. My dear brother, if you can give up all desire to be great, and feel heartily willing to be nothing, you will be happy too."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE SABBATH QUESTION.

Review of "A Reply to the Rev. Dr. Geo. Junkin's Treatise, entitled, 'Sabbatismos,' by JUSTIN MARTYR. T. ELLWOOD ZELL, Publisher. Philada., 1867."

The use of passenger cars in the streets of our large cities has of late years brought prominently before the public the question, How far is the observance of the first day of the week, as a day of rest, obligatory upon Christians? Among the publications that have been issued relating to this subject, the work of which the title appears at the head of this article is deemed worthy of attention, as an able exposition of liberal views.

The author informs us in his Preface that at one time he held the same views upon "the Sabbath Question," popularly so called, as those entertained by the author of "Sabbatismos," but when he came to examine the subject, he was "surprised to find how much has been assumed as undeniable, without even the semblance of a proof; how much, he regrets to say, was disingenuously explained; how much apparently wilfully misunderstood; and how much suppressed. When the treatise under review came under his notice, he found that it abounded, to a greater extent than any he had seen, with the same gratuitous assumptions, and some of the other shortcomings to which he has just referred. And as it was written with the avowed purpose of affecting public opinion upon the religious unlawfulness of running street cars on the first day of the week, and as no one seemed disposed to reply to it, the writer, whose convictions were the result of much deliberation, and, as he

trusts, of candid and unbiassed investigation, determined to do so."

He says, "The wish of those who favor the removal of the restriction is not to abolish the Sabbath." It is "to abolish a legal restriction which exists, but which is based upon a religious restriction which has ceased to exist."

"The freedom which Boston in this respect enjoys has not, that we have ever heard, injured the morals of that city, nor is there in consequence any wish to abolish the Sabbath; nor are worldly avocations pursued to any greater degree than before; nor do those who leave the city, for the purer air of the country, appear to return in the sad condition which our author describes,—namely, 'battered, bruised and bloody.' The advocates of restriction who thus endeavor to arouse passions and alarm prejudices cannot be sincere, or they would not by their own example violate the law as it now stands, or countenance its violation in others. Their own conduct shows their insincerity, for they are not willing to accord the liberty which they claim for themselves. The whole question is resolved into this: Is the fourth commandment now morally binding?"

The first four chapters of this work are devoted to the examination of the question whether the fourth commandment, relating to the keeping of the Seventh-day as a Sabbath, is a part of the moral law; that is, the law made known in the conscience and binding upon all mankind. Many eminent authorities are quoted to prove that this commandment was restricted to the Jews, and not binding on Christians.

If the ground taken by the author of *Sabbatismos* can be maintained, that the fourth commandment is a part of the moral law, and intended to be perpetually binding on all nations, it necessarily follows that it must be kept in all its strictness, and that no human authority can transfer its obligations from the seventh to the first day of the week. No one claims, however, that it should be kept now with the strictness enjoined by Moses and formerly practised by the Jews, nor can it be shown that any precept of Christ or his apostles has transferred its observance to the first day of the week. We have the testimony of the evangelists showing that their Lord and Master did not keep the Sabbath with the strictness practised by the Jews; and when the Pharisees complained that his disciples violated the law in this respect, he replied that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

The alleged change of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week rests upon the assumption that because the disciples met for divine worship on First day,—being the day of Christ's resurrection,—therefore it became the Christian Sabbath, in the same sense that the seventh day was the Jewish Sabbath. Yet

the author of *Sabbatismos* says, "We admit that any other day" [than Sunday]—"Tuesday, Thursday, if agreed upon over the whole country—would do as well." If the day may rightfully be changed by human authority, it is obvious that the manner of observing it may, by the same authority, be adapted to the wants and innocent enjoyments of the people.

Our author has devoted a chapter to the three principal texts bearing upon this question, in the Epistles of Paul. In the first of these texts, (Rom. xiv. 5, 6,) the Apostle teaches the largest charity in regard to the observance of days; in the second, (Gal. iv. 10, 11,) he expresses his fears of a Judaizing spirit: "Ye observe days and months and times and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labor in vain;" in the third, (Col. ii. 16, 17,) he exhorts them to maintain their Christian liberty: "Let no man therefore judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days, which are a shadow of things to come, but the body is of Christ."

Sabbatarian writers have found these texts exceedingly difficult to deal with, and the author of *Sabbatismos*, while omitting some verses, glosses over others, and maintains that the Sabbath *days* alluded to by the Apostle were the "annual Sabbaths," or Sabbatical years, when the land was left without culture.

In his tenth chapter our author has brought forward a formidable array of distinguished Reformers to show that the Sabbath was exclusively a Jewish institution not binding on us. "We have," he says, "in support of this view the testimony of Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Beza, Bucer, Zuinglius, Cranmer, Ridley, Frith, Knox, Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, Baxter, Barrow, Milton, Barclay, Limbouch, and in more recent times, of Paley, of Arnold of Rugby, Whateley, Robertson of Brighton. In America, that of Bishop White, the Rev. Dr. James Alexander, &c. &c."

Luther says, "The Gospel regardeth neither Sabbath nor holidays, because they endured but for a time, and were ordained for the sake of preaching, to the end that God's word might be tended and taught."

In his last chapter, entitled, "The Quaker and the Puritan," the author points out the wise liberality of the former, and the rigid intolerance of the latter. Penn and his friends, while abstaining from secular business on the first day of the week, did not regard it as being holier than other days, nor did they observe it in the manner of the New England Puritans.

It is gratifying to find that, in the work before us, the author, while exposing the fallacy of the arguments advanced by Sabbatarians, does not propose to dispense with the observance of the first day of the week as a day of

rest; he merely advocates a reasonable and liberal construction or amendment of the law, in order to adapt it to the wants of the community. The setting apart of one day in seven as a time of cessation from labor and secular business has been found by experience a salutary custom, invigorating both the mind and the body, contributing to special enjoyment, and affording an opportunity for religious retirement or public worship.

How welcome must be the return each week of this season of rest to the care-worn merchant, the overworn artisan, and the domestic employed in household drudgery. If any of these find it conducive to their health or relaxation to seek the fresh air of the country on this their only leisure day, why should the facilities of the street cars be denied them, while the affluent in their coaches are permitted to drive through all the streets of the city and to travel in the country without restriction? To the infirm and the aged who live at a distance from their places of worship in the city, the use of the street cars would be a great convenience.

In relation to the Sabbath Question, Boston and Philadelphia seemed to have changed places; the former metropolis of the pilgrims having become the centre of liberal ideas, while the city of Brotherly Love has succumbed to the sway of the Puritans.

The book is neatly printed on good paper.

S. M. J.

THE STILL BEAUTY OF NATURE.

If there could be some splendid confusion produced amid the serenity of the present universal order; if some broad constellation should begin to-night to play off from all its lamps volleys of Bengal lights, that should fall in showers of many-colored sparks and fiery serpents down the spaces of the heavens; or if some blazing and piratical comet should butt and jostle the whole outworks of a system, and rush like a celestial fire ship, destroying order, and kindling the calm fleets that sail upon the infinite azure into a flame, how many thousands there are that would look up to the skies for the first time with wonder and awe, and exclaim inwardly: "Surely there is the finger of God." They do not see anything surprising or subduing in the punctual rise and steady setting of the sun, and its imperial and boundless bounty; and yet there is enough fire in the sun to spirt any quantity of flaming and fantastic jets; it could fill the whole space between Mercury and Neptune with brilliant pyrotechnics and jubilee displays, such as children gaze at and clap their hands. But the great old sun is not selfish, and has no French ambition for such tawdry glories. It reserves its fires, keeps them stored in its breast, spills over no sheets of flame from its high caldron, but shoots still and

steadily its clean, white beams into the ether; these evoke flowers from the bosom of every globe, and paint the far-off satellites of Uranus with silver beauty.—*Thomas King.*

God knows what keys in the human soul to touch in order to draw out its sweetest and most perfect harmonies. They may be the minor strains of sadness and sorrow; they may be the loftier notes of joy and gladness; God knows where the melodies of our nature are, and what discipline will call them forth. Some with plaintive songs must walk in lowly vales all life's weary way; others in loftier hymns shall sing of nothing but joy as they tread the mountain tops of life; but they all unite without a discord or a jar, as the ascending anthem of loving and believing hearts finds its way into the chorus of the redeemed in heaven.

HOW GOD SOMETIMES ANSWERS PRAYER.

"The friendship of the world is enmity with God." "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Such being the case, it is doubtless the earnest daily prayer of every true disciple that he may be enabled to withdraw his affections from the world and the things of the world, and fix them fully and intensely upon God; that all undue attachment to earth and earthly objects may be sundered; and that God alone may fill his soul, may be his

"—all sufficient good,
His portion and his choice."

This prayer cannot but be pleasing and acceptable to God; and, if it indicate the prevailing temper and desire of the heart, will assuredly be answered. But the answer may come by a process he little expects. He may look for it as the result of some direct divine influence upon the soul. But this is not God's usual method of grace. The soul must needs go through a disciplinary process to be purified and etherealized; and may be at the time unconscious of the divine influence by which the process is directed. "He leadeth the blind by a way he knew not."

He who offers this prayer may presently find himself interrupted in his worldly prosperity. His schemes for accumulation are frustrated. The "fields may yield no meat, the flocks be cut off from the fold, and there be no herds in the stalls." Poverty may stare him in the face; friends may prove recreant; the dear ones of his family may be stricken, and sickness and death may invade the domestic circle. His reputation among men may suffer, his conduct be questioned, his motives impugned, and his "name be cast out as evil;" innumerable evils may press upon and almost crush him, till he cries out, "O Lord, why castest thou off my soul? Why hidest thou thy face from me? I

am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up; while I suffer thy terrors I am distracted." "Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted me with thy waves." "Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Is His mercy clean gone forever; and will He be favorable no more?" Or, with Luther, "Lord, where art thou? My God, where art thou? Come, I pray thee. I will not let thee go. And, though the world should be thronged with devils, and this body be cast forth, trodden under foot, cut in pieces, consumed to ashes, *my soul is thine.* My soul belongs to thee, and I will abide with thee forever. Amen. O God, send help."

Thus he is weaned from earth, and driven to God as his only and last resort.

"God is the refuge of his soul
When storms of dark distress invade."

His prayer is answered.—By and by the clouds break away, and light breaks in upon his soul. He now sees that what appeared to him as altogether adverse and mysterious was for his best good. True, in his darkness and trouble, like good old Jacob, he had said, "All these things are against me." But, now that he sees "the end of the Lord," he is satisfied, as was Jacob, that they were all *for* him—that the fiery trials through which he had been led were necessary to purge away the dross from his soul. He now thinks of the "*goodness*" as well as the "*severity of God*," and remembers with gratitude all "the way in which the Lord hath led him," and he goes on his way rejoicing and singing,

"I love the Lord,
Because he hath heard my voice and my supplications,
Because he hath inclined his ear unto me,
Therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.
The sorrows of death compassed me,
The pains of hell got hold upon me,
I found trouble and sorrow,
Then called I upon the name of the Lord,
O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.
Gracious is the Lord and righteous:
Yea our God is merciful, etc."—Vide Ps. 116.

REFLECTIONS.

1. Because we do not always receive a prompt and literal answer to our prayers, we are not to infer thence that God disregards them. He may have a way of answering more worthy of himself, and far better for us, which he will reveal in due time.

2. The attainment of holiness may involve the necessity for great trials and afflictions. If we would have our prayers to this end answered, let us be prepared to pass through fiery trials.

3. We must not be deterred from praying for holiness on this account. "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh

for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

4. Let us not despise the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when we are rebuked of him. For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

A. W. C.

GODFREY, ILL., March 21st.
—*N. Y. Independent.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 13, 1867.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The Editors have endeavored to fulfil their part of the contract between them and their subscribers, and wished to avoid any remarks in relation to money matters. But as quite a number of subscribers have not complied with their part of the contract for our paper, I would call attention to the CONDITIONS—"Payments" must be made to me, at my office, in advance.

Those of our city subscribers who are in arrears will please call at once. As it is so unsafe to send money by mail, I would suggest to those in the country and at a distance to remit by check, draft, or P. O. money order, or in person, between 9 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M., (on Seventh-days, 3 P. M.)

Those receiving our paper and expecting to have it at club rates will please see that their accounts are settled during the present (Seventh) month. If unpaid at 1st of Eighth month, I am authorized to collect full subscription price (\$3.00.)

EMMOR COMLY, Agent.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.—In reply to frequent inquiries as to when this Institution is likely to be opened for pupils, we are prepared to answer that the building committee are prevented from putting the inside work under contract on account of the deficiency of funds, and unless these are provided before the close of the present building season the school cannot be opened, as was anticipated, in the Ninth month, 1868.

The friend upon whom the labor of soliciting subscriptions mainly devolves has solicited appointments in various sections, being willing to hold conferences at any time which may be most convenient, and to inform all who will attend these of the objects, plans and present

condition of the concern, but there has been as yet no movement in this direction the present summer.

He has spent some days in riding through different sections of the country, calling on Friends, but has found this method rather unproductive; those residing on farms live too remote from each other for a large number to be called upon in a day, and of those called on some are absent from home, some unprepared to decide upon a subscription at the time, and some desirous of shifting a burden which belongs to themselves upon the shoulders of others.

In the meantime every day brings the fund already collected nearer its end, and although the recent subscriptions in the cities have been considerable, the uncertainty in regard to the time of opening the school increases as the season advances.

To the large number of persons having children to educate, and looking toward this school as likely to meet their wants, this statement will appear rather discouraging, but we would remind such that it is in their power to aid materially in removing this uncertainty; if every one so circumstanced will contribute to the extent of his ability *this year*, and having done so will open the way for labor among his neighbors, the necessary funds can be obtained in time to open Swarthmore at the time proposed.

We are aware that those most needing this school are not generally those who have most means accumulated, but there are few who have not something to spare, and it is by sacrificing something for an object in which we are interested that we can best demonstrate our sincerity in urging it upon others.

So important is the completion of this school next summer, that we should esteem a failure to accomplish it a real cause of discouragement. Hundreds of children who have looked toward it are already growing past the age to avail themselves of it, and others who are younger are anticipating with confidence entering at the time named by the managers, conditioned only on the funds being contributed; the Society of Friends is, meanwhile, suffering for want of the influence and strength which such an Institution is calculated to bestow upon it. All that is wanted is faithfulness, liberality and a con-

scientious disposition among those blessed with means to make them available for the good of others. Will not our friends forward their names to Edward Parrish, 800 Arch street, who is authorized to receive their subscriptions, and will correspond with them in regard to the concern.

MARRIED, on Third-day, the 18th of Sixth month, 1867, with the approbation of Nottingham Monthly Meeting, EZRA E. PHILLIPS, son of David and Anna A. Phillips, to ADA PYLE, daughter of Joseph and Milcah C. Pyle, all of Cecil Co., Md.

DIED, on the 11th of Fourth month, 1867, at his residence near Harveysburg, Warren Co., Ohio, AMOS UNDERWOOD, in his 81st year; a member of Miami Monthly Meeting. He appeared prepared for the change, and only anxious that "patience might have its perfect work" in awaiting his appointed time.

—, at Rush Creek, Wabash Co., Ind., on the 24th of Fifth month, 1867, HANNAH B., wife of Josiah Thorne, in the 62d year of her age; a member of Maple Grove Monthly Meeting. In the death of this dear friend her family sustains an irreparable loss. All looked up to her for counsel. Her affectionate sympathy was ever ready to soothe in sorrow and comfort in affliction. She was truly a friend in time of need to all within the sphere of her acquaintance. She bore a protracted illness with meekness and Christian resignation, often desiring that she might pass quietly away, which was mercifully granted.

—, suddenly, by accident, at Texas, Md., on the 16th of Fifth month, 1867, POWELL GRISCOM, in the 54th year of his age. It was said of him in public, "We believe we hazard nothing in saying that there was no man in the county more universally beloved. He was a kind husband, an indulgent parent, a steadfast friend, and a benefactor to the needy. His great kindness to the poor, and his ready aid in contributing to the good of his fellow-beings will long be remembered. He was foremost in every good work undertaken by the people of his county or village, and was ever willing to contribute his means and influence to the success of any undertaking that might result in their material or moral benefit. We have never seen such general sorrow expressed at the death of any citizen of our county."

—, of consumption, at Texas, Md., on the 10th of Seventh month, 1866, EMILY GRISCOM, in the 27th year of her age. She was resigned, and willing to depart when her heavenly Father deemed best; sometimes longing for the home only He could give, and sometimes feeling drawn earthward by her strong affection for those she must leave behind her. For some years she had felt it her duty to use her influence among her friends, especially the young men of her acquaintance, to induce them to take high aims in life; to leave off habits that would deteriorate their characters; and to seek the only help that could strengthen them for such work. Her efforts were often happily successful, and though she counted her talent small, it was not folded away, but still added to the heavenly treasure, that knows no waste or corruption.

A. G.

—, in Bristol, Pa., on the morning of the 2d inst., ABIGAIL, widow of Abraham Warner, in the 83d year of her age.

—, on the 27th of Fourth month, 1867, at her residence in Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., SUSAN, wife of Moses Lancaster, in her 80th year.

DIED, on the 19th of Second month, 1867, at his residence in Woodbury, N. J., JONATHAN PICKERING.

—, on the 29th of Fourth month, 1867, in Philadelphia, ALBERT G. WALTON, in his 43d year.

—, on the 24th of Fourth month, 1867, at Abington, Pa., SARAH C., wife of Israel H. Mather, aged 29 years.

—, on the evening of Seventh month 2d, 1867, CHARLES MATHER, youngest son of George A. and Eliza Hulme Smith, aged 4 years, 2 mos. and 12 days; members of Green St. Monthly Meeting.

—, at the residence of her son J. Gillingham Fell, MARY WILSON, in her 75th year, widow of Dr. John Wilson, of Bucks Co. She was a member of Green St. Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 12th of Fifth month, 1867, at the residence of her father, at Greenbrook, near Plainfield, N. J., MARGARET R., wife of Hugh W. Harned, and daughter of Ephraim and Rebecca Vail, in her 47th year; a member of Rahway and Plainfield Monthly Meeting, which she was faithful in attending, when health permitted. She was an affectionate wife and tender mother.

T.

On reading the death of SARAH, relict of the late Jonathan Leedom, the mind naturally reverts to the past. She was a woman of sterling worth, possessing strong mental and physical energies; her heart and hand were ever ready to relieve; and being free from selfish or sectarian prejudice, was truly a landmark in the neighborhood. During her protracted life she had many afflicting dispensations, which she even bore with cheerful resignation, evincing, "Not my will but Thine be done." Her earthly labors are now ended, and her pure spirit rests in the arms of her Saviour.

L.

The Executive Committee of "Friends' Publication Association" will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, 7th mo. 19th, at 3½ o'clock, at Race St. Mo. Meeting Room.
LYDIA H. HALL, Clerk.

The following contributions to "Friends' Publication Association" are hereby acknowledged:

From three members of Darby Mo. Meeting....	\$25 00
Several Friends in Philadelphia.....	66 00
T. B. L., Germantown.....	25 00
J. S., Poplar Ridge, N. Y.....	2 00
S. L. P., Oxmead, N. J.....	25 00
Two Friends at Trenton, N. J.....	20 00
S. M., Kennett Square.....	5 00
Friends at West Chester.....	2 00
A. J. P., Clarksboro, N. J.....	2 00
N. R., Byberry.....	5 00
Friends belonging to Fallowfield Mo. Meeting, through R. Darlington.....	30 00
H. J., of Camden (Del.) Monthly Meeting.....	20 00

A number of subscriptions of \$100 each have also been received, conditional, that fifty Friends are willing to donate that amount, towards a working capital for the Association.

As works are being offered to the Association for publication, it is hoped that Friends will feel interest enough to aid us by their contributions in proportion to their ability.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., Treasurer,
717 Willow St., Philada.

Years may pass over our heads without affording an opportunity for acts of high beneficence or extensive utility: whereas not a day passes but in the common transactions of life, and especially in the intercourse of domestic society, gentleness finds place for promoting the

happiness of others, and for strengthening in ourselves the habit of virtue. There are situations not a few in life, when the encouraging reception, the courteous manner, and the look of sympathy, bring greater relief to the heart than the most bounteous gift.

EXTRACTS

From the Minutes of the Yearly Meeting of Friends, held at Farmington, N. Y., by adjournments, from the tenth day of the Sixth Month to the thirteenth of the same, inclusive, 1867.

On calling the representatives, named in the reports received from our several Quarterly and Half Yearly Meetings, they all answered except five—and satisfactory reasons were assigned for the absence of two of them.

Certificates of unity from Friends in attendance from other Yearly Meetings, who are acceptably with us, were read, as follows, viz :

One for George Truman, a minister from the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, and endorsed by Philadelphia Quarterly Meeting.

One for Catharine Truman, wife and companion of George Truman, from the same Monthly Meeting.

Epistles were received and read from each of the Yearly Meetings in correspondence with us. Their interesting contents contributing to edify and strengthen us, furnishing a renewed evidence of the value of such a correspondence.

The following minute was received from the Meeting for Sufferings, viz :

"At a Meeting for Sufferings, held at Mendon, 4th of Fourth month, 1867,

"The subject of the propriety of taking an enumeration of the members belonging to our Yearly Meeting, and of making an improvement in the manner of keeping a record of them, claiming our attention, resulted in believing that it was best to forward it to the Yearly Meeting, for its consideration.

"Extracted from the minutes, by

"JOHN J. CORNELL, Clerk."

The subject claiming the deliberate attention of the Meeting, resulted in the appointment of a committee to take the subject into consideration, and report at a future sitting of this Meeting.

The time for which the representative committee was appointed, expiring this year, a committee was named to, in conjunction with a like committee of Women Friends, consider of, and propose at, a future sitting of this Meeting, the names of suitable Friends for that service.

The representatives are requested to stop at the rise of this meeting, to consider of, and propose at our next sitting, the name of a Friend for Clerk, and one for Assistant Clerk.

On the following morning, Nathan Dennis, on behalf of the representatives, reported they had conferred together, and were united in proposing John J. Cornell for Clerk, and Jacob S. Cronk for Assistant Clerk. Their names, after being separately considered, were united with, and they appointed to those services for one year.

The Meeting then proceeded to the consideration of the state of Society, as exhibited by the answers to the queries received from our Quarterly and Half Yearly Meetings, summaries of which were adopted, and directed to be recorded as representing our present state.

As the state of Society was thus brought before us, our minds were introduced into feeling and travail for the welfare and advancement of the flock. The evidences thus furnished, that there was need of more and continued effort, caused much exercise, and lively and pertinent counsel was handed forth.

The continued neglect of the attendance of our religious meetings, spread a deep concern over the Meeting, and we were feelingly reminded that no organization could long hold together, unless its members should meet, and that if our Society maintained its high position before the world, it must OFTEN meet together, and meet, too, in that Power which we acknowledge to have gathered us to be a people; and when we thus met, as each mind was concerned to seek to know, and strove to perform, its whole duty, there would be an influence flowing out not only towards our own people, but towards others who may surround us. And as we were concerned to hold such meetings in this Power, we should be drawn together by a force beyond anything which could be exerted by man. The example of those who were first gathered under our name, the devotion they manifested, the Power which drew them together, to sit down and hold sweet communion with each other and with their God, was feelingly adverted to. So powerful was this drawing to meet, and so strengthening to their minds, that no outward circumstance could deter them; no fear of incarceration in loathsome dungeons; no fear of armed bands, either without their meetings, or their entrance within them, seemed to affect them. And it was shown that we, too, might realize the same Divine influence, enabling us to make any sacrifices necessary, to fear no outward disturbances, in order to receive the blessed incomes of that love which, in those seasons where, when gathered, each mind was drawn out in devotion to the All-merciful Father, flows from vessel to vessel, watering the whole heritage, binding and cementing it together.

We were reminded that love was indeed the foundation of every true religious structure, and that there could be no true unity unless it

was based upon it. And where this was the foundation, difference of view or sentiment would make no disturbing element; that in that bond by which we would be held together, we must recognize a unity of spirit in the bond of peace, out of which flows that charity which acknowledges that difference of view in accordance with our different states of experience, may be maintained, and all under the power of love.

We were cautioned to watch every avenue of the heart, that nothing may enter to make inroad upon this pure feeling, and were shown that were this the case, there would be no occasion to report deficiencies in regard to this important testimony.

The attention of the young was feelingly called to a more faithful maintenance of our testimony, in regard to plainness. It was shown that although it might be said there was no religion in dress, yet by it we manifested before men the state of the heart. If our conduct was right, if the whole desire of the mind was to be found serving God, this would regulate the outward appearance, and would check the desire to conform to the world, either in dress or address; and that in our intercourse with men, we would not be ashamed of the plain language, which is the language of true affection; but would be willing, however singular it might make us appear, to faithfully bear this testimony before the world.

Our testimony against intemperance has claimed our attention, and while we have cause for gratitude that the reports show us as a body to be nearly clear of this great evil, yet, we were reminded, that we should not on that account relax our vigilance, nor cease our efforts for the checking of the spread of its dire influence, and the reclamation of those who have yielded to its seductive temptations.

We were reminded that though we were not now suffering from the bold and open attacks of a hireling ministry, yet it was working insidiously in an undercurrent, and we were called upon to watch more closely its movements, and encouraged to more firmly and faithfully resist its encroachments.

A lively exercise was felt for the younger portion of the Society, that they might be brought forward into a more active coöperation in its concerns; and they were encouraged to manifest their interest by the expression of their views. And the elder portion were exhorted, in the appointment to services in the Society, to let their minds feel with and for the young—and thus aid them in assuming their proportion of the responsibilities which devolve upon us in the transaction of the affairs of the church.

To-morrow being the day usually set apart for public Divine worship, the meeting adjourns to 10 o'clock on Fifth-day morning.

Fifth-day.—The Minutes of the Meeting for Sufferings were now introduced and read, and the proceedings approved.

The Committee to whom was referred the proposition from the Meeting for Sufferings, made the following report, viz.:

We, the Committee to whom was referred the proposition from the Meeting for Sufferings, report that most of our number have met and conferred together; and are united in recommending that the Yearly Meeting request the Monthly Meetings to appoint a committee to take an enumeration of their members, and report to the Quarterly and Half Yearly Meetings, to be forwarded to the Yearly Meeting, the number of members they find on the records. And we would also recommend that the recorder in each Monthly Meeting should be furnished by the Yearly Meeting with a suitable book in which may be kept, in alphabetical order, on the left hand page of said book, a record of all members of the Society, and how they became so—whether by birth, request or certificate; and on the right hand page, opposite each name, a record of their death, removal, disownment, or change of name if married, as the case may be, should either occur.

On behalf of the committee,

JOHN J. CORNELL,
SARAH D. SEARING.

Farmington, 6th mo. 11th, 1867.

The meeting uniting therewith, it is directed to be forwarded in the extracts to our subordinate meetings, for their observance. And the Meeting for Sufferings is directed to procure and furnish our Monthly Meetings the necessary books to keep such a record, and call on the Treasurer for the expense, Women's Meeting concurring therein.

The committee appointed to propose names of Friends to constitute the Meeting for Sufferings, conferred together, and are united in offering the following names, viz.: Nathan Dennis and others.

Freeman Clark, on behalf of the committee to essay replies to the Epistles received from other Yearly Meetings, reported that the most of them had met, and were united in proposing the adoption of the minute of exercises, together with a few additional paragraphs, as an essay of an epistle to each of the Yearly Meetings with which we correspond. The essay produced being satisfactory, the Clerk is directed to transcribe, sign and forward a copy to each of the meetings referred to.

The business for which we have convened, having been concluded, during the transaction of which we have witnessed the cementing power of the Divine principle of love, to draw us more closely together, and to flow out towards each other, filling our hearts with gratitude to Him from whom every good must come

and causing us to feel that in thus mingling together, we have been strengthened to more faithfully devote ourselves to the services required of us by our Lord and Master, to further His cause in the earth, and to advance our own souls' peace. With minds deeply solemnized under this holy influence, we adjourn to meet in *Pickering, C. W.*, the usual time next year, if consistent with the Divine Will.

JOHN J. CORNELL, *Clerk.*

As the business that claimed the attention of the Women's Meeting was similar to that already published from the Extracts of the Men's Meeting, we give only the concluding minutes of the exercises:

The consideration of the state of Society, as portrayed in the answers to the queries from our subordinate meetings, brought a deep concern over the meeting, on account of the many deficiencies amongst us, and living desires were awakened, that our members, in their little meetings at home, may be incited to greater diligence in their attendance. It was impressively shown that the neglect of this important duty gave evidence that the first and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," was not our governing principle. It was also shown in very feeling and lively testimonies, that individual faithfulness to the Divine light in the soul, would prepare us to fulfil the second Commandment, that of loving our neighbor as ourselves; and thus we should be drawn to meet often together for the purpose of unitedly worshipping our Father in Heaven.

Mothers have been most feelingly reminded of the great responsibility resting upon them as shepherdesses over the tender lambs committed to their charge. The dear young women and the children were tenderly embraced, as in the arms of Divine Love; entreaty and supplication was poured forth on their behalf, and they were shown how good and how acceptable it is to give up the whole heart, and serve the Lord in the springtime of life. A dear aged mother in Israel was largely drawn out on their behalf, with most touching appeals for them to turn from the gay and frivolous things of this world, and make an early sacrifice, and so live that when brought on a bed of languishing and death, they may have an assurance that for their early dedication, and watchful walking through life, they were prepared to put off this mortal, and be clothed upon with immortality and eternal life. Much excellent counsel and advice has flowed from deeply exercised minds, to our dear young sisters, that they may be guarded in their choice of reading, and reject that of a pernicious kind, with which the world at the present time is flooded; for its tendency

is to destroy all relish in the mind for that which is of a more solid and profitable character.

Mothers were feelingly admonished to look well to themselves, that they indulge not a taste for this kind of reading, and provide that which will strengthen themselves and children for the many important duties of life.

The meeting having been favored through the several sittings with the solemnizing influence of the presence of the Great Head of the Church, under which we have been enabled to transact all the business that has claimed our attention, with sisterly love and condescension, for which favor we feel grateful to the Great Giver of all good, we adjourn to meet again at *Pickering, Canada West*, the usual time next year, if consistent with the Divine will.

PHEBE W. CORNELL, *Clerk.*

CULTURE OF SORROW.—Nearly all sorrow while it lasts, depresses action, destroys hope, and crushes energy; but it renders the sensitiveness more acute, and sympathies more genial, and the whole character less selfish and more considerate. It is said that in nature, but for the occasional seasons of draught, the best lands would soon degenerate; but these seasons cause the land to suck up from the currents beneath, with the moisture, all those mineral manures, that restore and fertilize the soil above. It is thus with sickness and sorrow; once surmounted, they fertilize the character and develop from the deep fountains of the human heart a joy and fruitfulness not otherwise attainable.

THE DANDELION.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"For the first time in this journey we ventured to open all the windows in our compartment, and enjoy the air as well as the scenery. The evidences of spring increased, but I had no positive faith in them, until, in a warm green bank, I discovered the first dandelion—the 'dear common flower' of Lowell, whose poem thereupon is secure of life while its subject blossoms to announce the spring. I never feel sure that the season is permanently changed till I see the dandelion."—BAYARD TAYLOR.

The Architect of sun and star,
Who lit the orbs that shine afar,
Planned this bright gem,
He filled its cup with glowing gold,
And packed its petals manifold,
Upon the stem.

He taught the winged seed to fly,
He watched it with unsleeping eye,
By day and night.
He watered it with dew and rain,
He tinted every gleaming vein,
To please our sight.

He planted it on hill and glen,
And near the dusty ways of men,
A light to cheer.
The bluebird and the bobolink,
To put in song the thoughts we think,
When spring is here.

The white sun wades through mists on high,
A spectre in the sombre sky—

The stars affright;
But the sweet stars of cloudless gold,
In frayed and yellow petals hold
Soft beams of light.

Were I a bird, my song should be,
Sweet flower, a psalm of praise to thee,
In happy hours.
There comes the bee, with breezy horn,
Forgetting all the burdens borne,
From other flowers.

But golden locks will turn to gray,
And petals fade though fair and gay;
This flower, alas!
Will lose the gold of which I boast,
And like a pale and harmless ghost
Flit o'er the grass.

From the Atlantic Monthly for July.
FREEDOM IN BRAZIL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

With clearer light, Cross of the South, shine forth
In blue Brazilian skies;
And thou, O river, cleaving half the earth
From sunset to sunrise,
From the great mountains to the Atlantic waves
Thy joy's long anthem pour.
Yet a few days (God make them less!) and slaves
Shall shame thy pride no more,
No fettered feet thy shaded margins press;
But all men shall walk free
Where thou, the high-priest of the wilderness,
Hast wedded sea to sea.
And thou great-hearted ruler, through whose mouth,
The word of God is said
Once more, "Let there be light!"—Son of the South
Lift up thy honored head;
Wear unashamed a crown by thy desert
More than by birth thy own,
Careless of watch and ward; thou art begirt
By grateful hearts alone.
The moated wall and battle-ship may fall,
But safe shall justice prove,
Stronger than greaves of brass or iron mail
The panoply of love.
Crowned doubly by man's blessing and God's grace,
Thy future is secure;
Who frees a people makes his statue's place
In Time's Valhalla sure.
Lo! from his Neva's banks the Scythian Czar
Stretches to thee his hand,
Who with a pencil of the northern star
Wrote Freedom on his land.
And he whose grave is holy by our calm
And prairied Sangamon,
From his gaunt hand shall drop the martyr's palm
To greet thee with "Well done!"
And thou, O Earth, with smiles thy face make sweet,
And let thy wail be stilled,
To hear the Muse of prophecy repeat
Her promise half fulfilled.
The voice that spake at Nazareth speaks still,
No sound thereof hath died;
Alike thy hope and Heaven's eternal will
Shall yet be satisfied.
The years are slow, the vision tarrieth long,
And far the end may be;
But, one by one, the fiends of ancient wrong
Go out and leave thee free.

The ancients had a proverb: "Lingua quo vadis,"—tongue, where are you running to?

NEW SYSTEM OF REGISTRATION FOR LETTERS.

In 1855 a system of sending registered letters through the mail was instituted by the Postmaster-General, under an act of Congress passed for that purpose. By this method persons registering letters were charged a small sum for the additional care used in forwarding their letters. On reaching the office of delivery the person to whom the letter was addressed was required to give a receipt for the same.

This system secured a safe departure of letters from the office of deposit, and their delivery, on reaching the office of destination, to the person to whom they were addressed; but it did not provide for their safety between the two points. The fact that the letter was registered was in itself a hint to dishonest clerks at intermediate stations that it was worth stealing; while if stolen the registry system failed to give the officers the means to trace the letter from office to office, or to detect the point at which it had been stolen.

On the first of the present month a new system was put in operation, which was designed to remedy this evil. Now, when a letter is deposited in a post-office for registration a receipt is given by the postmaster or clerk. It is then numbered, and the address recorded in a book kept for that purpose. The letter is subsequently placed in what is known as a "registered package envelope," which is of large size, and made of stout, light colored Manilla paper, and marked so as to attract attention. The name of the post-office to which it is to be sent placed on it, together with the words, "registered package envelope," in large letters. This package is made so large and conspicuous that any attempt to steal one would be almost sure to be detected. A "return receipt," to be signed by the person to whom it is addressed, is attached to the letter before it is placed in the package envelope.

The package is then started on its journey, and whenever there shall be occasion to open the mail-bag in which it is carried, the postmaster or agent receiving the envelope is required to give a receipt for it to the person from whom he receives it. At each office through which the package passes, this system of registration is kept up, and on its arrival at the office of destination, the postmaster opens the registered package envelope, and records the arrival of the letter. He also endorses one of the two post-bills which have been sent him by the same mail, which he returns to the postmaster at the mailing office. On the delivery of the letter to the person to whom it is addressed, a receipt is taken and placed on file, and the "receipt" is signed. The latter is sent to the mailing postmaster, who delivers it to the person by whom the letter was deposited, thus assuring him of its safe delivery.

At all large post-offices one or more clerks are detailed to be present at the opening of every mail bag, whose duty it is to take charge of all registered package envelopes until properly disposed of and receipts received therefor.

Whenever one of these packages is lost, which is very rarely, what is termed a "chaser" is sent after it; that is, a blank form is sent to the postmaster of the office from which the package started, and after giving the address on the missing document, he sends it the official to whom he delivered the package. The latter after receiving the statement, sends it to the person to whom he delivered the package, and thus the "chaser" goes forward, until it catches up to the office where a mistake has occurred, and where the package is usually found to have been misplaced.

The same precautions are taken by the Post-office Department in sending postage-stamps and stamped envelopes to the various postmasters throughout the country.

This system, in connection with the money order department, is intended to give the public opportunities for sending money, bonds, or other valuable documents, from one part of the country to another, without danger or loss. But it is probable that most valuables will still be carried by the express companies, who are responsible for loss on the way.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

EXTRACTS FROM INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF
JOHN STUART MILL.

(Concluded from page 286.)

To these studies I would add International Law; which I decidedly think should be taught in all universities, and should form part of all liberal education. The need of it is far from being limited to diplomatists and lawyers; it extends to every citizen. What is called the Law of Nations is not properly law, but a part of ethics; a set of moral rules, accepted as authoritative by civilized states. It is true that these rules neither are nor ought to be of eternal obligation, but do and must vary more or less from age to age, as the consciences of nations become more enlightened and the exigencies of political society undergo change. But the rules mostly were at their origin, and still are, an application of the maxims of honesty and humanity to the intercourse of states. They were introduced by the moral sentiments of mankind, or by their sense of the general interest, to mitigate the crimes and sufferings of a state of war, and to restrain governments and nations from unjust or dishonest conduct towards one another in time of peace. Since every country stands in numerous and various relations with the other countries of the world, and many, our own among the number, exercise actual authority over some of these, a knowledge of the estab-

lished rules of international morality is essential to the duty of every nation, and therefore of every person in it who helps to make up the nation, and whose voice and feeling form a part of what is called public opinion. Let not any one pacify his conscience by the delusion that he can do no harm if he takes no part, and forms no opinion. Bad men need nothing more to compass their ends, than that good men should look on and do nothing. He is not a good man who, without a protest, allows wrong to be committed in his name, and with the means which he helps to supply, because he will not trouble himself to use his mind on the subject. It depends on the habit of attending to and looking into public transactions, and on the degree of information and solid judgment respecting them that exists in the community, whether the conduct of a nation as a nation, both within itself and towards others, shall be selfish, corrupt and tyrannical, or rational and enlightened, just and noble.

Of these more advanced studies, only a small commencement can be made at schools and universities; but even this is of the highest value, by awakening an interest in the subjects, by conquering the first difficulties, and inuring the mind to the kind of exertion which the studies require, by implanting a desire to make further progress, and directing the student to the best tracks and the best helps. So far as these branches of knowledge have been acquired, we have learnt, or been put into the way of learning, our duty, and our work in life. Knowing it, however, is but half the work of education; it still remains, that what we know, we shall be willing and determined to put in practice. Nevertheless, to know the truth is already a great way towards disposing us to act upon it. What we see clearly and apprehend keenly, we have a natural desire to act out. "To see the best, and yet the worst pursue," is a possible but not a common state of mind; those who follow the wrong have generally first taken care to be voluntarily ignorant of the right. They have silenced their conscience, but they are not knowingly disobeying it. If you take an average human mind while still young, before the objects it has chosen in life have given it a turn in any bad direction, you will generally find it desiring what is good, right, and for the benefit of all; and if that season is properly used to implant the knowledge and give the training which shall render rectitude of judgment more habitual than sophistry, a serious barrier will have been erected against the inroads of selfishness and falsehood. Still, it is a very imperfect education which trains the intelligence only, but not the will. No one can dispense with an education directed expressly to the moral as well as the intellectual part of his being. Such education, so far as it is direct, is either moral or

religious ; and these may either be treated as distinct, or as different aspects of the same thing. The subject we are now considering is not education as a whole, but scholastic education, and we must keep in view the inevitable limitations of what schools and universities can do. It is beyond their power to educate morally or religiously. Moral and religious education consist in training the feelings and the daily habits ; and these are, in the main, beyond the sphere and inaccessible to the control of public education. It is the home, the family, which gives us the moral or religious education we really receive ; and this is completed, and modified, sometimes for the better, often for the worse, by society, and the opinions and feelings with which we are there surrounded. The moral or religious influence which an university can exercise, consists less in any express teaching, than in the pervading tone of the place. Whatever it teaches, it should teach as penetrated by a sense of duty ; it should present all knowledge as chiefly a means to worthiness of life given for the double purpose of making each of us practically useful to his fellow creatures, and of elevating the character of the species itself ; exalting and dignifying our nature. There is nothing which spreads more contagiously from teacher to pupil than elevation of sentiment ; often and often have students caught from the living influence of a professor, a contempt for mean and selfish objects, and a noble ambition to leave the world better than they found it, which they have carried with them throughout life. In these respects, teachers of every kind have natural and peculiar means of doing with effect, what every one who mixes with his fellow-beings, or addresses himself to them in any character, should feel bound to do to the extent of his capacity and opportunities. What is special to an university on these subjects belongs chiefly, like the rest of its work, to the intellectual department. An university exists for the purpose of laying open to each succeeding generation, as far as the conditions of the case admit, the accumulated treasure of the thoughts of mankind. As an indispensable part of this, it has to make known to them what mankind at large, their own country, and the best and wisest individual men, have thought on the great subjects of morals and religion. There should be, and there is in most universities, professorial instruction in moral philosophy ; but I could wish that this instruction were of a somewhat different type from what is ordinarily met with. I could wish that it were more expository, less polemical, and above all less dogmatic. The learner should be made acquainted with the principal systems of moral philosophy which have existed and been practically operative among mankind, and should hear what there is to be said for each : the Aristotelian,

the Epicurean, the Stoic, the Judiac, the Christian in the various modes of its interpretation, which differ almost as much from one another as the teachings of those earlier schools. He should be made familiar with the different standards of right and wrong which have been taken as the basis of ethics ; general utility, natural justice, natural rights, a moral sense, principles of practical reason, and the rest. Among all these, it is not so much the teacher's business to take a side, and fight stoutly for some one against the rest, as it is to direct them all towards the establishment and preservation of the rules of conduct most advantageous to mankind. There is not one of these systems which has not its good side ; not one from which there is not something to be learnt by the votaries of the others ; not one which is not suggested by a keen, though it may not always be a clear perception of some important truths, which are the prop of the system, and the neglect or undervaluing of which in other systems is their characteristic infirmity. A system which may be as a whole erroneous, is still valuable, until it has forced upon mankind a sufficient attention to the portion of truth which suggested it. The ethical teacher does his part best, when he points out how each system may be strengthened even on its own basis, by taking into more complete account the truths which other systems have realized more fully and made more prominent. I do not mean that he should encourage an essentially sceptical electionism. While placing every system in the best aspect it admits of, and endeavoring to draw from all of them the most salutary consequences compatible with their nature, I would by no means debar him from enforcing by his best arguments his own preference for some one of the number. They cannot be all true ; though those which are false as theories may contain particular truths, indispensable to the completeness of the true theory. But on this subject, even more than on any of those I have previously mentioned, it is not the teacher's business to impose his own judgment, but to inform and discipline that of his pupil.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA may be regarded as fairly under way, though, from the grumbling in Halifax and some other places, it is not as popular as it might be. This Dominion is composed of the various British North American possessions, and is divided into several provinces. The province of Ontario has an area of 121,260 square miles, with a population of nearly 1,810,000. It contains Ottawa, the capital city of the new Dominion, and the more important cities of Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston and London. The province of Quebec has an area of 210,000 square miles, and a population of about 1,300,000. The population of Montreal, the largest city of the Province as

well as of the Dominion, is estimated at 180,000. New Brunswick contains within its boundary lines 27,000 square miles and 295,000 persons. Nova Scotia has 16,000 square miles, and a population of something over 368,000. The area of the Dominion of Canada amounts in round numbers to 376,000 square miles. The total population is variously estimated at from 3,700,000 to 3,800,000. Newfoundland and Prince Edward's Island are not included in this calculation, and their population and area may be estimated as follows: Newfoundland, 40,200 square miles of area, and 135,000 persons; Prince Edward's Island, 2100 square miles and 42,000 inhabitants, which brings the total population of the British American Provinces to about 4,000,000, with a total area of nearly 419,000 square miles. In the Dominion there are sixteen railways, extending 2438 miles, that cost \$133,360,460.—*Ledger*.

For Friends' Intelligencer.
REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.
 SIXTH MONTH.

	1866.	1867.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	11 days.	5 days.
Rain all or nearly all day, ..	0 "	7 "
Cloudy, without storms,	3 "	6 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	16 "	12 "
	30 "	30 "
TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.		
	1866.	1867.
Mean temperature of 6th month per Penna. Hospital, ..	73.00 deg.	72.19 deg.
Highest do. during month, ..	95.00 "	88.50 "
Lowest do. do. do. ..	57.00 "	53.00 "
Rain during the month,	2.96 in.	11.02 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 5 current weeks for each year	1419	1197
Average of the mean temperature of 6th month for the past seventy-seven years		71.57 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1828—1831		77.00 "
Lowest do. do. do. ..	1816	64.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1866.	1867.
First month	3.14 inch	1.70 inch.
Second month	6.61 "	2.89 "
Third month	2.15 "	5.46 "
Fourth month	2.93 "	1.31 "
Fifth month	4.68 "	7.32 "
Sixth month	2.96 "	11.02 "
Totals	22.47 "	30.20 "

We have nothing special to remark as to the temperature of the month under review, it varying but little from that of last year or from the general average, but about the quantity of rain some facts of interest may be stated for which we are indebted to

the kindness of Dr. Conrad, of the Pennsylvania Hospital, who remarks: "This is the greatest amount of rain that has ever fallen in June, exceeding by three inches that of 1855, when nearly eight inches fell. On the 16th, 17th and 18th of the month the present year the unusual quantity of 6.93 inches fell, 3.50 of which descended between 2½ and 7 A. M. of the 17th, while 5.38 inches of it fell during twelve consecutive hours, and the whole quantity (nearly seven inches) was not more than twenty-four hours in falling!"

J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, 7th month 2d, 1867.

TOO LATE REGRETS.—The moment a friend, or even a mere acquaintance, is dead, how surely there starts up before us each instance of unkindness of which we have been guilty towards him. In fact, many and many an act or word which, while he was in life, did not seem to us to be unkind at all, now "bites back" as if it were a serpent and shows us what it really was. Alas! 'twas thus we caused him to suffer who now is dust, and yet then we did not pity or reproach ourselves. There is always a bitterness beyond that of death in the dying of a fellow creature to whom we have been unjust or unkind.

If you depend for water on a pond that is only filled by thunderstorms, you will often want water; but if you have a conduit that brings in water from a deep and ever flowing fountain, you never want. Human feelings and excitement, and emotions created by appeals to our feelings, may produce a temporary action, but it is only the soul which is actually "joined to the Lord" by a true and living faith that never wants strength, because Christ, who supplies that strength, can never fail.

ITEMS.

The unfortunate Arch-Duke Maximilian, of Austria, was condemned and shot on the 19th ult. It is thought that Juarez would have spared the life of his captured enemy if it had been possible; but the pressure of opinion was too strong for him successfully to oppose it, and a determined effort to save Maximilian would probably have cost him his own position.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—The latest information concerning Dr. Livingstone seems again to confirm the news of his death.

The great Exposition has reached its climax in the distribution of prizes by the Emperor Napoleon, on the 1st inst. For once in the history of the world, the Crescent and the Cross were united in public ceremony—the Sultan of Turkey participating with the Emperor and Empress of France in the pageant.

SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPHY.—M. B. in illuminates the bottom of the sea by means of electric light, for the purpose of discovering the position of sunken vessels, etc. His photographic studio consists of a strong iron box, braced transversely, and admitting the light through lens-shaped water-tight windows; and he can remain in it without inconvenience for about ten minutes. He has, it is said, produced sharp and well defined photographs, suited to render easy the recovery of objects sunk to considerable depths, and has already worked at depths approaching three hundred feet.—*Builder*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF F. W. ROBERTSON.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

(Continued from page 292.)

The Workingmen's Institute, which Robertson was one of the chief instruments in establishing, was, after two years' successful operation, placed in jeopardy by a proposition, urged by many, to admit into its library sceptical or infidel publications. In the spring of 1850, writing to a friend, he says: "I did not attend the meeting of the Workingmen's Association, as I told you I had intended, and am almost sorry I did not; but some of the committee were afraid for me of violence and rudeness from the Socialists, and thought, too, that even if I swayed the vote by a speech against the infidel publications, they would only say that it had been done by the influence of priestcraft. On this consideration I left them to fight the battle for themselves, and I sincerely hope that they have got a signal victory. But I find by inquiry that Socialism has made terrible strides in England: Louis Blanc's views are progressing swiftly. They say we must get rid of the superstitious notion of an invisible God. Till that is done, nothing can be effected. And then, of course, Communism and a scramble for property ensue.

A strong radical told me that he can remember the time when Toryism was in the ascendant in public meetings here, and the Radicals only just able to make head against it. Then

Radicalism became triumphant; but now Radicalism is to Socialism what Toryism was to Radicalism,—a kind of feeble aristocracy which can scarcely show its head, so completely is it put down by the ultra-socialism of Louis Blanc's school."

A few days afterwards he writes again:

"I have been all the morning interrupted by deliberations respecting the affairs of the Workingmen's Institute, which is in terrible disorder. Poor ——— is dead! and there is no one to stem the torrent of infidelity but myself. I am going to make a desperate attempt in a public address."

"His speech was long remembered for its tact. The great room of the Town Hall was crowded to excess. Every class in Brighton was represented in the audience. All the workingmen of the Institute were there. The large minority of sceptical socialists had come determined to make a disturbance,—to hoot him down. They had dispersed themselves in parties throughout the room. He began very quietly, with a slow, distinct, and self-restrained utterance. He explained the reasons of the meeting. When he spoke of himself as the person who had summoned them,—as one who was there to oppose the introduction of the infidel books, knots of men started up to interrupt him; a few hisses and groans were heard; but the undaunted bearing of the man, the calm voice and musical flow of pauseless speech, powerful to check unregulated violence by its

regulated quietude of utterance, went on, and they could but sit down again. Again and again, from different parts of the room, a man would suddenly spring to his feet and half begin to speak, and then, as if ashamed or awed, subside. There were murmurs, passionate shuffling of feet, a sort of electricity of excitement, which communicated itself from the excited men to every one in the room. At last, when he said, 'You have heard of a place called Coward's Castle,—Coward's Castle is that pulpit or platform, from which a man, surrounded by his friends, in the absence of his opponents, secure of applause, and safe from a reply, denounces those who differ from him,' there was a dead stillness. He had struck the thought of the turbulent,—the very point on which, in reference to the address, they had enlarged; and from that moment there was not a word, scarcely a cheer, till the last sentence was given. It seemed, said one of them, and what he said was confirmed by others, as if every man in the room were thrilling with the same feelings, as if a magnetic power flowing from the speaker had united them all to himself, and in him to one another. The address was the most remarkable of all his speeches for eloquence, if eloquence be defined as the power of subjugating men by bold and persuasive words. It was remarkable for two other reasons, which may not occur to the ordinary reader. First, in it he revealed much of his inner life and character. He was forced by the circumstances under which he made the address to speak of himself. The personal explanations into which he entered were an overt self-revelation. But there was one passage in the address in which, without the knowledge of his hearers, he disclosed the history of the most momentous period of his life."

He said, "It is an awful moment when the soul begins to find that the props on which it has blindly rested so long are, many of them, rotten, and begins to suspect them all; when it begins to feel the nothingness of many of the traditionary opinions which have been received with implicit confidence, and in that horrible insecurity begins also to doubt whether there be anything to believe at all. It is an awful hour,—let him who has passed through it say how awful,—when this life has lost its meaning, and seems shrivelled into a span; when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God himself has disappeared. In that fearful loneliness of spirit, when those who should have been his friends and counsellors only frown upon his misgivings, and profanely bid him stifle doubts, which for aught he knows may arise from the fountain of truth itself; to extinguish, as a glare from hell, that which for

aught he knows may be light from heaven, and everything seemed wrapped in hideous uncertainty, I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony acathless; it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still,—the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which the human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God, and no future state, yet even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed is he who,—when all is drear and cheerless within and without, when his teachers terrify him, and his friends shrink from him,—has obstinately clung to moral good. Thrice blessed, because his night shall pass into clear, bright day.

I appeal to the recollection of any man who has passed through that hour of agony, and stood upon the rock at last, the surges stilled below him, and the last cloud drifted from the sky above, with a faith, and hope, and trust no longer traditional, but of his own,—a trust which neither earth nor hell shall shake thenceforth forever."

"The result of the address on the members of the Institute was more successful than he had expected. Some of the sceptical minority were convinced that they were wrong; the rest separated in a body, and, carrying off with them a large portion of the library and property, established a new society, which did not long exist. The majority, along with some waverers, who were confirmed into truer views of social questions, combined to carry out the views of Mr. Robertson. The first thing done was to rescind the old rule that no gentlemen were to be admitted to vote or act on the committee, and to reconstruct the association on this amended footing; the second was to ask Mr. Robertson to be their new President."

He declined their proposition, but did not abate his interest in their institution, which, during the few years that he lived, continued to work admirably. After the schism, its name was changed to Mechanics' Institute, which was not satisfactory to Robertson. Being requested to deliver lectures before it he returned the following answer:

"In reply to your communication of the 21st, which I only had last night, after an absence from Brighton, I beg to say, that after much consideration I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty not to refuse the request made to me.

I am very unfit at present for the excitement of addressing numbers; but knowing that the

insufficiency will be pardoned, and feeling deep interest in the success of the workingmen, I shall not allow this to stand in the way.

I was not aware that the name of the Institution was to be changed. Is not this virtually acknowledging that the former attempt was a failure, instead of the society being, as I believe it is, the old one purified by experience? Not knowing the reasons for the change, which perhaps are valid, at first sight I am inclined to regret it. There is much in names, especially when they are associated with recollections which can be appealed to, and when they adhere to a society through many shocks and changes. Besides, 'Workingman' is a noble title for any human being: a human being's right title. 'Mechanic' is a poor class title, like Agriculturist, Botanist, Sailor, &c., &c. Besides, it is not true as a designation for your society; a schoolmaster is not a mechanic, nor a retail dealer of any kind, yet many such are in the society. Ought you not, like good soldiers in a great cause, *to stand to your colors?*"

"In pursuance of this promise, the two published lectures on 'The Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes,' were given in February, 1852. They were delivered extempore, and before an audience of more than a thousand in number. The wonderful fluency, wedded to impassioned feeling, which made them so telling in delivery, did not imperil their effect when printed, for they were as full of concentrated thought as if he had elaborately written them.

These addresses were not resultless. The workingmen of Brighton, for the first time told that Poetry did not belong to one class alone, but to all who felt within them the common passions of Humanity, at once assumed their right. The works of many of the poets were added to their library. Their power of appreciating the highest poetry was believed in, and then they believed in it themselves. They became conscious of their powers. From the Life of Christ Mr. Robertson had learned this great principle of education; to make men recognize their own spiritual capabilities by throwing himself in trust upon those capabilities. In these lectures he carried that principle into secular things. And the men were roused. They read the poets eagerly; sharp discussions arose among them on the comparative merits of Pope, and Walter Scott, and Tennyson. One part of the lecturer's aim was thus attained. The men employed in a dull mechanic round, or in coarse hand-labor, were led into a refined and pure region both of intellect and feeling. They desired to find and to feel the beautiful. It was a step in their elevation.

A more tangible result of the lectures was, that they brought in sufficient money to make the fortune of the Institute. They were at once published from the corrected notes of the

reporter. Two letters which their author received are worth publishing, for the remark and reply which were elicited from him.

The first was from Mr. Henry Drummond:

'DEAR SIR:—I have received your essay with many thanks. It appears to me that you are the only person who is grappling with the natural infidelity of minds educated in everything except religion. . . .'

On sending this letter to a friend, Mr. Robertson wrote:

'Mr. Drummond's letter is interesting, inasmuch as it exhibits a deeper perception of what I was aiming at than I have yet seen in any one. To produce a belief in the reality of the invisible Truth and Beauty, is the chief end of my insignificant work here.'

The second letter was from Lord Carlisle, who commended "the high ability, and the generous and delicate feeling evinced by the lectures."

It was the earnest desire and constant aim of Robertson to improve the condition of the working-classes, which he believed could only be done by inducing them to accept and adhere to the benign principles of Christianity. In one of his lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians, he says: "The spirit of Christ does *really* what high breeding does outwardly. A high-bred man never forgets himself, controls his temper, does nothing in excess, is urbane, dignified, and that even to persons whom he is inwardly cursing in his heart, or wishing far away. But a Christian is what the world *seems* to be. Love gives him a delicate tact which never offends, because it is full of sympathy. It discerns far off what would hurt fastidious feelings, feels with others, and is ever on the watch to anticipate their thoughts. And hence the only true deep refinement—that which lies not on the surface, but goes deep down into the character—comes from Christian love.

And hence, too, we understand what is meant by elevating and refining the poorer classes. My brethren, Christianity desires to make them all gentlemen. Do not be alarmed! for it is not in the world's sense of the word, nor in the socialistic, but only in the Christian meaning, that we would see them all refined. And assuredly, if Christian charity were universal, if every man were his brother's teacher, a rude clown, or unmannered peasant, or coarse-minded workman could not be met with. But these, you say, are only dreams, and that it is absurd to expect or aim at the refinement of the working-classes. Tell me, then, is it equally absurd to expect that they may become Christians? And if they are Christians, can they be so far unrefined? Only read this description of Christian charity, and conceive it as existing in a peasant's breast. Could he be uncourteous; rude, selfish, and inconsiderate of the feelings,

opinions and thoughts of those around him? 'If he did not behave himself unseemly, if he suffered long and was kind, or was not easily provoked, but bore all things quietly,' would he not be a gentleman in heart?"

(To be continued.)

EXTRACT.

"I can with truth acknowledge, that no greater means of usefulness and happiness have fallen in my way than our week-day meetings. These I have regularly attended, from my 17th year, to the present time. Deeply am I responsible for the refreshment and edification which I have often derived from them. Their quietness, the seriousness of those Friends who were in the regular habit of attending them, the sweet feeling of unity in our worship, and the liveliness of the ministry sometimes uttered on these occasions, are all hallowed in my mind and feelings; and were I asked what has been the happiest portion of my life, I believe I should not be far wrong in replying, the hours abstracted from the common business of the world, for the purpose of public worship. The sacrifice is greater than that which we have to make on the first day of the week, when all business ceases; and the reward graciously bestowed has been to me, and I believe to many others, great in proportion. May none of my young friends and relations who belong to the Society ever throw themselves out of the way of so precious a privilege."—*J. J. Gurney.*

A LETTER TO D. OSBAND.

This letter was written several years ago, and has recently, through the agency of a Friend, been printed and circulated to a considerable extent, but having been sent us for publication in our paper, we deem it of sufficient interest to give it a place:

WALWORTH, Sept. 10th, 1854.

To DUFREN OSBAND, *Macedon Center, Wayne County, New York:*

DEAR BROTHER:—I, together with yourself and others, attended an appointed meeting on Sabbath afternoon, the 27th ult., at the Friends' Meeting House at Macedon Center. And I understand from others, as well as what I heard from your own lips, that you took exceptions to several points of doctrine in the sermon delivered on the occasion. Having for some years been attached to the Methodist connection, I claim some acquaintance, I trust, with the genuine spirit of Methodism, and my moral and religious bearing has never been called in question by my brethren, or by others, to my knowledge; but notwithstanding my adherence to, and general approval of, the religious sentiments of my own society, I am convinced that genuine Christianity is a progressive work, and

consists, not so much in outward observance and forms as in practical righteousness; and I may here confess that many times when I have heard ministers undertake to expound the Scriptures, I thought they were too much outward in the letter, and not enough in the spirit, which my Bible tells me gives life; and I frequently felt that there was too much barrenness in much that is called religion in this day. While in this state of feeling a neighbour informed me that ———, a minister of the Society of Friends, a stranger to me except by reputation, had appointed a meeting as above stated. It struck me pleasantly, and I concluded to try to divest myself of all prejudices and attend. When I arrived I found many of different denominations had convened. The meeting was so different from those of other societies, that it seemed a little odd at first, being held in profound silence; but while that prevailed, I found there was life to be felt, even in *quietness*. After a while the minister arose, and simply repeated the following text: "See, (or behold) I have set before you this day Life and Death." A text I had never heard any one before attempt to explain; and I listened with interest as well as anxiety, fearing that it would end where it commenced, like many efforts I have heard to explain texts which the preacher did not understand. But in this instance, I rejoice to say, the discourse was an instructive one to me. The preacher explained clearly to my understanding the nature of Life and Death, and in what they consisted; that the death alluded to was not the death of the body, for that in its creation was designed to return to its kindred elements after the soul had finished its probation. The death was that state of darkness and thralldom which the soul or immortal part of man is brought into by a voluntary transgression of the spiritual law of God; that the forbidden fruit was not an outward, visible, tangible fruit, of which the visible man might partake, for the outward man acts only as it is acted upon; but the immortal or spiritual man only was responsible, for it is in *that* God has written his law; that the tree of Life is not an outward tree, but the *Spirit of God*, which is the spiritual life of every pure and redeemed soul. Children, he said, all stood upon the same ground in a state of innocence and purity, having no taint or stain of spiritual sin upon them in consequence of Adam's sin, or from any other source. Our souls never sinned in Adam, for they were never in him, and derived not by lineage, but each soul is the immediate creation of God as at the beginning; that it is the part, and the only part created after his own image; he breathes into it the breath of life, and it becomes a living soul, responsible to its creator, when it arrives at a state in which it can un-

derstand that responsibility, clearly distinguish between right and wrong, or have a clear perception of the law of God; in order that all things may go on in conformity to that law, the natural man has to pass through a state of proving, which may be called regeneration; which in innocent persons consists in the subjugation of all the natural propensities and the natural will, which is necessary for the establishment of peace, although there has been no sin. This, he said, was no doubt the regeneration alluded to by Jesus, "Verily, I say unto you, that ye which have followed me, in the regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of his glory," &c., Matt. 19: 28.

He said he received everything declared by Jesus as coming from the highest authority, for he had free access to the Fountain of Light and Life, for God was in him reconciling the world unto himself. But this regeneration, although it might prove a great cross, was very different from the regeneration necessary in those who have been corrupted by sin.

The former consists in the subjugation of all the powers and will of man, bringing them under the government of Christ in the soul; the latter in the fiery ordeal of cleansing the sin-polluted soul, and subjecting all as above; innocent persons needed its restraining influence to favor the full establishment of Christ's peaceable kingdom; and the guilty must be cleansed and purified before they can know the truth to reign in them. It was clear that the Disciples could not have followed Jesus in the regeneration unless he went before them. It was a want of regeneration that made men warriors, and the fact that many professing Christians are warriors, was conclusive evidence to him that they had not followed the Master in regeneration, but are under the government of the first nature, or natural man. The practice of war contravenes the example and precepts of Jesus.

There were extensive professions of religion in the world, but if we might judge by the fruit, there is not a correspondence of practical righteousness; no lack of theories and creeds, but a great want of love and brotherly kindness towards our fellowmen. It is useless to profess to love God whom we have not seen, when hatred is harbored to our brother whom we have seen. He likened sinners to the Prodigal Son, who would receive a gracious welcome on their return to the Father's house, where they would joy over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance. He said the son that left not the Father's house, represented those who continued in a state of innocence and sinned not against God, therefore they were always with him, and all he had was theirs.

He bore an humble testimony to the neces-

sity of salvation through Christ; and that the sinner had no power to redeem himself; that God would hear and answer all prayers that are in accordance with his will; that man must labor as the spirit of truth directs, which labor was beautifully prefigured in the children of Israel gathering the food which God had prepared for them. So labor was necessary in a spiritual sense, and must ever be directed in regard to the end in view and blessing bestowed. All would then have enough that so labored; he that improved his five talents would have nothing 'b'wer, and he that improved his one talent would have no lack.

Time would fail me to give even a synopsis of that sermon, which occupied one hour and a half of rapid delivery. I cannot even touch upon all of the principal positions, much less give the elucidations and arguments adduced by the speaker.

But now, sir, let me tell you that I view that sermon in a very different light from what you appear to. Every subject treated upon was settled to my entire satisfaction; and I thank God that I lived to hear what I heard that day. The speaker made no ostentatious display, but his whole soul appeared to be dipped into his subject, and the impression upon the audience was visible in their appearance. The sermon was none the less valuable to me because of the originality of its character. Had it been in the usual dull routine of preaching, I presume no fault would have been found with it. Had the apostle Paul preached in the same lifeless manner that the High Priests did, and preached their traditions as they did, they would not have persecuted him, and he would not have been an instrument in reforming either Jews or Gentiles. If Jesus had taught for doctrines the commandments of men as the Jews did, they would not have crucified him.

You cannot be aware of my surprise, not to say regret, when I saw you at the close of the funeral of Mr. Birdsall, call the attention of the people on the platform, and endeavor to tell them of what you was pleased to call spurious or unscriptural doctrine, delivered by Mr. —, at the house across the way, on Sabbath afternoon. It reminded me of the Jews watching Jesus to trap him in his words. I fear there is something wrong in that mind that is watching for evil; something radically wrong, sir, when a man undertakes, in the absence of another, to speak of him to his prejudice and to throw a dark shade over his religious character. Can you not see the exact prototype of such conduct in all the persecutors of which we have any account? Is such conduct a characteristic of ancient Methodism? You chose that particular time because you thought you could there get the listening ears of those whom you knew were opposed to Mr.

——; but I noticed one who listened to you a short time, and then shrewdly remarked, in an undertone, "I know what the matter is: our *craft* is in danger." If Mr. ——, had declared things, or had explained Scripture differently from what you had been taught, would not Christian charity either prompted you to have sought an interview with him at some suitable time, or to have been a little more judicious in your conduct with regard to the subject? Those who heard him could judge for themselves as well as you could judge for them, and those not present might be improperly biassed by your version. I was sorry to see you thus engaged; it can serve no good end. Please remember the advice of Gamaliel.

The Friend is personally a stranger to me, but since I heard him, I have inquired concerning him, and thus far I have received from all the same answer, and that is, "he practices what he preaches," (a jewel, sir, which I fear is not worn by all ministers). Just such a character as I expected to hear of him. The open, free and fearless manner in which he exposed the traditions of men, and a barren profession of religion, was evidence to me that he was an honest man. May it not be wisdom to let him alone, lest any should be found fighting against God. You took exception to what he said concerning the Scriptures. He said the true guide to man was that of which the Scriptures bore ample testimony; that *light* which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. The Scriptures were not that light, but pointed to it; he advised all to read the Scriptures, for they directed to the light, the revelation of God, upon which all must depend for direction in doing the work required of them. You appeared to be particularly alarmed at the suggestion that Jesus passed "in the regeneration." It was perhaps as new to me as any one in that meeting, but instead of *rejecting* the idea, I received it as a subject for future meditation; and after mature reflection, I am convinced that it is a doctrine clearly deducible from Scripture, and correct in the sense in which the Friend used it. Jesus said, "that which is born of the flesh is flesh;" it is also said that he "was tempted in all points like as we are," which would have been utterly impossible except he had nature just like ours,—then it was necessary that all in *his* human nature, as in *ours*, should be subjected to the will of his Heavenly Father. He was made of the seed of David according to the flesh, and declared that he had overcome the world. This is the broadest sense in which the Friend used the term.

After the preacher sat down, I thought he had not explained the nature and ground of temptation as I had been generally taught, or as people generally understood from the Scriptures, when he immediately arose and said, that

"it seemed to him that he heard a language saying, 'You have not explained the nature and ground of temptation as I have been taught, or as people generally understand by the Scriptures,' but, said he, much that is said upon this subject in the Scriptures is in figurative language; but the Apostle James, who was well acquainted with our common nature, and what man has to contend with, also with the nature of the gospel, by experience, saw clearly the state of the case, laid by all figure, and declared with becoming boldness, 'Let no man when he is tempted say, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man; but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.' " Now, said he, can language be found to convey to the understanding a clearer view of the source from whence temptation arises; we may all see it by carefully observing what passes in our own minds; hence the necessity of being continually in a state of watchfulness and prayer. I sincerely regret for the good of mankind, that any, professing to be Christians, should so far mistake their calling as to neglect their own vineyards to labor in the vineyards of others. How long will such a course take to reform the world? You and I profess the same faith, and I hope that we may at least be not found *opposing* the Truth, if we do not contribute much to promote it. What I have stated as being a part of the Friend's discourse, is from not a very tenacious memory, and may not be strictly correct. I am aware of the impossibility of doing a speaker justice without giving all he said; and although he "followeth not with us," my soul salutes him as a brother in Christ, and I would say to him:

"Be thou like the noble ancient—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear:
Speak! no matter what betides thee;
Let them strike! but make them hear!
Be thou like the first Apostles;
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seeks expression,
Speak it boldly! speak it all!
Face thine enemies, accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack or rod;
And if thou has truth to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God."

Yours, &c.

God knows what key in the human soul to touch in order to draw out its sweetest and most perfect harmonies. They may be the minor strains of sadness and sorrow; they may be the loftier notes of joy and gladness; God knows where the melodies of our nature are, and what discipline will call them forth. Some with plaintive songs must walk in lowly vales all life's weary way; others in loftier hymns

shall sing of nothing but joy as they thread the mountain tops of life; but they all unite without a discord or a jar, as the ascending anthem of loving and believing hearts finds its way into the chorus of the redeemed in heaven.

From the Editorial column of the Public Ledger.

TRUE INSPIRATION.

"How do you know that the Bible is inspired?" asked a skeptic of an unlettered but earnest Christian woman. "Because it inspires me, when I read it, with the divine aspect of every view and relation of life." "If I take up a book of botany," says a favorite author, "it does not contain living plants, but only word-descriptions of them; if I would see the plant itself, I must go out of the book to nature, where the plant is living. And the Bible contains only the word-forms of truth. God does not live in a book. Faith, hope, joy, do not live in books." But as a book of botany suggests to the habitual student of it those observations in regard to the structure of plants, their order and arrangement, and the thoughts they are capable of inspiring, so does the Bible teach us to read nature, and history, and the heart of man, not only in the Bible, but in every page of real life. It suggests thoughts of the purposes of all the events that happen to us in this life, so that we read life quite differently when we believe its system of accounting for things and when we try to live as it directs. This inspiration of new faith and hope and joy in life, as it comes to us, is the best evidence of Bible truths. The best proof of a work on botany being true, and written by a man who had read the thoughts of the Creator, as manifested in the fields and woods, is, that when you close the book and walk anywhere among them, they teach you new truths, and fill you with new thoughts of the plans of creation. They give you, with a self-consistent view, the whole structure of this part of creation, so that new plants not mentioned in books have an interest for you; in a word, they *inspire* you. So does the Bible inspire men with new, deeper, higher views of the purposes of life, so that they never can again look on life as they once did. They have an inspired view of its whole end and purposes. The Book is the channel of a new inspiration. The early Church regarded every Christian as an inspired man; not an infallible one, but so inwardly enlightened that he looks on the world with new eyes; and as the geologist reads thousands of years of the earth's record in a few inches of gravel or sand or rock, lying one on top of another—as the chemist reads laws of forces and affinities and combinations in the simplest effervescence or mixture—so the student of the Bible, amid all mis-translations, mistakes of copyists and commentators, and other difficulties, reads that in the Bible

that inspires him with new views of all his purposes and life, making it part of a harmonious system related to all other life.

The greatest change that is going on in the world at the present time is that from the letter to the *spirit*. It is the *spirit* of everything, both in literature and in religion, that is inspired, and in that proportion inspires the recipient. Time was when committing to memory the largest amount of the words of a text-book was the test of scholarship; long pages of grammars in an unknown tongue, especially in Latin, were thus committed, and religious teaching was confined to the words of a catechism or so many verses of the Bible. Even the singing in the churches was confined to "The Psalm of David," paraphrased in a most barbarous style. There are some sects who adhere to that literally to this day. It needed all the poetic grace, beauty, and religious as well as poetic inspiration of young Isaac Watts, equally graceful in psalms and in hymns, to break down much of this old feeling. Now poetry, science, art and progress have led to a deeper, truer feeling of the inspiration of the Scriptures, lying in this inspiring, quickening power, awakening Bible experiences and thoughts in modern circumstances—an inspiration which lies not in the letter, which killeth, but in the spirit, which giveth life.

The new movements of religious bodies all tend in this direction. Christianity, as it affects different classes and differently educated men, is showing itself out in new forms. The preaching in theatres in England by the laity—in this country so far by ministers, but without stiffness or parade—is one of them. There is a religion, and a testimony to its truth and new applications of it belonging to every branch of life, art and science. There is not a science, not a branch of learning conducted by a living earnest, good man, but teaches him new applications of truth most needful to the world and the proper growth of society. The true and divine ideas thus brought out by a society of well-selected men would be most advantageous, and the place where they were inculcated would soon be crowded with thoughtful hearers.

How to do Good.—Dr. Johnson wisely said, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything." Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railroads built? By one shovel of dirt after another; one shovel at a time. Thus, drops make the ocean. Hence, we should be willing to do a little good at a time, and never "wait to do a great deal of good at once." If we would do much good in the world, we must be willing to do good in

little things, little acts one after another; speaking a word here, giving a tract there, and setting a good example all the time; we must do the first thing we can, and the next, and then the next, and so keep on doing good. This is the way to accomplish any thing. Thus only shall we do all the good in our power.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 20, 1867.

INDIAN TROUBLES.—The terrible strife now existing upon the "Plains" is revolting to every feeling of humanity. We regard it with deep regret, and feel convinced that it might have been averted had the voice of Justice been heeded in our national councils. We have been informed by undoubted authority, that every serious difficulty with the Indians has had its origin in the perfidy of government agents. Those who had the official power to correct the evil have been appealed to in vain. Years of gross outrages perpetrated upon these poor semi-civilized creatures, have culminated in a war, which, in accordance with an estimate made, it is said, at Gen. Grant's head-quarters, involves the Government in an expense of fully one million of dollars per week, and if prosecuted with vigor, the expenditures to meet the wants of an increased force will be about five millions per week. It is also estimated that the cost to the government for every Indian killed, is one million dollars and the lives of ten white men. What a reflection upon the honor of our country is this, in connection with the call for extermination which we hear from those who look not at their own blood-thirstiness, but who stamp the Indian character as revengeful and cruel! We would ask the dispassionate, what has made him so? In letters from an intelligent Chief of one of the tribes, their wrongs are feelingly depicted, and the impossibility expressed, of restraining some of his brethren from violence, if the wretched system practiced by the white was not remedied. There were some among them opposed to war, but many of the young men were so indignant at the treatment they had received, that they were resolved to resort to violent measures to redress their grievances. It would seem, in the present position of affairs, as if the efforts of Friends could avail but little; and yet it is not in accordance with the teachings

of mercy to sit idly by, without endeavoring to arrest if possible the sanguinary conflict which must be so painful to every Christian mind. Could the Indians be assured of a disposition on the part of our government to *establish* a just and righteous settlement of all their claims, and to no longer suffer individual greed to rob them of their just dues, we believe they might be disposed to listen to the voice of kindness which, even with the reputed "savage" in times past, has had a more powerful influence than the sword.

The cause calls for a prayerful concern on the part of the friends of justice and peace, to know what measures can be adopted to end this terrible warfare, and to restore to the red-man his rights and privileges.

MARRIED, on Fourth-day, 1st of Fifth month, 1867, according to the order of our Society, **LESTER COMLY** and **MARY M. BOWMAN**, members of Byberry Monthly Meeting.

DIED, on the 1st of Seventh month, 1867, in Monallen Township, Adams Co., Pa., **DAVID C. COOK**, aged about 75 years; a member of Monallen Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 26th of Sixth month, 1867, at his residence in Farmington, Ontario Co., N. Y., **ABRAHAM WILLSON**, aged 88 years and 7 months; a member of Farmington Monthly Meeting. In the decease of this dear Friend we feel that one of the pillars of the Church has been removed. The innocence of his daily life, and the unvarying sweetness of his spirit, prove him to have been a faithful learner in the school of Christ. He was not educated in the principles of our Society; but though born in New England, and nurtured in the most rigid doctrines of Calvinism, he became in early life, from sincere conviction, a convert to our pure and simple faith. Though never called publicly to advocate the cause of truth, it may be said that by the powerful language of example he was a preacher of righteousness. During his lingering illness, which he bore with Christian patience and resignation, he imparted much sweet counsel and encouragement to those whose privilege it was to watch beside his dying bed.

—, on the 6th of Seventh month, 1867, at Wilmington, Del., **LUCRETIA R.**, wife of George S. Grubb, in the 48th year of her age; a member of Wilmington Monthly Meeting, Del.

—, on Fifth-day, 11th of Seventh month, 1867, **CORNELIA N.**, daughter of Wm. B. and Rebecca T. Webb, aged 3 months; members of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

—, on Seventh-day morning, 29th of Sixth mo., 1867, in New York, **THOMAS H. LACORTT**, in his 80th year.

—, on the 10th of Seventh month, 1867, at his residence in Huntingdon Valley, Montgomery Co., Pa., **JOHN SMITH**, in his 65th year; a member of Abington Monthly Meeting.

It is the heart which decides our pleasures. While you continue to love the world, you will find virtue insupportable.—*Massillon*.

It cannot be a matter of indifference to any who bear the name of "Friends," and value the principles which the name suggests, to read so full a report of the proceedings of London and Dublin Yearly Meetings as is furnished by the London and British Friend.

As a sign of the times, and for the benefit of that large class of our readers who have not access to these periodicals, we furnish a few extracts, leaving each reader to form his own conclusions.

EDS.

Joseph Thorp, at the request of the clerk, communicated at the meeting a proposition from the Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders to the following effect. That meeting had, under a deep sense of the importance of the ministry in the Society, appointed, last year, a committee of its own members to take under their special consideration the subject of the large number of unrecorded ministers amongst us. The committee, after long and very serious deliberation, felt unprepared then to draw up a report, and desired another year for consideration. They also requested permission to depute several members of their body to visit the different Quarterly Meetings of Ministers and Elders throughout the kingdom, and so to gather by personal visitation a more correct and full impression of the peculiar circumstances of the various meetings than could otherwise be obtained. This proposal had received the cordial approval of the Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders, who felt themselves perfectly authorized to give the requisite permission, but who nevertheless, desiring to obtain the full sympathy and co-operation of the main body of Friends, had now concluded to bring the proposal before the General Yearly Meeting.

Charles Thompson expressed a hope that the proposition would not be acceded to, inasmuch as he feared that it would not promote the true interests of the ministry, and he considered that many unrecorded ministers desired merely to be permitted to exercise their gifts under a simple sense of their responsibility to the one great Head of the Church. Joseph Rowntree (of Leeds), and Joseph Radley concurred in this opinion. William Ball reminded Friends that it was merely "an act of grace," and a piece of condescension on the part of the meeting of Ministers and Elders to invite the sanction of the Yearly Meeting at all. Several Friends took decided exception to this mode of explanation, and expressed their desire that the Society might continue free from any approaches to what might be termed hierarchical assumption. Josiah Forster and others expressed their concurrence with the proposition, and hoped it would be forthwith sanctioned. Several of these

Friends emphatically vindicated the Meeting of Ministers and Elders from the slightest wish to exercise hierarchical assumptions. The proposition had originated wholly and solely in Christian interest and brotherly love. Its object was not administrative action, but sympathetic intercourse and the acquisition of information on the condition of the Society.

William Watkins, Thomas Drewry, and one or two other Friends, hoped the proposition would not be sanctioned. They thought there was much unsoundness amongst the Friends already acknowledged as ministers. If the Meeting of Ministers and Elders nominated a committee of visitation, there was no probability that such committee would be in unity with many amongst whom they would come. For even at present there are a number of faithful and consistent Friends who have long spoken as ministers in various meetings, but who have not been acknowledged as such.

Alfred Lucas concurred in these views. He repeated the opinion that there was much unsoundness of doctrine prevalent amongst recorded ministers, and quoted several recent illustrations. He thought the principles of Friends were being more and more abandoned. In one direction he heard it proposed to remedy matters by reading the Bible in meetings for worship, and in some descriptions of meetings singing had been introduced. He believed there were a number of Friends who united with his own view of these matters, but who were precluded from expressing their opinions by the fear of man. For himself he did not entertain this fear. He thought he ought to speak just as freely and plainly in the Yearly Meeting as if he was amongst his own family. He loved all Friends, but he feared none of them. Indeed, he feared no man at all. He did not wish to offend any, but if the truth offended, he was sorry for it. But the truth must nevertheless be spoken.

Henry Brown, jun. (Luton), and one or two other Friends, said that if there was so much unsoundness of ministry as had been alleged by several recent speakers, this constituted a special reason for the appointment of the proposed committee.

William Ball protested against the charges which had just been made against ministers. He thought such charges did not deserve to be entertained as having any weight.

Wm. Harvey Pim and T. W. Fisher hoped their dear English friends would also visit Ireland, where they would be warmly welcomed.

Several other Friends expressed their cordial approval of the proposal, which was finally sanctioned by the Yearly Meeting.

Joseph Pease then in a very impressive manner quoted the words, "Judge not that ye be not judged." He spoke of the claims of minis-

ters and elders on the sympathy of their brethren. They needed sympathy from all, not always unity or approval, but always sympathy and love. It was quite consistent with love to tell such of their deficiencies. There are some wounds which do not hurt, and such sometimes are the words of a faithful friend. He hoped we should open our hearts to ministers and elders in true love. May we all be ministers one to another, and elders one to another. He had had his own feelings often called forth in deep sympathy with poor little companies of Friends in country places—elders with arms hanging down, and ministers with knees smiting together. For such in an especial manner let the prayers of the church ascend. And for all his fellow-ministers and elders he would entreat his brethren, "Do give us your love and your prayers."

Isaac Brown deprecated the allusions to unsound doctrines. He hoped Friends would be exceedingly careful before making such charges, especially in public. We often misunderstood one another's words. For at best our language is very imperfect. A few days ago he had himself been pained at a communication from a brother minister, but on mentioning the matter to several other listeners, he found they had received quite a different impression from the words alluded to. This had been instructive to him, and he mentioned it as a caution to others also.

MEETINGS FOR WORSHIP.

Many communications were made in both meetings at Devonshire House, some longer and some shorter; the latter being remarked on afterwards by some Friends as being peculiarly instructive. It was said of one or two very lengthy communications, that the miscellaneous nature of them, and the great number of unconnected texts of Scripture quoted in them, very much lessened their desired effect on the minds of the audience. Further, there were so few and brief intervals of silence, especially in the larger meeting-house, that there was not so great an opportunity as was desirable for reverent individual waiting upon the Lord, and for practising the short and simple, but appropriate exhortation of one speaker, "My soul, wait thou only on the Lord: for my expectation is from him."

On *Sixth-day, 5th Month, 24th*, the Provisional Committee of Friends' Foreign Missions, and several other Friends interested in the object, assembled at the Bedford Institute, Spital-fields.

Considerable discussion took place respecting a proposal to change the form of the "Provisional Committee" into a regular organization, to be named the Friends' Missionary Society. Isaac Brown, William Thistlethwaite, William Brewin, Edward Brewin, and several others, thought it would be inexpedient to do so, inasmuch as it was generally felt by the committee

that they were only exercising their functions: as such, until such time as the Society of Friends, in its *collective* capacity, should be willing to undertake the responsibility of the work; just at present this was not likely to be the case: but, from the rapidly growing interest of Friends in the foreign mission-fields, there was a probability that in a few years the Yearly Meeting would accept the burden now resting on this voluntary independent committee. Hence it seems best to continue the appointment, at any rate for the present, merely as a provisional and temporary one. But meanwhile the committee would feel themselves bound to support and fully encourage the operations of the Friends whom they had ~~advised~~ to undertake the mission work. They would not cease to uphold these until the Yearly Meeting should undertake the responsibility.

Edwin Pumphrey expressed some uneasiness at the wide-spread rumor that J. S. Sewell intended to unite in a participation of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper on his arrival at Madagascar, on account of which presumed intention he had understood that the Meeting for Sufferings had refused to sanction J. S. Sewell's procedure, although it had been acceded to by the Meeting of Ministers and Elders. To this it was replied by Isaac Brown, J. H. Tuke, and G. S. Gibson that it was quite incorrect that J. S. Sewell, or his companion, had expressed any *intention* of so doing. On the contrary, J. S. S. and L. S. had distinctly expressed their personal *desire* to continue the usual practice of Friends, and entirely to disuse the outward ordinances, whilst deeply valuing the spiritual "supper" and "baptism." But they had candidly stated that in case they found, on their arrival in Madagascar, that the peculiar circumstances of the natives should render it necessary for them to modify their previous habits as to these matters, then, *and then only*, they wished to be left at liberty to act "as way might open" in the love of Christ and of the souls of men. And, so far, this committee was prepared to stand by them. But much misapprehension had been entertained by many Friends respecting the matter. So far as their personal desires and preferences were concerned, J. S. Sewell and L. Street were thorough Friends; but, out of Christian consideration for their weak and lately pagan brethren, and to avoid wounding the consciences or distracting the poor minds of such, they believed it might *possibly* be their duty not to interfere in these particular respects with the customs of religious worship and practice which have already been established amongst the Malagasy converts by William Ellis and his brother missionaries, who were, under God, the pious founders of the Christian church in that interesting island. This explanation appeared to give much satisfaction. A general interest in

the work and prospects of the dear Friends engaged in these distant and arduous undertakings was expressed feelingly by many present on this occasion.

While engaged in answering the queries, Jonathan Grubb expressed a very cheering sense of encouragement at the present prospects and condition of the Society. He thought that in consequence of an increased individual faithfulness, and also of an improved legislation, we are now better than we recently were. There is an increase of every kind of good work amongst us, and our prospects are bright. There is no good in complaint, nor any cause for it; but we have abundant reason to thank God. The masses around us are increasingly ready to receive and appreciate our views of the spirituality of the gospel and of worship. He has often known strangers to acknowledge with tears that our principles are good. Let us then extend our efforts. Let us build new meeting-houses, if necessary, in districts where there are none, but where the people are ready for them. He had lately held a crowded meeting in a chapel, within a mile of which was a closed Friends' meeting-house.

But we must come down to the comprehension of the masses in our teaching, in our lives, in our arrangements, and even in the very tones of our voice. Let not any dear Friends assume a peculiar tone in preaching, for if they are really under spiritual influence, there will be no need for peculiar tones to intimate it. Such tones detract from usefulness, especially amongst strangers to us. Much of our machinery is still too ponderous. Let us more imitate our Lord and his apostles, who went about doing good in the most simple and inexpensive way. We are nothing; Christ is all. Therefore let us cultivate simplicity in everything. This indeed specially befits us as the disciples of him who had not where to lay his head.

Seventh-day morning, 5th Month 25th.—At the commencement of this sitting the annual "Tabular Statement" was read. From this it appeared that there are within the compass of the Yearly Meeting 327 particular meetings, including 13,786 members, and 3582 habitual attenders who are not members. During the past year there have been 61 marriages, 263 births, and 275 deaths; 90 conversions, 23 reinstatements, 85 resignations, 37 disownments, and altogether a total apparent increase of 30 members, but really of only 11 since last year. In Australia and Tasmania there are 241 Friends, amongst whom one conviction is reported. In the London Yearly Meeting there are 38 meetings of less than 5 members; 45 of between 5 and 10; and 62 of between 10 and 20. There are 6 meetings with upwards of 300 members.

John Pryor advocated an annual return of

the number of ministers, elders, and overseers; but John Sargent deprecated any returns at all, saying that the strength of a church could not be estimated by mere numbers. David was punished for numbering Israel, and Elijah was told by the Lord that there was a hidden 7000 who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

Gilbert Congdon then spoke in a very encouraging manner of the state of the Society. He had just returned from the Continent; and in mingling with sincere Christians in various places on it, had been pleased to find the general high esteem with which Friends were regarded by such. Let this character be maintained by our keeping a single eye to Christ. He also exhorted the elder Friends to show more practical sympathy with the numerous younger members now engaged in the "home mission" work. E. C. May expressed unity with G. Congdon's views, but thought our Society had as yet never attained the object contemplated by its founders—viz., the bringing over of the mass of the people to its principles. Yet perhaps we did much good indirectly to these. Even the attendance of other places of worship by many members (which he regretted), might result in bringing such back again to us eventually more than ever satisfied with our principles. Joseph Clarke (Bridgewater), S. Alexander, and James Bull acknowledged that they did not share in the encouraging views spoken of, but were amongst those who mourn in Zion. Thomas Drewry again spoke of disuniting with a prevalent unsound ministry. Alfred Lucas entirely dissented from the opinion that our prospects were bright. He thought that Friends as a Society now neglect and ignore the influences of the Holy Spirit on almost every occasion. He asserted that there is a real schism in the body, and that this is not merely the fault of the young Friends, but rather of the reputed leaders of this people.

(To be continued.)

The following extract is from an article entitled "Situations Wanted," which was published in the Public Ledger of Philadelphia. We deem the subject one of importance, and one which should claim the serious consideration of parents and guardians.

"There is a growing tendency among short-sighted parents and guardians to put their boys in offices, under a false impression that such occupation is more genteel than the learning of a trade. This is a most mischievous notion, and one that is likely to entail upon their children troubles and sorrows and heartburnings during all the rest of their lives. All business is subject to fluctuations, which the wisdom of man and of governments have been thus far unable

to control, and when a commercial or financial depression occurs, those who are the first to suffer, and among the most helpless victims, are book-keepers, clerks, copyists, and office attendants of every kind. At such times the workman in a number of the mechanical trades can find employment on his own account. The shoemaker can make shoes or mend them; the tailor can make garments or mend them; the painter and glazier, the carpenter, the bellhanger, the locksmith, the plumber and the gasfitter, and many others that will occur to the reader, can search for and find odd jobs that will give them at least the means of living. The skilled man, with tools at his command, is in most respects, master of the situation. But the clerk, the book-keeper, the office attendant are helpless. They cannot establish mercantile, commercial or manufacturing houses to give employment to themselves. They must wait many and many a weary day until the season or the years of depression are over, before they can find that employment for their pens which they have unfortunately made their sole means of livelihood. All this is another of the lamentable results of having learned no trade in boyhood. The subject is, indeed, one so wide in its ramification, and so profoundly important in its consequences, that it is time it had engaged more thorough and more systematic attention on the part of the people who are so deeply interested."

TELL NOT THY GRIEF.

(WRITER UNKNOWN).

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness."

Tell not thy grief—

It may be that thy brother's heart can feel
Sorrow for suffering that thy words reveal,

And give thy heart relief;

But soon his ear will weary of a tale
Too oft repeated;—then, of no avail
The lengthened story of thy secret ill:
Bear on in silence—suffer, and be still.

Yes, we must bear alone:

Hard lesson this, for the young heart to learn,
Seeking for sympathy in every turn,

In every friendly tone.

But when the task is learned, although in tears
The heart gives up the hopes of early years,
Though anguish may its very life-cords wring;
Still gains it strength by its own suffering.

It is the common lot;

None know the hidden soul, save He whose eye
Looks through each dark recess—for ever nigh,

Though we behold Him not:

Yes, it was by his own, his holy will
That wants, too deep for human love to fill,—
Should to our thirsting spirits here be given,
That we the living stream might seek in heaven.

All things once are things for ever;
Soul, once living, lives forever;
Blame not what is only once,
When that once endures forever;
Love, once felt, though soon forgot,
Moulds the heart to good forever;
Once betrayed from childhood's faith,

Man is conscious man forever;
Once the void of life revealed,
It must deepen on forever,
Unless God fill up the soul
With himself for once and ever.

—R. Monkton Milnes, (now Lord Haughton).

MY CREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to Heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretence;
Where centre is not—can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nursing bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door, or bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor staid prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theological tracts,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

—Alice Cary.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

The Ascent of Mont Blanc, in the Summer of 1866, by a Philadelphian.

One of the most interesting excursions from Chamounix is that to the "Jardin," a little oasis of verdure in a vast basin of snow, and with the lofty aiguilles of the Mt. Blanc range towering almost perpendicularly thousands of feet above it to the north and west. Being more than 9000 feet above the sea, the vegetation is confined to the short grass of the high Alps, with a few flowers of the hardiest nature; but found, as it is in the midst of the great glaciers, which, though slowly moving by, are never absent from the scene, it forms a delightful rest to the eye, tired with the glare of snow, and is very acceptable to the wearied traveller who seeks its shelter. The extent of the "Jardin" is probably about two acres, the ground sloping steeply to the south, and covered with stones and rocks, from among which springs up the hardy vegetation giving it its attractive but not particularly appropriate name. The morning being bright and fine, an excursion had been arranged to explore, with guides, the "Mer de glace," and to visit some crevasses lying near the ordinary route across it; but, as the party were not ready to start, I strolled off in advance, and, taking a broad and well-worn path across the meadows, soon reached the foot of the

mountain and began the ascent, and much to my surprise I found here an excellent, well-graded and perfectly safe path, shaded finely during the morning. Up this a pleasant hour (passed in making a constant but gradual ascent) brought me to the "Montauvert," a resting-place for voyageurs, the house where guides for the "Mer de glace" can be obtained, and whence parties not intending long excursions on the ice cross the glacier and descend on the opposite side by the "Mauvais pas" and by the "Chapeau." Numbers were here, stopping to lunch, to examine the curiosities, and to make the final preparations for the ice. These are very simple. A strong staff with an iron point projecting a couple of inches is indispensable. A few large headed nails in strong shoes will then give all the security of movement that can be got from artificial means. Crinoline, long skirts, or any dress likely to embarrass your movements, must be laid aside, and thus provided, your trust in moments of danger must be in nerve. Should there be a bright sunshine, it is best to wear a thick veil to protect the skin of the face, or colored glasses to shield the eyes from the reflexion. So purely white is the fresh snow, and so troublesome the ice alone, that even the strongest eyes need not despise protection, if exposed for many hours upon the upper glaciers. Finding that the party with whom I intended to visit the crevasses did not arrive, and seeing that all the high peaks were cloudless, the sky beautifully blue, and everything indicative of a delightful day, it occurred to me that such an opportunity to visit the "Jardin" ought not to be neglected at a time of year when the weather was very unsettled, and when snow had fallen several times recently. Having chosen a guide, and taken a lunch to be eaten in the upper regions, a hasty start was made, as the hour (eleven o'clock) was late, and the ice getting wetter under a noon-day sun. Our track after leaving the Montauvert tavern (where the broad and graded path ends) skirted the south side of the glacier for nearly a mile, gradually descending from the elevated point on which the Auberge stands, but frequently ascending abruptly, a short distance, to avoid bad pieces of rock. Parts of the track are along ledges of rock, which afford the scantiest foothold from their almost vertical position, others over loose stones, which yield at every step; but with care there is no cause for fear, and reaching the moraine you pass at a favorable point out upon the Mer de glace.

Between the firm body of the ice and the solid rock of the mountain there are mostly two bodies, one of ice fractured and crevassed by huge chasms of great depth, the other of broken rocks torn from the shore, and ground to pieces by the resistless power of the moving ice. These are carried down upon the ice, and

deposited at its side, rising in some places to a great height and showing the elevation to which the glacier had risen at some past period. The breaks or crevasses in the ice result from the same movement of the glacier, and vary in depth, width and frequency with the rapidity of descent of the valley they are traversing. The main body of this glacier, as well as of most others, is comparatively unbroken. The openings are generally not more than three or four feet in width, and when too wide to leap can readily be turned by a short detour to the right or left. Inexperienced in ice work, the approach across the broken ice at the side of the glacier seemed to me quite a formidable work. The crevasses were large and deep, and as you were compelled to pick your way carefully along the narrow edge of ice, not more than six or eight inches wide, which separated the chasms, a good chance was offered the adventurous to examine the beauties of these realms of ice. As accidents rarely occur here, it may be considered as not being dangerous work. We got over it in safety, and began our walk. The ice surface was quite wet, and a great deal of water filled the pools and hollows, as it ran down in search of an opening to the stream below, but it was merely an annoyance, not an impediment. In about two hours we reached the upper end of the Mer de glace, and, leaving the ice, ascended a steep and high moraine, which edged a glacier coming down from the "Aiguille Vert." The climb, under a hot noon sun, up this mass of stone and rock, took nearly half an hour, and was very tiresome. On reaching the top of it, we crossed a level stretch of ice, covered with freshly fallen snow, several inches deep, which did not add to our comfort or relieve our fatigue, but which brought us to the "Jardin," where we were to take our lunch. The high rocky peaks surrounding this spot rise to a great height, and cut off communication, except on the south, by which side you reach it. Their sharp and almost perpendicular points, termed *aiguilles*, seem to defy the power of man to ascend, but even their steep cliffs have been climbed and their dizzy heights explored. It was delightful to bask in the warm sunshine upon the bright green grass on this calm September day. Not a breath of air was to be felt, but the high elevation made the atmosphere charming, and time passed rapidly in enjoyment of the beautiful scene around. The stillness was perfect; not a sign of life visible, nor a living being within miles, and, save the little spot around, snow, pure, white and fresh, was everywhere stretching away, for miles upward and onward, until your sight is closed by the noble summit of the giant of the Alps. It was time to retrace our steps, and following the track made in crossing the level, we reached and quickly descended the great moraine up which

we had toiled. Our route down the glacier was much more rapid than our ascent (as the decline was sufficient to be perceptible in walking), and we soon reached a spot apparently favorable for leaving the ice, and taking the route down that side of the glacier opposite to the Montanvert. The judgment of the guide was at fault. We became involved in a labyrinth of deep and ugly crevasses as we approached the moraine, and it required all our energy and activity to pass over and along the narrow and slippery edge which separated one from the other. When the rocks were reached, and their ascent began, we found a body of hard ice underlying the strata of broken stone of which the moraine was formed, and rendering the steep climb very difficult and annoying. One step up and two steps backwards, with a young avalanche of stones threatening to carry you to the bottom, were the pleasing accompaniments of this scramble, but at last we reached *terra firma*. From this point our progress was much more rapid. We soon separated, my guide and I; he to cross the *Mer de glace*, and I to go down the *Mauvais pas*. This path, following the glacier, soon reaches a point where the ice, owing to the rapid fall of the valley down which it moves, is broken into the most fantastic and picturesque shapes, and forms one of the best views of a crevassed glacier in this neighborhood. The path here is made along the face of a rocky bluff, and descends, by means of steps, rapidly and sharply to the more level ground beyond. A rail of iron protects you as you pass, either by guarding you from the precipice, or giving you a hold by which you can escape the danger. A steady head makes its use unnecessary, but to others it is indispensable. This is the famous "*Mauvais Pas*," which, quite a terror in the eyes of some, was crossed without the use of either hand-rail or baton. Below this point the "*Chapeau*," a small house for refreshment, offers its attractions to the wayfarer. The view up the glacier, over the crevasses, is very fine, and fully rewards for the labor of the ascent. Travellers who ascend the "*Montanvert*" on horses or mules, and cross the *Mer de glace* on foot to this point, are met by the animals, which have been in the meantime taken to the foot of the mountain, and brought up to the *Chapeau*. The path to the valley is good, mostly through the forest, and was long enough to prevent my reaching the high road until after dark, and the hotel at *Chamouni* at half-past seven, about four hours after leaving the *Jardin*. The route by the *Montanvert* is probably three miles shorter, and offers a better path. It took me about three hours to reach the *Jardin* from the *Montanvert*.

Our attention during the next day was drawn to *Mt. Blanc*, near whose summit a party of

travellers could be seen toiling up through what seemed to us to be deep snow, and making so slow a progress as to give faint hopes of the accomplishment of their aims. By means of a good glass these mites on the huge mountain could be readily and distinctly seen, and when thus located the eye had no trouble in distinguishing them and counting their numbers. At last they disappeared upon the grand plateau, and were not again seen until toward the close of the day, when they approached the "*grand mulets*." It was pronounced an incomplete ascent, and proved to be so when the party got back to the village. They had started from the grand mulets too late to make the trip. A few days before two Germans made the ascent, were detained 24 hours at the mulets by a snow storm, and were afterwards so delayed by the depth of snow and the fatigue of walking through it, that they did not reach *Chamouni* until the fourth day.

A French artist, who had climbed *Mt. Blanc* some half dozen times, and an Englishman, of the Alpine Club, who had been twice upon the summit, were my companions during the day, and our conversation naturally turned upon the wonders of these unknown regions of ice, and the beauties and attractions offered to the visitor. I was of course quite ready to accept their invitation to join in an excursion next day as far as the "*grand mulets*," and the few needful arrangements were made for the trip. The batons were brought out, shoes overlooked and missing nails supplied, strong clothing selected, veils and colored glasses secured, so that when we left the hotel next morning, before sunrise, we were, as the jockey says, in "good condition." The party consisted of four gentlemen and three guides, one for each of us except the French artist, whose experience on the ice and confidence in his own ability made a guide unnecessary. On leaving the village our path followed the meadow westwardly, gradually approaching the base of the mountain, and slowly ascending until we entered the forest, when the ascent became much more rapid. There is a mule path most of the distance traversed over the land, but we took a more direct route, ascending very rapidly, and enabling us to reach the "*Pierre Pontue*" before the sun had risen high enough to throw us out of the mountain's shade. This little cabin is built on the side of the glacier of "*Boissons*," a short distance below the point where you enter upon the ice, and it is the last resting place upon *terra firma*. The mules stop here, and travellers, also tired with the sharp climb from *Chamouni*, are fain to rest themselves awhile upon the hard seats which it affords. Mine host is a landlord of repute, and caters for the hotel of the grand mulets, of which he is proprietor. The food and fuel used there are carried by the men two

or three miles over the ever-changing and uncertain ice. As the path over the glacier was said to be in good order, we started off merrily, and soon reached the Junction, a spot, as its name indicates, where two glaciers, flowing down Mt. Blanc by different valleys, meet, and produce those immense fractures which form at the same time the charm and the terror of ice adventurers. Bearing in mind that these bodies of ice are solid to the valley beneath, and not mere coverings for bodies of water, such as we are used to, the effect of their meeting, when impelled by such irresistible force and weight as they possess, in opposite directions, may be at least faintly conjectured. It is hardly possible to imagine the fulness of its grandeur, or the terrible beauty presented to the eye. My power of description is quite inadequate. We reached such a spot. It was necessary to cross it. Selecting what appeared the most accessible route, the leading guide advanced. A thin but strong rope fastened round his body secured him to the gentleman next behind. The same precaution was taken with us all, upon the theory I suppose that there was less danger of the guide slipping than of the traveler, and some chance if the latter fell that the former would be able to hold him by the rope. Even the artist was willing to form a link of the chain, and was tied to the first guide.

Our progress now became slow; every step was watched and care was taken to plant the foot in the hole left vacant in the snow by the party in front of you, or where the footing was icy, to secure a safe and firm rest for the baton, before taking a new step. As we were ascending the glacier, the opposite side of the crevasses were frequently higher than that on which we stood by several feet. In such cases, steps had to be cut in the opposite face of ice, by which we clambered up to the level above. Thus carefully working our way over these beautiful, but, at times, fearful fractures, we crossed the junction in safety and reached the smoother ice beyond. As this was covered with several inches of freshly fallen snow, the footing was secure, and enabled us soon to reach the foot of the last ascent to the Grand Mulets. Taking a zigzag course up this to avoid its steepest parts, and going round the large fissures which were occasionally met, we reached the Mulets at 11 o'clock, and stood at an elevation of 10,000 feet above the sea. A calmer summer's day could not have been desired. Not a cloud broke the universal blue of the sky. The same perfect quiet which was so impressive at the "Jardin" prevailed here equally. Ice, snow and solitude reigned supreme; a trio of beauty or grandeur, harmless in repose, but fearful in the avalanche as it thundered down the mountain side. The rocks on which the cabin at the grand mulets is built cover an ex-

tent of an acre or more, rising up steep from the mass of ice, the only resting place on terra firma after leaving the 'Pierre Pointere' and entering on the solitary region above. The cabin is about twenty-five feet long and half as wide, and being divided in the middle by a partition, gives two small rooms, the first of which is used for a kitchen and sitting room for the guides, while the inner apartment contains three beds for the voyagers. The accommodations though humble are rarely unacceptable. Fatigue and hunger make the beds soft and the meals savory, and few palaces can boast of more refreshing slumbers and grateful dishes than those afforded in the simple cabin of the grand mulets. A thought which had not been entirely absent from my mind during the ascent to this point, and as I gazed upon the vast and trackless solitudes around and above, became more and more pressing, seemed now resolved to be a certainty, and the question, Can I and shall I attempt the *summit of Mount Blanc* to-morrow, if the morning prove fine? was answered in the affirmative. The weather seemed most favorable, the ice and snow were both in fine condition, and the urgent advice of my companions during the morning as to my ability, was such as to remove what doubt remained on the subject. It was therefore arranged that the best guide of the party, C—, with my guide, G—, should serve me for the ascent. About two o'clock the others of our party with the guides (including those just named who were to help them past the junction) started on their return. In about an hour a new arrival was added to our family in the person of Mr. S., from Philadelphia, who with his two guides and a porter had got thus far on their way to the summit: he had been among the Swiss mountains for a month, recovering from the effects of a sickness in early summer, and thought himself quite able to climb this mountain; he however already showed some signs of exhaustion, and events proved that his will and determination were stronger than his physical powers. After eating a hearty dinner, the guide in chief was told to provide, from the plentiful larder of our host, a luncheon for the morning, of bread, meat and wine; but when I suggested the propriety of taking a small quantity of *water* for my private table, his reply, "It will freeze and break the bottle," gave me a foretaste of what we were to encounter. Our stores were increased by a few hard-boiled eggs, and packed away in a knapsack to be carried by the second guide. We had a view this afternoon of the means of transportation used in these high regions: kegs of wine, baskets of food and wood were coming to us from the valley below: a train of animals carrying these heavy burdens wound its way slowly across the vast fields of snow, and gradually drew near enough to show that the packs were fitted upon, and the bur-

dens carried by a most useful creature—the only one save birds who could safely scale these regions of ice—by *man*: it was wonderful how they could carry such loads anywhere, and marvellous that their passage could be made among the crevasses and along ice ridges where we thought ourselves fortunate in crossing with the aid of a guide: but the unfailing baton seemed all that they required with their strong limbs, firm nerves and steady heads, to make mere sport out of an achievement dangerous to the inexperienced.

As they went down the mountain on their return, running and sliding on the snow as unconcerned and regardless of risk as though they had been chamois, their loud laughter and calls echoed round the mountain and died away in the distance. The sun set clear, the night was cloudless, the lights in the valley far below glimmered like stars, the reflection upon the snow-fields of the light of the sky, though there was no moon, diffused a subdued brightness around, and served to show the peaks which towered up in their cold grandeur. We were roused at half past two o'clock to take a cup of coffee and eat breakfast; then we made ready for our ascent. My wardrobe was small, and took little time to adjust: not expecting to go above the mulets, I had not provided myself with any superfluities, but with a well shod baton, and good shoes well nailed and covered with a pair of long leggings, I felt pretty well fitted to act my part: a pair of thick woolen mitts and a scarf to tie around my ears were the only additions I made, though frequent suggestions were offered me to add other comforts to my stock of clothing. The guides took better care of themselves, using the thickest sort of woolen stockings, thick coats and pants, a woolen covering for the head which only exposed the face, and the chief guide even taking the precaution to cover the entire face with a piece of muslin in which holes had been cut for the eyes and mouth; his appearance was not in the least improved by this last article of dress, but it proved a very serviceable protection: a pair of colored glasses and a slouch hat tied down to the head completed his dress: I could not understand the use of so much preparation for a few hours' walk on the snow, on so fine a summer's morning. I was enlightened afterwards. Our rig having been completed, the rope was produced, and we were tied together, a guide in front and behind, and each of them being provided with a lantern to be used until daylight, we left the cabin. Mr. S., nerved for the exertion, but totally unfit for the attempt, came immediately behind tied in a similar way to his guides: at half-past three we started. It was at that hour too dark to see any distance, but had there been light enough there was not much opportunity to look around, as it was

necessary to use great caution and to step in the places left vacant by our predecessor. The snow, recently fallen to a depth of several inches, was encrusted by ice, not hard enough to bear our weight, but sufficiently to hold the snow in its place and to give a good footing when the crust had been broken through. The wind had now risen so as to make it hard to keep our lanterns lighted; it came in sharp gusts, frequently extinguishing them, and at last making it quite impossible to use them to advantage; they were cached and left in their seclusion, while we wended our way upward as the gradually increasing light gave us more confidence and enabled us to follow our guides with greater security. Ere long a faint rosy tint crept over the highest peaks above us. The "aiguille du midi" on our left began to brighten, and shortly after the strong red of a peak upon our right shone upon the icy surface on which we were walking like the moon's beams on a smooth sea.

(To be continued.)

From the *Flashing Journal*.

DEATH OF AN OLD CITIZEN.

Thomas H. Leggett, Esq., an old resident of this village, and formerly an eminent merchant of New York, departed this life on Saturday morning last, in the 80th year of his age. His remains were borne to their last resting place, in the burying ground of the Society of Friends, in this village, on Tuesday last, attended by a large concourse of relatives and surviving friends.

Thus another of our town's old inhabitants has fallen from among us. Few who came in contact with Mr. Leggett's kindly nature could fail to be impressed by his genuine goodness of heart; children, those who worked for him, the poor, instantly called it forth, with a truthfulness of expression that was in its simplicity peculiarly his own.

Slow in forming his judgments of maturer and more complicated subjects, his conclusions were sure and correct. His long life terminating in long suffering, was patiently borne, and has endeared him to his family and friends. His peaceful close may truly enable his children to "rise up and call him blessed."

Years may pass over our heads without affording an opportunity for acts of high beneficence, or extensive utility: whereas not a day passes, but in the common transactions of life, and especially in the intercourse of domestic society, gentleness finds place for promoting the happiness of others, and for strengthening in ourselves the habit of virtue. There are situations not a few in life, when the encouraging reception, the courteous manner, and the look of sympathy, bring greater relief to the heart than the most bounteous gift.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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RELIGIOUS TEACHING.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

It is pleasant to meet with occasional evidence that some of the great truths, promulgated by our predecessors in the Religious Society of Friends, are making their way in the world, and bearing fruits to the honor of the Great Husbandman. Among these truths, some of the most important are those which relate to the calling, qualification, and compensation of the Christian ministry.

At one time the idea generally prevailed, that none but a learned priesthood, relieved from secular employment, and set apart for the sole purpose of ministering to the spiritual wants of their flocks, could fulfil the duties of ambassadors for Christ. As a necessary consequence of this system, a stipendiary compensation has generally been provided for them, because those who are required to give up their whole time to ministerial duties, unless they are in affluent circumstances, must be supported by their congregation or by the public.

Experience has shown that many evils flow from this arrangement. If they are supported by the congregation on the voluntary system, they must preach to please their employers, and are constantly tempted to withhold the most salutary admonitions or instructions, lest offence should be taken by those on whom they are dependent for their bread. To this cause must be attributed the general unfaithfulness of the clergy in the Southern States, in relation

to the sinfulness of slaveholding. It was too delicate a subject to be handled in the pulpit, because it was an unpopular doctrine and endangered the revenues of the churches.

The evils that flow from an established church and from the compensation of the clergy by tithes or State revenues, are too numerous and too well substantiated to need description. Throughout the greater part of Europe a mercenary priesthood has long been sustained by national authority, and has always obstructed the progress of religious truth.

The only way to avoid the evils that spring from both of these systems, is to withhold stipendiary compensation, and encourage exemplary Christians of both sexes, who are engaged in secular employments, to exercise those spiritual gifts which have been conferred upon them, as ministers, evangelists, or teachers, "for the perfecting of the saints for the work of the ministry for the edifying of the body of Christ."

Such was the system adopted by the early Friends, which was found, in their day, effectual in spreading the knowledge of the truth. Would it not be effectual now, if we possessed the disinterested zeal which animated them, and were influenced by the same religious fervor?

It was, however, found to be right and expedient then, that those who travelled in the work of the ministry, and had not the means to pay their expenses without diminishing the

comfort of their families, should be assisted by their brethren. This practice is still enjoined in our rules of discipline.

These remarks have been suggested by reading in the *New York Independent* an article written by John L. Jenkins, a clergyman. After commenting on the vast amount of ignorance and vice in our large cities, and on the indifference to religion that prevails in many rural districts, he thus continues:

"Nothing is more obvious than that the evangelizing agencies, long current in the churches, are inadequate to meet the great and pressing exigency. I do not refer to the divine agencies, whose power knows no diminution; but to those modes of prosecuting the work of reformation which have become habitual among Protestant Christians. It seems to have been the prevailing conception that regularly approved ministers only have anything to do in the work of saving souls. Hence the great body of believers have stood aloof in action and sympathy both from the proper work of their life.

But a happy change has taken place. It has been ascertained that the imposition of hands does not confer power to prevail with men. So far otherwise is it that, in the estimation of the majority of men, the ministerial office is a positive hindrance to personal influence, unless supported by many and conspicuous virtues. When a clergyman announces great and important truths, people are apt to say that it is *his* business, his profession, his means of living, to talk. But, while a cultivated and devoted ministry are necessary to the perfecting of the saints and the edifying of the church, they have by no means monopolized the redeeming power of the Gospel. We have discovered that plain men and women may have all the endowment of mind and heart necessary to prepare them to work effectually for Christ. It is said that the great revival in Ireland a few years since, in some respects the most remarkable in modern times, commenced through the instrumentality of a devoted Christian lady. Numbers of earnest laymen abroad, and some at home, have engaged informally in evangelical labors, with the most gratifying results. Disregarding ecclesiastical forms, breaking through pulpit incrustations, and shunning theological terminology, they speak directly and effectually to the hearts of the people. When business men leave their counting-rooms to declare the riches of the Gospel, and in the plain, terse language of common life urge the great reconciliation to God, the sceptical and indifferent can but find themselves disarmed and interested.

We have, then, reached the era of individualism. Indeed, Christianity is the religion of direct personal responsibility. It allows no distinction of race, color or sex. It proclaims

complete equality, under the sole mastership of Christ. It ordains all its votaries—young and old, male and female—to the office of mediating and reconciling priests. May we not find in this truth, expanded and applied, the secret of successful evangelism—the antidote of our widespread *domestic heathenism*?"

While we rejoice that others are beginning to recognize the truths that have long been familiar to us, let us not be unmindful of our own duties as "good stewards of the manifold grace of God." The work of the ministry should be performed in simplicity of heart, with no desire of applause, looking for compensation only in that peace of mind which results from obedience to a divine requisition; and it should be received by the hearers in love and Christian charity; not scanning, with a critic's eye, inaccuracy of expression, or inelegance of manner; but seeking rather to enter into sympathy with the minister and to value above all other qualities that "unction from the Holy One," which alone can edify and nourish the soul.

There are other instrumentalities for spreading Christian truth besides that of public gospel ministry. The young are to be instructed, the ignorant to be taught, the sick and the afflicted to be visited, and the destitute to be relieved. In the ordering of Divine Providence, want and suffering are permitted for some wise purpose; perhaps to exercise and invigorate the Christian graces, in both the rich and the poor; the former being blessed in conferring benefits, and the latter in receiving them.

We can conceive of no other way in which the qualities of benevolence and self-sacrifice on the one hand, and of patience and resignation on the other, could be so fully developed. It appears very desirable that the comforts of life should be extended to all; but we have reason to believe there will ever be found those who will need the assistance of their more affluent neighbors, as intimated by the Divine Master when he said: "The poor always ye have with you."

We are all called to the performance of duties for promoting the glory of God and the good of mankind; and every act that proceeds from the pure principle of Divine life in the soul will have its appropriate reward. "He that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."

Spiritual blessings are not often bestowed in any eminent degree, without a proportionate sacrifice of things that nature clings to, of this world's treasures,—its pomp, its pride, and its opinions,—or, dearer still, some treasure of our own, our wisdom, or knowledge, or mental independence.—*C. Fry.*

The following letter from a friend residing in the State of New York, seems to have been called forth by our recent Editorial in relation to the condition of the fund subscribed toward the erection of Swarthmore College. Though not written for publication, we take the liberty of inserting it as worthy the attention of our readers:

EDS.

Respected Friend:—Since our first meeting in New York, a little more than three years ago, I have desired an opportunity for a free interchange of sentiment upon the subject then under discussion, the establishment of a literary institution under the supervision of Friends.

The general interest of that gathering upon the important subject of the proper education of the youth among us, with the more tangible proof of their sincerity, was to me as an awakening of our members from the lethargy that had caused their noblest powers and best interests so long to rest in a state of slumber. My heart beat as with new life, and my spirit was made to rejoice in being assured that Friends had at last been made sensible of the loss sustained by our Society, from the want of an educational institution at which their children could pursue all the branches taught in the most liberally endowed college. I had long realized that such was the case, and that unless we were willing to be more liberal, more conscientiously faithful in educating the rising generation, the future pillars of our church, more within ourselves and under the care of those who appreciate our peculiar testimonies, our numbers must continue to decrease, and we, as a Society, be scarcely known among the nations. From the general expression and unity of sentiment of those present at the time, we could not doubt that ere this hundreds of our youth would be reaping the reward of that evening's labor. But although the object is not accomplished, yet it is encouraging to know that some are still laboring to forward the noble work, even under so many discouragements. Have we no Geo. Peabody's, no Moses Brown's among us? And in what could our men of large means invest their wealth that would bring a greater blessing to them while here, or yield a richer satisfaction when called upon to give up their stewardship, than to provide for the guarded education of our youth, and the dissemination of our principles among others who might choose to be gathered into the same Institution?

I can say from experience that the children of those differing from us in religious sentiment soon learn to love the simplicity and affectionate manners practiced in Friends' schools; and where the teachers conscientiously observe our peculiar testimonies, they voluntarily adopt

them. While, on the other hand, Friends' children, if placed under the care of those who view these things as mere vague delusions, speaking lightly of them, soon learn to consider them nonessentials, thus abandoning one after another, until all those hedges that have been so carefully placed around them are broken down.

Not that these externals can give grace to our children, but cannot many of us testify to their having been safeguards to us in the hour of temptation? I may gratefully acknowledge it to have been so in my younger days, and am often made to rejoice that such restraints surrounded me, until mature reflection taught me that fashion and vain compliments constitute neither true politeness nor the real enjoyment of life. With these convictions, I most ardently desire the prosperity of our undertaking, and cannot believe that, for the want of a little more ready means, Swarthmore College will be obliged much longer to keep its doors closed against those now so anxiously waiting to receive its blessings. Let us search our own hearts and see whether it is avarice, covetousness or inability that causes us to withhold.

May those blessed with an abundance feel constrained to give; the concern living with them by night and by day, until the purse-strings break asunder, and they make an investment that shall yield a greater income than any other, because invested in doing good; not good to the present generation only, but generations yet unborn shall rise up and call them blessed.

If the institution be properly conducted under the supervision of a conscientious board of managers, aided by a corps of teachers feeling the responsibility resting upon them, may we not confidently expect to see the recipients return to the paternal roof with minds richly stored, able to hold converse with every department of nature, seeing the impress of the finger of Omnipotence upon all His works, pointing to the mysterious future where we are all to render our account for the improvement of time and talent? Then will they shine as stars of the first magnitude, and, with an eye directed to the Great Teacher, they will be fitted for usefulness in any sphere they may be called upon to fill; their whole being having been properly developed.

I took but one share at the time referred to, though I would gladly have taken fifty, if consistent; neither have I seen the way clear until now to take any more. And this will be but the widow's mite in comparison with what is needed; yet it shall go with, "Heaven bless the undertaking." I have no means but what I have earned in the schoolroom, yet I trust the remainder will supply my simple wants and the demands affection may claim.

I shall send by express two one hundred dol-

lar Government Bonds, trusting they will get to thee in safety.

TOO LATE REGRETS.—The moment a friend, or even a mere acquaintance, is dead, how surely there starts up before us each instance of unkindness of which we have been guilty towards him. In fact, many and many an act or word which, while he was in life, did not seem to us to be unkind at all, now "bites back" as if it were a serpent and shows us what it really was. Alas! it was thus we caused him to suffer who now is dust, and then we did not pity or reproach ourselves. There is always a bitterness beyond that of death in the dying of a fellow creature to whom we have been unjust or unkind.

We give place to the following communication from one who appears to feel an earnest concern for the welfare of the Society of Friends. Our *own* views in relation to Scripture Readings in Meetings for Worship were expressed in an Editorial in No. 18 of our paper.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BIBLE READINGS IN MEETINGS FOR WORSHIP.

When shall we cease flying from one extreme to another? When shall we cease to be formal in our efforts to shun formality? The answer is, when we have learned to obey "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus." Are there not portions of Scripture whose reading would often better further the objects for which Christians assemble, or ought to assemble, than either silence or the utterances of present thinkers? And, again, are there not seasons in which it is better to be still, or to give utterance to the fresh flowings of the Fountain of life, than to rehearse what has flowed at a former time? Both seem probable. How, then, should we determine what to do? By asking what good men have done before us? They have done nearly everything. We may select our favorites, and make leaders of them; but that is not worshipping God in spirit and in truth. Is it not plain that the same principle should apply to this as to all other acts and instrumentalities in religion, namely, *let the Spirit of God govern all things*? Let all endeavor to be alive and watchful unto all that is good, with an eye single to the Light of Christ for direction, and to his Life for a holy impulse, and then, if the Spirit move to prayer, exhortation, ministry or testimony, or if it direct the mind to a passage of Scripture suitable for edification, let the motion be faithfully obeyed, and the Lord will once more be found dwelling in his own house, and capable of governing it well. To have set readings of Scripture is going back to the outward law. To bar such readings because others have dispensed with them, is re-

turning to saint-worship and idolatry. Oh, that we might behold *the Truth* and follow it in all things. Then we should be "free indeed." It is time to return to our first-love, to make good our profession, to "mind the Light." How would faithful George Fox utter his sharp rebuke to those who, when a question of religious duty is presented, begin to inquire what their forefathers did. This is the spirit of the Jew and the Catholic, and is the secret worm which is eating the life out of the once flourishing, because God-serving, Society of Friends. They are dying of reverence for the past, yet they cannot turn and follow the path which is "so plain that a wayfaring man though a fool may walk therein and not err," because they think they are doing as their fathers did. They say, We have George Fox to our father, forgetful that they wholly deny his spirit when they become imitators of other men's practices, instead of obeying Christ. "They are the children of Abraham who (in spirit) do the works of Abraham."

Friends, it is time to wake up, and suffer plain language once more. God is raising up children unto Abraham and George Fox of the stones which you have set at nought, while the children of the kingdom are being cast out. Do not let Satan longer deceive you. He is using the same device which has always proved so successful—setting up an image between your eyes and God, and causing you to believe that you serve God by imitating the outward acts of good men, instead of applying their principles, so far as true, to the requirements of your own day and condition. My soul is moved to pity when I see the cunningly laid snare, and see good men walking blindly into it, as they have done in all ages. But they must go on until the Lord's purpose is accomplished, which seems to be to scatter every false trust, and, by wearing out the body of sin and human dependence, to bring the spirit of his people by ascending circles ever nearer to himself. Oh, that the turning point may soon come! that by dying unto all that is earthly we may once more live to God, and walk in the pure light of his law, written not once for all time, but with the pencil of the Sun of Righteousness inscribed every day and hour upon the heart.

I have been moved to these reflections both by the subject of Scriptural readings, which I am glad to see brought under discussion, as it has livingly engaged my attention; and I have sometimes been required to practice it, and more especially by the manner in which this, like most other subjects, is disposed of by Friends, on the ground of *precedent*, which is the strong cord that has enslaved the Church in all ages, and which Sampson can only break when his head is covered with the glory of the Lord, unclipt by the Delilah of sectarianism.

For my part, looking at the matter directly, I can see no reason why the Bible should be totally excluded from religious assemblies, and I believe it might often be read to profit; but to realize this it must not be done formally, but under direction of the *living Word of God*, who when in the prepared body took the Scriptures, on occasion, and read passages from them. How would this course differ essentially from the practice of repeating portions from memory, which all esteem proper? Owing to the darkness of the times, in order to prove that he is not dependent on any instrument to work salvation, God may have directed the pioneers of spiritual worship to sit under his immediate covering without any external helps; though I believe it is stated by history that early Friends sometimes read the Bible in their public meetings; but why should they put out of reach the record of God's dealings with men in the past, while constantly making often very imperfect quotations from that record? Can any other reason be rendered than that it has been customary among Friends? There is probably no longer any danger of making an idol of the Scriptures, or if there be, the best preventive is, not to underrate them, but to give them their proper place and use. One extreme begets another, and God suffers it so to be for our correction; but the labor of enlightened reason should be to preserve, so far as possible, the medium course. When the hills have been brought low, then let the valleys be exalted.

The Spirit presses me once more to exhort this people to turn away their eyes from men and human tradition, from the cunning serpent that is charming them to their destruction, and look to the *living God*, who alone can save them. Cease to make mirrors of other men's eyes, in which to behold the sun, for it shines for you the same as it ever did for any. Ask what God requires of you in your generation, and do it fearlessly, or God will surely tear down your quiet habitations as he did Jerusalem, and scatter you as he did his ancient Israel, till your outward idols are forgotten. He says now, as formerly, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else." "To me every knee shall bow and every tongue confess." Your life depends upon your giving heed to these words. The Lord is abroad with divisions, and he will surely make an end of all who make to themselves graven images (though graven with the pen) of the good which their fathers have done, and fall before them. Suffer the word of exhortation, ere it be too late. The Lord calls you, the angels of his goodness and mercy call you. The spirits of the good and faithful men whom you desire to follow, call you away from all idols and the snares of human tradition in which, while warning others, you have become so sadly

entangled, into the gospel of freedom, and with fresh offerings and sacrifices for the Truth to the altar of the living God, there to do what he alone requires.

EDWARD RYDER.

Brewster's Station, N. Y., July 6, 1867.

SELF-FORGETFULNESS AND ITS RESULTS.—

Do not think too much of your faults, still less of other's faults. In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; know that; rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes. If, on looking back, your whole life should look rugged as a palm-tree stem, still never mind so long as it has been growing, and has its grand green shade of leaves and weight of bonied fruit at the top. And even if you cannot find much good in yourself at last, think that it does not much matter to the universe either what you were or are; think how many people are noble if you cannot be so, and rejoice in their nobleness.—*Ruskin.*

A correspondent travelling in Europe has sent us the following letter with the promise of more. She is not a member of our Society, but is an admirer of its principles and testimonies, and her comments have the freshness and originality of an outside observer.—EDS. J

EUROPEAN LETTERS.

No. 1.

THE STEAMER BELLONA, June 12.

Among the incidents of our voyage there is one that may interest you. The second day we were out, we found one of our steerage passengers at the door of our saloon, sitting wrapped up with a Hebrew book in her hand, reading aloud. It was evidently a prayer book, and she was wholly absorbed in her devotions. It lasted for a long time, and was not interrupted by the gathering of a crowd around her. After it was over, she went and sat down at a distance, and we found she had two or three children. One of them, a little girl about fourteen years old, told us they were going to Jerusalem to live, and the boy showed us a newspaper, the *Jewish Messenger*, in which was a paragraph headed, "Pilgrimage to Jerusalem," and which stated that this Mrs. Cohen was an exhibition of the undying love of Jews for their native land. She said she had married children in California, who were ready to support her wherever she lived. Her husband was dead, and in the Holy Land one could live at less cost, and when they died and were buried, *worms did not eat the body as elsewhere*. She was a Pole by birth, and thoroughly self-persuaded in her faith. This was the consummation of her life. She had been faithful to her Jewish inheritance, and she believed God would prosper her way.

She had some acquaintances who had gone before, and she expected to be speeded on her way by cousins in London. She believes the faithful remnant are to be gathered in Palestine for some great consummation. The letter of the Scriptures was her sheet-anchor. In our ship's company are some clergymen and other people who went for the first time, but who previously were united in the one hope of the approaching second advent of Christ. They got out their Bibles and read over the texts, and it is amusing to me to see them poring over the symbols of the most spiritual thoughts, and interpreting them into material facts of the most transitory nature; and yet the amusement is not without a touch of sadness to think what "Man has made of man."

Our ship's crew is motly: Jews returning to the Holy Land, Christians awaiting the second coming in the flesh as it were; four clergymen, a large number of French Americans on visitation pilgrimage to their own country, and we Americans, who go to survey what "Man has made of man," on other than the spiritual plane. We are not in a first-class steamer, but in an excellent one which has ridden out a gale already with steady force. It is a screw-propeller with four masts and a low-pressure engine in the front part. Man seems to have made better work on nature than upon his fellow man. What a triumph of human genius is navigation of all sorts, and especially steam navigation! I rather think that this *nature* is man's legitimate kingdom, and *not* his fellow-men; and as he triumphs over it, it is encouraging to see that he lets his fellows more and more alone to take care each of his own relations with God, which in due time will reveal his legitimate relations to his brother—"keeper,"—but as a shepherd, not as a jailor, ecclesiastical or political. The longer I live and observe life and study history, the more I become convinced that the *secret of evil* is man's propensity to tyrannize man, more or less immediately, and that the *secret of the Lord* is, that love and self-abnegation, so far as personal advantages are concerned, is the method of life. But it must be the love of a self-respecting free agent, who acknowledges no source of life but God. The *point* which seems to me the finest in the organization of Quakerdom, is its guarding the personal responsibility of each member of society—the personal relation with God, and yet not ignoring the social relations. I sometimes think that Friends do not sufficiently discriminate their own strong point, but overvalue the organization in itself. Wm. Penn, I remember, said: "The discipline is for order, not for doctrine." He saw that *doctrine* came by the spirit "which maketh all things new," forever "breaking the stony heart of the past." From the beginning to the present day, the

origin of evil has ever been in forgetting that *instrumentality* is liable to become *master* through spiritual inaction. The Quaker organization, it seems to me, is susceptible of a freer development, and might comprehend more human activity than it does. It seems to me absolutely perfect in all that pertains to the care of the poor, preventing poverty, and giving probity to business. All men must learn that it is human duty to see that fellow creatures do not perish from want, and that the business they do should fulfil the demands of integrity. But the weak side is in Friends' circumscribing innocent activities, and refusing to study into God's design in endowing men with unbounded imagination, love of beauty, and comprehension of music. In this, it seems to me, they do not take in light of spirit, but are overshadowed by an organization, which, after all, is but of human fashioning, and though venerable for the uses and protection it has afforded, should not be worshipped: for it was made for man, not man for it. I admit that it was a *genuine growth* of nature, quickened by the spirit; but because it was so, I think no less that its fruit and foliage are deciduous; and that it is better to look to it for new fruits than to waste time in preserving the old. Vegetation is an excellent emblem of the true church, which affords to shed its forms *because its principle is creative*. I look for a Church organization which shall involve, purify, and sanctify all human activities, for I do not believe there are any that do not inhere in the Spirit of God. Vice and crime are only unnecessary blights or disorderly manifestations. The fruit may be indefinitely diversified and improved.

BREST.—Here we are after a sixteen days' voyage, and everything looks more entirely different from anything I had ever seen before, than I expected. You know it is on the peninsula which extends out of the northwestern corner of France, and it is as cool as any watering place in the very hottest season. The entrance of the harbor is very imposing on account of the fortifications, of which there are three lines of the most beautiful workmanship. I had never seen a walled city, and this is a most magnificent specimen. Outside the wall of the city the grounds are splendid, with avenues of a most beautiful tree with the richest dark green foliage, whose name I cannot learn. Though I walked yesterday afternoon all over these grounds, I cannot understand their geography, they are so beautifully irregular, with embowering avenues. The railway to the East has its depot in this common, but at a distance from the avenues of trees, a very fanciful building, extensive and convenient. The peculiarity of the town within the walls is very great. Its very narrow streets are completely paved with brick-shaped stones; the sidewalks,

a little elevated, of the same; and the houses, mostly four stories high, are stone-stuccoed; so that the whole city seems as it were one building. The churches are of course more separate, sometimes high up on elevations to which we rise by steps. Apparently the site of the city was hilly, but the whole site is paved, and where there was a rise are steps. We went into the Church of St. Louis, in which were splendid painted windows illustrating the life and death of St. Louis. The magnificence of the coloring came up to all my expectations, and more. There were many statues,—a very beautiful one of the saint himself with a sword in his hand. There were many shrines of Mary in the church, and it was beautifully dressed with white lilies everywhere. There was no service at the time, but a great many people on their knees before the several shrines. The streets were all alive with people in all the various picturesque costumes of Bretagne. All the women with caps of the most snowy white, some of cloth, and some of thin Swiss muslin, often beautifully worked. We soon found it was the festival of St. John. There were very few beggars, not more than we see in Boston, but in general it seemed a hardy, industrious population. The lower story of most houses was a shop; every third or fourth being a wine or beer shop; yet we saw but one person who seemed intoxicated. There was a great deal of selling in the streets, not only of fruit and eatables, but of everything. In the squares people were sitting amidst linens and hardware. Strawberries were in profusion at two cents a pound, and some of them were as large as English walnuts. You had two or three bites of each one. They were sweet, too, though not so sweet as the smaller ones. We bought and ate all day, having had a hearty breakfast before we left the Bellona, which had an excellent table. We wandered round the town all day, gazing and gazed at. We were so fortunate as to go to the best hotel in the place, *Hotel de Quer*. De Quer is the name of the landlord. The breakfast at ten o'clock was in fact a lunch. Claret wine instead of coffee and tea, nice meats and eggs, and the best of butter and bread. Most of our party took dinner at five, which was splendid, with turbot and wild ducks, beside all the commoner meats. But we four ladies had tea, bread and butter and strawberries in the saloon, a round room back of the very large dining-room, one side of which was walled by mirrors, and the other side by an aviary where were planted trees and plants of various kinds, and the most beautiful birds flew about and sang all the time. This aviary opened into the room by a wire network, and was glazed on the other side, so that the sunshine poured through it and was softened. This saloon opened into a conservatory besides. We were there from

nine o'clock one day till eleven the next, and it cost us—omnibus to and from included, and fees to servants—not more than eight francs apiece. Each pair of ladies had a fine room with two beds in it, and most comfortable beds. We had been promised twenty-five per cent. deduction from our fare to Paris, but we found that it was only on first-class cars that this deduction was made. The second class cars cost just as much as the first-class with the reduction. As we found the through tickets did not permit a stop, we ladies and H. S. determined to go in the second-class, and stop at Rennes and Chartres, for we thought eight hours a day enough. These second-class cars hold ten persons, but we five had one most of the way to ourselves, and they are a great deal more comfortable than our first-class, and are twenty-five per cent. less always. I thought the country between Brest and Rennes very beautiful. We passed a number of little hamlets and clusters of thatch-roofed houses, built of a stuccoed substance, so that they seemed of stone—one story always, and with so few windows that the people must go out of doors to see; and yet we saw hardly any people except two or three men and women making hay. The cities were more or less like Brest, though smaller and more open, and all built in valleys. We quite overlooked, from the cars, the little city of Morlaix; but Lamballe was partly on a hill, and seemed to have a large cathedral. The railroad was enclosed, and all the work—the tunnelling and the cuts through the hills—most beautifully finished off. The station houses were all of them as nice as our *niciest*, with neatly laid out gardens of flowers; and no one is admitted within the paling but those who have business. Every time we stopped, men went along and examined every wheel of every car; and I cannot conceive of the possibility of an accident. This railroad has been recently finished to Brest, and there were a good many way passengers. Women with caps, for the peasantry wear no bonnets. I saw only one lady with a bonnet. We arrived at Rennes at eight o'clock. It is as large a city as Brest, and has many very imposing buildings, but having been burst down wholly in 1720 and built up, they have made some streets wider, and it is not so quaint. It is paved throughout just like Brest. We are in the *Hotel de France*, and leave at two o'clock for Chartres. E. P. P.

THE HIGHEST USE OF PRUDENCE.—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments and disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useless encumbrances, and to lose

all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tend, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.—*Samuel Johnson.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH MONTH 27, 1867.

The Review of the Life and Discourses of F. W. Robertson, suspended for the present, will probably be resumed.

MEETINGS FOR DISCIPLINE—The exclusiveness of these meetings has been a subject of comment, especially on the occasions of Quarterly and Yearly Meetings, when not unfrequently persons who are not members, either from a spirit of inquiry or curiosity, desire to attend them.

There are some Friends who do not object to admitting any who make the request; others think, that only such as feel a religious concern, or who have their minds drawn towards the Society, and would, on that account, like to become acquainted with the manner of conducting the business of these meetings, should be admitted; and there is another class who believe that there are *very few* instances in which such a liberty should be granted. In the proceedings of the late Yearly Meeting of Dublin, we observe that "the subject of the right holding of Preparative meetings was discussed at considerable length;" and a minute was produced expressive of the belief that an advantage would arise from these meetings being held jointly by men and women Friends before separating after the previous meeting for worship. The smaller Preparative meetings were recommended to adopt this course and the larger meetings to give the subject due consideration, and act as seemed desirable under particular circumstances. It was also agreed that non-members might be allowed to remain. In a few instances within the compass of our Yearly Meeting, (Philadelphia,) where the Preparative meetings are *very* small, Friends have adopted

the course proposed by the Dublin Yearly Meeting, so far as to hold these meetings jointly; and we believe it has proved advantageous. In relation to the indiscriminate attendance of those not members, we are not so favorably impressed. If we understand the design of religious organizations, it is for the purpose of carrying out, by associated efforts, more extensively than could be done by individuals, the duties connected with a Christian life. The love of God awakens in the mind desires not only for self-preservation, but it leads into an active benevolence for the good of our fellow-men, and it is natural that those who have embraced similar views of religion, or of religious truth, should be drawn into near affinity and association by which are to be derived mutual help and strength. In this coalition, with harmony of purpose, they can work together as one family amid the divisions by which they are surrounded. Meetings for discipline were established by Friends for Society purposes exclusively, in which there could be freedom of action in relation to everything which required the sympathy or decision of the body. It sometimes occurs that there are cases of offence brought to these meetings, in which more private labor has not been effective, and is it not more in accordance with Christian brotherhood and love to avoid all unnecessary publicity in such instances? Adhering to the family figure, we can readily see how repugnant to good judgment and taste, to say the least of it, it would be to expose the delinquencies of its members to the curious and idle spectator. The variety of sects into which professing Christendom is divided, each having its own claim to sincerity and integrity of purpose, proves that it is not essential, that there should be uniformity of opinions or belief in many points which form even a strong bond of union with those of the same faith. The cardinal virtues vary not with the conflicting judgments of men, and Divine Grace "which has appeared unto all" would, if not resisted, bring forth in every heart the fruits of its own holy nature, the effects of love, justice, mercy and humility; and in these consist the "glory and honor" by which man was designed to be crowned.

We acknowledge a kind feeling for all those who by a life of purity and love are endeavor-

ing to advance the cause of truth and righteousness by whatever name they may be called, or whether they have any denominational distinction; but we are unable to see that any good will be derived by deviating from the established order of holding meetings for discipline select, designed as they are for our own church government.

AN APPEAL.—The Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons, located at 340 South Front Street, has now an exhausted treasury.

Friends are solicited to come forward with contributions in aid of this worthy charity. Friends in the country can materially assist by donations of produce from their farms, which should be sent to the Home.

Contributions in money may be sent to the President, Dillwyn Parrish, 1017 Cherry Street, or to the Treasurer, Samuel R. Shipley, 111 South 4th Street.

DIED, on Second-day, the 15th of Seventh month, 1867, ALICE HUSTON, aged 70 years; an esteemed member of Green St. Monthly Meeting. The indulged meeting in the northwest part of our city was for some time held at her residence.

The Executive Committee of "Friends' Publication Association" will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, 8th mo. 2d, at 3½ o'clock, at Race St. M. Meeting Room.
LYDIA H. HALL, Clerk.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PROCEEDINGS OF LONDON YEARLY MEETING.

(Concluded from page 316.)

Samuel Bowley hoped that above all other things we should in every movement aim at the salvation of souls. The chief object of any Christian church is not to uphold any distinctive views so much as to save souls. Strive chiefly for that. On the preceding evening he had attended a meeting of the Shoeblack Brigade—a company of utterly destitute poor children—children of parents in a yet more pitiable condition. And four-fifths of this misery and degradation arose from intemperance. He therefore besought his brethren, especially those in influential stations, to give no countenance to the use of intoxicating liquors. And he would that our ministers, instead of continually sitting in rows side by side in meetings of Friends long familiar with their preaching, and often unmoved by it, should rather go out and gather round each one a whole company of the ignorant, neglected persons to whom the gospel was entirely strange. So should we be the better able to render up our account with joy at last, having thus been instrumental in gathering in many souls to the Lord.

THE ADJOURNED GENERAL MEETING OF ACKWORTH SCHOOL AND THE GENERAL SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

Seventh-day afternoon.—This meeting was unusually well attended. In the absence of the clerk of the committee, John Ford presided, assisted by William Thistlethwaite. The annual report was then read, showing an average of 253 children—145 boys and 108 girls—being 12 less than last year. The health of the school had in general been very good. One boy and the nurse had, however, been removed by death. The conduct and Scriptural instruction of the children were very satisfactory. The cost of each child had increased to £28, 18s, as compared with £26, 9s. last year. The net income was less than the expenditure by £221. During the past forty years the item of salaries had especially risen. It was formerly £2, 9s. for each child, but is now £3, 12s. 6d. for each. The average proportion of each child's cost received from the parents was £16, 18s. 10d. This statement led to much discussion. Several Friends who were collectors for the school said that Friends often complained that parents who could well afford to pay more often sent their children to Ackworth at the lower rates. Smith Harrison said that to his personal knowledge some parents sent their boys to "rough it" at Ackworth, paying £16 or £17 per annum, whilst these very same parents educated their daughters at a finishing boarding-school to which they paid £70 for each. This was very objectionable. A general opinion was expressed that the committee, and especially the local agents, should press for higher payments from parents able to contribute. William Malcomson and another Friend spoke of the liberal manner in which the Irish Friends come forward to support their schools. William Thistlethwaite said that after all the financial condition of Ackworth school was by no means one for any discouragement. The school possessed, after making allowance for every debt and every liability, property of the net value of £34,911. William Tallack remarked that the year's expenses of £28, 18s. for each child at Ackworth was by no means unreasonable or unsatisfactory, if we remembered that the average annual cost of each English criminal prisoner exceeds £30. Thomas Chalk invited Friends able to do so to present endowments to Ackworth school in their lifetime, and for which the committee would willingly give 5 per cent. as long as the donors lived. William Pollard said that the late Thomas Pumphrey, superintendent of Ackworth school, was of opinion that the parents of children there endeavored in general to contribute quite as much as could reasonably be expected of them.

The meeting then resolved itself into the General School Conference, and W. Thistlethwaite gave a summary account of the progress of

education in the Society from its commencement. He said the early Friends were to a considerable extent well educated before joining this body, and others of them who had received little education became remarkably developed in their intellectual powers by the exercise of their ministry, by their religious controversies, and by their Christian efforts. These exercises in themselves constituted a great educational energy. But from about A. D. 1720 to 1760 education among Friends was at a very low ebb. About 1760 a decided stimulus was given by the establishment of a number of private boarding-schools, and by the "restoration of the discipline" of the Society. In 1779 Ackworth school was founded. At the present time there are twelve public boarding schools in Great Britain and Ireland belonging to the Society. The average number of pupils in the last year was 920. 17,500 scholars have passed through these twelve schools since their establishment, and £153,000 has been raised and invested in the estates and buildings of these in addition to the money spent in their annual expenditure. Last year the expenditure of nine out of these twelve schools exceeded their incomes. Penketh was mentioned with special approbation by several Friends as maintaining a full school, keeping within its income, and securing general confidence in its management. Five of the schools have raised during the past year £3110 in special contributions from Friends chiefly for Rawden, Wigton, and Sidcot. Whereas Sibford has laid out about £500 in special improvements without making any appeal for aid, as the profits of its farm have been very satisfactory. The profits of the Ackworth school farm are £117 against £270 last year (on about 270 acres.)

Second-day morning, 5th month 27th.—Joseph Thorp then communicated to the meeting the earnest desire of many Friends that the Yearly Meeting should in its corporate capacity send a memorial to the prime minister on behalf of the several Fenians now under sentence of death, one of whom was appointed for execution on the 29th instant. William Tallack thought this question was one which should claim the prompt and sympathetic action of a body so much and so rightly interested on behalf of the freedmen far away. Thomas Pease believed there was considerable doubt among some Friends as to the propriety of claiming the inviolability of human life on Scriptural grounds. He therefore hoped that any memorial would be based simply on a plea of present expediency. Another Friend cordially united in this view. William Malcomson hoped Friends would aid the memorial by their prayers also. A. W. Bennett, F. Lawrence, R. Alsop, J. G. Richardson, S. Bowly, and T. Chalk approved of a memorial. C. Thompson (of London) thought its

issue should only be an individual concern. The Yearly Meeting then nominated J. Thorp, J. G. Richardson, R. Godlee, W. Malcomson, William Thistlethwaite, and William Tallack to prepare a memorial. These Friends accordingly withdrew at once from the meeting, and on their return with the document it was adopted, after some discussion as to the propriety of the word "expediency" contained in it.

Jesiah Foster, Francis Wright, and S. Fox did not altogether approve of this expression. Charles Gilpin, M. P., defended it as being very appropriate on the occasion. John Bright, M. P., also approved it, stating that "expediency" referred to a certain course of action in special cases. And this was a very special case. He had reason to know that several of the ministry, including Lord Naas and B. D'Israeli, were favorable to mercy. William Thistlethwaite wished it to be clearly understood, as intimated by the terms of the memorial, that Friends had no sympathy whatever with the crime, whilst desiring a commutation of the death-penalty.

During the absence of the Friends appointed to draw up the memorial to the prime minister, a proposition was brought to the Yearly Meeting from Suffolk Quarterly Meeting, containing three suggestions—viz. 1st, that the appointments of ministers and elders should be subject to periodical revision; 2d, that the overseers should be invited to the "select meetings;" and, 3d, that the elders separately should meet annually for general deliberation in the compass of each respective Quarterly Meeting.

Jonathan Grubb approved of the proposal, because it would open the Meetings of Ministers and Elders to Friends who would be a valuable accession to it, and who would themselves be benefited by a participation in such conference. He had often been ready to query—Why are these and other well concerned Friends not gathered with us? Wherefore do a few of us sit down apart, when we should gladly have the company of some others of our brethren?

Abraham Wallis also supported the proposition, because Friends in the Ministry sometimes lose their gift, and are themselves the last persons to know it. W. D. King instanced the case of a Friend in Suffolk Quarterly Meeting who had been twice recommended as an elder; but who on each occasion declined to accept the appointment, on the ground that he disapproved of the present constitution of the "select meetings." Considerable expression of opinion then ensued both for and against the proposition, and ultimately it was deferred for another year.

FRIENDS IN AMERICA.—EDUCATION.—PEACE.—FREEDMEN.

Second-day afternoon, 5th month 27th.—The

whole of this sitting was set apart for the reception of information from the American Friends present respecting the condition and labors of the Society in their country, and particularly in North Carolina.

F. T. K. entered on the subject of the freedmen, and the labors of United States' Friends amongst them. These labors were bringing down a wonderful blessing in turn upon the Society. A general missionary spirit was thereby being kindled. Unity and brotherly love were thereby being increased and cemented. We were reaping abundantly ourselves. Baltimore Friends desired to make the freedmen's schools self supporting. Efforts in this direction were obtaining success. F. T. K. then spoke of the genuine piety of the Freedmen. He had heard some of them pray in a manner which had brought tears into his eyes. He had never listened to more fervent, more spiritual supplication, than in one or two instances amongst those people. They were a people of genuine faith in God. He appealed to English Friends, in conclusion, to continue yet awhile their generous assistance to that people.

The subject of the Paris exhibition then claimed considerable remark. Alfred Lucas hoped Friends visiting it would not do so on First days, and would hold a meeting and keep the day reverently as if at home. Wm. Thistlethwaite, S. Allen, W. E. Turner, and F. Lawrence, united with this. John Sargent advised visitors to Paris to endeavor to hold an afternoon meeting as well as a morning one. Several Friends supported this recommendation. The Clerk stated that £50 had been paid by Friends for the hire of a meeting-place during the Exhibition. E. Pearson, Robert Barclay, R. Fry, and others, spoke of the duty of distributing Bibles, Testaments, gospels, and tracts when travelling on the Continent.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. IX.

All the schools under the care of "Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" being now vacated for the Summer season, we shall of course hear nothing from our teachers in their official capacities until their arduous duties re-commence towards Fall. It is cheering, however, to find that their deep and abiding interest has been kept up to the very last moment, as the following extracts from their recent letters will show; and in thus taking leave of them for a brief period, we feel bound once more to advert to their faithfulness, (one evidence of which may be found in the touching scenes at parting with their pupils,) as well as to remind Friends generally, that if they desire this good work to go on and prosper, the pecuniary means *must be forthcoming*,

as those having the matter especially under their care are so constituted that they cannot "*make bricks without straw*."

This branch of our subject assumes a peculiar importance at the present time, as, in a very few weeks, the engagements with our teachers must either be renewed or cancelled.

CORNELIA HANCOCK, at *Mt. Pleasant, S. C.*, writes: "I hope you will not feel like abandoning your efforts in South Carolina, as this school has been very prosperous so far. I wish I could send thee some plums, blackberries and various delightful vegetables that the children present us with daily. It is quite something to look forward to, to see what their morning offerings will be. Sometimes when called into line to come into school, one child will have a small chicken, another a few peas, another a cucumber, or a bunch of radishes, plums, blackberries, &c. &c. The flowers here are unspeakably beautiful; and if this State could only be repopulated with right-minded, intelligent individuals, it would certainly be a splendid place to live in. Our school closed on the 29th, after the children had enjoyed a pleasant picnic, through the liberality of our friend H. M. L. Their feelings were very different from those which characterize most scholars when vacation arrives. With few exceptions the children were downcast at the prospect of school being closed. They asked me if I could not get some one "*to teach us*" while I was absent North. I feel that I cannot be away from them so long, and as though I must make some arrangement for returning sooner than the time proposed.

SARAH M. ELY, writing from *St. Helena*, says: "We are happy to tell you that our interest in our work does not diminish, and that that of the children seems to increase. I think I can see a marked improvement in regard to truthfulness. If they talk in school, they are more ready to acknowledge it, and are far less rough in their plays; indeed it has been a wonder to us how seldom they quarrel or hurt each other. There seems to be nothing new to tell about the schools. The children all learn as fast as we could expect; many of them comprehend their studies very readily, and retain well what they learn. I feel, dear friends, as though I should like some of you to come and see for yourselves. The gardens around me are filled with fine vegetables raised from the seeds you so kindly sent, and we cannot forbear thanking you over again, in the name of the people, for these timely contributions."

PHILENA HEALD, located at the same place, says: "How swiftly time speeds on! It seems almost incredible that another month has been added to the cycle of years that are gone! And although the pulse beats quicker, and the heart is filled with a new joy, when the thought of soon greeting the loved ones at

home presents itself, yet this joy is not unmingled with sadness, for the query will arise, Shall we ever meet these lonely ones again, who are thus striving to surmount the obstacles that stand between them and the true life for which they yearn. As we listen to the innocent voices of the little ones, and watch their childish play, or hear them repeat their tasks while their dark eyes sparkle with delight, we ask, Will any kind heart be near them to lift them up into the sunshine of love and hope? Will any hand lead them gently and firmly into the paths of truth and duty? As our eye rests upon the young men and women—the fathers and mothers—the aged and feeble ones—we wonder if light will beam upon their souls, if friends, just and good, will aid them in their journey through life; while, in all our meditations, one never-failing thought comes to cheer, and the language is spoken clearly and distinctly, “*God is their friend, fear not for them.*”

MARY MCBRIDE, at *Fairfax Co., Va.*, is much encouraged with the progress of her pupils, stating “some of the girls have mastered *compound numbers*, and next week we begin *fractions*. My school to-day numbered just thirty scholars, being less than I have known it since this session commenced. It has been raining all the week, and as many of the children have a “right smart ways to come,” the decrease is easily accounted for. Two other ladies and myself have started a Temperance Society at Fairfax. We prepared a paper and sent it amongst the citizens. Some of the very first names annexed were those of the leading rebels of the place, notwithstanding the appeal bore my signature. One or two of the lower classes objected on that account. However, we have fully succeeded; have over thirty members, at which I am so rejoiced, as whiskey has been the ruin of this part of the country. The Southern ladies will not unite with us; in fact, they rather encourage moderate drinking; and I know of one young gentleman who has quite lost caste with them since he joined the “Yankee Society,” as they term it.

It may not be out of place to introduce here a letter addressed to the Association by a colored assistant of M. McBride, who has fulfilled her duties very satisfactorily. She commences:

“*To my benefactors, the Association of Friends of Philadelphia:*

“I am very grateful to you for all that you have done for me; and I will try to do as well as I can to deserve it. My education is, as you know, very poor yet, but I will endeavor to do the best of my ability with the scholars which Miss Mary has placed under me to teach them. My own tasks I study as good as I can, but I do not always know them as well as I would

like to. I get along very well with my scholars, and I hope that I shall do my part with them. My parents also desire to be remembered gratefully to you for your kindness to us.”

Yours, respectfully,
(Signed) MAGGIE LEWIS.”

One thing is remarkable in the above, that although it is her first attempt at letter writing, there is not a single misspelled word.

ELIZA E. WAY, at *Falls Church, Va.*, writes: “I am very anxious to teach every day this month, having missed one or more days in each previous month; but the rain has already prevented this, and many of the children are detained at home in consequence of farm work, which makes the school small. With the assistance of some of those friendly disposed toward us here, we have organized a First Day School, and we are getting along nicely. There are now *two* in the village, numbering, I should think, about two hundred scholars, and they all seem to take great interest in them. Some came to-day quite a distance in the rain. The other school is conducted by the Baptists, and they think we will not prosper; but we are determined we will, and will work hard for it.”

CAROLINE THOMAS writes, from *Leesburg, Va.*, “I have just heard of the return of Edith W. Atlee and Henry M. Laing from their trip South. I hope their visit gave satisfaction to all. I am sure it was a source of much pleasure not only to me, but to all who met with them. The only part I felt like finding fault with was the short time they staid. There are some persons I should have liked to have had them visit—some of my dear old folks; so many of my colored friends regret they did not meet with them.

Almost daily some of my old scholars leave, and new ones come in. It is rather discouraging to have them thus leave just as I see they are advancing both mentally and morally; but their parents seem to think as soon as they can read and write tolerably they will do, and they must go to work. The afternoon devoted each week to instructing the girls in sewing is doing much good; some of them can sew right well.

I send thee a specimen of the kind of compositions I receive. This one was written by a boy who waits on table at the hotel. He gets *Five dollars per month* and board, with the privilege of coming to school between times; of course he does not come very regularly, and Court weeks he cannot come at all. I almost tremble for his future, exposed as he is to temptations. The composition is just as he handed it to me, and if there is any merit in it, he must have all the credit; it is his first attempt.” Here it is.

Going to School.

“I think it is a very good thing to go to

school and learn to read and write. It is the first opportunity we ever had, and we ought to make good use of it. I think it will be a great improvement to us. We ought to love our teacher, and mind her and respect her; and if we love her she will love us, and we ought to love and respect everybody.

(Signed) EDWIN WASHINGTON."

So much of interest is to be found in the letters before me, the conclusion of this number will have to be deferred until next week, to avoid extending it to an unwarrantable length.

Philada., 6th mo. 27, 1867. J. M. E.

THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where on the dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamers that herald the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather's blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

Hogg.

Selected.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE HARVEST.

For the sunshine and the rain,
For the dew and for the shower,
For the yellow, ripened grain,
And the golden harvest hour,
We bless Thee, O our God!
For the heat and for the shade,
For the gladness and the grief,
For the tender, sprouting blade,
And for the nodding sheaf,
We bless Thee, O our God!
For the hope and for the fear,
For the storm and for the peace,
For the trembling and the cheer,
And for the glad increase,
We bless Thee, O our God!
Our hands have tilled the sod,
And the torpid seed have sown;
But the quickening was of God,
And the praise be His alone,
We bless Thee, O our God!
For the sunshine and the shower,
For the dew and for the rain,
For the golden harvest hour,
And for the garnered grain,
We bless Thee, O our God!

—Jane Crowdon.

The Ascent of Mont Blanc, in the Summer of 1866, by a Philadelphian.

(Concluded from page 203.)

During the first two hours of our walk the route led us across the wide glacier to the west of the "Aiguille du Mide," and up its steep slopes over the little plateau, up the ascent beyond, and thus on to the grand plateau. This immense field of ice was nearly clear of snow, the high winds having blown it off and down the slopes into the huge crevasses at their foot, which looked not unlike in their blackness some mountain lakes nestling beneath the crags. This grand plateau is the largest space on the mountain, of a uniform or nearly approaching level. It is probably two miles across, and lies immediately below a range of high and insurmountable cliffs of rock from which descend many of those frightful avalanches so fatal to the adventurer on Mont Blanc. You reach the plateau to the right or north. On your left a series of immense chasms in the ice compel you to keep closer to the base of the rocks than the overhanging masses of frozen snow teach you is prudent, and involuntarily, as your glance roams aloft, your steps become quicker, your voice more subdued. Immediately in front of you on entering upon the grand plateau rise the range of rocky cliffs mentioned above. On their right lies a short, but now little travelled route called the "Aucienne Chemin." On their left, and rising rapidly for probably a thousand feet, is a smooth and steep ascent of frozen snow, so hard as to be impervious to the boot, and requiring the axe of the guide to give a safe and reliable foothold. This, the ordinary route, leads to the corridor at its summit, and was the path chosen by our party. It was on their way to descend by the "Aucienne Chemin" that the Young brothers met their sad accident a short time before my visit: it was on the lower part of the same route that Capt. Arkwright and guides were swept away, carried across the grand plateau and buried in the chasm on the eastern side, by a huge avalanche of ice and snow which fell upon them, and in an instant hurried four of the party into eternity. Our ascent to the corridor was slow and fatiguing, requiring great care and constant watchfulness, a slip by one of the party being almost sure to bring the whole party down together, and to land them at some point below, which it would have been very difficult to name. The guide had constant recourse to his axe. Every step taken required careful adjustment of the baton before the foot was lifted, and equal caution in placing the foot upon the little shelf out for its reception. Occasionally patches of softer surface gave us greater confidence and quicker steps. Mr. S. had been slowly following us with the help of his guides, but rapidly losing what little strength he started with: he

was evidently fast gaining a condition when further advance, except in the arms of his assistants, would be an impossibility. We now reached the corridor, a place comparatively level on the eastern side of the mountain, where in the bright sunshine we seated ourselves about eight o'clock to lunch, preparatory to making an attack upon the remaining and by no means trifling ascent before us. The sun had risen high enough to give us a fine view to the northeast, including the grand peak of the Matterhorn and the chain of Mont Rosa, with the space between them and Mont Blanc, showing numerous summits of more moderate pretensions. The great rival of the king of the Alps is so surrounded by his satellites as to lose in grandeur by contrast with the many peaks so nearly approaching his own elevation; and it requires, in seeing Mont Rosa, as in judging of the immensity of Mont Blanc, that you penetrate into their recesses, or to points where you can justly estimate the great distances which collectively form these enormous mountains. They are seen to great disadvantage from the valleys. Before we left our halting place, it was wisely decided by Mr. S—— that he could go no farther, and that he would at once return with his guides. During the last hour of our ascent, he had been supported by them more than by his own strength, and what he had of that was so unnatural as not to be of long continuance. When I saw his face (almost as white as this paper) and heard his expressions of determination to reach the summit even in that condition, I could not but admire his energy while distrusting his prudence. His change of plan was a great relief to me, and a most fortunate event for him. Soon after we recommenced our ascent, the whole atmosphere underwent one of those sudden changes for which the high mountains are noted. A few fleecy clouds swept around the northern edge of the range and were quickly followed by masses of brouillard; and before we had gained half a mile of our ascent we were surrounded by fog driving rapidly past, and treated to the variety of rain, snow and hail, with occasional gusts of wind, so severe as to compel us to pause and crouch down upon the surface of the ice. While thus engaged my hat was blown from my head and carried rapidly out of sight down the declivity we were climbing. This slope was very similar to that leading from the plateau to the corridor in its incline and surface, but it was more irregular, and had many more small crevasses, which, being covered with snow, were troublesome and annoying. As pursuit of my hat would be fruitless and its recovery almost an impossibility, owing to the steepness of the descent and the force of the wind, I borrowed a tile from C——, whose woolen head-gear enabled him to dispense with his chapeau. The

snow now threatened to hide the few marks by which our path up the mountain was shown. To guide our return, C—— broke the empty bottles which he had carried for that purpose, and scattered pieces at short intervals in places where they could most readily be seen if still uncovered by snow. Having thus prudently protected his return, we recommenced our ascent with renewed confidence in the capacity of our leader. The climb had now become very tiresome. Whether occasioned by the rarity of the atmosphere, or by that natural fatigue resulting from several hours' walking on steep slopes of snow and ice, I am not able to state: probably both united to make more frequent rests necessary; but we persevered, and about eleven o'clock were gratified with the information that we stood on the summit of Mont Blanc. The announcement was particularly gratifying, as but for being told of the fact I should have been utterly unable to have said that we were on any summit, or that we were not still surrounded by those great peaks which, during the early morning, had been seen towering around and above us. The fog and snow made every thing obscure, and limited our vision to a radius of twenty or thirty feet of very indistinct sight. But we were on the highest spot in Europe, and were of course highly delighted with our position. What we ought to have seen and could not see, we could at least imagine, and hence our view over the plains of Italy, and the beautiful and grand glaciers lying below us, was enjoyed to the utmost of our power. We looked after them very hard, but it was a long way after. That great rarification of atmosphere, which travellers describe as producing such remarkable effects upon the head, was not apparent to me, in the slightest degree, while standing at rest or in descending the mountain. I was expecting to see blood flowing from my nostrils and ears, to be affected by nausea, and to suffer various evils incident to an arrival at so great an altitude, but the entire absence of everything approaching these symptoms leads me to the conclusion that only those very easily affected are liable to such attacks, and that persons of medium strength of organization can expose themselves without fear of annoyance. Our guide was not disposed to stay long on the mountain top, and I was quite content to follow his advice and begin the descent. We had mounted and were to go back by the so-called "new route," in distinction from the "old route," on which Mr. Young had been lost, and where Capt. Arkwright and guides perished a month later. I was shown as much as we could see of that route; it reached the summit on the opposite side to that by which we attained it. Our supply of broken glass having been exhausted before we got to the end of our climb, we started down, hoping to

find the last pieces that had been left, and then to follow the trail without difficulty. We had gone far enough to reach them and farther without success; we continued on for some distance on a gradual descent, but still without sign of our much needed guides. It seemed to me that we were travelling to the right toward the south all the time, turning from the east, and gradually getting farther and farther from our proper course. Whether this resulted from a belief by C—— that we were to the north of our true course, and must cross it in turning to the south, or whether it was the realization of that curious inclination that leads travellers in a fog or without any guide in the dark, to make a circuit, I do not know, but the conviction grew upon me so strong that such was our position, that I spoke to him and his associate, telling them my belief and directing their attention to their mistake. They either misunderstood my poor French, or doubted my poorer judgment, for my views were not heeded, and we kept our course, still turning as I thought more and more to the right, and leaving our true course farther and farther behind. As a last resort, I examined my compass and found my fears justified; we were travelling south. About this time a sudden and momentary lift of fog showed us the peaks of the "Rochers Rouges" directly behind us and in the direction (north) that our guides had forsaken, but they disappeared in a moment and we were again in the fog. Continuing on our original course, we were suddenly brought to a halt by a dark line crossing our path, which, in the obscurity of sight, it was impossible to understand. Leaving G—— behind, and both of us holding the rope by which we had so long been tied together, C—— advanced cautiously into the fog, approached as near as was prudent the dark line before us, and found that he stood on the edge of a precipice, the depth of which he could not fathom, nor could he see any opposite side by which our progress could be continued in that direction. This dark line fell off quite rapidly to our left or toward the east. Leaving G—— and myself with our feet buried in the snow, to keep them from freezing, C—— started down this incline, keeping as close to the edge of the cliff as he thought safe, and after an absence that seemed like a quarter of an hour, he returned, saying he could find no place to cross, and that he would try in the opposite direction. His efforts here met no better reward; no means of crossing what he evidently thought was a great crevasse could be found, and he proposed our turning to the east and following the track down the incline which he had first taken, in hope of being able to pass this black line of unknown depth and width, and to find beyond our homeward route. During his absence on the searches alluded to, I had been thinking

over the situation, and had come to the determination that we were seeking our route in the opposite direction to that in which it would be found. My compass showed me we were going south, and that, in the brief view we had had of the Rochers Rouges, they were due north. The track by which we had climbed the mountain led us to the south of these great cliffs, leaving them on our right, but a short distance off. It was clear to my mind that a course to the north would lead us across the landmarks sought, before we could reach the red rocks. When, then, C—— persisted in his efforts to find a course to the south, I told him that I would not go farther in that direction, and was opposed to longer delay in searching for means of crossing the crevasse, as he thought it. Our quiet during his excursions had caused me to become quite chilled: the wind had not ceased to blow violently, driving the snow and sleet in our faces, and covering us about the head with a coating of ice wherever hair offered it a foundation: the guides looked like moving snow men. Finding his own efforts unsuccessful, C—— at length yielded to my views so far as to say he did not doubt we ought to go toward the Rochers Rouges, but that he did not know where to find them in the fog. On my repeated assurance that they were in the direction which I pointed out to him by the compass, he at last resolved to make an effort in that direction, and, as before, leaving me with G——, he started up the mountain, and was quickly lost in the fog. Fifteen minutes passed without his return, when we concluded to go after him in the same direction, and if he were in the right track, to save time and warm our numbed limbs by the same operation. After walking ten or fifteen minutes and hailing him repeatedly, we had the double satisfaction of finding him just as he had discovered our long lost traces. Another momentary break in the clouds gladdened us with a view of those long sought rocks almost overhead. We had been two or three hours wandering on the top of the mountain, *lost*. Our delight may be imagined at finding ourselves once more with landmarks to guide us, and these comparatively familiar peaks looking down from their region of snow. Taking advantage of a comparative level, we started on a run, and quickly reached the steep descent above the corridor. Our further progress down this incline was uneventful, save that we lost our way again; but this time there was not the same chance to wander to the right, and after a very slow and careful descent, passing numerous small crevasses partly filled with snow, we reached the corridor and again started off with quickened steps. By this time we had reached the opposite or north side of the Rochers Rouges, and were to make a long and steep descent to the Grand Plateau by the steps cut during our ascent in the morning; to find

this track was our next effort, but it failed: we got too far from the rocks, and saw no trace of it, being compelled to cut a new footing nearly all the way down on a surface of ice or hard snow, steep enough for a glissade, but having a huge crevasse at its foot, large enough to engulf an army. As the labor of cutting was considerable, it became necessary for one guide to relieve the other; and when this change had been effected two or three times, and we had carefully picked our way step by step in the little notches made by the axe, we reached the Grand Plateau in safety. Our descent was made along the upper edge, around and then below a huge crevasse opening on the side of this inoline. As we got to the more level ice, the clouds broke away; the setting sun tinged the peaks with its red light and cheered us on our way. Our distance from the Mulets taught the necessity of haste, and we sped rapidly over the smooth ice, glistening under the evening light: a hard coating of snow, with occasional patches of ice, gave us a firm footing, and we moved merrily onward, reached the descent to the little plateau, crossed it, descended the snow-fields, and just before dark reached the Grand Mulets. Our arrival there was most grateful: sixteen hours of such a life on the snow and ice, at an elevation of from ten to fifteen thousand feet, was quite enough for one trip. The rough fare and rude accommodations were as grateful as the most sumptuous banquet and softest couches. After being thawed out of the coating of ice and snow which decorated our exterior, and being regaled with the warm supper which our host had provided, we sought our humble beds, and were not long in finding that rest and sleep so grateful to the weary.

On rising the next morning we found that a heavy fall of snow had taken place during the night, covering everything to a depth of eighteen inches, and finishing, for several days at least, further attempts at the ascent.

Both my guides were suffering much from inflammation of the eyes; C— was quite unable to open his to the light. Making an application of the white of egg, he bound it over his face, and by noon was able to start for Chamouni, with the help of a guide. G—, by the use of colored glasses, was able to bear the brilliant light on the newly fallen-snow, and went down with me: my own eyes were less affected, but were weak for several days. The necessity of removing the glasses which we wore the previous day, to prevent them being coated with ice, and thereby made quite opaque, exposed our eyes to the driving storm and cold, and caused this new and unexpected trouble. By three o'clock next day, (a bright and warm day,) we reached Chamouni, wiser if not better for the lessons learned in the experience of the two previous days, and well contented to have

had so safe a deliverance from one of the perils to which every voyager on Mont Blanc is necessarily liable.

About the middle of October, after a delightful trip among the valleys on either side of the Rhone and around Monte Rosa, across the Monte More Pass, over the passes lying to the south of Monte Rosa, I made the ascent of the "Cramont," a peak about 8000 feet high, and lying directly south of the Mont Blanc range. From this summit I had a good opportunity to verify the theory I had formed when lost on the top of Mont Blanc, that the dark line along which we had groped, seeking to cross it as our guide desired, was the edge of that enormous precipice which fell almost perpendicularly to the Allee Blanche, a distance of many thousand feet: such was my belief at the time, and this view fully confirmed my previous impression.

J.

ITEMS.

The two Houses of Congress passed the Supplemental Reconstruction bills, which were sent for signature to the President. On the 18th he returned them with his veto message, which was received, and the Reconstruction bills passed in both Houses over the objections by the constitutional majority.

The Reform bill has finally passed the House of Commons, and has gone to the House of Lords.

The German States that form the Northern Confederation have all accepted the new commercial union proposed by Prussia. A conference between the King of Prussia and the South German Sovereigns has been arranged, and will take place at an early day.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, after all the contradictory reports as to his fate, may even now be safe. The following letter, published at Bombay and written by the officer commanding one of the English Sepoy regiments in India, is said to contain the latest authentic intelligence on the subject. The letter was written to the editor of the Times of India, and was at once published: "Sir: One of the missing Sepoys, 21st regiment native infantry, or marine battalion, who accompanied Dr. Livingstone's expedition, returned this day from Zanzibar. News has been received from the Doctor. He was alive and well, and the havildar, 21st regiment native infantry, or marine battalion, and the Nassick boys, were with him. S. Thacker, commanding 21st regiment native infantry, Bombay, May 14, 1867."

A NEW ASTEROID has been discovered at the Hamilton College Observatory, New York. The discovery was made on July 7th, and the position of the new asteroid was twenty-one hours and twenty-one minutes right ascension, and twenty-one degrees and thirty-one minutes of southern declination. On the morning of the 8th it was found to have moved in twenty-four hours about twenty-five seconds to the west and six minutes to the south. Being of the eleventh magnitude, and still about one month before opposition with the sun, the observer reports that the planet promises to be a very bright one.

AN EXCHANGE says that it is a safe rule to wet the wrists before drinking cold water, if at all heated. The effect is immediate and grateful, and the danger of fatal results may be warded off by this simple precaution.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

PRESBYTERIAN SEPARATIONS AND REUNIONS. BY S. M. JANNEY.

It has often been asserted by Roman Catholic writers and speakers that the tendency of Protestantism is towards dissension and division, resulting from the want of that strong bond of union which is found in Papal supremacy. In proof of this they point to the numerous sects in Protestant countries, each contending for its creed and form of worship, often casting upon one another the imputation of heresy, and all endeavoring to make proselytes.

To this charge we may answer, that our diversity is better for human progress and happiness than their enforced uniformity, which is, indeed, more apparent than real. The deadening effect of their coercive system is shown by its fruits in those countries where its authority is absolute. Wherever ecclesiastical domination is most complete, there is religious life most depressed, and freedom of thought most restricted.

Whatever grounds there may have been in former times for the charge of dissension among Protestants, it is believed by many, that the tendency now is towards reconciliation and reunion. There is less disposition among the various sects to enter into doctrinal controversies, and more sympathy with each other in their religious movements.

This charge has probably resulted chiefly from two causes: First, the growing conviction in the public mind that doctrinal differences

may safely be tolerated, because religious dogmas are of far less importance than practical righteousness. Secondly, the works of philanthropy in which all are, more or less, engaged, have brought the different Protestant churches into contact, and their joint labors have produced mutual esteem and sympathy. The labors of the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Association during the late war had this beneficial result, in addition to the immense amount of good that was done in affording relief and consolation to the sick and wounded. In like manner, the unparalleled efforts now being made to educate and improve the condition of the colored people in this country, will, like all disinterested charities, redound to the benefit of both parties, conferring a blessing on those who give, as well as those who receive.

These remarks have been suggested by reading in the public journals several articles relating to the efforts now being made by the Presbyterians to reconcile their differences and to become again united as one body. On referring to Rupp's History of the Religious Denominations of the United States, I find historical accounts emanating from each of the bodies known as the old and the new school Presbyterians, which furnish information that I deem interesting.

It appears that since the settlement of this country there have been two separations in that church: the first of which continued about thirteen years, and then a reunion took place.

The second schism has now existed about thirty years, and there seems to be almost a certainty of a reconciliation.

In order to give a clear view of these transactions, a brief explanation of their form of church government is deemed appropriate. The title Presbyterian is derived from a Greek word signifying senior or elder, intimating that the government of the church mentioned in the New Testament was by Presbyters, that is, by ministers and ruling elders possessed of equal powers. The Presbyterians affirm that, with the exception of the Apostles, there was no order in the primitive church superior to that of Presbyters, and that Bishops and Presbyters were titles having the same import. The officers in the Presbyterian church are bishops or pastors, ruling elders, and deacons.

The pastoral office is first in dignity.

Ruling elders are elected by the people as their representatives.

Deacons are chosen by the people; their official duty is the care of the poor, and the reception and disbursement of the charities of the congregation.

The church session consists of the pastor and the ruling elders of a congregation, and is the primary judiciary of the church. The pastor is its presiding officer, called the moderator. Its functions are similar to those of a monthly meeting of Friends. The presbytery consists of all the ministers and one ruling elder from each church within a certain district. It has power to decide appeals from the church sessions, to examine and license candidates for the ministry, to ordain, instal, remove, and judge ministers.

The synod is a convocation of the bishops or presbyters, with one elder from each church in a larger district, consisting of at least three presbyteries. It has power to decide appeals brought up from the presbyteries.

The General Assembly represents in one body all the churches of this denomination, and consists of delegations of bishops and elders from each presbytery. It is the highest judiciary of the Presbyterian church.

Among the distinguishing doctrines of the Presbyterians are these: "The doctrine of sovereign unconditional election to eternal life, the doctrine that Christ died in a special sense for his elect people, the doctrine of justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ alone, of sanctification by the special and invincible power of the Holy Spirit, and of the perseverance of the saints in holiness." In these respects, "they differ very materially from many who bear the Christian name."

The founders of this church in the British colonies of America were principally Scotch and Irish Presbyterians. Their first ecclesiastical

union was in 1706, when the Presbytery of Philadelphia was organized. Ten years later it had increased so much that it was divided into four presbyteries which constituted the Synod of Philadelphia. In 1738, the Synod resolved that every candidate for the ministry should have a diploma from a college in Europe or New England, or a certificate of competent scholarship from a committee of the Synod. This measure being unsatisfactory to many, they protested against it, stating that a Presbytery or the smallest association of ministers has power to ordain and to judge of the qualifications of ministers. This difference of sentiment, and a diversity of practice founded on it, led to the formation of two parties in the church, and the strife continued until 1745, when it was terminated by a separation and the organization of the Presbytery of New York.

In 1758, being thirteen years after the separation, the Synods of Philadelphia and New York were united and the breach healed. It is said "no cause of disunion had been removed, except that greatest cause of disunion, ambitious men and evil tempers; for when the re-union took place, they agreed to adopt the confession of Faith, Catechisms and Directory, as they had been adopted in 1729." The Synod of Philadelphia agreed that "all differences and disputes should be laid aside and buried without future inquiry."

In 1788, the General Assembly was organized, and two years later, it invited the congregational churches of New England to renew their annual convention with the clergy of the Presbyterian church. This led to the adoption of a plan of correspondence between the Presbyterians and those Congregational churches which nearly agreed with them in doctrine, but differed in church government.

Among the Congregationalists, each church or congregation is independent of all others in the formation and exercise of its discipline. They have associations and conventions composed of delegates from the churches, but these are merely advisory bodies, without power to enforce their decisions.

The "plan of union" thus adopted was remarkably successful, and had the effect of extending the Presbyterian government, inasmuch as the clergy generally favored that system. For nearly eighty years, the Denomination continued to extend its border, increasing in numbers and wealth, but the seeds of dissension which produced the separation of 1745 were still in existence. They began to germinate in 1830, and a few years afterward resulted in another separation.

It has been remarked that the "disruption of the American Presbyterians, which occurred in 1838, is one of the most interesting occurrences in the religious annals of the western

continent." Its causes and results will be noticed in another number. Like most other schisms in the various churches of Christendom, the dissension which led to it originated among the ministers, and from them extended to the body at large; but unlike most other cases of separation, there is now a strong probability of reunion, and measures are in progress for that purpose which are regarded with deep interest by reflecting minds throughout the country.

(To be continued.)

MORAL INFLUENCE OF FARMING.

There is a decided moral tendency in the direct and close dealing, if we may so speak, between the farmer and his God. They work together. God has ground this realm (so geologists tell us) into a somewhat hard and thin soil. "He has sent the springs into valleys, which run among the hills, and caused the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man." These gifts are in the rough. The condition of their true enjoyment is useful and health-giving labor. The gold must be gathered or mined, the diamond polished; so the soil must be patiently wrought and duly enriched; the tree, the clay, the stone converted into dwellings, the air and sunshine into corn and wine—the annual covering of the sheep, and the life garment of the kine, into blankets and sandals. In short, labor and reward are inscribed on every gift of God, and none so generally receive them right from the giver as those who till the ground. There is less intervention of varioloid scrip and poisonous nickels. The vine holds out his clusters, the rich purple all undisturbed. The apple, the pear, the peach bend their branches to the gathering, as only God can make them. The harvest field nods to the reaper, that it may become sheaves in his bosom and bread to the hungry. The broad bosom of the meadow undulates and throbs with every breeze until shorn of its trophies. Even the forests toss their giant branches for shades. Is there not a sense of great nearness to God amidst these blessings?—a feeling of satisfaction and comfort closely allied to thanksgiving, praise and love?—*Farm and Fireside.*

We shall never be so instrumental to the good of others, as when we are most diligent about our *own* souls. If saints would spend more time about their *hearts*, there would quickly be such a divine lustre upon their lives, that men would account it no small privilege to be with or near them. Whence is it that they are so rigid and uncharitable towards those who differ from them? These things have so often spoiled Christian fellowship and made it become a dry and sapless thing, that many Christians are even weary of it, and are ready to say with the Prophet, Oh that I might leave my people and go from them! Jer. 9:2.—*Flavel.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

EXTERMINATION OF THE INDIANS.

The appeal of our friend Sidney Averill, published recently in the Intelligencer, on behalf of the Indians, is worthy of the attentive consideration of Friends. Can it be doubted that if these far western Indians had been treated justly, they would have been as friendly as those were who so kindly greeted the arrival of the Penn Colony. Neither the British Canadian government, nor the French, which preceded it, ever had any serious difficulty with the Indian tribes, from the earliest settlement of their country.

But the question now is, Can anything be done to prevent the wholesale slaughter of women and children which is threatened? The emergency is great, and the question involves a responsibility, which Friends especially should not feel themselves relieved from, until they have performed what lies in their power towards composing the present difficulties.

The allegations against these western tribes are, that they perpetrate atrocious barbarities without provocation. But who is to decide the truth or falsity of this charge? The outrages inflicted by the Indians are telegraphed with lightning speed; but when the whites are the aggressors, and Indians are massacred, with women and children, what opportunity do the latter have to publish to the Christian world the sufferings they endure?

Limited as are the opportunities to learn the outrages perpetrated by the whites upon the Indians, the disclosures are sufficient to show that they scarcely have a parallel in the history of the human race.

Senator Nesmith charges Indian agents and contractors with being guilty of the most outrageous and systematic robbery and swindling; and after particularizing the respects in which the Indians are cheated out of their government annuities, by agents and contractors, adds, "This cruel and disgraceful treatment is the fruitful cause of the Indian Wars."

General Pope says, "The benevolent purposes of government have failed, and will continue to fail, so long as the encroachments of the whites upon the hunting grounds of the red men are permitted, and agents and traders fill their pockets with the money belonging to the Indians." He adds, "To pursue the present system in regard to Indian affairs, is unbefitting a human people."

The Governor of Idaho, in a letter to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, informing of the massacre of some sixteen friendly Indians on the 11th of 3d month last, says: "There were but two grown up men, the others women and children. That the immediate settlers testified that these Indians were peaceable and defenceless;" and adds, "If anything will bring on a

general war, it will be such acts as these. In no case, he says, that I have examined, have I found the red man the aggressor, but undoubtedly the trouble springs from the fiendish outrages of bad white men."

"Upon the trial of Capt Hill for taking an Indian child from the breast of its dead mother, and ordering it to be killed, it was proven that it had been the custom of our troops to kill Indian children, under such circumstances; and the president of the court-martial which tried Hill admitted that he himself, while in command in Arizona last winter, ordered his men to kill an Indian child, by shooting it four times."

Garret, an officer in the Western army, testifies, that "frequently along the route, Indians, their women and frightened little children, were shot down by the soldiers for mere fun; and that foragers would boast of the scalps they had taken, and the number of redskins they had put out of the way. These tribes were all peaceable; some of them raised stock, cultivated fields of wheat, and a great variety of fruit."

It appears in the evidence of Gens. Canby and Sully, "That they overtook and surrounded an encampment numbering about two thousand, including women and children; that one of their regiments approached within thirty yards of this conglomerate mass of human life, and fired volley after volley upon them until night; that those who were able fled during the darkness, through fear of a renewal of the massacre next morning, leaving three hundred killed, besides a vast number of wounded and dying scattered along the route." It would appear that these Indians were peaceable; they made no resistance, and the presence of their women and children shows they were not on the war path.

Capt. Locklen, of the U. S. Cavalry, after a fruitless attempt to conquer the Indians in Viern River country, "Invited the chiefs to have a big peace talk; forty of them attended, smoked the pipe of peace, surrendered their arms according to stipulation, and being thus defenceless, he told them to run for their lives, and ordering his troops to fire upon them, all but one were deliberately massacred."

In allusion to the inflictions of every form endured by these Western Indians, Senator Nesmith, of Oregon, before quoted, further says: "The Indians are constantly represented as aggressors, whereas the facts will show, that unless they were the most abject beings on the earth, they could not endure the constant abuse received from our authorities through accredited agents."

A writer who professes to have had much acquaintance with these far western Indians, and with their historical incidents, says, "Bounties are this day offered in Nevada for Indian scalps; their warriors have been shot

down like dogs, their old men turned out to freeze or starve, their maidens worse than murdered by a licentious soldiery, their children murdered or enslaved, the bodies of mothers mutilated, and their unborn babes scalped."

The latter part of this recital would be incredible, but for the fact that the inhabitants of Ruby City offered a reward of twenty-five dollars for every thing in the shape of an Indian under ten years of age. Each scalp should have the curl of the head, and the man claiming the reward was required to make oath that the scalp was taken by the company." A reward of fifty dollars for the scalp of an Indian woman, and one hundred for that of a man, was offered at the same time. In order to carry out the purpose for which these rewards were offered, "Three men were appointed to select twenty-five others to go Indian hunting."

When the reports of the Commissioners on Indian Affairs were under consideration in the Senate, objections were made to their being published; one Senator averring "that if they were published, they would disgrace us in the eyes of all civilized nations."

The foregoing recitals are sufficient to show that if the Indians have perpetrated great barbarities, their provocations have been also great.

From the earliest acquaintance of Friends with the Indian race, we have held that they are faithful and kind to those who treat them justly, but the current of public opinion is now setting so strongly in an opposite direction, that it may be well for us to ponder upon the foregoing, lest we should be erroneously biased by a corrupted popular feeling.

General Sherman says, "We must act with vindictive earnestness against the Sioux, even to their extermination, and commands from subordinate officers read, "Give no quarters to either men, women, or children."

Are these horrible butcheries to be perpetrated? Is this nation's history to be stained with the blood of slaughtered women and children, and shall the Society of Friends offer no interposition,—not even a protest?

There are Friends not a few, scattered through the several Yearly Meetings, whose experience in this line of benevolence may enable them to offer counsel. New York Yearly Meeting at the present time has no standing committee upon Indian affairs; but some other Yearly Meetings may have; and though their appointment had no reference to the present difficulties, still what more benevolent concern could the Friends composing those committees be engaged in than in an effort (of course unofficial) to stay the uplifted sword, which now threatens the indiscriminate slaughter of the aged and the infirm, of unoffending women and helpless children.

GIDEON FROST.

Martinecock, Long Island, 7th mo. 16, 1867.

WHAT WORKING MEN MAY BECOME.

It is not given to all to be masters of song, like Burns; of art, like Palissy or Gibson; of engineering skill, like Stephenson; of critical acumen, like Gifford; or of abstract science, like Ferguson or the elder Herschell; yet these, at first, were all poor or working men, who gained their education by their own efforts—who did battle with pinching poverty, lack of educational means, prejudice of class, and all those lions which stand in the way of men of weaker mould, who “let I dare not wait upon I would.” All cannot be field-m Marshals in the army of life; but somewhat lower, yet very honorable grades have been obtained by men once in the ranks, who, while never for a moment despising the labor by which they gained honest bread, were not disposed to consider that working, eating and sleeping are all that is worth living for. Their daily labor honestly and intelligently performed, they felt themselves to be free citizens of the empire of thought, in which true men take rank according to what they essentially are, quite independently of the conditions of their life. When the sun shines it shines for all, lord or laborer; and the precious instincts which make men believe in good and beautiful things, treasure up and nourish the suggestions of universal nature, and cultivate the talents entrusted to their care, are bestowed as impartially as the sunshine. Look into any biographical dictionary, and you will see how little the circumstances of early life have been able to impede the careers of really great men. Real mental energy soon masters them, and makes them even subservient to its will.—*Working Man.*

SCENE IN PALESTINE.

I was travelling over Anti-Lebanon. It was a bright summer day, and near noon. Weary and way-worn, I rode down from a bare mountain ridge into the wild and beautiful valley of Hebron, and dismounted beside a little fountain, under the “shadow of a great rock.” A group of some fifteen or twenty shepherds were there, too, resting during the heat of the day, and their flocks, amounting to several thousand sheep and goats, filled nearly the whole bottom of the valley. At first I was greatly annoyed by the too near approach of both men and animals; but, when the time came to lead the flocks away to pasture again, I watched their motions with intense interest.

The shepherds rose, went into the middle of the dense mass of animals, and then separating, walked away slowly in different directions. As they went, each kept uttering a peculiar cry or call. The sheep heard, they too began to separate one from the other. I observed that the whole mass was agitated, as if the sheep and goats had been driven hither and thither

by some unseen power. Gradually they form a series of dense, moving columns, following closely in the footsteps of the shepherds, and drawn after them with their voices. I also observed that, while each shepherd wound his way through the united flocks, some of the animals fled at his approach, frightened at his voice, others hastened toward him, for they knew his voice. In a short time they were led off, and the fountain was completely deserted, not a sheep or goat venturing to lag behind. Then the calls of the shepherds were heard echoing from rock to cliff, now loud and clear, now dying away in the distance, while flocks were seen, obedient to the calls, following in long, distinct streams the guides who alone they knew and trusted. As I sat there, gazing with mingled wonder and pleasure on that strange and instructive scene, another beautiful Scripture illustration was realized before my eyes. One shepherd led his flock, by a zig-zag path, up the almost perpendicular bank of the glen. Behind it two young lambs trotted along at the feet of their mother. At first they frisked about, and jumped lightly from stone to stone; but soon they began to fall behind. The poor little things cried piteously when the path became steeper and the rocks higher, and the flocks more and more distant. The mother cried too, running back and forth—now lingering behind, now hastening on before, as if to wile them upwards.

It was vain. The ascent was too much for their feeble limbs. They stopped, trembling on the shelving cliff, and cried; the mother stopped, and cried by their side. I thought they would certainly be lost; and I saw the great eagles that soared in circles round the cliffs far overhead, sweeping lower and lower, as if about to pounce upon their prey. But no! The plaintive cries of distress had already reached the ear of the good shephead. Mounting a rock, he looked down and saw the helpless little ones. A minute more, and he was standing by them; then taking them up in his arms, he put one on each side, in his bosom, in the ample folds of his coat, which was bound round the waist with a girdle. The lambs made no attempt to run away from him. They seemed to know what he was going to do, when he lifted them in his arms, and the little creatures lay there with their heads out, as contentedly as an infant in its mother's bosom, while the shepherd scaled the dizzy heights again, and took his place at the head of the flock. It may be easily imagined with what deep interest I have ever since read the beautiful words of Isaiah—“He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; *He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in his bosom.*—*Family Treasure.*”

The ancients had a proverb: “*Lingua quo vadis,*”—tongue, where are you running to?

WAS IT CHANCE.

I was in the habit of visiting a decent widow, as paralysis made it impossible for her to attend church. She was tended by a very dutiful daughter, who, working at a flax mill in the neighborhood, toiled hard, and contented herself with plain dress and simple fare that she might help to maintain her mother. Before leaving the cottage for her work, she was in the habit of heaping up the *refuse* of the mill in the grate and kindling it. She placed her helpless mother in a chair right before the fire, and as this fuel burned slowly away, the old woman was kept comfortable till her return.

It happened one day that I left my manse, and skirting the walls of the old churchyard, and passing the corn-mill, with its busy sound and flashing wheel, I took my way down the winding dell to the cottage of the old woman, which stood in its garden, embowered among trees. But, having met a parishioner with whom I had some subject of interest to talk about, I called a halt, and sitting on a bank of thyme, we entered into conversation. Ere the subject was half exhausted, the widow rose to my recollection. I felt, somehow, that I must cut it short and hasten away on my visit. But the idea was dismissed, and the conversation went on. However, it occurred again and again, till, with a feeling that I was neglecting a call of duty, as by an uncontrollable impulse I rose to my feet, and made haste to the cottage.

Opening the door, a sight met my eye that for a moment nailed me to the spot.

The erection of mill-refuse which had been built from the hearth some feet up the open, wide chimney, having its foundations eaten away, had fallen, and precipitating itself forward, surrounded the helpless paralytic within a circle of fire. The accident took place some minutes before I entered. She had cried out; but no ear was there to hear, nor hand to help. Catching the loose refuse about her, on and on, nearer and nearer, the flames crept. It was a terrible sight for the two Wigtown women—martyrs, staked far out on the sands of Solway Frith—to mark the sea-foam crawl nearer and nearer them; it was more terrible still for this lone woman, in her lone cottage, without any great cause to die for, to sit there and see the fire creeping closer, drawing nearer and nearer to her feet. By the time I had entered, it had almost reached her, where she sat motionless, speechless, pale as death, looking down on the fire as it was about to seize her clothes and burn her to a cinder. Ere it caught, I had time, and no more, to make one bound from the door to the hearthstone, and seizing her, chair and all, in my arms, to pluck her from the jaws of a cruel fiery death.

By what law of nature, when I lingered on the road, was I moved, without the remotest

idea of her danger, to cut short, against all my inclinations, an interesting conversation, and hurry on to the house, which I reached just in the nick of time—one or two minutes later, the flames had caught her clothes, and I had found her in a blaze of fire. Be it mine to live and die in the belief of a present and presiding, as well as a personal God; in the faith which inspired my aged friend to thank him for her wonderful deliverance, and the boy to explain his calm courage on the roaring deep, in these simple but grand words: "My father is at the helm."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

AN ORIENTAL NIGHT.

It is impossible for those who have never visited the glowing East to form an adequate idea of the exceeding beauty of an Oriental night. The sky—which bends enamored over clusters of graceful palm trees fringing some slow-moving stream, or groves of dark motionless cypresses rising up like Gothic spires from the midst of white, flat-roofed villages—is of the deepest, darkest purple, unstained by the faintest film of vapor, undimmed by a single fleecy cloud. It is the very image of purity and peace, idealizing the dull earth with its beauty, elevating sense into the sphere of soul, and suggesting thoughts and yearnings too tender and ethereal to be invested in human language. Through its transparent depths the eye wanders dreamily upward until it loses itself on the threshold of other worlds. Over the dark mountain ranges the lonely moon walks in brightness, clothing the landscape with the pale glories of a mimic day; while the zodiacal light, far more distinct and vivid than it is ever seen in this country, diffuses a mild pyramidal radiance above the horizon, like the after-glow of sunset. Constellations tremulous with excess of brightness, sparkle in the heavens, associated with classical myths and legends which are a mental inheritance to every educated man from his earliest years. There the ship *Arago* sails over the trackless upper ocean in search of the golden fleece of Colchis; there *Perseus*, returning from the conquest of the Gorgons, holds in his hand the terrible head of *Medusa*; there the virgin *Andromeda*, chained naked to the rock, awaits in agony the approach of the devouring monster; there the luxuriant yellow hair of *Berenice* hangs suspended as a votive offering to *Venus*; while the dim, misty track formed by the milk that dropped from *Juno's* breast, and which, as it fell upon the earth, changed the lilies from purple to a snowy whiteness, extends across the heavens, like the ghost of a rainbow. Conspicuous among them all, far up towards the zenith, old *Orion*, with his blazing belt, meets the admiring eye, suggestive of gentle memories and kind thoughts of home; while imme-

diately beyond it is seen the familiar eluster of the Pleiades, or Seven stars, glittering and quivering with radiance in the amethystine ether, like a breast-plate of jewels—the Urim and Thummim of the Eternal.—*Hugh Macmillan's Bible Teaching in Nature.*

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

FIRST ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENTS IN AMERICA.

The Pioneer (English) adventurers to Nantucket in 1659 were Tristram Coffin and Peter Folger—the former being the father of Mary Starbuck, so distinguished in the annals of Nantucket, and the latter the grandfather of Dr. Franklin. Thomas Macy removed thither a little later in the same year, and established the first English residence there. Edward Starbuck went to the island in the same boat with Thomas Macy's family, and after a very brief sojourn, determined upon a removal thither with his family. These wanderers sought a place of refuge from persecution, and the spirit which pervaded the infant colony, and which they transmitted, is significantly portrayed by Whittier in his beautiful poem, where, in application to the present islanders, he says:

"Free as the winds that winnow
Her shrubless hills of sand—
Free as the waves that batter
Along her yielding land.

"Than hers, at duty's summons,
No loftier spirit stirs;
Nor falls o'er human suffering
A readier tear than hers."

The above named Mary Starbuck, the wife of Nathaniel Starbuck, was a remarkably gifted woman, filling a most important place in the infant colony, and was especially esteemed as a minister in the Society of Friends.

Probably the second record which was ever made by any religious organization upon slavery, was by that body, in the following words, viz:

26TH DAY OF YE 9TH MO., 1716.

An epistle from the last Quarterly Meeting was read in this, and ye matter referred to this meeting, viz: whether it is agreeable to truth for Friends to purchase slaves and keep them term of life was considered, and ye sense and judgment of this meeting is that it is not agreeable to truth for Friends to purchase slaves and hold them term of life.

Nathaniel Starbuck, jun'r, is to draw out this meeting's judgment concerning Friends not buying slaves, and keeping them term of life, and send it to the next Quarterly Meeting, and to sign it in ye meeting's behalf.

(German Friends, of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, issued the first testimony in 1688.)

Tradition tells us that, in one of the Starbuck families, was the refusal of the wife to receive two young slaves, as such, whom her husband had bought in Newport, R. I.; and I think John Woolman, at a later period, says, "There was no slave on Nantucket."

Following in the order of time was a treatise

by Elihu Coleman (also a minister of the Society), written in 1729–30, and published in 1733, entitled, "A Testimony Against that Anti-Christian Practice of Making Slaves of Men." This is a most remarkable and thorough production, showing the author's advanced position: inasmuch as several Yearly Meetings of Friends had no disciplinary restrictions till the latter part of the century.

I never open the original "Testimony" of Elihu Coleman, in connection with the Minute of 1716, without admiration and pride; and in answering a call in 1851 for some extracts from the Anti-Slavery files of the family, in view of the apathy which was then general in the churches, and also as a just tribute to the devoted dead, I appended the following reflection: "Let it be spoken for the 'Friends of Nantucket,' for the descendants of Tristram Coffin, and others, that their enlightened vision penetrated the dark hiding places of slavery, and placed a verdict of reprobation upon a system, which, in our day, after a lapse of 135 years, is so far justified and baptized by professing Christendom, that tens of thousands of its cherished and bleeding victims are held as property, and, in some cases, as church property, to be bought and sold in the shambles, even as the brutes and beasts that perish."

To return to Mary Starbuck. She died in 1717, but her mantle has rested on many of her descendants. Some of them are still engaged in perfecting the work, which she lived to see inaugurated 150 years ago. Conspicuous among the co-workers in descent from her, and who have been in the harness at different periods, I will now enumerate, Nathaniel Starbuck, Jr., Elihu Coleman, Sarah Barney, Sr., Elizabeth Rotch, Sr., Abisha Banker, Elizabeth Rodman, Benjamin Mitchell, William Rotch, Jr., Geo. Mitchell, Aaron C. Macy, Lucretia Mott, Martha C. Wright and Aaron M. Powell. (I have other names in reserve for a subsequent article). And in view of testimonies and of action, so potential in awakening an enlightened public sentiment, I feel that I may claim for such a ministry, a share of the tribute of James Russell Lowell, to our beloved Garrison, when, in his early struggles with a mobbish pro-slavery spirit, the poet said:

"O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain;
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain!"

Were there ever words more prophetic?

Cordially your friend,

N. BARNEY.

YONKERS, N. Y., 6th Month 25th, 1867.

He that indulges himself in ridiculing the little imperfections and weaknesses of his friends, will in time find mankind united against

him. The man who sees another ridiculed before him, though he may for the present concur in the general laugh, yet, in a cool hour, will consider the same trick might be played against himself.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 3, 1867.

DIED, on the 3d of Seventh month, 1867, at his residence in Rising Sun, Md., DR. SLATER B. STUBBS, aged 46 years; a member of Nottingham Monthly and Particular Meeting.

—, on the 27th of Fourth month, 1867, of apoplexy, at her residence near Richmond, Ind., ELIZABETH E., wife of Aaron Shute, and daughter of John and Elizabeth Erwin, in the 61st year of her age; a member of White Water Monthly Meeting. The deceased was a native of Delaware.

—, on the 5th of Fifth month, 1867, after a long and very painful illness, which she bore with Christian patience and resignation, SUSAN E., wife of Daniel Kindley, and daughter of Joseph and Susanna Weeks, in her 59th year; a member of Westfield Monthly Meeting of Friends, Preble Co., Ohio. Of a modest, retiring disposition, her many Christian virtues and her firm reliance on Almighty Power could be fully appreciated only by those who knew her best; and to her sorrowing family she has left a most instructive example to follow her as she endeavored to follow Christ.

—, at her residence near Poughkeepsie, N.Y., on First-day evening, 31st of Third month, 1867, MARTHA H., wife of Nathaniel Powell, aged nearly 82 years. The subject of this notice was a worthy and exemplary member of the Society of Friends, and for many years held the station of Elder in Oswego Monthly Meeting. Her daily life was an example of meekness and simplicity, and she was deeply concerned that her family should be found walking in the right way. She was for many years an invalid, but bore without a murmur her many sufferings; and though the call at last was sudden, she left abundant evidence that she was fully prepared to enter through the pearl gates into that mansion prepared for the pure in heart. Truly she was of that number.

—, in Wrightstown Township, Bucks Co., Pa., on the Fifth of Seventh month, 1867, RUTH LACEY, wife of Isaac Lacey, aged 69 years; a member of Wrightstown Monthly Meeting.

—, in Buckingham Township, Pa., on the 23d of Seventh m.o., 1867, JANE ATKINSON, aged 80 years; a member of Wrightstown Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 27th of Seventh mo., 1867, RACHEL H., wife of Isaac Griffith, and daughter of the late Richard Heaton, of Burlington Co., N. J.; a member of Spruce St. Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia.

—, on the 26th of Seventh month, 1867, ANN J., relict of John R. Hallowell, in the 80th year of her age; a member of Abington Monthly Meeting, Pa.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years one-third, at least, have disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure of life but half are still upon the road. Faster and faster, as the ranks grow thinner, they that remain till now become weary, and lie down and rise no more. At threescore and ten a band of some four hundred yet struggle on.

At ninety these have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing numbers. One lingers, perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again and the work of death is finished.—*Bishop Burges.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

(Concluded from page 333.)

DEBORAH K. SMITH, at *Gum Springs, Va.*, writes: "Every one here who met your excellent committee were very much pleased and interested. I think it a very good plan to have such visits. The colored people were delighted. I want visitors every day, and wish more of you would find it in your hearts to come and see us."

In addition to the above, she furnishes us with the manuscript letter addressed to one of the committee, as follows:

"*Most Hon. Friend:*

"As we were interested with your conversation last first day, and were in hope of seeing you again before you left Virginia, there was a great mennoy of the colored friends were very anxious to see you and the lady, but they did not get to meeting in time. They all join me in thanks to you and the lady for your kindness to us. All of the school children that was not there to meet you was very sorry. We are very much pleased with the Teacher, and the children all seem to love her. We will strive to make her comfortable," &c. &c.

SARAH ANN STEER, at *Waterford, Va.*, in alluding to the closing of her school for vacation, says: "I will be glad to rest awhile, and sorry on account of some of my scholars. They all regret very much having school closed, and quite a number cried when I announced the fact. I have opened a First-day school, and that will, in some measure, make up the loss. Ann E. Gross, my assistant teacher, of whose illness I spoke of in my last, is dead! We miss her very much in the schoolroom, and I closed school the day of her funeral, to give all an opportunity of attending it. We were much pleased with the visit of your committee, and hope others will come."

CATHARINE E. HALL writes, from *Andrews' Chapel*, "It is very pleasant here, and I am almost afraid to come home, lest something should happen to prevent your sending me back again. The "people" seem to think they cannot pay me too much attention and they have very amusing ideas about "taking good care of me," and "sending me back again as good as I came." They seem to think you have lent them their teacher, as you lend them their books, and will require them to be as careful of the one as the other. It amuses me much, for I had thought that I came expressly to take care of them, instead of their taking care of me.

A few days ago we had a grand "reunion." All the pupils who came to school to me last winter, and all their parents, assembled on the river bank about four miles from here. We had a splendid time all day, ending on their parts with tears and laments that I was going away from them. Some I was very sorry to part with, for I shall never see them again, as a number are about to leave the place."

She also speaks of the encouragement all parties received from the visit of the committee, saying, "My pupils talk about them so very often, and the older people seem to have just found out 'how good them folks is that sent Miss Katie.'"

FRANCES E. GAUZE, in alluding to the condition of her school, says: "I have nothing special to report; we are gradually ascending the hill of science. I do not know that I have any prodigies amongst my pupils, but believe, as a class, they have very bright intellects, and do not know but that I am instructing a future Senator! I have a class of four, about seven years of age, that are studying *Mental Arithmetic, Definitions, Writing in Copy Books*, can spell in five syllables off the book, and know all their Tables. This same class did not know a letter when they commenced school." While expressing her own gratification at the visit of our committee, she adds: "The colored people were delighted with the meeting and the good advice given them."

She gives an animated picture of the closing scenes, and remarks: "I wish thee could have seen our celebration yesterday. We had a glorious time. I fear I cannot describe it; words seem too tame to express all the deep emotions of the heart. The colored people told me they intended giving us a dinner the last day of school, and we thought we would return the compliment by giving them an intellectual feast."

After giving some minutiae of their arrangements, she proceeds: "Imagine my feelings when I saw my flock approaching, some with badges, and dressed in the most becoming manner. Their ages ranged from 20 down to 5 years, numbering in all over 70 who took part in the procession. I was more than pleased; my heart was too full for utterance. When they approached me where I was waiting for them, each man and boy raised his hat," &c. &c.

An interesting description of the dinner and literary exercises follows, the closing of the latter being the singing of a "Vacation hymn," very appropriate for the occasion; then forming in line, cheering for freedom, and asking God to bless their teachers, &c. &c. But the hardest part was to come; and that was to say, 'Good-bye.' They marched, two by two, up to me, each one taking my hand, thanking me for what I had done for them; asking me to

come back again, and imploring God's blessing upon me. I shook hands with more than eighty. The last I saw of my little flock, they were marching towards home; the final salute being the waving of handkerchiefs. It was a cheering yet a sad sight!"

MARY K. BROSIUS, at Vienna, Va., is not only still faithfully engaged in her school duties, but, like others of our teachers, has interested herself in a good work, outside of her regular routine. She says:

"I must tell thee what we have been doing. We have organized a *Sons of Temperance Division* here. We meet every Sixth-day night. There are two separate societies; one colored, and one white. There are also two sets of prayer meetings. Some of the opponents say they are going to break up first the white, and then the colored one; that they are not going to have nigger meetings here," &c.

HANNAH SHORTLIDGE writes: "I have several new scholars, and they all seem to get along so well in every thing. I have a class that can add, subtract and multiply very easily, and can commence at the beginning of the Multiplication Table, and go all through it, and then backwards without missing any. Since last I wrote we have started a First-day school. I have about twenty-five scholars, and find it very interesting."

In a letter addressed to her by one of her pupils, he says: "I am very sorry that I could not com on a month longer to you, tho' I think there will be a chants yet for me. I hope you will enjoy your school. I would like very much to be there myself, but I dont think I can cum. I am very busy waiting on the mason. I am getting nine dollars a week, am just beginning to make munny, and I hate to take the time to com home, fere that I may luse my place," &c. Here is a specimen of one of the many "chattels" in existence, for whom it was wofully predicted that they "cannot take care of themselves!"

MARTHA WRIGHT, at Lewinsville, Va., had a prospect, in consequence of the state of her health, of being obliged to leave her school a month before the usual time of vacation, in allusion to which she wrote, "I have labored faithfully amongst a poor downtrodden people, and many of them seem grateful for their instruction. I shall dread to leave them, but I need a little recreation. I hope you will send them a good, faithful teacher, for some of the most perfect would soon be able to teach school themselves. I suffered with cold many days last winter, the house being very open; but I could not give them up, when I saw they were willing to stand it, and were so eager to learn."

She, however, *did* continue until vacation, and in a subsequent letter wrote: "My school closed yesterday. Most of my pupils and several friends were there to say 'Good-bye,' and

thank me for my kindness. They send many thanks to the Association for sending them a teacher. Their progress and deportment has been very satisfactory, and I hope you will send them a very good teacher to succeed me. I dread parting with my school, but my health demands it.

SARAH E. LLOYD, at Woodlawn, Va.—Although it has been a considerable time since a letter has been received from her, by the Corresponding Secretary, yet her reports are regularly furnished. These show a large number on the roll; two-thirds of whom both read and write; and we have every reason to believe her interest in her school remains unabated.

The condition of the schools at the time of closing for the Summer Vacation was about as follows:

VIRGINIA.—*Eleven schools*, numbering 455 pupils, of whom 371 Read, 366 Write, and 179 are in Arithmetic, with only 16 in the Alphabet, while of the whole number 372 are between 6 and 16 years of age.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—*Four schools*, numbering 192 pupils, of whom 183 Read, 151 Write, and 176 are in Arithmetic; none in the alphabet; with 158 between 6 and 16 years of age.

Philadelphia.	New Jersey.
Sundry Persons \$3850 25	Salem..... \$ 2 00
Est. J. D. Thurston 50 00	Camden..... 25 00
" F. Spring..... 83 20	Quakertown..... 10 00
Mary D. Brown..... 500 00	Trenton 75 00
	Upper Greenwich... 43 00
\$4482 45	Pilesgrove..... 50 00
	Medford..... 31 00
Pennsylvania.	Alloway's Creek..... 5 00
Radnor..... \$25 00	Mount Holly..... 6 00
Abington..... 50 25	Lumberton..... 5 00
Horsham..... 50 00	Mullica Hill Freed-
Byberry 62 50	men's Relief..... 33 70
Warminster..... 17 00	
Providence..... 36 25	\$285 70
Norristown..... 13 00	
Happy Retreat School 6 00	Delaware.
Wrightstown..... 68 50	Wilmington..... \$696 00
Makefield..... 51 00	Camden..... 20 00
Bristol..... 44 25	Hockessin..... 22 00
Falls..... 18 00	
Yardleyville Freed-	\$738 00
men's Aid Assoc. 33 46	
Concord 20 00	Maryland.
Darby..... 162 00	Fallston..... \$175 00
Birmingham..... 174 90	Cecil Co..... 10 00
Sadbury..... 29 00	
Chester..... 16 00	\$185 00
Newtown 5 00	
Bucks Co..... 60 00	Rhode Island .. \$ 2 00
Pleasant Dale..... 5 00	Milwaukee..... 25 00
Buckingham..... 5 00	Michigan 1 00
Valley..... 4 00	Iowa 5 00
Delaware Co..... 50 00	Indiana 28 00
\$1006 11	Ohio 98 38
	Illinois 26 00
	Locality unknown... 16 00

In the commencement of the present number, allusion was made to the necessity for prompt action as respects funds for the success-

ful carrying on this great work, and it has been thought well to introduce here the foregoing classified abstract from the Treasurer's Report of the cash contributed last year up to the time of the Annual Meeting, in order that friends in their respective neighborhoods may know that their responses to our appeals have been properly accredited.

With the foregoing exhibit before them, it now remains for Friends themselves to say what increase we may look for to aid us in extending our labors. Government officials have urged us strongly to take an entire district in Virginia comprising four counties of that State. The great advantages of such a concentration are apparent to all of us, and we would gladly embrace the opportunity, as we have already eleven schools within those limits, but it cannot be done without the addition of several more schools. *Shall the Education Committee have the means placed in their hands?*

Of course these cash subscriptions do not include the large amount of valuable clothing donated, of the value of which no estimate has been made.

In closing the present number of these summaries, (which have been intended to give to the readers of the Intelligencer a bird's eye view of the practical workings of the educational labors of the Association,) the compiler feels it right to say, that if he has wearied any by their length, it has not been his intention so to do. To avoid it, he has often omitted what appeared to him of considerable interest. If it is thought, after recommencing the schools in the Fall, best to resume them, it will be done, otherwise they will be discontinued. J. M. E.

PHILADELPHIA, 7th month, 1867.

LINKS IN THE CHAIN.

The blast that drove the storm clouds across the heavens shook the oak, and the acorn cup, loosened from its fruit, fell on the pathway.

A cloud burst; a rain-drop filled the acorn cup. A robin wearied by the sultry heat of the autumn day, and troubled by the fury of the storm, hopped on the path when all was calm, and drank of the rain-drop. Refreshed and gladdened he flew to his accustomed place in the ivy that overhung the poet's window, and there he trilled his sweetest, happiest song.

The poet heard, and rising from his reverie, wrote a chant of grateful rejoicing. The chant went forth into the world, and entered the house of sorrow and uttered its heart-stirring accents by the couch of sickness. The sorrowful were comforted, the sick were cheered.

Many voices praised the poet. "The chant was inspired by the robin's song."

"I owe my song to the rain-drop," said the robin.

"I should have sunk into the earth, had not

the acorn-cup received me," said the rain-drop.

"I had not been there to receive you, but for the angry blast," said the acorn-cup.

And so they that were comforted praised the blast; but the blast replied, "Praise Him at whose word the stormy wind ariseth, and who from darkness can bring light, making His mercies oftentimes to pass through unseen, unknown, and unsuspected channels, and bringing, in due time, by His own way, the grateful chant from the angry storm-cloud."

A BALLAD.

BY HOWARD WORCESTER GILBERT.

*How the Rhinegrave evil entreated the Stranger, and what followed.**

It was in mild September; the gossamer it lay
In the air, a thread of silver, then, billow-like, away
It floated o'er the river that scarcely bent the reed,
Where violet saffron-blossoms made purple all the mead.

The Rhinegrave with his nobles, through the castle
gate they went,
On joyance and on pastime their listless minds were bent;
They talked of the fields and forests they were wont
to wander through,
And the heron from the waters, that soared to the
sky so blue.

"But who," then cried the Rhinegrave, with wonder
in his eyes,

"Are they who journey yonder, in seeming stranger
guise?"

Then turning to his pages,—"Haste, one of ye," said
he,

"And ask of them what manner of men and whence
they be."

Then, at his lordly bidding, the strangers forward
came;

In front of them, their spokesman, trode one of
goodly frame

And of right noble presence,—but neither bent the
knee,

Nor yet before the Rhinegrave his head uncovered
he.

"Our home," he said, "is England; we thither
wend again,

Through the Netherlands that border upon the
northern main;

And to the German countries, in the name of God
our Lord,

We bear the glad evangel of the everlasting Word."

* Most of the facts on which this ballad is founded may be gleaned from "Penn's Travels in Germany and Holland." Pennsylvania enjoys the undoubted honor of being the first of the colonies in every early movement for the overthrow of slavery. As far back as 1712, William Southey petitioned the Assemblies for its total abolition,—the first petition of the kind ever presented to a colonial legislature; and Ralph Sandiford set the first example of voluntary emancipation in 1733. The German's declared their conviction of the injustice of human bondage as early as 1688, and it is well known that Pennsylvania abolished the institution even before Massachusetts.

"But why," then cried a courtier, "still covered do
ye stand

In the presence of these nobles, and the lord of all
the land?

And know ye not, to princes, e'en the boor, though
dull and rude,

Will doff his cap, as surely as they of gentle blood?"

Then said this English Saxon, with countenance se-
rene,

With voice all mild and gentle, and an unaltered
mien:

"Of naught that is unseemly in our bearing here
we wot,

And of any word ungentle we have uttered, know we
not.

Men bend the knee to princes; we yield not in this
thing,

In the fair land of our fathers, e'en to our lord the
king.

All men are of one brotherhood,—we bare our heads
alone

To Him who rules all nations from an eternal
throne."

"These," quoth the Rhinegrave quickly, "are of the
Quaker herd,

Who lead astray the rabble with stubborn deed and
word,

And teach that from the people all power and glory
springs

That nerves the arms of princes, and crowns the
brows of kings."

Replied the Angle calmly, with mildness in his eye,
With heart all sweet and humble, yet with a spirit
high,—

"For righteousness and justice we would be bold
and strong,

And work good deeds, and kindly, and only fear the
wrong.

For on the people's blindness our souls have looked
in ruth,—

We bear to all a message of gentleness and truth;

We bring good tidings only to thee and unto thine,
And bear ye loving kindness, Oh lord of Falken-
stein."

But his men at arms the Rhinegrave he called unto
him then,

And said, "From out my borders see that ye hale
these men;"

And with the surly soldier the Angle went away,
And the lordling of the Rhineland, he had his will
that day.

But the seeds the English Saxon within the land had
sown,

Not all on ground so barren his generous hand had
strown;

In palace and in cottage there were whose hearts
received

The words of truth and justice, which all their souls
believed.

And they nursed the sacred fire; while in his father-
land,

For the rights of man's great brotherhood again did
the Angle stand,

With great Sidney, 'gainst the tyrants, who sought,
with haughty sway,

To lord it o'er the lowly in England's evil day.

And in a day of danger, of great and bitter stress,
He left the dales of England for the distant wilder-
ness,

To lay the broad foundations of a great common-
weal,
Where right should not be trampled beneath op-
pression's heel.

In his brave barque, all boldly, he launched a good-
ly freight,
None other than the fortunes of a most noble State;
And o'er the sounding ocean, through storm and
foam it passed,
Till on the Arasafa the Welcome slept at last.

And out of the sunny Rhineland, forth from the cas-
tle hearth,
From the echoing rock of Lurlei, and cloistered
Nonnenworth,
And from Idyllian valleys, where smoke-wreath rises
through

The apple orchards, melting in a sky of softer blue;
From many a peaceful hamlet, from many a lowly
cot,
Came they who the Angle's lessons had never yet
forgot;
And to the blue-eyed German, within this distant
land,
In love his English brother stretched forth the
friendly hand.

Where Conowingo's waters through dales of quiet
flow,

And in the mighty shadow of sylvan Pokono,
And by the Susquehanna, on sweet Wyoming's
breast,

And beautiful Ohio, that seeks the golden West,—

Not without tears of sorrow, they reared the peace-
ful home,

Regretful tears for the fatherland beyond the blue
sea's foam;

And having compassed freedom for them and their's,
they gave

The boon to the bondman,—first to rend the fetters
of the slave.

Then let us sing the Saxon, who launched the Wel-
come's keel,

And laid the broad foundation of our dear old com-
monweal,—

And the blue-eyed German with him, who sought
our peaceful shore

To light the fires of freedom, we will guard forever-
more!

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

Such a one can do anything. It was the prescription offered to an overborne and desponding wife, "Always meet your husband with a smile." A prescription more easily offered than carried out, doubtless. But then what grace was ever *easy* of accomplishment. Was patience? or zeal? or contentment? But if the virtue of kindness be difficult, the end it proposes to itself is a worthy end. What is, the end but the subduing what is hard, and the melting what is rough and coarse and cruel? It is worth something to bring to beauty an acre or two of barren soil. We are willing to take pains to turn a stone into a statue. And human hearts are better than barren heaths;—they shall still abide when of all earth's stones no one shall be left standing upon another.

I lately heard a public speaker remark,

"When once a man realizes 'God loves me,' it is half way toward his conversion." I felt very much the force of this remark, and if true, it exactly illustrates the subject I am writing on. For it shows this—that kindness is God's "power." His attribute of "good will to man" endears Him to His creatures more than His attributes of power, wisdom, justice, and faithfulness. And as *He* finds it mighty, so we must resort to it. If it be His characteristic, it must be ours. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love."

GARDEN WORK.

From "Homespun," a recent volume from the press of Hurd & Houghton, New York, we extract the following life-like and suggestive chapter on "Garden Work." The book abounds with beautiful descriptions of rural life, from which it is difficult to make a choice.

"God Almighty first planted a Garden," says Bacon, "and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man."

"There is no ancient gentlemen," says the grave-digger in Hamlet, "but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession."

Said the gentle old Archbishop Sancroft to his friend Hough, who was visiting him in Suffolk:—"Almost all you see is the work of my own hands, though I am bordering on eighty years of age. My old woman does the weeding, and John mows the turf and digs for me; but all the nicer work—the sewing, grafting, budding, transplanting, and the like—I trust to no other hand but my own, so long, at least, as my health will allow me to enjoy so pleasing an occupation."

—The Poets are full of the delights of gardening; Cowley and Pope, at least, came to realize their dreams in this respect. One can run through very few pages of English verse, and not have to leap hedges of allusions to gardens, or without bringing away a memory stuck full with their fragrant blossoms. An appreciative writer observes that "Bacon and Milton were the prophet and the herald, Pope and Addison the reformer and the legislator, of horticulture." Spenser's stanzas abound with real garden pictures, terrace raised above terrace, and lawn stretching beyond lawn. The garden scene in "Romeo and Juliet" is the favorite one with all readers, because in the fragrant atmosphere of the garden, in the tempered moonlight, and to the sound of trickling waters, love is made in the true spirit of romance. Tennyson has shown us how it is attempted in the more exquisite passages of his everywhere-quoted "Maud." The poet Shenstone wrote from his favorite Leasowes: "I feed my wild ducks, I water my carnations; happy enough

if I could extinguish my ambition quite." Father Adam was placed in a garden to "dress and keep it." Every reader of English recalls at once Milton's fine description of our first parents in Eden, rising with the dawn, to dress the alleys green,—

"Their walk at noon, with branches overgrown."

The grey old monks, in fact, who had an eye open to the good things of life in their day, were the first genuine cultivators of flowers and fruits, and around their solitary keeps of learning slept securely many a productive garden and blossoming orchard. They had the true relish for what those things brought them, and tended a tree or a flower with the same zeal with which they wore the pavement smooth with their frequent devotions. They taught us horticulture, and we are thus become their debtors for more than the mere learning they were instrumental in handing down.

—The sincerest pleasures of the home life are woven closely in with those of the garden. I have almost made one of my own heart, from the habit of living over again the delight I used to take in digging, planting, weeding, and watering the little half-acre Elysium, where grew so luxuriantly my bulbous cabbages and bright-eyed beans. I am conscious that Goethe did not miss of the general truth in his observation that he took the solidest delight in the simplest pleasures; and, for an enduring pleasure, clean and sweet both in itself and its memories, we can truly think of nothing in nature before a little garden. It should not be so large as to become a task-master, and thus worry out the placid zeal; but only spacious enough to excite the physical energy and give a healthy start to the thought.

I am not making any allusions to city gardens now, nor to their more luxuriantly gay cousins of the suburb, where the owner is far from being the author, but employs his gardener as many a man does his upholsterer; those make beautiful "estates," and are objects of attraction alike to shrewd brokers and fashionable lovers of nature; but they have few of the savory associations of simplicity, and peace, and home. Fine enough exotics may grow and show there, whose health and beauty salaried gardeners look carefully after; but you will search in vain for simple morning-glories, climbing like eager children to the window-sill to peep in, or for snowy caps out among the bean poles in the delicious summer weather.

Work, before breakfast, in the retired garden-spot, is a sort of inspiration for the rest of the day. In that still hour you mark how your lettuce and cabbages have shot up during the night, and at once renew your faith in nature. I fear my closest friend would have failed to recognize me then, as I used to look in that patched and shredded apparel, the limp hat-rim

falling down about my face and eyes, and on my knees, too,—before many others were,—for striped bugs and green cabbage worms.

Or, next to the early morning work, with the dewy earth offering its grateful exhalations to the nostrils, the twilight stroll through the limited grounds is full of peaceful delight, and tends to provoke contemplation. If you were in the morning the laborer, you can realize that you are the lord at evening; going about and pulling up scattered weeds, perhaps changing around a few plants, thinning the sprouted rows of beets or onions, grubbing up some pestiferous root, or planning somewhat for the next morning's industry.

In all the old fashioned gardens one finds a double row of currant bushes, almost as inevitable as the lilac or the white rose-bush, at the garden gate. A charming alley is thus opened up for nearly the length of the plat. They maintain their lines as faithfully as appointed metes and bounds; and, spread over the green ruffles of their leaves, may be seen, all through the season, a white crop of old ladies' caps, that tells of the grandmother whose hand planted the purple morning-glories under the windows, whose head now and then shows itself between the verdurous walls of the bean-vines. A man would as soon think of tearing a true sentiment out of his heart, if such a thing could be done, as of pulling up the currant bushes that are so well rooted in the garden.

How the red beet-tops glisten in their long rows, as if some pains-taking hand had varnished them, one by one! How crowded stand those carrots, boring each its long yellow finger into the mellowed sub-soil! With what a Dutch-like and dogmatic air the swelling cabbages erect their pulpy heads in the performance of the useful work they are set to do!

At the further end of the plat stands the summer-house,—a sort of Pomona's shrine, in its way, as well as a moonlight resort for lovers; a contorted grape-vine wearing a lattice of leaves below and a canopy of green overhead, whose purple tributes you may sit and pluck in the dreamy afternoons of September, while the yellow finches are clustering on the bushes and the poultry are wallowing in the soft garden mould.

—Daybreak, in summer, is a fresh experience every morning, in the garden. A good deal has been said, good and bad, about the glories of that hour on the hill top and at the riverside; but in the seclusion of the leafy little patch beside the homestead it is, apparently, not so well known. If one only has a garden in which to offer salutation to the day-god, he has at least one more inducement to get out of bed in the dewy hours of the morning. To be right in the midst of your own growing vegetables; to behold the favorite sunflowers all turned to the east; to watch the bean-sprouts,

coming up with their twin leaves out of the cleft heart of the seed ; to shave down ranks of red-stemmed weeds with a single sweep of the bright hoe ; to brush your peas, pole your beans, set frames to support your cucumbers and tomatoes, trim your young hedges, hunt the bugs among the squash vines, and plan new paths through beds of vegetables and rows of fruit-trees : this it is to seize a fresh pleasure in the very bloom of its freshness, and load the heart with a harvest of memories that grow all the more fragrant with age.

Somehow, the poets have linked all the pleasant names with the pleasant occupations. Therein they have shown themselves to be poets. The very word Garden is laden, like a wain, with bundles of blossoming associations. When men speak of subduing the rugged wildness of nature, the phrase goes that they will make it "beautiful as a garden." In gardens live buds and blossoms, along with the bees and the sunshine ; and they die there, too. They lie close to Home. We step from the kitchen door through the garden gate. Peaches ripen on their walls ; and blooming plums drop plump on their mellow soil. Our feet loiter in their delightful walks, and the atmosphere breathes only contentment and peace.

In gardening, and its cognate associations, we get away from the hot fuming of the world and go back to the cool and shaded bowers of simplicity and truth. We seem to stand with uncovered heads in the porch of nature's great temple. We smell savors as fresh as the morning dews and as sweet as the breath of the rustling corn. There is such a retired, such a cool, such a far-off look from the outer world to the heart of the garden, that one deplores the necessity that takes him away from so peaceful a pursuit, and wonders if there may not come a time when he shall stay at home altogether in his rustic corner, and dress and keep his little garden-spot to the end of his days.

—When the pale autumn suns fall aslant through the dried stalks, and little flocks of birds flutter here and there over the grounds in quest of seeds that have burst their pods, and tomatoes lie red and glossy among the wilted and fallen vines, and bean-pods hang from the poles without green leaves to shelter them any longer, and slender-waisted wasps find their way to the decayed fruits that lie here and there, over the ground,—the thoughts are allured by every object to the tenderest mood of contemplation ; the very atmosphere is full of the realization of pleasant dreams. These particular days in the garden have charms which are not matched even by the glimpses of glory furnished in the spring.

He who loves the home-spot then finds employments after his heart's desire. To gather and garner—to pull the rich roots out of the

ground where they have waxed fat through a whole season's dirty idleness—to get into the beans, the peppers, the mangoes, and such other vegetables as ripen in seed-vessels—to go from garden to barn, from barn to kitchen, from kitchen to cellar, and so back to the garden again, keeps the feelings of the domesticated man in a state of contented pleasure all the while, and renews the ties continually that hold him to the home he loves.

The poultry run in and out before him, and the season's chickens delight to wallow in the loosened dirt under the lee of the fence, stretched their yellow legs in the genial sun. Grandmother's marigolds await the clipping of her shears, and looks like a shoal of bright fish, dyed in the yellow stream of some Pactolus. As for the rows of sturdy-looking winter cabbages, they may stand out awhile through the fall frosts, and even get powdered with the first light snows of November ; and the growing turkey-poulters may peck at the loose outside leaves on their way to roost in the apple-trees.

One cannot think of the Spring house cleaning, without a revived reminiscence of the early garden-work, too. The boys are raking the rubbish from the grass and the beds, and setting fire to it in the piles they have heaped up around ; into which the old shoes of the past year are thrown as burnt-offerings. The girls are at the posies, scratching away like so many hens in the high tide of mischief. The dog has his nose in every nook, new or old, that is to be found. The windows are all opened, to let in the genial sun. Bees drive across the yards, impatiently foraging for the first blossoms. The robins make the air vocal with their welcome calls, and are scouting about the plantations for nice places to build their nests. The sprouted sprays of the old elm on the lawn are pencilled on the ground in the sunshine, with the utmost minuteness. All about the premises there are the joyous sights and sounds of Spring, bringing glad tidings of the new life that has suddenly broken over the world.

—And this is the life of home. Has the whole world any thing to offer that is debased with so little alloy ?

But finest of all, and crown of all the home glories, are the roses ; those beautiful children of the dews and sun ; clambering in such wild riotousness about the porch, and thrusting their bouquets of red and white in at the windows ; cloudy masses of colors just fetched from Paradise, mingled as if in chance drifts, and piled against the house like snows against the walls in winter ! The little parlor—shaded and low—is filled with the breath of their very hearts. Through the whole of June, the dear old place is a sort of Dreamland. In the most brilliant colorings of oriental tales—in the dreamiest pictures of islands in the southern seas, noth-

ing so satisfies the imagination and the heart as the luxuriant rose vines, bosed from root to crown with glories of buds and blossoms; lavishing their sweet lives on the happiness of those who dwell contentedly at home; and conjuring up for soul and sense, through the magic of color and perfume, ideal scenes that line the roadways of life with banks of ravishing fragrance and bowers of beauty without end.

—The rose is the angel of the garden; and one can therefore readily comprehend what the poet Gray meant when he exclaimed—"Happy they who can create a Rose!" Sir Henry Wotton wrote of it, in his verses "On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia,"

"You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year
As if the Spring were all your own,—
What are you when the rose is blown?"

—*The Moravian.*

A HOUSE SINKS INTO THE GROUND.

On Sixth-day afternoon, 10th of 5th month, a singular and startling accident happened near Girardville, at the foot of Mahanoy Plane, about six miles from Mahanoy City, Schuylkill Co., Penna. It seems that at that point a "breast" of the Boston and Mahanoy Coal Company's colliery had been worked to within about 20 feet of the surface of the earth, and that located just above it stood a two-story frame building, occupied by Mr. Thomas T. Myers, a breaker boss at the colliery, and his family. He also had a number of boarders, whose clothing, &c., were in the house.

About three o'clock on Friday afternoon, as Mrs. Morris Robinson, of this borough, wife of the superintendent of the colliery, who was on a visit to the house, and Mrs. Myers were in the kitchen, they felt the house moving, and rushed in haste into the open air. Two minutes had hardly elapsed after they left the house, before it sank with a surging, swaying motion into a huge chasm, to the depth of about eighty feet. Large masses of earth and rock from the sides of the chasm, immediately closed in upon the house, burying it almost completely from view. The crash when it went down was tremendous. The complete entombment of the dwelling, which was about thirty-five feet long, may be imagined, says the *Miner's Journal*, when we state that the chasm formed by the sinking of the mine would readily have admitted a building over one hundred feet in length. Fortunately the startling occurrence was not attended with the loss of human life. Had it taken place at night, ten lives might have been lost. But it took place at an hour when some of Mr. Myer's children had gone to school, while the others were playing outside.

POWER-LOOM AND HAND-WORK FABRICS.

Whatever relates to textile fabrics, especially those of cotton, cannot fail to interest American manufacturers. In our growing familiarity with the marvellous amount and delicacy of the products of power-looms and other machinery worked by steam, we are in danger of forgetting what is daily accomplished by means of hand-looms and the workings of the supple and sensitive fingers. To this day India cotton goods, especially the Dacca muslins, or those from Eastern Bengal, have been imported into England, recommended by their superior softness, richness and durability. So, also, of the calicoes, chintzes and ginghams, which form the staple manufactures of Coromandel. Though nearly driven out of the European market by cheap and successful imitations, they are still preferred over the East, where the curious believe themselves able to distinguish by the touch and even by the smell these genuine products of the Indian loom. The highest qualities of the Dacca muslin are splendid examples of the superiority of intelligent labor over the most elaborate machinery. The hand of the Hindoo, to use the language of a writer in "Once a Week," "is educated to a delicacy of touch that is marvellous, and that delicacy is transmitted through succeeding generations until the native manipulator acquires a kind of instinctive aptness which gives him all the unfailing regularity of a machine, directed by the intelligence of man." The native women spin with the finger a yarn which surpasses in fineness the machine-spun yarn paraded, in the great Exhibition of 1862, as a marvel of European skill. The classes of muslin called "woven air" and "evening dew" are, as their names would import, of unsurpassing fineness of fabric. It is related that a weaver was chastised and driven out of the city of Dacca for neglecting to prevent his cow from eating up a piece of this quality of muslin which he had spread out and left upon the grass, the article being so fine that the animal could not see it on the herbage. So delicate is the manufacture of the shirt-staple of the Dacca cotton that it can only be spun into yarn at certain times of the day. Preference is given to the morning, before the dew has left the grass; or, if spinning be carried on after that time, it is over a pan of water, the evaporation from which yields moisture enough to prevent the fibre from becoming too brittle to handle. The Dacca muslin, with all its delicacy, will wash, which European muslin will not. A piece of "evening dew," one yard wide and four yards long, weighs only one ounce and eighty-six grains.

Figured muslins is a still more costly and delicate work of the Indian loom. No approach has been made by Europeans in producing the charming effect of weaving gold and silver

threads into the different fabrics made in India. The embroidery in the woven garments in which the absolutely pure gold is employed, never tarnishes, and it washes just as well as the other threads of the garment.

What will our American manufacturers, who may look to competing at some future day with the English in supplying the Indian market, say to the following statement made by the writer whom we have quoted above: "A native with a rude bamboo loom will, with his fingers and toes, finish a piece of muslin which cannot by all the application of our most delicate machinery be produced in Europe." A like superiority is evinced in the Hindoo's almost instinctive appreciation of appropriate form and color in design. He has learned to print fast colors. The native fabrics are remarkable for the sobriety and harmony of hue which they present. The English colors will not wash, and even Prussia is gaining the advance in supplying dyed goods to India.—*Public Ledger*.

TWO BUCKETS.

A great deal of trouble is "borrowed" by the habit of looking at things "wrong end foremost."

"How disconsolate you look!" said a bucket to his fellow-bucket as they were going to the well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me! how strange to look at it in that way," said the bucket. "Now I enjoy the thought that however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."

ITEMS.

It is said that Chili and Peru have accepted with certain reservations, the proffered mediation of the government of the United States in their quarrel with Spain.

The French government has granted a concession to the new Franco-American Telegraph Company, which proposes to lay a submarine cable from Brest to some point on the American coast.

The abolition of imprisonment for debt is gradually conquering a place in the legislation of every European country. Even Imperial France, so timid of liberal laws, has now adopted the reform.

ELECTRO MAGNETISM has found a new use in the arts and manufactures, in being made instrumental in smelting iron. A fixed electro-magnet is placed opposite an opening in the side of the furnace containing the metal to be smelted, and a current of magnetism is directed into the molten metal. The effect on the iron is said to be very remarkable, rendering it extremely tough and hard. The process is carried on with great success at one of the most important iron works in Sheffield.

ORIGIN OF THE FLOATING ICEBERGS IN THE ATLANTIC.—The valleys of Greenland are all filled with glaciers, of which some have an enormous extent. They are always in motion, gliding downwards like

rivers of nearly solid matter, which have their outlet in the sea, only their motion is exceedingly slow, not exceeding about 100 feet for the whole summer season. The lower extremities of these glaciers, reaching the ocean, are buoyed up by the deep water, and then are broken off from the rest of the mass, when they slowly drift away to the south. They sometimes have an extent of several miles, and are really mountains of ice—icebergs—of which about seven-eighths are in the water and less than one-eighth exposed above the surface. These floating ice-mountains often carry enormous blocks of rock, torn from the mountain side along which they have moved, and drop those rocks when and where the iceberg is finally lost. In this way geologists explain how boulders and erratic rocks happen to be found where there are no similar formations—namely, by icebergs at a time before the present surface of the continents were upheaved from the depths of the ocean. It is known that this is one of Agassiz's favorite theories; he supposes that the whole earth was covered with glaciers.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA lately decreed the establishment of a European college at Peking, the Chinese capital. The founding of the college was opposed by the Emperor's minister, Ouojen, who presented a memorial, saying: "In a country so vast as China every talent can be found. If astronomy and the other sciences are necessary, Chinese letters will be found by means of which they can be taught." Thereupon the Emperor rejoins: "Let Ouojen then seek for the letters of which he speaks. We hereby entrust him personally with the duty, and give him authority to open a school, over which he will preside and teach the things taught in the European school. The examinations will show at a later time the relative merits of the scholars of the two schools."

TO PRESERVE ICE.—An exchange gives the following method of preserving ice for domestic purposes, and especially for the sick room: Make two bags of stout woolen fabric; the inner one should be ten inches wide by fourteen inches deep. The outer bag should be made at least two inches wider each way. After placing one bag inside the other, stuff feathers between the two, and sew the bags together at the top. Put a block of ice into a bag of this description and it will be preserved from melting for nearly a week, when under exposure it will melt in less than an hour.—*Del. Co. Republican*.

THE INTERNATIONAL MONETARY CONGRESS now sitting at Paris, it is announced, has determined upon the gold five-franc piece and its multiples as the basis of an uniform international currency. This will make the French system of coinage that of the civilized world, if other nations adopt the report of the Congress. The five-franc piece is worth 96 cents in gold.

TELEGRAPHING is making great progress in the East. China is about having its great wall of prejudices against foreign innovation broken down. The East India Telegraph Company is making efforts to introduce the telegraph into China, and in this is backed by the influence of the French Ambassador at Peking. The British government has given this company the privilege of erecting telegraphs at Hong Kong, and the progress made by this, an American telegraphic enterprise, is most gratifying. In England, a rival corporation called the Anglo-Indian Telegraph Company has been organized; and it contemplates not only lines in the East, but a new line connecting England with the East, the present telegraphic connection with that part of the globe being very unsatisfactory.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

PRESBYTERIAN SEPARATIONS AND REUNIONS.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

(Continued from page 339.)

The separation of 1838 was preceded by an exciting controversy, relating to "didactic theology and church government and discipline." In the year 1830, Albert Barnes, a distinguished preacher and writer, was chosen pastor by the First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia.

He had previously preached a sermon entitled, "The Way of Salvation," which was thought by many to be at variance with the Presbyterian Confession of Faith and the Catechisms. He was admitted by the Presbytery, but a minority protested against it, and complaint being made to the Synod of Philadelphia, the case was referred back to the Presbytery. That body appointed a committee to examine the obnoxious sermon, and subsequently expressed their disapprobation of the doctrines avowed in it. The proceedings arising from this accusation continued six years, but failed to effect his expulsion from the ministry. He was sustained by a strong party, known as the Puritan party, or New School, while those who insisted on a strict adherence to the Calvinistic doctrines, as construed by the Scotch party, were known as the Old School Presbyterians. In addition to this cause of dissension, there were others, growing out of the administration of their discipline, and the proceedings of their Home Missionary Society.

The alienation between the two parties continued to increase, and it became manifest that a decisive struggle would take place at the meeting of the General Assembly in 1837. The strict interpreters of the Confession of Faith—the Scotch party—had for some years been the minority in the Assembly; they therefore invited a convention to meet in Philadelphia the week previous to the time appointed for the General Assembly. The convention consisted of 124 members, most of whom also were delegates to the Assembly. They prepared and transmitted to the General Assembly, a document entitled a "Testimony and Memorial." "They bore testimony against sixteen doctrinal errors, ten departures from the Presbyterian order, and five declensions in Christian discipline."

Among the alleged doctrinal errors charged against the other party, they specified the following:

"Election to eternal life is founded on a foresight of faith and obedience." "We have no more to do with the first sin of Adam, than with the sins of any other parent." "Infants come into the world as free from moral defilement as was Adam when he was first created." "Original sin does not include a simple bias of the human mind and a just exposure to penal suffering." "There is no evidence in Scripture that infants, in order to salvation, do need redemption by the blood of Christ and regeneration by the Holy Ghost." "The doctrine of

imputation, whether of the guilt of Adam's sin or of the righteousness of Christ, has no foundation in the Word of God, and is both unjust and absurd." "The sufferings and death of Christ were not truly vicarious and penal, but symbolical, governmental and instructive only."

The convention pronounced these and other doctrines they specified as "errors unscriptural, radical, and highly dangerous," which in "their ultimate tendency subvert the foundations of Christian hope, and destroy the souls of men."

It does not appear by the statement from which these extracts are taken, whether the New School party admitted or denied that they held the doctrines above cited, and to the unprejudiced mind it must seem astonishing that any body of intelligent men could pronounce such doctrines "dangerous errors," calculated "to destroy the souls of men."

The General Assembly of 1837 met, and, the adherents of the convention having a decided majority in that body, promptly acceded to the requests of the memorial. They abrogated the "plan of union" between Presbyterians and Congregationalists. They adjudged that the four Synods of Genesee, Geneva, Utica, and the Western Reserve were not "constituent parts" of the Presbyterian Church. The operations of the American Home Missionary, and of the American Educational Societies, were excluded from their churches, and the Third Presbytery of Philadelphia dissolved.

"The succeeding twelve months were devoted by both parties to preparation for the Assembly of 1838. By custom it devolves upon the permanent and stated clerks to make up the list of the members, who present their commissions for that purpose anterior to the commencement of the sessions. These officers omitted all reference to the delegates from the Presbyteries comprised in the four Synods which had been expunged from the ecclesiastical statistics by the previous Assembly. When the motion was made that the commissions from these Presbyteries should be received, the moderator refused to recognize the motion, or the parties on whose behalf it was made. After a short interval of disorder, the minority (including both the advocates of the Synods who were excluded by the Assembly of 1837, and the commissioners from those Synods) united in disclaiming the authority of the moderator, and proceeded to organize by themselves; and having elected another moderator and clerks, the whole of the dissentients from the acts of the Assembly in 1837, immediately withdrew, in a body, to the edifice occupied by the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. The majority retained their seats until the temporary confusion ceased, when they proceeded to their

ecclesiastical business according to the prescribed ordinary forms." This statement is quoted from a paper written by an adherent of the Old School party.

A writer of the other party, commenting on the proceedings of the General Assembly in 1837, says: "It was distinctly understood, previously to the meeting, through a convention of that party, that, if they could secure a majority, some measures would be adopted which would disable, ever thereafter, the moderate party in the church. The desired majority was obtained." "Indeed, it is quite manifest that the whole movement was made, as was admitted by a principal leader of the party at the time, for the simple purpose of preventing a future majority of the other party. These four Synods, comprising about five hundred ministers and six hundred churches, and sixty thousand communicants, were attempted to be cut off from the Presbyterian Church, because if the opposing party was not thoroughly broken by such an excision, the Scotch party would never have a majority on that floor again."

"After passing these resolutions, the majority took effective measures to retain the records and the funds of the Church, by passing an order requiring the clerks to pledge themselves not to receive the commissioners from the excised Synods in the formation of the next Assembly." "The party that had excised the four Synods to secure to themselves a future majority, retained all the funds and property of the Church, amounting to more than three hundred thousand dollars."

The right to this property became a subject of litigation in the courts of Pennsylvania. It was held by trustees for "the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church;" but there were now two General Assemblies; that called the Old School held possession, and the other Assembly, which claimed to be the constitutional body, brought suit for the property.

After a trial before a jury, "a verdict was rendered in favor of the plaintiffs,—the Puritan party: 'that is,' as explained by the presiding judge, 'the Assembly which held its sittings in the First Presbyterian Church (a portion of which had been cut off in 1837, without trial) was the true General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States of America, under the charter.'" From this decision the Old School party appealed to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and Chief Justice Gibson ordered a new trial under instructions; but the New School Assembly concluded to withdraw the suit, and in so doing left the property in the hands of the other party.

It is observed by Joel Parker, pastor of a New School congregation of Presbyterians in

Philadelphia, that "the Scotch party retain the funds and property. Individuals of the party have intimated a willingness to restore as much of these funds as was contributed by the Puritan party. There is no doubt they would be more happy if it were done; but how to perform that which they desire, they find not. The funds are of little consequence. The period of deep excitement has passed away. Some great advantages have accrued from this unhappy division of brethren. The accusations of heresy have ceased, and events have shown that either party would gladly strengthen itself with receiving to its arms any clergyman of good standing in his present position. An interchange of public services in one another's churches has already commenced, and there is every reason to hope that the time is not distant when the kindest and most fraternal intercourse will prevail universally between these two branches of the Presbyterian family."

The foregoing remarks were published in 1844. At that time the numerical strength of the two parties were nearly equal; the General Assembly of the Old School Presbyterians comprised 19 synods, 105 presbyteries, 1434 ministers, and 159,137 members in communion. That of the New School had under its care 19 synods, 101 presbyteries, and nearly 1500 ministers. The number of its members is not stated.

It will doubtless occur to some of the readers of "Friends' Intelligencer," that in many respects the Presbyterian schism in 1837 resembled the separation in the Society of Friends, that occurred ten years earlier.

Joel Parker, writing of the New School party, says they had at the time of the separation, as compared with the others, "less of organization as a party, and less disposition to contend. The Scotch party organized themselves by conventions and appeals through the press, representing the church as being in extreme danger from heresy in doctrine, and innovations upon established order. The feelings to which they appealed were a warm regard to Presbyterian order and doctrine. The Puritan party really believed that it was unjustifiable to attempt to meet these warlike preparations by demonstrations of the same character. They thought if they still devoted their energies to the cause of missions and the progress of piety in our own church, and in the country at large, God would protect their cause."

(To be continued.)

Shall we be slothful and negligent in the contemplation of the glory of God, which transforms our minds into its own likeness, so that the eyes of our understanding shall be continually filled with it, until we see Him continually?—Owen.

SPIRITUAL LIFE.

FRAGMENTARY PRAYER.

A devout man, one that prayed always.—Acts 102.

We miss very much devotional joy, by the neglect of fragmentary prayer. In the intervals which separate periodical seasons of devotion, we need a habit of offering up brief ejaculatory expressions of devout feeling. The morning and the evening sacrifice depend very much upon these interspersed offerings, as these in return are dependent on those. Communion with God in both, is assisted by linking the "set times" together by a chain of heavenward thoughts and aspirations, in the breaks which occur in our labors and amusements. Sunrise and sunset may attract our attention more strongly than the succession of golden rays between them, but who can say that they are more cheering? It is not often that a day wholly clouded lies between two clear twilights.

Prayer, as we have seen, is, in the highest conception of it, a *state* rather than an *act*. A full fruition of its benefits depends on a *continuity* of its influences. Reduce it to two isolated experiments daily, and separate these by long blank hours in which the soul has no glimpse of God for its refreshment, and how can prayer be other than a toil, and often a drudgery?

We come to the eventide with the impression of the morning watch all obliterated; probably with a conscience burthened by accumulations of sin upon an ungoverned spirit through the day. We feel that we must take a new start every time we seek God's presence. Our sense of spiritual progress is lost. Sinning and repenting is all our life; we do not have holy force enough to get beyond repentance in our devotion. Our prayers, instead of being, as they should be, advancing steps, are like the steps of a tread-mill. Humane law has abandoned this, even as a punishment for felons; why should one whom Christ has made free inflict it upon himself?

We need, then, something that shall make our prayerful hours support each other—the morning tributary to the evening, and the evening to the morning. Nothing else can do this so naturally as the habit of ejaculatory prayer. The *spirit* of prayer may run along the line of such a habit through a lifetime. So one may live in a *state* of prayer, "a devout man that prays always."

Not only does this habit of fragmentary prayer contribute to a lofty, devotional spirit, but such a spirit demands it for its own indulgence.

Critics have observed, that in the apostolic epistles, doxologies are sometimes embedded in passages of remonstrance and of warning. It should seem, that the apostolic mind came down unwillingly, or from a sense of duty only, to

deal with the sins and weaknesses of earth ; and was on the watch for chances to rise, like a bird let loose, though but for a moment, into the upper air.

Are there not, in the lives of us all, moments when, without the formality of retirement to the closet, we feel *disposed* to pray ? We are conscious of special attraction towards God. Perhaps with no obvious reason for "looking up" now rather than an hour ago, we *do* look up. "We feel just like praying." It is as if we heard heavenly voices saying, "Come up hither."

No Christian, then, can afford to be frugal of prayer, in the intervals of daily business and amusement. Enjoyment of *all* communion with God must be impaired, by the loss of these little tributaries. A Christian's life, so conducted, must languish as a tree does, whose fibrous roots are stripped off, leaving only its trunical roots, possibly only a tap-root, for its nourishment. That Christian is hoping against impossibilities, who thinks to enjoy a life of social intercourse with God in any such way.

In the vestibule of St. Peter's, at Rome, is a doorway, which is walled up and marked with a cross. It is opened but four times in a century. On Christmas eve, once in twenty-five years, the Pope approaches it in princely state, with the retinue of cardinals in attendance, and begins the demolition of the door, by striking it three times with a silver hammer. When the passage is opened, the multitude pass into the nave of the cathedral, and up to the altar, by an avenue which the majority of them never entered thus before, and never will enter thus again.

Imagine that the way to the throne of grace were like the *Porta Santa*, inaccessible, save once in a quarter of a century, on the twenty-fifth of December, and then only with august solemnities, conducted by great dignitaries in a holy city. Conceive that it were now ten years since you, or I, or any other sinner, had been *permitted* to pray ; and that fifteen long years must drag themselves away before we could venture again to approach God ; and that, at the most, we could not hope to pray more than two or three times in a lifetime ! With what solicitude we should wait for the coming of that holy day ! We should lay our plans of life, select our homes, build our houses, choose our professions, form our friendships, with reference to a *pilgrimage* in that twenty-fifth year. We should reckon on time by the openings of that sacred door, as epochs. No other one thought would engross so much of our lives, or kindle our sensibilities so intensely, as the thought of prayer. It would be of more significance to us than the thought of death is now. It would multiply our trepidations at the thought of dying. Fear would grow to

horror at the idea of dying before that year of Jubilee. No other questions would give us such tremors of anxiety as these would excite : How many years now to the time of prayer ? How many months ? How many weeks ? How many days ? Shall we live to see it ? Who can tell ?

Yet, on that great day, amidst an innumerable throng, in a courtly presence, within sight and hearing of stately rites, *what would prayer be worth to us ?* Who would value it in the comparison with those still moments, that

— "secret silence of the mind,"

in which we now can "find God," *every day and every where ?* That day would be more like the day of judgment to us, than like the sweet minutes of converse with "Our Father," which we may now have every hour. We should appreciate this privilege of *hourly* prayer, if it were once taken from us. Should we not ?

"Still with Thee, O my God,
I would desire to be ;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee !

"With Thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart—
To hear thy voice amid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart !

—The Still Hour.

IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD.

Bishop Leighton thus wrote to his sister's husband on the death of a beloved child : "I am glad of your health, and of the recovery of your little ones ; but, indeed, it was a sharp stroke of a pen that told me your little Johnny was dead, and I felt it truly more than to my remembrance I did the death of any child in my lifetime. Sweet thing ! and is he so quickly laid asleep ? Happy he ! Though we shall no more have the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying ; and hath wholly escaped the trouble of schooling and all the suffering of boys, and the riper and deeper griefs of upper years—this poor life being all along nothing but a linked chain of many sorrows and of many deaths. Tell my dear sister she is now so much more akin to the other world, and this will be quickly passed to us all. John is but gone an hour or two sooner to bed, as children use to do, and we are undressing to follow. And the more we put off the love of the present world, and all things superfluous beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down."

DEFECTIVE RELIGION.—A religion that never suffices to govern a man, will never suffice to save him ; that which does not sufficiently distinguish him from a wicked world, will never distinguish him from a perishing world.—Howe.

From the Christian Register.

A TALK TO MOTHERS.

BY ROBERT COLLYER.

1 SAMUEL 2: 18, 19.—Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child. Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year.

This is part of a most touching story, how God gave to a Hebrew mother a man child, many years after her wedding; and the gift was such a gladness, that she dedicated him back to God, and carried him back to the temple, there to minister all his life. And once every year she made him a little coat, and carried it up to the temple herself, when she went to see her child, whom she called Samuel, which, being interpreted, is, "He who was asked of God."

We have three separate statements of the nature of a little child. The first is that in some way it is utterly depraved and lost; not capable of conceiving one good thought, saying one good word, or doing one good thing, being—

"Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race and taints us all."

This statement, to my mind, is untrue, for two reasons. The first is, that it clashes with the loftiest revelations ever made to our race about the child-nature. Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." One cannot help seeing here the inevitable logic. If the child is utterly depraved, and of such is the kingdom of heaven, wherein does the kingdom of heaven differ from the kingdom of hell?

I sat at my desk, trying to put my second and most impregnable objection, as it springs out of the nature of the little child itself, into words. And one sat at my feet, rich in the possession of a new toy; while another went and came, singing through the fresh spring morning. Then I said in my heart, "O God, my Father! when I can say that this morning sunshine, pouring into my room fresh from the fountains of thy light, is a horror of great darkness, and the voices of the singing birds are intended to echo to us the cry of lost souls; and that the ever-changing glory of spring, summer, autumn and winter is but the ever-shifting shadow of the frown of God on a sin-stricken world,—then I can say that the light that comes out of the eyes of that little child, who has not yet framed its tongue to call me father, is the bale-fire of a soul already akin to the lost; and the sweet confidences of the other, the unlearned blasphemies of despair."

The second theory is one that I have heard from some liberal Christian,—that the heart and nature of a little child are like a fresh garden mould in the spring-time. Nothing has

sprung out of it; but the seeds of vice are already bedded down into it; and we must plant good seeds and nurse them until there is a strong growth of the better promise, carefully, all the while, weeding out whatever is bad as it comes to the surface. At the first glance this seems to be about the truth. Still, I fear it has not come so much out of that true philosophy which is founded on a close observation of our nature, as it has come out of a desire not to differ so very far from those who denounce us heartily as unchristian.

Such an idea of the child-nature is, after all, a moderate theory of infant depravity; and as such I reject it, so far as it gives any pre-occupation and predominance to sin, and accept the third theory as the true and pure gospel about the child nature; namely, that the kingdom of heaven, in a child, is like unto a man that sowed good seed in his field; but afterward, while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat and went away; and when the blade sprung up and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also. That is the true statement of this fact, my friends, as I understand it. The good seed is sown first,—good principles and powers are the first to be set down in the fresh, young heart, while even the tares themselves are not utterly worthless weeds, but degenerate wheat, a poorer grain, but never utterly useless or worthless; for the better kinds of it can be made into a rather bitter bread, while even the worst can be burnt up, and be made to enrich the ground for another harvest of the nobler grain. The good is primary, and purely good; the bad is secondary, and not totally bad. And every little child ministers before the Lord, and every mother makes his garments from year to year.

I propose to speak briefly on the nature and possibilities of this mother-influence, what it is, and what it may be. And note, first of all, that while in after life the father may come to an equal or even stronger influence over the child,—in the plastic morning of life, when the infant soul puts on its first robes of joy and love and faith and wonder, the hand of the mother alone is permitted to give them their rich quality and texture; and, to her loving and skilful eye only is left the decision of their comfort and adaptation to the ever-varying nature of every little one that comes into the world. God has made it so in his infinite and unfailing providence.

"Women know

The way to rear up children (to be just);
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles. Children learn, by such,
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,
And get not over-early solemnized.

Fathers love as well,
but still with heavier brains,
And wills more consciously responsible,
And not as wisely, since less foolishly."

To every little child, in the beginning, this earth is without form and void; and the first great light that God brings out of the darkness is the face of its mother, and the first sound that ever entered the silent sea of the infant soul is the voice of the mother as she bends over it, endeavoring to find some answering glance and call of recognition. And God has made it so, that the first sure sound the mother ever hears breaking out of that silence is more to her than the great harmonies that were heard when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. So, how can we wonder that the tender nature of Christ gathered itself into grave rebuke to those who would hinder mothers from bringing little children to him, that he might put his hands upon them and bless them? To me, the question is not whether the children will or will not be benefitted by that benediction, and if so, whether it is worth all that trouble and hindrance to the Master to let them come; but whether that most noble and tender of all souls shall acknowledge that most noble and tender of all things—the longing of the mother for a blessing upon the child.

Here, then, is the great fact set clearly before us. Mothers, your heart is the first Paradise to every little child God gives you; he finds rivers of water there, and the fruit and flowers of his earliest human world. While he can rest there, no wild beast can make him afraid; and when at last he eats of the inevitable knowledge of good and evil, and is fallen and naked, and ashamed, your love may so clothe him, as he passes out of his Eden, that he will always live in hope of the Paradise regained. And so, "we only never call him fatherless who has God and his mother."

Then, secondly, while it is eminently true, that the little child has such rich endowment, and you have such a wonderful pre-eminence, it is also true, that the possibilities open out two ways,—you may greatly blight his life, or you may greatly bless it. The garments that mothers fit on to the spirits of little children, like the garments that they fit to the outward form, only more certainly have a great deal to do with that child's whole future life. Let me give you three instances out of many that are kept in the archives of the world.

What would you judge to be the foremost thing in Washington? The obvious answer is, his perfect, spotless, radiant integrity. The man does not live in this world who believes that any letter or dispatch or state paper will ever be found in any country, which, if well understood, can call this great quality into

question, after he had come to the pride and power of his manhood,—as for that matter, at any time in his whole life. Now it is an instructive fact for mothers, that of the few books that have come down to us with which the mother of Washington surrounded her boy in early life, the one most worn and well used is a book on morals, by that eminent pattern of the old English integrity, Sir Matthew Hale; and the place where that book opens easiest, where it is most dog-eared and frail, is at the chapter on the great account which we must all give of the deeds done in the body. Before that boy went out of his home, his mother took care to stamp the image and superscription of integrity deeply on his soul.

What, after his great genius, would you mention as the most notable thing in William Ellery Channing? We answer at once, his constant loyalty to a broad, free, fearless examination of every question that could present itself to him; a frank confession of what he believed to be true about it, no matter what was said against it; and an active endeavor to make that truth a part of his life. Channing testified, with a proud affection, of his mother: "She had a firmness to examine the truth, to speak it, and to act upon it, beyond all women I ever knew." And so it was, that, when her frail boy must go out into the battle, she had armed him with the breastplate of righteousness and the helmet of salvation.

What, again, after his genius, stands foremost in the life of Byron? One answer only can be given,—his utter want of faith in woman. That one thing did more to turn his life into wormwood and gall, than all beside. He lost faith, first of all, in his mother. In and through his childhood, it was his mother that clothed him in the poisoned garments that so wofully penetrated through all his after life, and made him the most miserable man in his generation.

And so one might go on reciting instances almost endlessly, if it were needful, to show how true it is, that the mother makes the man. What then, positively, shall the mother do who will do her best?

I will answer this question first by noting what she shall *not* do. And I cannot say one thing before this,—that the spiritual garment she fashions for her little one from year to year shall not be *black*. All mothers know how long before their children can utter a word, they can read gladness or gloom in the mother's face. Let her smile, and the child will laugh; let her look sad, and it will weep. Now, some mother's, if they have had great troubles, or are much tried in their daily life, get into a habit of sadness that is like a second nature. The tone of their voice and the tenor of their talk is all in the pensive minor key. They even "sigh when

they thank God." They talk with unction of who is dead, and how young they were, and how many are sick, and what grief is abroad altogether on the earth. And the child listens to all that is said. The mother may think he does not care; but, if my own earliest memories are at all true to the common childhood, he *does care*. These things chill him through and through. I remember how I carried the terror of such a conversation in my heart once for days and days, long after the good woman who had spoken had forgotten all about it. Mothers, your children have no part or lot in that matter; death has no dominion over *them*, and will not have for this many a day to come; and it is foolish and wrong for you to lead them with you into its dark valley and shadow. If one of these little ones should be taken from you, it will be to him only as if he lay down to sleep. No sweet fruit of childhood can grow amid those grim shadows; he has his own little griefs, too, already; he does not need yours. So, as he stands before the Lord, and you fashion his spiritual garments from year to year, put plenty of gladness into them,—let the first fear wait for the first sin. In the kingdom of heaven, to which he now belongs, there is no death; his life is hid with Christ in God.

Then I would ask that the garment of spiritual influence, which you are ever fashioning, shall not be of the nature of a *straight-jacket*. Has your boy a heavy foot, a loud voice, a great appetite, a defiant way, and a burly presence altogether? Then thank God for it, more than if your husband had a farm where corn grows twelve feet high; your child has in him the making of a great and good man. The only fear is, that you will fail to meet the demand of this strong, grand nature, and try to break where you ought to build. The question for you to solve, mother, is not how to subdue him, but how to direct him. Sometimes mothers are really selfish; they refuse to pay the price for this noble growth of childhood. It is a sad mistake to suppose that this sturdy daring must be bad; first the wheat, then the tares. Dr. Kane was a wonder of boisterous energy in childhood, climbing trees and roofs, projecting himself against all obstacles, until he got the name of being the worst boy in Branchtown; but time revealed the divinity of this rough life, when he bearded the ice-king in his own domain, and made himself a name in Arctic exploration second to none. The tumult, again, when Sydney Smith was a boy, was a marvel of boisterous clamor. But when that voice set itself to be heard in the *Edinburgh Review*, it roused a whole kingdom; and the abundant vitality that set distracted in childhood, so penetrated and informed the whole after-life, as to make its record one of the best biographies in the English tongue. Do not break your child's

passionate temper, but direct it. God knows, by-and-by, he will need it all to batter down great wrongs, and plead and work for the great right. Do not fret and fear over the predominance of the animal above the spiritual nature, it is all right that it should be so at the start. The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven. First comes that which is natural,—or, as the better translation has it, first comes that which is animal; afterwards, that which is spiritual. Do you know that the pure, the almost ethereal Channing was so full of this predominant animal nature in early childhood, that the first idea of glory in heaven, as he himself tells us, that ever dawned upon his mind, was in connection with an old colored cook. There is a good, wholesome oversight that is beautiful in all mothers; but the true root of that ought to be a great conviction that our nature is loyal, and needs no breaking. We never break a young tree; and, thank God, deformity is the rare exception in the spirit, as in the form. Blessed is that mother who shall know this, and let every good gift of God in the little child have its own free play.

Then, positively, there is one most important principle that no mother can ever forget. A good and great man, whose children are remarkable for nobility and beauty, said to me once in a letter, "I count a great part of the grace in my children from a new reading of the old commandment. I read it always, 'Parents, obey your children in the Lord; for this is right.'" That I conceive to be especially the true reading for you, mothers. When he is altogether with you, his demands are especially sacred, and must be obeyed.

I shall not speak in any material sense; but, when the child begins to think, he at once begins to question. He is set here in a great universe of wonder and mystery, and he wants to know its meaning and the meaning of himself. But some mothers, when their children come to them with their questions in all good faith, either treat the question with levity, or get afraid, and reprove the little thing for asking. Mothers, this is all wrong. This is one of your rarest opportunities to clothe the spirit of your child in the fresh garments that will make him all beautiful, as he stands before the Lord. He can ask questions you cannot answer; but be sure that the question that can be answered are best answered simply and directly. The soul hungers and thirsts to know; indeed, it must know. Those moments are the seed-time; and if you do not then cast in the wheat, the enemy will sow the tares.

Then, as this primitive woman would be evermore careful to meet the enlarged form of her child, as she went to see him stand before the Lord from year to year, will you be care-

ful to meet the enlarged spirit of your child? I do fear for the mother who will not note how her child demands and needs ever new and larger confidences. The last thing mothers learn often is, that the child is always becoming less a child. It is a great blessing to that child whose mother can be well-timed, and yet perfectly delicate, in her revelations; who can know when to reveal truth and falsehood, nobility and meanness, purity and its opposite,—in thought and word,—yet not have the child look up in wonder to ask what she means; who can feel, in her prophetic and intuitive spirit, the true time for everything,—that she is never too late, and never too soon; whose children will bless her, because her words were always more of a revelation than of a warning or a rebuke. Mothers, as I speak to you so of your great trust, I feel still more deeply your great reward; for you are greatly rewarded. As I have thought of what I should say to you of what you should be, I have seemed all the while only to be recalling what a mother was once to a child. For my spirit went back through many years to a little valley, "among the rocks and winding scaurs," where I saw a man and woman, in their early wedded prime, sitting together. And as I sat with them, watching their faces shine in the summer Sunday sunlight, they seemed to me as the faces of angels. Then the woman sang some words I have never forgotten, out of a sweet old Methodist hymn. These were the words:—

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought.
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell;
He only sojourns here."

And from that time, somehow, I knew, in a new way, that this was my mother. And now her hair is white as snow, and she bends, in the ripeness of her fruitful and graceful life, waiting for the angels to come and carry her, after her long widowhood, to another of the many mansions, where husband and sons are watching and waiting for her coming. And is not this what a million sons will tell of their mothers? Blessed is that man whose mother has made all mothers worshipful; blessed is that man who can make such an entry in his diary as this of Washington in his prime: "I got away, and spent the evening with my mother."

Mothers you have great sorrows; but then you have an exceeding joy. To you more than to fathers, belongs the responsibility; but to you, more than to them, comes the great reward. No cares, no tears, no efforts you make are ever really made in vain. When your child grows up to his manhood, if that is noble and beautiful, he will gladly say, "I owe it most of all to my mother." And, if it is lost and stricken

with sin, he will fear above all, the sorrow of his mother, or to meet his mother, or that she shall know of his sin. And the first pulses of his penitence will always come at the thought of his mother. And then if, after all your love and care, the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl broken, and your treasure is gathered into the safe keeping of the world to come, there may still come a solemn gladness, even through your woe, as you realize that he is not unclothed, but clothed upon. And you shall see the travail of your soul and be satisfied, because he is a nursing now of heaven.

"Forever and forever,
All in a happy home;
And there to stay a little while
Till all the rest shall come.
To lie within the light of God,
Like a babe upon the breast,
And the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 10, 1867.

To insure insertion, Marriage notices must be accompanied with the statement that they were accomplished under the care of a Monthly Meeting of Friends.

MARRIED, on the 17th of Seventh month, 1867, at the house of the bride's father, CHAS. SWAYNE, of West Chester, Pa., to LYDIA C. GAWTHROP, of West Grove.

DIED, in Philadelphia, on the 3d of Fourth month, 1867, from the effect of cancer in the breast, ELIZA ANN, wife of Ezekiel Roberts, and daughter of the late Elizabeth Griffith, aged 50 years; a member of Short Creek Monthly Meeting, Ohio. Her remains were brought to her home, and the funeral took place, on the 7th, attended by a large concourse of friends and neighbors, whose sympathies were awakened by the sad event. Her loss will long be felt, not only by her bereaved family, but by the unfortunate and suffering, to whom her benevolence was extended in sympathy and material aid.

—, on the 31st of Seventh month, 1867, ELIZABETH, widow of Jacob Lukens, and daughter of the late Edward Edwards, Sr., in her 84th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Philadelphia.

—, in Philadelphia, on the 2d inst., JOHN RICHARDS, in the 73d year of his age.

The undersigned hereby acknowledges a donation of 250 copies of "Sister Ruth's Stories, or Evenings with John Woolman," from G. M. W., of Salem, N. J.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, Jr.,
Treasurer of "Friends' Publication Association."
717 Willow St., Philadelphia.

The Executive Committee of "Friends' Publication Association" will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, 8th mo. 16th, at 3½ o'clock, at Race St. Mo. Meeting Room.
LYDIA H. HALL, Clerk.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 2.

PARIS, June 29.

The Cathedral of Chartres is 800 years old, and at this very moment they are repairing its exterior. It has three fronts, ornamented with figures of apostles, saints and kings, and scenes in alto-relievo, in the most gorgeous splendor. These Gothic cathedrals were generally planned by some master architect, and the details of ornament committed to workmen, who were all artists, and who were allowed to follow the bent of their individual genius. It has been thought that on the part of these artists it was a labor of love and devotion, and hence every figure and every group may be considered a separate *act of faith*. In this point of view each part becomes full of human interest. The heart of humanity, at the time, is thus wrought in stone, challenging the sympathy of mankind. We thus converse with the spirits of the departed; and who knows but they hover round the work of their hands, which was "their conversation with men," and enjoy our enjoyment? It is my faith that thus the whole spiritual past of man is eternal in the heavens.

I did not have time to study out the outside ornamentation, for we had but a few hours in Chartres. But I went inside. Over the altar, instead of a picture, as usual, was a statue of Christ, in the attitude of prayer for the people, and little baby angels were hovering round, expressing, perhaps, in their attitudes of sympathy and interest, the artist's imagination of God's acceptance of the prayer. The group was exquisitely beautiful and full of life. In the sides of the altar and within the chancel on each side were six bas reliefs, or rather alto-reliefs, which I could not see near enough to get hold of the subjects; but behind the chancel outside, on the screen separating the choir from the aisles, were a series of high reliefs, giving the whole legendary life of Christ, and these, together with fourteen framed bas reliefs of the passion, were as expressive as genius could make them of the subject matter. It is quite impossible to describe them, especially as I had to go through so rapidly,—but the whole gospel history was there; and the animation of every figure gave new meaning and power to all the words we have read so often, and which so often fall on the mind, that fails to realize that each item was *fact*, and that the men and women were of like passions as ourselves—neither better nor worse—with the single exception of Jesus himself, who visibly embodied the *Ideal*, of which conscience is generally but a cold shadow. If there is one group more than the others that I remember, it is that of the woman taken in adultery, who was exquisitely beautiful and *too* innocent-looking, and which recalled to my mind the beautiful criti-

cism of the original anecdote, made by the author of *Eccle Homo*,—or interpretation rather. The artist, however, had not embodied in the Christ what the fine sense of the author of *Eccle Homo* supposes to be the natural feeling for the woman, which made him bend over and write on the ground.

In the eleventh century, when the people did not read, these alto-reliefs were a scripture that perhaps was more edifying than the letter of the Word, with the feeble commentary of our dull sermonizing; and perhaps they were not so stupidly worshipped as the words of our leading preachers are, for I think that what the minister says is often very passively received, as if it were the word of God pure and absolute. When I had examined the whole series, (I should think there were more than fifty groups, all half the size of life—or perhaps two thirds,) I went and sat down in a chair to hear the mass—which was intoned; and I could not but feel how very far below the sculpture in religious effect was this old droning service, and all its bowings and paraphernalia. There was no organ (but a trumpet, I believe it was) that led the singing; and the music was no masterpiece of art, but a drowsy chant, that really nearly got me to sleep two or three times, and in which I could not discern a pulse of the human heart. The praying Christ, above the altar, marble though it was, seemed to be infinitely more full of life and compulsive of prayer in whoever looked upon it, than the mass.

There were five or six chapels to Mary besides the altar to Christ, before all of which candles were burning, and worshippers were on their knees; but there were but few in any chapel or in the church itself, though the multitude of seats showed that sometimes there was a large congregation. Each worshipper seemed to have his private prayer, and only acknowledged the general service occasionally—often going out in the midst of it. The religion which erected the cathedral and sculptured that Life of Christ was like the sun to the moon beside this faint reflex of modern worship. The old fire burns low and requires fresh fuel. We Protestants, who were moved so deeply with that praying Christ, and his living history sculptured there, were more in the spirit of those who built the church and ornamented it, than these Romanists, who had been trying all their lives perhaps to make their free souls run in the grooves made by the ancient devotion, for we were touched with the aspiration to go and do likewise. I do not mean to make such sculpture and architecture, but something equivalent on the plane of our own life. Yes, I said to myself, who knows but that if I do a certain thing which has been long in my mind to do, but that my fellow creatures in successive centuries may be quickened by it, even as I feel

quickened by this praying Christ! There were two other statues, as large as life, and very beautiful,—a praying Magdalene and a pardoning Christ.

The windows were completely covered with legendary history. It would take a year to study them out. But the several windows had each a general expression of its own. Each was undoubtedly the production of a different artist. In some was predominant the rich red that is the symbol of Divine Love, but in most the violet, that expresses the suffering of Christian sacrifice. The bright green, which expresses human regeneration and charity, was rare, as well as the white and azure of Truth, but not so rare the yellow of Divine glory. Each unquestionably painted his own experience, and it was all dark with the violet of suffering, recalling the misery of the age in which the work was done. It was the first church in France that was dedicated to the Virgin. Its length is 425 feet, but it is narrow and high—112 feet to the apex of the roof. This narrowness and height I have heard was characteristic of the Church architecture of France. The Saxon Gothic of England is lower, but broad. St. Bernard preached the second Crusade in this Church, and Henry IV. was crowned in it.

I was sorry not to stop at Le Mans, the birthplace of Henry Plantagenet, whose name is derived from a plant that grows in this region, a kind of broom. It also has a famous cathedral (of St. Julien) five hundred years old. It was here that the Vendéan insurrection of the French Revolution was finally crushed by a frightful slaughter that did not spare the women or even the children.

It is the loveliest season to travel through Bretagne, which seems to be neatly and faithfully cultivated, but the yield is not plenteous. It was pathetic to see the fields of grain of such small growth. We did not go through that part where there are Druidical remains, and where the people are clad in undressed skins of beasts, with their hair flowing over the shoulders, as in the time of Cæsar. But as we happened in Brest on the festival of St. John, the city was full of peasantry, in as many as thirty different costumes, and in some of them the hair was worn long like that of our Indians. Mrs. P. thought the children in many cases looked like our Indian children. There was every degree of intelligence to be seen, even down to the lowest. As usual on feast days, there was buying and selling; the whole city seemed a bazaar, and the fruit was abundant and cheap. In the country there was a great contrast, for we saw very few persons at work, though so much work had to be done on the land. I am glad we went by Brest. Almost every woman in the street had a white Swiss muslin cap; some were of cloth, but all dazzling

white, and exhibiting beautiful laundry work. And in Paris I see that the women of the lower class all wear these white caps—and the servants of the hotels. To-day I saw in the streets a peasant with one that went off in a high-steep fashion. It was of beautiful muslin, and there was a great deal of muslin trimmed with lace. She had a stuff dress of antique shape, as old perhaps as the Christian era in its fashion; but she was evidently well off, for her chemise was beautifully wrought. She walked along careless and independent, evidently regarding her costume as born upon her, and part of herself. This is my third day in Paris, and as yet I have been inside no building; but I have a fine situation in the Pavillon de Rohan, opposite the Louvre, where we have rooms and service at 4½ francs a day, and eat at a neighboring restaurant, which does not cost me more than two francs a day; and I am sure in no city in America could we live so splendidly for a dollar and a half a day!

E. P. P.

LEARNED WOMEN.

We hear continually, as characteristic of the present age, of the march of mind, and that the schoolmaster is abroad, but it requires little retrospective lore for us to discover that mental activity and learning are not, in some respects, in advance of what they were in former times. Our reference just now is to the education and attainments of women of the present day, as compared with their display in these particulars three centuries ago. The subject was in our mind when making some observations, some time ago, on "Higher Education of Girls." The sixteenth century has been called the age of learned women. Its title to this designation in England dates from near its commencement. Royalty gives us its representatives in the persons of the two Tudor Princesses, afterwards Queens Mary and Elizabeth, and in the Queen of the hour, the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. Contemporary, as a student, with Lady Jane was Anne, Countess of Pembroke, who read Pindar with Roger Ascham. To about the same age belong Mary, Countess of Arundel, Lady Lumley, and Mary, Duchess of Norfolk, all of whom made various translations from Greek into Latin and English. But the accomplished ladies of that age were not always of high birth or station. A London citizen's daughter, in the days of Henry VIII., was noted for her knowledge of languages and for other attainments. In this reign, Sir Thomas More, by example and authority, recommended liberal culture for the minds of girls as well as boys. In his Utopia, or imaginary model community, he supposes the women to be taught all the secrets of agriculture as well as the men while they are exempted from the rougher

work. All kinds of handicraft flourish in Utopia, and are followed by both sexes alike. We think it quite an advance on the past that the American and British artisan should give a part of his evenings to the Mechanics' Institute; but Utopia is far ahead of us, for there More makes the laborers, both women as well as men, to rise before dawn to attend two or three lectures, as a whet to the occupations of the day. The women are even accustomed to military exercises and discipline, so that, in time of war, they may not be quite useless. Our own great war has shown the wonderful extent and range of women's usefulness, but without their having borne arms.

What More's views really were of the studies and pursuits fit for women may be learned from his practice in his own household. His three daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth and Cecelia, and his adopted daughter, another Margaret, were placed under the same tutors, and instructed from the same books as his son John. The acquirements of all these young ladies were certainly remarkable for the age in which they lived, and those of the eldest daughter would have been remarkable in any age. They all wrote verses and themes in Latin, and studied logic. Margaret was not only a Greek and Latin scholar, but also a diligent reader of philosophy and theology. Among her other performances was a translation of Eusebius' Ecclesiastical History from Greek into Latin. She also composed sundry discourses and declamations, both in Latin and English.

Queen Mary was early placed under the care of her mother, Catharine of Arragon, herself a woman of undoubted capacity, and described by Erasmus as eminently learned. Mary was an apt scholar, and when only twelve years of age could write Latin correctly. In course of time she also learned Spanish, French and Italian. Foremost on the list of learned women of that century is Lady Jane Grey. At fifteen she was learning Hebrew, and could write Greek; at sixteen she corresponded with Bullinger in Latin, at least equal to his own; but the matter of her letters is more striking than the language, and speaks more for her than the flattery of admiring courtiers. Queen Elizabeth is famed for her deep and various learning. She was endowed by nature with a remarkable aptitude for acquiring languages—was learned in history and versed in divinity. As a girl, she was taught the physical theories of the day. Poetry and music were cultivated by her—the latter with no little success. Nor did she neglect smaller matters; for "her fingers were nimble and cunning in embroidery," and her handwriting, like that of Lady Jane Grey, was considered eminently beautiful. Under this learned queen study became fashionable at court, even among the giddiest maids

of honor. Besides Greek and Latin, the ladies of the royal train applied themselves to French, Spanish and Italian; nor were they left in ignorance of homelier accomplishments, such as needle-work and spinning silk, and when at home they were ready to supply the table with dainty dishes of their own devising. Can we say as much of the young misses of the present day, who have ample time and opportunity for the acquisition of general knowledge, and fitting leisure for learning something of the culinary art and other household matters?—*Ledger*.

THE CHILD'S FLOWER LESSON.

How mild it is this morning, dear—
Almost a summer day;
It has'n't been so fine this year,
Although it's nearly May.
Now, don't you think, dear, that we ought,
Just while it keeps so bright,
To sow those seeds that father brought
From town the other night?
He dug the beds on Saturday,
And had the grass-plot mown,
And said that we should try to-day
To get the flower-seeds sown.
We put them all away you know,
Upon the school-room shelf;
Just run and fetch them, while I go
To get the rake myself.
Well, dear, then you have found them all;
And now what shall we sow
Against the house, and near the wall
Where George's grape-vines grow?
I think it would be nice to set
A row of double stocks,
And then a row of mignonette
Between them and the box;
For then their scent will come indoors,
And make the air so sweet,
Whenever we have windows up
In time of summer heat.
How nicely father's dug and raked
The beds where we've to sow;
He knows when ground is rough and hard
Seeds cannot quickly grow;
Indeed, if it is very hard,
And seeds uncovered lie,
They often do not grow at all,
But shrivel 'p and die.
And now I think, beyond the stocks,
Before the school room wall,
We ought to sow some hollyhocks;
There should be something tall.
And here we'll put some candy-tuft,
And blue nemophily,
And there, to climb upon the fence,
Canary-flowers must be.
The evening primroses shall come
Against the garden gate,
That they may welcome father home,
When he's at office late.
We'll put some larkspur down this way,
Beside the middle walk;
And then we'll sow no more to day,
But have a little talk.
For, do you know, dear, in the seeds
I think that I can see
A loving lesson that our God
Would teach to you and me?

Do you remember we are told
 He sows, year after year,
 Within our hearts, as we have sown
 Within the garden here ?
 You know those Scripture parables
 That father often reads,
 Wherein our Lord compares the truth
 To precious garden seeds.
 And just as father gave all these
 We sowed to day, to you,
 So God is giving seeds of truth
 Day after day anew.

Within the Bible everywhere
 These precious seeds abound,
 And in a thousand other books
 They also may be found.
 We find them often in the books
 We read at home ourselves,
 Just where you found the flower seeds—
 Upon the school-room shelves.

We find them, too, on Sabbath-day,
 In what the preachers preach ;
 We find them every working day
 In what our teachers teach ;
 And when we read or hear true things,
 However small, each one
 Is seed that comes from God, as all
 The light comes from the sun.

And just as flower-seeds grow to flowers,
 So should the truth's good seeds
 Grow up in us to noble thoughts,
 And loving words and deeds ;
 Till we become as gardens filled
 With things as sweet and fair
 As yonder hidden violets,
 Whose perfume fills the air—
 Till all our life is filled with love,
 And truth and righteousness,
 With joy and peace and purity,
 And gentle lowliness.

But often, through our sinfulness,
 The truths sown in us lie
 Just like the seeds in hard, dry earth,
 And wither up and die ;
 But just as father made our ground
 Ready on Saturday,
 God will prepare our souls—will take
 The sinfulness away.

If we will ask Him, He will make
 Within each one a place,
 Softened and fit for all His seeds,
 By His good Spirit's grace ;
 And when they're sown, that grace will come,
 Like gentle rain and dew,
 And water them with tender care,
 Day after day anew.

And on them, like the glorious sun,
 His rays of love will fall ;
 He is, in Christ, the Sun of Love,
 Whose light enlightens all.
 And thus each little seed of truth
 Within our souls will grow,
 And make them full of flowers of grace
 Through all our life below.

And He will send to us at last
 The messenger of love,
 That we call Death, to plant the flowers
 Within His home above.
 There they shall grow more beautiful
 Than all that earth has known,
 And shall be woven into wreaths,
 And laid before His throne.

Good Words.

From the Lancaster Examiner.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS ON THE PECULIARITIES
OF INSECT LIFE.

This genial, balmy, flowering month of June, is also the nuptial season of many useful and destructive insects. Of the *useful* ones, it is not necessary to say anything in this paper ; leaving them to perform their uses in their own quiet way. But against the noxious kinds, to be forearmed, requires to be in a great measure forewarned. Conspicuously among these—although diminutive in size—is the *Tinea Vestimentella*, our common “clothes moth.” These may be observed now every day, flying about in our stores and houses, wherever cloths, cassimeres or woollen clothing are kept ; and so slow and awkward is their flight that, when seen, they may be easily stricken down and destroyed. Now is their mating season, and when seen in flight they are seeking for their partners, or for a proper place to deposit their eggs. Cloths and woollen goods and clothing, ought to be well guarded now, to prevent their eggs from being deposited among them, and then there will be little trouble hereafter. The best way is to disturb them in their retreats, and when they take wing, clap them between the hands, or between two pieces of stiff card board, for they fly sufficiently slow to do this. The eggs look like a gray, granular dust, and adhere to the cloth by a glutinous substance deposited with them by the females. From this period forward all their mischievous works will be done in silence, in secret, and in the dark ; hence they should be watched and destroyed now, in the *imago* state ; for in destroying one female, you at the same time destroy hundreds of eggs, each one of which would breed a moth. The “clothes moths” form a cloth case out of the cloth or woollen material upon which they feed, lining the inside with fine silk floss. These cases they never leave voluntarily, but drag them after them wherever they go, and when disturbed, they suddenly draw their bodies within them and collapse the ends, and thus are perfectly hidden from view. “An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,” and therefore if the parent moths are now destroyed, or woollen goods kept out of their way, the result, on the whole, will be more satisfactory than supplying remedies for the destruction of the larvæ. As they are capable of finding their way through small apertures, and seek a dark and safe retreat to deposit their eggs, the strong odors of tobacco, camphor, benzine or turpentine, will prevent them, in a great measure, from seeking such places. But if the larvæ succeed in once getting a lodgment in woollens, and have formed their cases, these substances will have little effect, unless they become saturated with them ; therefore, then, the best remedy will be to beat them out with a rattan and

a stiff clothes brush, gathering every one of the dislodged cases up, and committing them to the boiling cauldron or to the flames.

The "Bacon Beetle"—*Dermestes Luridarius*—is now also prowling about in larders or wherever the bacon is kept, for the purpose of depositing its eggs therein. Hams, shoulders, fitches, and dried beef, secured now against their ingress, will be tolerably safe hereafter; although a few of the beetles may be found roaming all season. The greatest damage done by this beetle is in laying the eggs. After these are hatched, and then it is the larvæ which does the mischief—producing what is known under the name of "wormy meat." The best thing then to be done is to clean them out entirely, wrapping the hams up securely with cloths or paper, depositing them in a box or barrel of very dry ashes or oats, in a dry situation. There is also a larvæ of a two-winged fly—a maggot—which gets into hams and other dried meats, which may be treated after the same manner.

The "Museum Beetle"—*Anthrenus Musorum*—is active in this month particularly, although not inactive at any season, unless a very cold one. This beetle has decided partialities for cabinets of insects, upon which its larvæ prey, but none the less destructive to stuffed birds, and ladies' furs. It is a small, mottled, tortoise-shaped insect, about the size of a mustard seed, of an oval form.

The terror of the orchardist, the "Striped Apple tree Borer," may now be daily looked for. This insect is the *Saperda Bivittata* of Say, and is the greatest enemy that the trunk of the apple and quince trees have. As the female of this insect always deposits her eggs on the trunk of the tree, just even with the surface of the earth—seldom much above or below it—therefore quince and apple trees at this season of the year should be secured against the approaches of this their worst enemy. This can be effected by enveloping the lower part of the trunk in a circle of stiff paper, leather, or oil-cloth, about eighteen inches or two feet wide, leaving the lower margin extend two or three inches under ground, and the upper one banded so closely to the tree that no insect can pass between it and the bark. If this bandage is kept on during the months of June and July, there is no danger to be apprehended from that insect at any other season of the year. The economy of this insect is this: Sometimes from the middle of June to the middle of July, the female *saperda* deposits her eggs near the root of the apple or quince tree. If timely attended to, these eggs may be detached and destroyed by the use of a stiff hand scrub and soft soap diluted. If not disturbed, in about fifteen days these eggs will hatch, and the young grub will find its way through a small aperture, into the

bark, near the sap wood, where it will remain feeding for a whole year. The second year it will penetrate the wood itself, and the third year it will penetrate it farther; not, however, going much below the surface of the ground, but I have found them at least two feet above it. At the end of the third year the larvæ cuts a hole out to the bark, and undergoes its pupal transformation. About the middle of June, earlier or later, according to the season, the perfect beetle will be evolved, when it will cut a round hole through the bark, and go in search of its mate, and afterwards repeat again the same course. This beetle is about an inch in length, cylindrical in form, brown and white striped lengthwise, and with a long pair of horns (*antennæ*). Where the grubs enter the trunk will be found a small quantity of the cuttings, and there the exploration should be made, and the young worms cut out with a sharp knife. When they have already penetrated the wood, they may be reached sometimes with a long steel wire, barbed at the end, and drawn out or punched to death. The best remedy, however, by far, is to prevent the female from depositing her eggs at the bottom of the tree in the manner above described.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

How wonderful is the tenuity of these fairy-like lines, yet strong enough to enable the aerial voyager to run through the air, and catch his prey which ventures within his domain. It is so fine that, in the web of the gossamer spider, the smallest of the tribe, there are twenty tubes, through which is drawn the viscid globules, the gummy matter it employs in spinning, each of the thickness of about one-tenth of an inch. It takes 140 of these globules to form a single spiral line; it has twenty-four circumlocutions to go through, which gives the number of 8860. We have thus got the average total number of lines between two radii of the circle; multiplying that number by 26, the number of radii which the untiring insect spins, gives the total amount of 87,860 viscid globules before the net is complete.

The dimensions of the net, of course, varies with the species. Some will be composed of as many as 120,000 lines: yet even to form this net, the spider will only take five minutes! Wonderful, indeed, is the process by which the spider draws the thread from its body—more wonderful than any rope or silk spinning. Each of these spinnerets is covered with rows of bristle-like points, so very fine that a space about the size of a pin's head will cover a thousand of them. From each of these points or tubes issues a small but slender thread, which unites with the other threads, so that from each spinneret proceeds a series of threads, forming one compound whole; these are situated about

one-third of an inch from the apex of the spinnerets; they also unite and form one thread, 624 of which are used by the spider in forming his net. With the instrument which nature has given him, the claws of his feet, the spider guides and arranges the glutinous thread as this seemingly inexhaustible fibre is drawn from his body and interweaves them with each other until the web is complete. In this way spiders are weavers of a supple line, whose touch, for quickness and fineness, surpasses that of any spinning jenny.—*Cassell's Family Paper*.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

Arctic adventure, notwithstanding its grim monotony, seems to be the only kind of travel of which neither adventurers nor readers weary. The same men who have already dared the pack and the iceberg, the sunless dark and cruel cold, are always fascinated by the scene of their perils and sufferings, and return to it, if possible, once and again. Perhaps it is that there is an attraction for resolute spirits in solitudes which only a few—and often none—of their fellow-creatures have visited before; but it is certainly curious that so many expeditions should have been undertaken, not only voluntarily but enthusiastically, to so desolate and arid a region. While any hope of finding a practicable north-west passage existed, any possibility of their being the first to bear their country's flag athwart the North, and to part the waters of the Pacific at its head with their patient keel, one could imagine the charm of such an enterprise; but now that the feasibility of penetrating the world in that direction has been utterly disproved, it is curious indeed, that the North Pole should have almost the same attraction for many hardy and intelligent men as it has for needles.

With regard to the leaders of such expeditions, who thoroughly understand the scientific objects to be attained, and reap their reward in attaining them; who call gigantic cliffs, and capes, and bays by their own names, it is not so strange. But how the rank and file can be so easily induced to accompany their captains, and fight against such terrible foes for a cause of which they know nothing, is really remarkable. Science, indeed, may in this case boast of as faithful and self-abnegative votaries as Superstition herself. She has only, it seems, to exhibit a "unifilar magnetometer," a "Wurdeinan compass," and a few box and pocket chronometers, and half the able-bodied seamen in New York or Liverpool are prepared to plant her standard on the uttermost ice-fields of the North. The "reflecting circle," which is also included in her outfit, finds no parallel in them; with an unquestioning obedience, they cheerfully set forth to do her unknown behests, and only too often perish in accomplishing them.

What would appear to be a discouragement itself amounting to repulsion, is the necessity for passing the long arctic night before anything can be done at all: the invariable procedure being to set out in autumn, push northwards as far as the ice-pack will permit, and then go in to winter-quarters, in preparation for the only time for action, the brief arctic spring. It is indeed a strange and dreadful sort of enterprise, this invasion of King Winter's proper realm, and strange is the panoply employed. The ship, however small, must needs be armor-plated at the bows, sheathed with thick planking, and crossed with heavy beams for warfare with the solid sea—i.e., the 'pack' through which it must be pushed, and not those slow-moving, pale-green mountains, with their heads above the mast, to strike against which is instant destruction. The store of provisions, too, which are of an unusual kind, is immense, since no one knows whether the voyage will last for one year, or for two or three; nay, whether those uprisen waves, made rigid ere their anger can be spent, as knights of old by magician's evil spell, may not forbid escape, and keep them Winter's prisoners for life. It is essential, during that long depressing night which knows no dawn, that no creature-comfort shall at least be wanting, and therefore the items of supply, even of the humblest expeditions of this nature, read more like those of a fashionable picnic-party, than the provision-list of a schooner. The ship *United States*, in which Dr. Hayes sailed from Boston, in July, 1860,* to ascertain, for certain, the existence of an Open Polar Sea, was a vessel of this kind. His crew consisted of but fourteen men, all told, and he had only one scientific associate among them, Mr. Sonntag, fated to leave his bones in that inhospitable clime. This little party was, however, as I have hinted, wonderfully well 'found' in all things necessary, and, indeed, they had rather an embarrassment of such riches. The ship was so loaded, that 'standing in the gangway, you could at any time lean over the monkey-rail, and touch the sea with your fingers.' During some "rough handling" in the strait called Davis's—but what might be called anybody's who has ever experienced it—the captain's cabin (six feet by ten) was flooded a dozen times a day, and the sailors were literally drowned out of the fore-castle. Yet this was but as summer-yachting in the Solent, to their subsequent rubs with icebergs. For days, the Greenland fog concealed these giant foes,

* *The Open Polar Sea*. London: Sampson Low & Son. The publication of this narrative, we are told, was delayed until now by the breaking out of the civil war in America, during which the author was occupied with the superintendence of an army hospital containing five thousand inmates—surely excuse sufficient.

but at last it lifted, and berg after berg burst into view, "like castles in a fairy tale."

The sudden change to sunlight, and what it showed, was something marvellous. "The bergs had wholly lost their chilly aspect, and glittering in the blaze of the brilliant heavens, seemed, in the distance, like masses of burnished metal or solid flame. Nearer at hand, they were huge blocks of Parian marble, inlaid with mammoth gems of pearl and opal; one, in particular, exhibited the perfection of the grand. Its form was not unlike that of the Coliseum, and it lay so far away, that half its height was buried beneath the line of blood-red waters. The sun slowly rolling along the horizon, passed behind it, and it seemed as if the old Roman ruin had suddenly taken fire. In the shadows of the bergs, the water was a rich green, and nothing could be more soft and tender than the gradations of color made by the sea, shoaling on the sloping tongue of a berg close beside us. The tint increased in intensity where the ice overhung the water, and a deep cavern, near by, exhibited the solid color of the malachite, mingled with the transparency of the emerald; while, in strange contrast, a broad streak of cobalt blue ran diagonally through its body." These beautiful miracles of nature are sometimes of an incredible size. In Tessnissak Bay there was one which had been grounded, the natives said, for two years, and which, being almost square-sided above the sea, must have borne the same shape beneath it, so that its contents could be approximated to; the wall which faced the shore was more than three hundred feet high, and a quarter of a mile long, so that Dr. Hayes estimated it to weigh something like two thousand millions of tons. It had stranded in a depth of half a mile.

Once only, the well-steered vessel fell foul of one of these floating monsters. "The schooner struck on the starboard quarter, and the shock, slight though it was, disengaged some fragments of ice that were large enough to have crushed the vessel, had they struck her, and also many little lumps which rattled about us—but, fortunately, no person was hit. The quarter-deck was quickly cleared, and all hands, crowding forward, anxiously watched the boat. The berg now began to revolve, and was settling slowly over us; the little lumps fell thicker and faster upon the after-deck, and the fore-castle was the only place where there was the least chance of safety. At length, the berg itself saved us from destruction; an immense mass broke off from that part which was beneath the surface of the sea, and this, a dozen times larger than the schooner, came rushing up within a few yards of us, sending a vast volume of foam and water flying from its sides. This rupture arrested the revolution, and the berg began to settle in the opposite direction. And now came

another danger. A long tongue was protruding immediately underneath the schooner; already the keel was slipping and grinding upon it, and it seemed probable that we should be knocked up into the air like a football, or at least car-sized. But once more the berg itself came to their relief, for its opposite side began to split, piece by piece, and sent the huge mass revolving back again. The reports followed in such quick succession that "the whole air seemed a reservoir of frightful sound;" but the hard words broke no bones, and the little schooner escaped from its terrible foe—"still rocking and rolling like a thing of life," and emitting great cascades from its split sides into the foaming sea—with life, though without a mainboom. For five hours this Titan tumbling and crashing continued, and then from the mass, "a piece about a mile long, and a hundred feet high, come off, with a report which could not have been exceeded by a thousand pieces of artillery simultaneously discharged," which concluded the display (as it well might), except that the two fragments kept wallowing in the sea for hours afterwards.

These iceberg troubles assailed our voyagers in Baffin's Bay; but when they reached Smith's Sound, and endeavored to make their way so far as Cape Hatherton, intending there to winter, came the worse dangers of the pack-ice. Owing to the great audacity of its captain, the little schooner was actually beset in mid-channel. The ice came so rapidly down the Sound that it nipped and held the ship. The dreadful change from comparatively open water to "pack" was marvellously sudden. The scene around us was as imposing as it was alarming. Except the earthquake and volcano, there is not in nature an exhibition of force comparable with that of the ice-fields of the arctic seas. They close together, when driven by the wind or by currents against the land or other resisting object, with the pressure of millions of moving tons, and the crash, and noise, and confusion are truly terrific. We were now in the midst of one of the most thrilling of these exhibitions of polar dynamics, and we became uncomfortably conscious that the schooner was to become a sort of dynamometer. Vast ridges were thrown up wherever the floes came together, to be submerged again when the pressure was exerted in another quarter; and over the sea around us these pulsating lines of uplift, which in some cases reached an altitude of not less than sixty feet—higher than our mast-head—told of the strength and power of the enemy which was threatening us. At length the ice actually touched the schooner, and "as if with the elevating power of a thousand jack-screws, we found ourselves going up into the air." Thus involuntarily exalted, they remained for a very anxious eight hours; but, fortunately,

the monster flies changed their course to the westward, and causing the one upon which the schooner hung to revolve, set the *United States* free, though sorely damaged; the hold filled with water, the rudder split, the sternpost started, and the whole ship rendered not only no longer ice-proof, but unseaworthy.

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

SEVENTH MONTH.

	1866.	1867.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	15 days.	8 days.
Rain all or nearly all day, ..	0 "	2 "
Cloudy, without storms,	2 "	5 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	14 "	18 "
	31 "	31 "
TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.		
	1866.	1867.
Mean temperature of 7th month per Penna. Hospital,	80.33 deg.	76.48 deg.
Highest do. during month	99.25 "	92.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.	63.00 "	62.00 "
Rain during the month,	2.52 in.	2.38 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks for each year.....	2047	1415
Average of the mean temperature of 6th month for the past seventy-eight years		75.67 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1793—1838.....		81.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	1816	68.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1866.	1867.
First month	3.14 inch	1.70 inch.
Second month.....	6.61 "	2.89 "
Third month.....	2.15 "	5.46 "
Fourth month.....	2.93 "	1.31 "
Fifth month.....	4.68 "	7.82 "
Sixth month.....	2.96 "	11.02 "
Seventh month.....	2.52 "	2.38 "
Totals.....	24.99 "	32.58 "

It will be seen by the above that, although the temperature of the months under review was a trifle above the average for seventy-eight years past, it was several degrees below that of last year, with just about the same quantity of rain, while the total quantity thus far exceeds that of last year about seven and one-half inches. The decrease in the number of deaths is a gratifying feature of our review.

J. M. E.

Phila., 8th mo. 2d, 1867.

Let us live a life of delight in God, and love to think of Him as we do of one whom we love and value. Let the flowing in of every stream of comfort lead us to the fountain; and in every

thing that is grateful to us; let us taste that the Lord is gracious. Let the *drying* up of every stream of comfort lead us to the fountain, and let us rejoice the more in God for our being deprived of that which we used to rejoice in.—

P. Henry.

ITEMS.

Catherine Maria Sedwick, the well known authoress, died on the 29th ult. at Roxbury, Mass.

Tin Ore has been discovered, it is said, in inexhaustible quantities near Pilot Knob, Missouri. The discovery was recently made by an experienced Welsh tin miner. The ground in the neighborhood had been previously supposed to be rich in copper, and perhaps had never before been visited by any one familiar with the indications of tin. Assays of samples of the ore, it is reported, show it to contain a much larger percentage of tin than any before known. The ore is at or near the surface, while in Great Britain it is now worked from two to three thousand feet deep.

WORKMEN are laying foundations to the new abutment for the new suspension bridge at Niagara Falls. It is intended for the use of foot passengers only. The bridge will be located but a short distance from the International Hotel on the American side, and the Clifton House on the Canada side. It will require a span of 1,260 feet. The width will be 10 feet, and the height above the water 100 feet. The structure will be of the usual wire cables, resting upon wooden towers. It will be abundantly strong and safe for the purpose for which it is intended.

THE COOLIE TRADE is springing up quite briskly in Havana. A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce states that four cargoes, comprising 1082 coolies, arrived in that port in a single week, and the ships employed were all sailing under the Spanish flag. The mortality on shipboard of these unfortunate coolies is reported to have been quite large. The recent attempts to import coolies into Louisiana has caused some excitement, and it is to be hoped that the nefarious traffic, which is quite as bad as the slave trade, will be stopped at once.

NEW SUBMARINE CABLES connecting England with the continent of Europe are constantly being laid. Permanent and direct communication has just been established between London and Bremen and London and Hamburg, through the instrumentality of Reuter, the European news agent.

THE DRAINING of the Zuyder Zee is contemplated in Holland. An eminent engineer has formed a plan for the reclamation of 500,000 acres of the ground now covered by that body of water, and a favorable result is anticipated, owing to the success attending similar operations in the Harlem Lake.

It is stated that a company has been organized for the manufacture of elastic sponge, to be used for upholstery and for all purposes for which curled hair is now used. It is said that a sponge mattress possesses all the advantages of hair, and can be afforded much cheaper. The process of manufacture is similar to that of paper as far as the preparation of pulp is concerned.

The Michigan Constitutional Convention has adopted female suffrage as well as suffrage for Indians.

Attempts are being made in Illinois to manufacture sugar from beets.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

PRESBYTERIAN SEPARATIONS AND REUNIONS.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

(Continued from page 355.)

Having given a concise account of the separation which occurred in 1838, and shown that the alienation of feeling engendered by it has, with the lapse of time, gradually subsided, until the two parties can cordially intermingle in their religious services, I propose to examine what are the prospects of a complete reunion. The following remarks from the New York Tribune present a hopeful view of the negotiations now pending:

"If it were not that disputes are apt to be bitter in proportion as the subject of them is trifling, it would excite surprise that the work of reunion between the wings of so powerful an organization should be thought difficult. The present arrangement is in the most competent hands. Two Committees, each representing one of the General Assemblies, have charge of the details. These Committees are composed of able, devout and conscientious men. The spirit, on both sides, has been sweet and friendly. The terms seem to be fair. The reunion of two independent bodies on equal terms is the end contemplated. If the tendency throughout Protestant Christendom be, as many say it is, toward unity, in this case it ought to show its power. The resistance to be overcome is less than it would be in any other denomination. The unities are fundamental. The diversities are superficial.

There is a common parentage, a common history, a common share in great traditions, and in the renown of great men. Spirit and aims are essentially the same. The work to be done is the same; the instrumentalities for doing it are the same. The Articles of Belief are unassailed; the Creed is one for all, the catechism, the ordinance, the symbol. Both parties use the same weapons to keep at bay or defeat the same foes. Both have at heart the same interests—intellectual, spiritual, social. There is no political breach, for both profess the ancient loyalty to republican government, and to the cause of personal liberty. The grounds of difference were never very deep, never touched the sphere of vital religion. The occasions of dispute have passed by, and the questions in dispute have, some of them, probably become obsolete. At all events, the Committee, in their report, say they have.

We shall watch, therefore, with more than usual interest this new negotiation. The results of it will show, better than anything else can, how much truth there is in the belief that the prevailing disposition among Protestant sects is toward unity."

It appears, however, that there are difficulties in the way of this consummation, which will require both wisdom and charity for their removal. They are clearly set forth in a letter recently published in the New York Independent, written at the request of the editor by Samuel T. Spear, a minister connected with the New

School organization. The greater part of his communication is here subjoined.

"It is an undoubted fact that the two branches of the Presbyterian Church have, for several years past, evinced towards each other a courtesy, consideration, and confidence, which, unhappily, did not exist for a much greater number of years immediately following the division. It is especially true that Old School Presbyterians have abandoned the theory of gradual absorption in respect to the New School, and to a large extent the offensive practice of impugning the orthodoxy of the latter. It is equally true that, of late, there has been a growing disposition in both branches toward organic union, culminating at last in the appointment of a joint committee by the two General Assemblies, in the recent report of this committee, and the action of the two Assemblies thereon. This brings the whole matter before both branches of the church for consideration.

Will this union take place under the circumstances as now existing, and according to the plan as submitted by the joint committee? Upon this question I understand you to seek my opinion. This opinion I shall express by a brief comment on the following series of points:

1. It is very plain that the effort ought not to be successful, unless both branches of the Presbyterian Church, by a majority amounting almost to unanimity, think the union expedient and sincerely desire it. The committee name a majority of three-fourths in both bodies; yet I have serious doubts whether a measure changing the ecclesiastical status of all the churches in both bodies, or merging all the churches of one or the other of these bodies into the other, ought to be carried except by a much nearer approach to unanimity on the part of all the parties to be affected by it. It is a very grave question whether the ecclesiastical relation and rights of the *local* churches, as now established, are to be disposed of and altered by any vote taken in the presbyteries. Suppose some of these churches as a whole, and minorities in others, refuse to abide by such a vote; suppose they insist on remaining just as they are, and where they are; and then the consequence would be division in one direction in order to effect union in another. How the question will be decided when submitted to the presbyteries, if ever so submitted, I of course cannot tell. Yet at present I see no sufficient indications that the measure, when thoroughly canvassed, as it will be, and certainly ought to be, will secure the majority specified by the committee. In this remark I allude more particularly to that branch of the Church to which I belong, not feeling myself as competent to judge of the other branch.

2. If any considerable minority in the Old School shall be found in opposition to the

measure, this fact would be fatal to its success with the New School. The latter, now at peace among themselves, and by their prosperity and good order both deserving and commanding the respect of their Old School brethren, will not be likely to place themselves in a position to fight over again the old battles. They have had quite enough of this to know what it means. But for the persistent, and, as I think, wholly unjustifiable attack of the Old School upon the New, there would not have been any division; and hence the prospects of union between the two will be very materially affected by the attitude of Old School Presbyterians. Nothing short of the most earnest and nearly unanimous desire on the part of the latter will give the measure the least hope of success with New School Presbyterians. This question is not to be manipulated by a few leaders. The heart of the Church must be thoroughly in it on both sides, or nothing can be done.

3. I have failed to see any urgent, practical necessity pressing upon either branch of the Presbyterian Church which requires organic union in order to its relief. Both branches are strong in themselves. Both are well organized. Both have their missionary boards for the propagation of the Gospel. Both have large invested interests. The country in which both are working is abundantly ample for both, without any conflict or jealousy. Both are in the process of rapid growth. Neither needs the other for the purposes of church life. It might be a pleasant spectacle in some respects to see the two united in one organic fold; but it is very far from being evident that the aggregate usefulness of the two would be increased thereby. It might be seriously impaired, especially if the union is to result in the revival of old controversies. There is at least some danger that the spirit of *party* would again make its appearance. It is, hence, a very important question for both branches to consider whether both—each now working so well in the separate state, and each accustomed to its own particular line of policy—had not better *let well enough alone*.

4. New School Presbyterians, in looking at this subject, will readily see that their position in the united body would be that of a *minority*, since the other branch would contribute the largest element to the common organization, and hence be able to count the most votes in the General Assembly. As a natural result, the Old School would determine the general policy and course of the united body. Union would be practically merging the New School into the Old, so far as the control and management of ecclesiastical matters are concerned. The *politics* of the Church would be virtually Old School. I have some doubts whether New School Presbyterians will judge it best to put themselves in this position. Among themselves

they now do things in their own way, and that, too, a very good way; they have an ample opportunity for the display of their own peculiar characteristics. But in the event of union, all this would be greatly modified by the numerical preponderance of the Old School. This, I confess, seems to me a point which New School Presbyterians will do well thoroughly to consider before taking the step proposed.

5. The doctrinal basis, as submitted by the committee, is in the following words: 'The Confession of Faith shall continue to be sincerely received and adopted, as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures; and its fair historical sense, as it is accepted by the two bodies, in opposition to Antinomianism and Fatalism on the one hand, and to Arminianism and Pelagianism on the other, shall be regarded as the sense in which it is received and adopted.' Just here lies, perhaps, the greatest difficulty of the whole question.

What is this 'fair historical sense, as it is accepted by the two bodies;' and when and where has it been set forth? Is this sense the same in the two schools? And if not, then which of the two senses—that of the Old School, or that of the New—is to be deemed the 'fair historical sense?' Is there to be a new sense, different from that of either of the Schools, which shall have the power to harmonize both? Are the two senses, though in some respects different, to be accepted and adopted, each being viewed as perfectly orthodox? No one can deny that in the interpretation of the Confession of Faith, Presbyterians of the two Schools have differed to some extent, and that they still differ. They stand in this respect just where they did thirty years ago. Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, for example, and the Rev. Albert Barnes, though subscribing to the same confession, are very clearly Calvinistic theologians of different types. The Immediate Imputation Theory which figures so largely in the theodicy of the one is not held by the other; and hence Princeton, the recognized expounder of Old School theology, cannot consistently regard Mr. Barnes as being orthodox, though he is most cordially accepted and honored as such by his New School brethren. The simple truth is, there is a real difference between the two Schools, hitherto claimed by the Old School to be essential and vital, and also admitted as a fact by the New School, while denied to be essential and vital. Thus the matter has stood; thus it now stands; and thus it will continue to stand, unless the Old School do—what there is not much probability of their doing—virtually concede that all their past allegations of heresy against the New School were little better than simple slander.

Now, in respect to this admitted difference, what is to be done, and what are to be the terms of

union? The two Schools once contended over this difference with great earnestness; and, if brought together in the same ecclesiastical organism, upon a basis manifestly so ambiguous and uncertain as that proposed by the committee, they are quite likely to do the same thing a second time. It strikes me that this point needs a more precise and definite solution. There ought to be an *absolute and explicit covenant of mutual toleration*, in plain words, binding both schools in respect to the peculiarities of each; and if they cannot agree to such a covenant, to be placed in the fundamental law of the church, as one of the terms of the union, then this fact will be proof conclusive that they had better not unite together. Such a covenant is the very least that the exigency will permit; and as human nature is constructed, even among theologians, it is not quite certain that even this would answer the purpose. I object to the basis of the committee, because in the well-known circumstances to which it refers it is *indefinite*, and hence liable to almost any interpretation which party spirit might inspire. Perhaps the committee could not agree to a more definite basis; and if so, then it is a fair question whether they had better try to agree at all. The simple Confession of Faith as a basis has failed to unite the two schools; and now, if we are to have something added in the way of explanation, to prevent the recurrence of this failure in the event of reunion, then let that something be as *definite* as words can make it.

6. The excommunicating acts of 1837, originally enacted by the Old School, and at no subsequent period disaffirmed, and always declared by the New School to be acts of gross ecclesiastical usurpation and outrage, are left untouched in the proposed plan of union. They were the immediate occasion of the division. The assumption of powers on the part of the General Assembly involved in these acts has never been recalled. It remains on the record uncontradicted and unchanged; and there it will remain, unless something more than the committee propose be done to change it. This, I am apt to think, will not be quite satisfactory to New School Presbyterians, especially when they remember that they differ somewhat from their Old School brethren as to the powers of the General Assembly. They will naturally want some positive guaranty incorporated into the constitution of the Church, that the like assumption shall not be repeated at any future time. This is a question that ought to be settled beforehand—not by indirection, but in language too plain to admit of the slightest doubt as to its meaning.

7. It is a very obvious fact that what may be termed the *tone and type* of Presbyterianism in the two schools are not precisely the same. The one partakes more of the *Scotch* spirit, and

the other more of the *New England* spirit. The one has been designated as *Scotch* Presbyterianism, and the other as *American* Presbyterianism. It is not clear, by any means, that these two types, without deciding the question of their relative merits, will not work better for the glory of God and the edification of the Church in the separate than they will in the organically united state. Both certainly have done very well since the division; and whether they will do better in the state of union is at least a matter of some doubt. I certainly do not desire any union which leaves the way open for conflict between these two phases of Presbyterianism. The phases are *real*; and whether they can be harmoniously blended in one organism is a point which at least admits of debate. If they cannot be, as the history of the past seems to indicate, then things had better be left as they are.

8. What disposition will be made of the property questions to be settled in the event of union I am not sufficiently a lawyer to decide. Yet it seems to me that these questions will involve some difficulty. Take, for example, the church-erection fund, now held as a trust fund by trustees under a special act of incorporation, and placed under the care of a certain New School General Assembly that met at Philadelphia, and also under the care of all successive assemblies representing the same constituency. This fund was contributed by New School men, and for New School purposes. Where, then, is the power to change the ecclesiastical status and relationships of this fund? This, with like questions to arise in the other branch of the Church, and perhaps other property questions to grow out of union, will demand very grave consideration. Neither branch should commit itself to union until both see very clearly the end of the experiment. The law committee proposed may shed light upon this subject; but until the light comes it will be prudent to wait.

I have thus, in response to your request, and as concisely as possible, named some of the difficulties which have occurred to me in respect to the proposed plan of union. I am quite aware that the whole subject is as yet in an inchoate state. Both Assemblies have continued the joint committee, directing them to report, in 1868, any modification of the plan "they may deem desirable in view of any new light that they may receive during the year." It is to be hoped that the subject will be frankly and thoroughly discussed; that all the objections will be carefully weighed; and that both branches of the Presbyterian Church will fully understand each other when they come to the point of final action. It is just now; as it will be until settled, the great question in the Presbyterian Church. Both Assemblies were eminently wise in simply accepting the reports of the joint committee and recommitting the whole question to

both branches of the church for 'deliberate examination.' Perhaps the committee, in their next report, will see occasion to modify the plan. Whatever may be the result, all good men must rejoice in the Christian and fraternal spirit which seems to be at the bottom of this movement."

The views expressed in this letter are suggestive, and worthy of consideration by such of our members as desire a reunion with those called Orthodox Friends. Such a reunion would be exceedingly desirable, if both parties were prepared to enter into it cordially and to maintain it in Christian charity. But can it be said of Friends, as of the Presbyterians, that the two branches evince towards each other "courtesy, consideration and confidence;" and has one of these branches abandoned "the offensive practice of impugning the Orthodoxy" of the other? It must be remembered that one of these branches or sections, called Orthodox, is in some places broken into fragments; between which there is no unity.

As in the case of the Presbyterians, religious intercourse must precede reunion, and acts of courtesy *must be mutual*. We have long been in the practice of opening our meeting houses, when requested, for the use of the Orthodox Friends, and of allowing them unrestrained freedom to speak in our meetings. They have lately extended the same courtesy to our Friends in some of the Western States; but are they prepared in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York to pursue this liberal course? If they are not, then the way is not open for any steps towards reunion, although forty years have passed away since the separation in Philadelphia, and nearly all who were active in it are numbered with the dead.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

It is not our want of aptitude for doing good which stands in our way, half so much as it is our want of communion with God. The rule is, "Oh! taste and see that the Lord is good!" Out of this experimental acquaintance with truth grows our power to fitly offer it. Only thus can we learn to recommend the various viands on the table of the gospel feast. Scholarship becomes a means to an end. It is not the show of splendid attainments, but the hidden force of piety underlying them, which affects the souls we hope to influence.

The gospel light is much like the solar light; its beauty is not its efficiency. You may divide the sunbeam into seven beautiful colors, and not one alone, nor all together, will imprint an image on a daguerreotype plate. Just outside the spectrum in the dark, there is one entirely invisible ray, called the chemical ray, which does the work. No man ever saw it, no man ever felt it; and yet this it is which bleaches

and blackens a dull surface into figures of loveliness and life. I care not how luminous a man's personal or intellectual qualities may be, if he lacks amid the showy beams that are shining this one which is viewless—this efficient but inconspicuous beam of spiritual experience—all his endeavors will surely prove inoperative for good.—*Dr. Robinson in Hours at Home.*

For Friends' Intelligence.

ONE HOUR AT QUAKER BRIDGE.

Perhaps most of our readers, who really love wild flowers, have heard of Quaker Bridge. To reach that classic spot in Flora's realm, was the uppermost thought in our mind on the first day of this month, and, as the early morning gave promise of a fair day, we left the Camden depot at 8 o'clock on the Del. & R. Railroad, and, after the usual—and, as we thought, unusual—detentions, the train stopped at Atsion, which we were assured was within five miles of the Bridge. A responsible-looking gentleman, at the depot, of whom we made inquiry, said he knew about Quaker Bridge, and, if not particular about transportation, guessed he could haul us a bit on the road thither. This seemed prepossessing, at least, so we followed him towards a tree, beneath which our vehicle was waiting. Here we saw a horse attached to four wheels which were united by two axles, and across these ancient centres of rotation two hard boards were loosely laid—and this was our carriage! All the choice seats were taken up by an iron roller, like those used in gardens or on lawns, but the room left, we were at liberty to occupy at discretion. We took the back seat—that is to say, the ends of the two boards—and, with shanks dangling in the thin air, we progressed backwards, with extreme deliberation, along our new road. Evidently, our horse was not valued on account of his speed, for he never accomplished anything more than a very deliberate walk:

"Indeed, he lifted heavier leg,
Than Tam O'Shanter's famous Meg,
Who galloped on right helter-skelter,
With goblins in her rear to pelt her;
And closely pressed by evil kind,
Left her unhappy tail behind."

Indeed, all things around Atsion seem to move slowly. The people talk with more deliberation than they do in the city, and when they do appear in action, they stir as though time were cheap, and to-morrow would suffice for what could not be done to-day. The trains on the railroad were all behind time. The old mill, even, seemed to doze in peace at the head of that dreamy lake, and its monotonous hum crept wearily over its bronzed and polished surface. The tinkling cow-bells fitfully chimed in with its rural music, and we were just able to distinguish these sounds from the soft rattle of the white sand as it ran back in the track of

our wheels. Along our winding road, the tall golden rods were coming into bloom, reminding us that autumn was treading in the departing footsteps of summer. The false-heath or nigger-heel, (*Hudsonia tomentosa*), in green and bristly patches, dotted the roadside; and one small tuft, dwarfed by some infantile misfortune, still carried a few yellow blossoms. About one mile—one immensely long mile—of the earth's barren surface was crept over in this manner, when we finally halted at a building in course of erection. Now we could understand what that iron roller meant that we had been conveying so tenderly along the road. When the wind blows on these dry sands, they drift about like the fine snows of winter; and we have seen door-posts and windows, in other localities, nearly buried in these heavy sand-drifts. Some attempt had been made at gardening, too, around that new house in the forest, and this roller was intended to press down the dry sand around the cabbage stalks and sweet-potato vines.

Here we took leave, thankfully, of our gentlemanly conductor, and made rapid tracks, *alone*, towards our destination. Innumerable lizards hurried out of the path as we rapidly threaded along over dry heaths, and through low, damp places, our quick steps springing with anticipation of coming pleasure.

"Through the forest, through the forest, oh! 'tis passing sweet to take
Our lonely way 'mid springing moss, thick wood
and tangled brake."

In less than an hour, we entered the margin of a wide-spreading bog; the sand was now wet, and on either hand grew countless strange and beautiful plants—we were at Quaker Bridge.

Considering now that we were on sacred ground, we put the shoes from off our feet, and commenced looking around, as it is best always to do when alone in a new, wild and solitary spot. You get, thus, the geography of a place; all its points and localities become framed into a mental picture, on which memory can look with enduring delight. An old mansion-house stands, or rather leans, not far from the Bridge. It is deserted now, and rank weeds, as tall as a man, choke up the yard and doorway. The spider's threads, spanning the front door, told us that human foot seldom crossed that forsaken home. We explored its dilapidated, but once ample and numerous, chambers; its ceilings and walls were crumbling into dust; its windows were driven in by time's hard fist, or by the storm's pitiless blast, and its ample roof, once spread over human joy or human sorrow, now opened in patches, to let the stars of night look down into that forsaken abode. Some day, with knapsack better stored with provisions, we will return thither, and pass a night alone in that deserted home, and gather up the tradi-

tions that *must* cluster around that solitary spot, for both man and nature have marked it with suggestive features.

"Oh! how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start,
When memory plays an old tune on the heart."

Quaker Bridge spans the Batstow River at this place. It is a plain, wooden, but substantial structure, not differing much from other bridges in the pines. But we noticed there were two bridges here; which, then, was Quaker Bridge? Here was a dilemma; but we thought we understood it. One was a Hicksite, and the other was an Orthodox bridge! Nothing could be plainer. One was built in somewhat better taste than the other; it looked more modern; it had, too, a slight, graceful curve as it stretched across the wide stream; though it was only a little bit more like other bridges than its fellow. We climbed down beneath the timbers, and stood with our feet in the brown water, in order the better to examine their foundations. It was impossible to discover the least *essential* difference in principle, and yet these two bridges stood apart and separate, when only a few seasoned and straight-grained planks would have united both into one beautiful structure. Shame! shame! but not to the bridges. There was no toll to pay on either, and both were equally adapted to transport people to the other side.

The flowers growing here, many of them, were old acquaintances. It seemed that these brown, piney streams could not flow along so rejoicingly, if the water-lilies did not watch them in their merry course. Never did we see larger blossoms than opened their silver cups on these soft waters. These delicate flowers cannot bear to see the sun set, but always close their dreamy eyes early in the afternoon. The *Lilium superbum* reared its tall pyramidal head as high as our own, carrying a dozen nodding bells, whose delicate, versatile clappers swung noiselessly in the summer air. Noiselessly! Can we say that? Our deaf ears heard not the music, but can we say that the thousand beautiful beings around—the painted birds, the glittering insect,

"With rainbow wings of gauzy pearl,
And bodies blue and gold,"

and all the other beautiful plants—are insensible to the chimes of the Turk's Cap Lily? We were not present at the vesper hour, but our fancy heard the lily bells at evening, calling their sisters of the swamp to bow their heads in voiceless prayer to Him who gives them water, and air, and glorious sunshine.

Our old friends the *Droseras* grew in the wet sand—the *filiformis* and *longifolia*—both in flower. *Polygela lutea* and *cruciata* mingled their golden and scarlet heads with the white crowns of *Eriocaulon decangulare*. *Arcyrium stans* and *Crux Andrea* enlivened many spots

with their golden flowers. *Hypericum*, too, was there—

"——the herb of war,
Pierced through with wounds, and marked with
many a scar."

Fine specimens of *Zygadenus leinanthoides* we found growing on the margin of the stream, and alongside of these charming plants, a large, dark pine snake, banded with white, was enjoying his afternoon nap.

We were led far out into the swamp to gather specimens of the large white fringed orchis (*Platanthera blephariglottis*) which grew abundantly. Some spikes were as long as our hand. It is a marvel how the black earth of the swamp ever becomes transformed into the perfect white of this flower. Innocence itself—if yet found on this earth—is not whiter or more spotless than its fringed lip. No other petal, except *Sabbatia lanceolata*, has as little of earth's mixture in it, and both grow in company here.

The yellow-fringed orchis, Gray calls our handsomest species, and we do not wonder, for it is a glorious plant. We found two specimens. The eye that can look for the first time at these golden blossoms and liquid ciliated lips without a tear is truly to be pitied. It is not that bright yellow like the buttercup, which throws back the light into the eye, but a deep golden orange absorbs every ray like the nap of velvet, and while the heart holds its breath in admiration, a quiet joy creeps through one's whole being in thankfulness for such beautiful gifts.

"Smile, if ye will, but some heart-strings
Are closest linked with simplest things;
And those wild flowers will hold mine fast,
Till love, and life, and all be past."

Go not to the dictionary for the definition of the word beautiful, but go into the wild woods and ask of the yellow-fringed orchis what that word truly means. Oh! long shall we remember thee!

"How delicate the gauzy frill,
How rich thy leafy stem;
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou singest songs to them."

The orchids have ever been the delight of the botanist,—such strange forms dressed in purest colors—their delicate and transient life—the quiet and solitary places they grow in—their strange habits of propagation, calling often the busy insect from his summer gambols into their beautiful cups to scatter the pollen around,—are chapters of deep interest, and by no means satisfactorily worked out.

The *Gymnasenia tridentata* grew rather plentifully in close companionship with the *Rhexia Virginica*. The *Sclerolepis verticillata* stood quite thickly in the shallow water, its single stem erect and fringed with thickish, linear, pointed leaves in many whorls, bearing one

large head of flesh-colored flowers, was truly a gem.

Riding gracefully on the brown water, we found the floating-heart (*Limnanthemum lacunosum*) one of the Gentianaceae. We must be pardoned a little if we do not feel compassion for the botanist who has not himself waded after the floating-heart. Its roots are buried in the mud beneath water, often two feet deep, as was the case with our specimens. From these roots rise up long and slender petioles, darkly spotted all over, and each one bearing at the end one floating heart-shaped leaf, with its margin dark olive in color, and its centre irregularly marked with vivid green. These leaves are purple underneath, like the water-lilies, and indented with numerous spots. About one inch below the leaf an umbel of flower stems bursts from the petiole, and it is very curious to see how these peduncles curve round the floating-hearts in order to lift their white flowers above the surface. These blossoms are a charming study. Five golden introrse anthers, alternate with each division of the white monopetalous corolla, and scatter pollen all over the fragile cup. Each lobe bears, near its base, two appendages of singular beauty not mentioned in the books, and besides these, there are five glandular bodies in the throat of the corolla always jammed with the golden pollen grains. They fade with the sun, and when the stars come out, they dip their withered heads beneath the leaves. It did seem a pity to crush such beautiful things between brown paper in order to preserve them, but so it is all over the world; hearts are daily crushed as between the upper and the nether mill-stones. We may preserve the form of the floating-heart in our brown paper, but the picture of its fresh and living beauty we commit to the keeping of memory's fadeless herbarium.

On the plains of Enna, in Sicily, we are told, dwelt a Grecian goddess. They called her Proserpine; and she was very beautiful. At Quaker Bridge we found her representative, the *Prosperinaca pertinacea*; but we call it the Mermaid-weed. Ah! we were sure this wild spot had its myths and traditions, but our time was too short to discover them all. For one hour we gave ourselves up with entire abandon to the sweet company of the forest flowers, and time hurried along like the water of the rapid stream.

"We quenched our thirst at the forest well,
We ate of the forest berry;
And the times we spent in the good green wood,
Like the times of song, were merry."

We have never heard a satisfactory solution given for the dark color of these forest streams. It is not a mechanical mixture of some coloring substance with the water, for long standing or filtration will not remove it. It is stained by

some coloring matter in chemical solution; but from what source does it come? We think not from living roots of plants now growing in the logs, because it is just as dark in little pools, distant far from either pines or cedars. Old Time, for ages, has spread a rich carpet of vegetation over these bogs, and Death's iron heel has trodden to pieces, year after year, the warp and the woof of that green and flower-spangled carpet. Generations of lilies, of figger-heels, of white and golden-lipped orchids, of *Droseras* and meadow beauties, of *Hypericum* and *Zygadenus*, of *Polygalas*, of *Nymphaeas* and of Floating Hearts, and Mermaids, too, have laid themselves down in these wet graveyards, like generations of our own kind elsewhere; and the all-searching river steals the soft jewels, packed away in their crumbling cells, to dye its own cool veins in remembrance of so much beauty. We love these dark rivers, and, in bidding them adieu, shall employ the thoughts of another—

"Go, dark river, and to the young and kind,
Speak thou of pleasant hours and lovely things;
Of fields and woods, of sunshine, dew and wind;
Of mountains, valleys, and of river-springs;
Speak thou of every little bird that sings,
Of every bright sweet-scented flower that blows;
But chiefest speak of Him whose mercy flings
Beauty and love abroad, and who bestows
Light to the sun alike with odor to the rose."

J. G. H.

8th mo. 1st, 1867.

The great purpose of all afflictions, where God is really feared, is to oblige us to cleave more closely to Him, by allowing us no other source of consolation. We never value the grace of God so much as when we are obliged to have recourse to it for support against what would be, otherwise, overwhelming.

SOCIAL LIFE.

Abridged from "Work and Conflict," by Kennedy.

"No man liveth to himself." The most selfish, the most solitary, exercise an influence beyond themselves for good or for evil. The thoughts they think, the words they speak, the very looks they look, however much they may intend them to be bounded by the narrow circle they draw around themselves, pass beyond that circle without asking their consent, and tell on others whom they have no desire either to benefit or harm. Let them but utter a word and it is gone from them forever; they cannot recall it if they would; it fulfils its mission, whether benign or malign, on some ear or some heart; and thence it proceeds in its onward progress, cursing or blessing, it may be, till the end of time. And even if men should resolve to speak no word lest the spoken word should grow and multiply in fruits which they do not desire, their self-imposed silence, the compressed

hip, and the unhappy look, will produce some impression on those who witness them—an impression which will not terminate with itself; and which will verify the social fact that no one liveth unto himself. Our example may be silent and unobtrusive, but it cannot be wholly unobserved. And if the first circle of observers be small, yet each of them becomes the centre of a new circle, and our influence becomes thus diffused far beyond our control and even our knowledge. Whatever station we occupy, whether we live in the public eye or in the deepest privacy; whether we are ambitious to be something, or ambitious to be nothing; it is a necessity of our social existence that we cannot live to ourselves. There is no wall of exclusiveness so thick or so high, but that the influence of our character and conduct, the influence, in short, of what we are and what we do, will penetrate through it, or climb over it.

It is a solemn fact that we are under the operation of this law of social life, and that its operation is involuntary and constant. Life itself is a solemn thing. We may so use it that it would be better for us if we had never possessed it. Or we may so use it that it shall be "a thing of beauty and of joy for ever." Social life with its voluntary and involuntary contribution to the common weal, or the common woe, is doubly solemn. There may be some whom we have already unconsciously benefitted, and who have been made more strong, more holy, more happy, by some casual word we have dropped, or some casual deed we have done, of which there is no record in our own memory. There may be others whom some casual word or deed of ours has accelerated in the downward path of unbelief and ungodliness.

The apostolic words, "None of us liveth to himself," are not, however, the mere declaration of a social fact; they are the declaration of a Christian law. Our involuntary influence may be either good or evil. It may be the influence of selfishness producing selfishness. But the Christian law is, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." "Ye are not your own. For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit which are God's."

The Christian love, which forms the soul of the law "no one liveth to himself," may very appropriately begin its social work "at home." Let Christians give it full sway in their families. If there is "no place like home," let love destroy those selfish, crooked tempers which mar its peace; those tempers which break up families, even while outwardly one, into fragments, that are brought indeed very near to each other, but are not "like kindred drops which mingle into one." Let all seek within their home circle, their first and best sphere of well doing. It will amply repay their toil.

But Christian love beginning at home, will not be content to be confined there. It is too expansive for that. It will overleap the narrow boundary; or if it be forcibly restrained within it, it will resent the wrong by dying a natural death in its prison. That it may live and thrive it must breathe the fresh air of the world, and brace itself with exercise in deeds of mercy.

What shall I do? is probably the question which has been asked by many. A question which has been answered sententiously, thus: "Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty; thy second duty will already have become clearer." And this is only a paraphrase of the inspired saying, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it," and "do it with thy might." Christian love will find objects on which to expend the energy of its well-doing at the very door, lying in sin and wretchedness, in more desperate case than the man who fell among thieves in the solitary and robber-haunted defile which lay between Jerusalem and Jericho. It will find them in the farthest regions of the earth, all "neighbors" according to our Lord's teaching, everywhere needing and awaiting the application of the same Christian balm. Let it lay its hands of mercy on some of these and bind up their wounds, and pour in the oil and wine of gospel truth and love.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 17, 1867.

THE INDIANS.—The communications of Sidney Averill and Gideon Frost, in relation to Indian outrages, which have appeared in this paper, have afresh awakened the feelings of sadness and sorrow which in times past have been so general throughout our Society in relation to this suffering and deeply injured people.

The thoughtful among us will remember that national crimes are generally followed by national punishments, and will look forward with apprehension to the fearful reckoning we may have to pay, when inquisition shall be made at the hands of the perpetrators of these outrages. We have received several communications on this subject in addition to the one which appears in this number, urging that immediate action may be taken by our Society, that the effusion of blood may be stayed.

One of our correspondents in this city recently received a letter from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in which he says:—

"The genuine spirit of Christian philanthropy has invariably distinguished the Society of

Friends in all its history, and the tender of the services of Friends in the accomplishment of peace does honor to them, and is very gratefully appreciated by me."

Another correspondent, in the State of New York, hopes "that Philadelphia Friends will move in the matter, and desires to contribute to sustain their action."

We are glad to know that Friends of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, who are near the Seat of Government, have had personal intercourse, and are in correspondence with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and also that a number of judicious Friends have been set apart by the Representative Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting to attend to the concern, and pursue such course as the wisdom of Truth may suggest. We hope, however, that this action will not prevent individual effort, and that not only the members of our own Society, but every Christian man and woman, will do what they can in this emergency. Those who may not be able to act, may, in the spirit of prayer, desire that the Ruler of Nations may put it into the hearts of our legislators to do justice to the red man, that so the Divine judgments may be averted from our land.

MARRIED, on the 18th of Seventh month, 1867, with the approbation of Horsbam Monthly Meeting, DAVID FOULKES to SUSAN Y. MICHENER, daughter of Silas Shoemaker, all of Montgomery Co., Pa.

—, on the 4th of Seventh month, 1867, with the approbation of Haddonfield Monthly Meeting, at the residence of the bride's parents, WM. BALDERSTON, of Burlington Co., to ANNIE H. BOES, of Camden Co., N. J.

DIED, in Howard Co., Md., on the 30th of Seventh month, 1867, ELIZABETH BYRNES, daughter of Francis W. and Elizabeth B. Plummer, and only granddaughter of Richard Plummer, aged nearly 5 months.

—, on the 26th of Seventh month, 1867, at his residence in York Co., Pa., THOMAS JONES, an Elder and member of Fawn Particular and Dear Creek Monthly Meeting, in the 74th year of his age.

—, on the 29th of Seventh month, 1867, BESSIE WILSON, daughter of Edwin and Mary A. Mitchell, aged 3 years and 8 months.

—, at Salem, N. J., on Fourth-day, 31st of Seventh month, 1867, ISAAC NICHOLSON, in his 76th year.

—, in Philadelphia, on the 4th of Eighth month, 1867, JOHN BURTON, M. D., in his 83d year.

"Fear not, little flock, it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Learn thus to contemplate the sovereignty of God, as it is His *delight* to exert it for His people; find, in it, and not in yourselves, an all-prevailing argument for grace to help in every time of need. — *Goods.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE INDIANS.

Since public attention, within a few weeks, has been directed to the condition and prospects of the Indians in the far West, the evidences have been rapidly increasing that many of the alleged barbarities of these Indians are either acts of retaliation for wrongs inflicted by the whites, or are false accounts, manufactured for the occasion, by parties who desire to create a natural hostile feeling, for the purpose of encouraging the Government to wage against them a war of extermination. These misrepresentations are generally made by contractors and Government agents, and other interested parties, some of whom have heretofore accumulated much property during the prosecution of the Indian wars, and who desire the continuance of the present hostilities for the same purpose. Official information amply justifies the belief, that notwithstanding a multitude of peaceable Indians have been slaughtered in cold blood by the whites, without provocation, still a large proportion of the now hostile tribes are willing to make peace, provided they be compensated for their destroyed property, and provided that railroad companies and other encroaching parties be compelled to make satisfaction for land occupied without the Indians' consent, and that their annuity goods be faithfully paid to them.

If a compliance with these Indian demands will adjust the difficulties, it would clearly be the duty of the Government to comply. If one-tenth or one-twentieth of the money now wasted in the prosecution of the war were to be expended in protecting the persons of the Indians from violence and their property from depredations at the hands of white men, the work of permanent pacification would doubtless proceed rapidly.

The testimony of the Governor of Idaho is worthy of being continually borne in mind by Friends,—that "in no case that I have examined have I found the red man the aggressor;" and yet we are prosecuting a war of threatened extermination, attended by barbarities on our part the most horrible that can be found upon the pages of history, while our own people, who are the guilty and original aggressors, are seldom or never punished. The only instance of an attempted retribution was that of Captain —, who was tried for the murder of four peaceable Indians, without the least provocation, but from mere wantonness; and being found guilty, was simply cashiered, or dismissed from his command.

There is reason to believe that a memorial to Government, signed by as many Friends as might be convenient, asking that early measures be taken to obtain a pacification of the difficulties, by securing to the Indians the undisturbed

enjoyment of all their rights, would receive an earnest consideration. I am willing to press the question, Is it not our duty to perform this act of simple justice?

Friends are almost the natural guardians of the Indian race. It is a pleasant reflection that no jar of discord has ever disturbed the harmonious relation between them and our Society; and however vindictive towards those who have wronged them, they have been uniformly kind to us.

Are there not Friends sufficiently interested in this pressing case of justice and humanity to volunteer a visit to the seat of Government, for the purpose of asking that the stroke of the uplifted sword be arrested, and that measures of pacification be substituted for those of carnage.

GIDEON FROST,

Greenvale P. O., Long Island, 8th mo. 1, 1867.

From "The Nation."

REVIEW OF JANNEY'S HISTORY OF FRIENDS.*

The work before us, of which the first two volumes were published in 1859, opens with a statement of the more prominent "testimonies" of the early Friends, which is succeeded by a very cursory sketch of the history of the Christian Church to the time of George Fox. Then follows a record of the experiences of that remarkable man, who for many years was a veritable apostle of the truth, a particular statement of the persecutions to which he and his followers were exposed from magistrates, priests and people, and all other noteworthy matters relating to the society until the separation, which took place in America about the year 1828, the circumstances preceding and attending which are very fully detailed in the latter half of the fourth volume. The bulk of the work consists of more or less minute memorials of a very large number of ministers and other prominent men and women, the reading of which, it must be confessed, is sometimes a monotonous employment; but the monotony is frequently relieved, especially in the earlier part, by incidents of an heroic or sadly tragic character. The records from which the author was able to draw the material for the construction of his history were ample, perhaps more full and complete than those which have been preserved by any other sectarian body.

It is remarkable that those most actively engaged in organizing the Society of Friends were young men and women, few being thirty years of age at the commencement of their ministry, and some not more than eighteen or twenty. George Fox himself was about twenty-three years old when he began to preach in 1647.

* "History of the Religious Society of Friends, from its rise to the year 1828. Vols. I.—IV. By Samuel M. Janney." Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell.

All the more noble, therefore, is the story of their constancy under the severest trials of their faith, and it would awaken much wonder in us had we not learned in the school of experience that the little trials of this life are even harder to bear than the large ones, and that there is in every great cause an inspiration adequate to the making of martyrs. The society rapidly took form and gained adherents. The period was one of much theological as well as political activity, and there seems to have been a large class of persons denominated "seekers" who were very ready to join such a movement as this. The "testimonies" of the new Protestants brought them of necessity into collision with those in authority in such troublesome times, and imprisonment in noisome dungeons, the stocks, and many stripes were the aliment upon which they thrived for many years. To those holding supreme power in the state they spoke boldly, and they do not seem to have been treated by them with especial discourtesy. It is perhaps an open question whether Cromwell did not intend to be somewhat facetious when, at the close of a conversation with George Fox, he said to the leather-clad apostle, "Come again to my house; for, if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other."

After about the year 1720, when their persecution had in great measure ceased, the society seemed to have grown much more slowly than before. The narrative becomes less interesting to the outside reader, excepting when it touches, as it necessarily often does, upon the connection of the society or its members with the great social questions of the day. The evils of slavery and the slave-trade engaged the attention of this people almost simultaneously with their settlement in America, but with characteristic slowness, though with equally characteristic pertinacity, the question was dealt with and argued upon for eighty years before total abstinence from all connection with the institution was required of the members. In the anti-slavery agitation of the past thirty years the Quaker "testimony," renewed and vitalized by the Motts, the Hoppers, and others less famous but equally faithful, contributed powerfully to the great overthrow which could not come through peace. Against intemperance also the Friends have labored efficiently, for the promotion of education, for a juster system of prison discipline, and for many other humane objects. Their treatment of the Indian tribes in this country gains lustre from the unhappy occurrences of the present hour.

If the author, himself a Friend and a schismatic, had taken too favorable a view of the position both of the society and the branch to which he belongs, it would not have been surprising, and it is probable that the record has

been colored to some extent in this way. Yet there is an evident intention to write with judicial fairness; for instance, after detailing the infamous persecutions to which Friends were subjected in New England, particularly in Massachusetts, he says: "Although a regard for historical accuracy requires an impartial account of the severe persecutions endured by the early Friends in New England, the narrative cannot be continued without reluctance; especially when we reflect that among no people on earth is religious liberty, in this age, more highly appreciated or more fully secured than by the descendants of the Pilgrims." And further, after giving an account of the execution of certain Friends on Boston Common: "There can be but one opinion among all reflecting minds concerning the bloody tragedy enacted at Boston; it should be remembered, however, that a large proportion of the colonists were opposed to the course pursued, and the infamy must rest upon a few who were enabled, by the ecclesiastical features of their government, to hold the reins of power."

In treating of the great separation—a difficult task—we should say that Mr. Janney has endeavored conscientiously to do justice to both parties, and, it seems to us, with a considerable degree of success. Belonging as he does to the branch called "Hicksite," to distinguish it from the "Orthodox" Friends, it is to be expected that the latter will not accept his narrative as a truthful account of the event, its causes, and the principles involved; at the same time, it must be borne in mind that the feeling of bitterness subsisting even yet between the two branches, especially on the part of the Orthodox, is such as ill comports with their peaceful and forgiving faith, and prevents that fair and equitable judgment which is to be desired. Mr. Janney frankly acknowledges, what we think must appear to any unprejudiced reader, that in regard to belief both parties had somewhat diverged, and that in opposite directions, from the position held by George Fox and his more prominent converts. Yet the belief of these earlier Friends was not uniform, and in this connection our author well says: "An attempt to enforce entire uniformity of belief was the rock upon which the Protestant reformers split, and which the early Friends had the wisdom to avoid. In the days of George Fox they were remarkably tolerant; but in succeeding times, as the bond of Christian love grew weaker, a greater reliance upon rules of discipline became manifest."

The work is much of it written in a plain, simple, unpretending style, but abounds in some parts in that peculiar stilted Scriptural phraseology with which those who have often attended Friends' meetings or read Friends' books are thoroughly familiar. Sewall's "History of Quakers" has the advantage of the direct per-

sonal knowledge and connection of its author with many of the events which he details, it having been written between 1700 and 1720, and is attractive on account of a certain quaintness of style, but it covers a period of only about seventy years. There are other histories, but none, we believe, so comprehensive as that now offered to the public. We commend it to the reading of persons of all sects, and not least to the young, for an insight into spiritual purity and fidelity to the inner light such as are not likely to be exhibited again, certainly not in our day, in the formation of a new society. The Quaker forms and organization are perhaps declining, and may, in a few generations, become extinct. Even more on this account is their history worth studying, and their decadence may serve even more distinctly than their rise to point out the foundations of the "broad church" of the future.

A PITY TO HAVE AN EMPTY SEAT.

A few weeks ago a gentleman was obliged to go to a distant *depot* at an hour when there was no conveyance thither. So, although very weary, and not strong, he was obliged to set out on a walk of two or three miles. After he had gone a little way, he was overtaken by a gentleman and a little boy in a carriage. The fine horse was at once reined in, and his owner said with a smile, "I presume, sir, you are going but a short way; but this little fellow insists on my asking you to ride with us. I told him I had no doubt you were going to the first station; but he said, 'The gentleman is a stranger, father; it is very easy to ask him. It always seems to me such a pity to ride with an empty seat!'"

Now, that ride which cost the gentleman neither money, time, nor trouble, was a real blessing to a weary minister of Christ; and he told him so when he thanked him and the dear boy who prompted the kind civility.

"It is a way he has, and always had, sir," replied the father. "From his cradle, he could never enjoy what he could not share with others. If he has any new gift or pleasure, his first thought is for those less favored. It is a way he got from his mother."

It was truly a beautiful "way" that boy had; and it should be a lesson to all boys, and boys' mothers too, who hear of him. Remember this, you who have horses at your control to use for convenience or pleasure: "It is a pity to have an empty seat." Remember it, mothers, when training your boys for lives of unselfishness. The little things of to-day will grow into great things of years to come. The boy who is selfish with his toys and his comforts will be so with his money and his sympathies when a man; for the heart grows harder, rather than softer, by the flight of time.—*Exchange*.

THE RIVER PATH.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

No bird-song floated down the hill,
 The tangled bank below was still;
 No rustle from the birchen stem,
 No ripple from the water's hem.
 The dusk of twilight round us grew,
 We felt the falling of the dew;
 For, from us, ere the day was done,
 The wooded hills shut out the sun.
 But on the river's farther side
 We saw the hill-tops glorified—
 A tender glow, exceeding fair,
 A dream of day without its glare.
 With us the damp, the chill, the gloom;
 With them the sunset's rosy bloom;
 While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
 The river rolled in shade between.
 From out the darkness where we trod
 We gazed upon those hills of God.
 Whose light seemed not of moon or sun,
 We spake not, but our thought was one.
 We paused as if from that bright shore
 Beckoned our dear ones gone before;
 And stilled our beating hearts to hear
 The voices lost to mortal ear!
 Sudden our pathway turned from night;
 The hills swung open to the light;
 Through their green gates the sunshine showed;
 A long, slant splendor downward flowed.
 Down glade and glen and bank it rolled,
 It bridged the shaded stream with gold;
 And borne on piers of mist, allied
 The shadowy with the sunlit side!
 "So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near,
 The river, dark with mortal fear,
 "And the night cometh chill with dew,
 O, Father! let thy light break through!
 "So let the hills of doubt divide,
 So bridge with faith the sunless tide!
 "So let the eyes that fail on earth
 On thy eternal hills go forth;
 "And in thy beckoning angels know
 The dear ones whom we loved below."

(Selected.)

"I have learned," says the melancholy Pestalozzi,
 "that in this wide world no one heart is able or
 willing to help another."

Oh, say not we through life must struggle—
 Must toil and mourn alone;
 That no one human heart can answer
 The beatings of our own.

The stars look down from the silent heaven
 Into the quiet stream,
 And see themselves from its dewy depths
 In fresher beauty gleam.

The sky, with its pale or glowing hues,
 Ever painteth the wave below;
 And the sea sends up its mist to form
 Bright clouds and the heavenly bow.

Thus each does of the other borrow
 A beauty not its own;
 And tells us no one thing in Nature
 Is for itself alone.

Alone, amid life's griefs and perils,
 The stoutest soul may quail;

Left to its own unaided efforts,
 The strongest arm may fail;
 And though all strength still comes from Heaven,
 All light from God above,
 Yet we may sometimes be his angels,
 The apostles of his love.
 Then let us learn to help each other,
 Hoping unto the end:
 Who sees in every man a brother,
 Shall find in each a friend.

BREAD AND MILK.

The incident I am about to relate, I received from the lips of the principal actor when he was a venerable and most interesting gentleman.

It is a story of his wayward boyhood, which he loved to tell because it reflected honor on a mother he delighted to honor.

One morning Johnny (for that was his real name) came to the breakfast table and boldly said he would not eat bread and milk that morning.

"Very well, Johnny," answered his mother, quietly and without raising her voice; "I'll set it on this high shelf. You can run to school."

This run consisted of a long piece of road, and then a long tramp through a wood, which gave Johnny ample time to call up all his spunk and to strengthen his determination not to give in.

Accordingly, on his return, he was all ready to assert the dignity of boyhood, and when he drew up to the table and saw the bowl of bread and milk set before him, he felt nerved to any course, and decided to die rather than eat it.

"Very well, Johnny," was the mother's calm remark; "I'll set it on the high shelf until you want it;" and a decided wave of her hand sent him from the table, and in due time he was bidden by an authority he could not resist to run off to school.

That run was not as spirited as the morning run had been. He felt "dreadfully hollow," and had no relish for his usual sport of pretending to be chased by a bear, climbing, in fancied terror, a tree; running out on the end of its horizontal branches, and dropping to the ground only to gain another tree and accomplish the same feat of dexterity.

On the contrary, he felt a little like giving up, as he knew his mother never would, and admitted to himself that he would be glad of that bowl of bread and milk; and when he came dragging home at night, and the bowl was lifted down from the high shelf without a word of threatening or reproach, he pretty well understood the force of calm and persistent authority.

Feeling well assured that he would never eat anything else until he had swallowed that oft-presented and oft-refused bread and milk, he just took it as quietly as it was offered, and ate it.

And after that, he said, he never set his will

in defiance of his mother's. I saw the tears of fond and appreciative love gather in his eyes as he said,

"My mother was a woman of good judgment, and I love to think how she made me obey her."—*Late Paper*.

EARLY RISING.

Health and long life are almost universally associated with early rising; and we are pointed to countless old people as evidences of its good effects on the general system. Can any one of our readers, on the spur of the moment, give a good, conclusive reason why health should be attributed to this habit? We know that old people get up early, but it is simply because they can't sleep. Moderate old age does not require much sleep. Hence, in the aged, early rising is a necessity or convenience, and is not a cause of health in itself. There is a larger class of early risers, very early risers, who may be truly said not to have a day's health in a year—the thirsty folks, for example, who drink liquor until midnight and rise early to get more. One of our earliest recollections is that of "old smokers" making their "devious way" to the grog shop or tavern bar room, before sunrise, for their morning grog. Early rising, to be beneficial, must have two concomitants: to retire early, and, on rising, to be properly employed. One of the most eminent divines in this country rose by daylight for many years, and at the end of that time became an invalid, has travelled the world over for health, and has never regained it, and never will. It is rather an early retiring that does the good, by keeping people out of those mischievous practices which darkness favors, and which need not here be more particularly referred to.

Another important advantage of retiring early is, that the intense stillness of midnight and the early morning hours favors that unbroken repose which is the all-powerful renovator of the tired system. Without, then, the accompaniment of retiring early, "early rising" is worse than useless, and is positively mischievous. Every person should be allowed to "have his sleep out;" otherwise, the duties of the day cannot be properly performed, and will be necessarily alighted, even by the most conscientious.

To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take without artificial means, is the balm of life—without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children, of a morning—it is a barbarity; let them wake of themselves; let the care rather be to establish an hour for retiring, so early that their fullest sleep may be out before sunrise.

Another item of very great importance is: do not hurry up the young and weakly. It is

no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as their eyes open, nor is it best for the studious or even for the well who have passed an unusually fatiguing day, to jump out of bed the moment they wake up; let them remain without going to sleep again until the sense of weariness passes from their limbs. Nature abhors two things; violence and a vacuum. The sun does not break out at once into the glare of the meridian. The diurnal flowers unfold themselves by slow degrees; nor fleetest beast, nor sprightliest bird, leaps at once from his resting-place. By all which we mean to say, that as no physiological truth is more demonstrable than that as the brain, and with it the whole nervous system, is recuperated by sleep, it is of the first importance, as to the well-being of the human system, that it have its fullest measure of it; and to that end, the habit of retiring to bed early should be made imperative on all children, and no ordinary event should be allowed to interfere with it. Its moral healthfulness is not less important than its physical.

From Chambers's Journal.
THE OPEN POLAR SEA.
(Concluded from page 366.)

With extreme difficulty, they got into a little bay, they christened Port Foulke (after the chief promoter of the expedition), and there determined to winter. Everybody is acquainted with the manner of making things snug in an arctic harbor: the roofing in of the deck; the clearing out of the hold (as being the warmest place for the men to live in); and the conveying the cargo on shore. The peculiarity of the present case was the extraordinary number of live-stock in the shape of Esquimaux dogs; there were no less than thirty of these magnificent wild beasts on board (purchased at a great price—on account of a canine disease then prevalent, which made them scarce—at various native stations along the coast), and it may be imagined how pleasant it was to house *them* in the snow-wall built round the ship, and get their room instead of their company. The expedition thus possessed no less than three first-rate "teams." Dr. Hayes himself had what he justly entitles "a respectable turn-out"—twelve dogs and a fine sledge. "The animals are in most excellent condition, every one of them strong and healthy; and they are very fleet. They whirl my Greenland sledge over the ice with a celerity not calculated for weak nerves. I have actually ridden behind them over six measured miles in twenty-eight minutes; and, without stopping to blow the team, have returned over the track in thirty-three. Sonntag and I had a race, and I beat him by four minutes. I should like to have some of my friends of Saratoga and Point Breeze up here to shew them a new style of speeding animals. Our racers do not require any blanketing after

the heats, or sponging either. We harness them each with a single trace, and these traces are of a length to suit the driver—the longer the better, for they are then not so easily tangled, the draft of the outside dogs is more direct; and if the team comes upon thin ice, and breaks through, your chances of escape from immersion are in proportion to their distance from you. The traces are all of the same length, and hence the dogs run side by side, and when properly harnessed, their heads are in a line. My traces are so measured that the shoulders of the dogs are just twenty feet from the forward part of the runners. The team is guided solely by the whip and voice. The strongest dogs are placed on the outside, and the whole team is swayed to right and left according as the whip falls on the snow to the one side or the other, or as it touches the leading dogs, as it is sure to do if they do not obey the gentle hint with sufficient alacrity. The voice aids the whip, but in all emergencies the whip is the only real reliance. Your control over the team is exactly in proportion to your skill in the use of it. The lash is about four feet longer than the traces, and is tipped with a "cracker" of hard sinew, with which a skilful driver can draw blood if so inclined; and he can touch any one of his animals on any particular spot that may suit his purpose. Jenson had to-day a young refractory dog in the team, and, having had his patience quite exhausted, he resolved upon extreme measures. "You see dat beast?" said he. "I takes a piece out of his ear;" and sure enough crack went the whip; the hard sinew wound round the tip of the ear, and nipped it off as nicely as with a knife."

It was absolutely necessary to resort to these extreme measures. These dogs are as wild as wolves, and even more ravenous. They will eat *anything*, including their own harness, if, as usual, made of skin. The ferocity with which they tear their food is something terrible to witness. Even the lashings of the sledge are not safe from them, and have to be buried out of their sight at camping-time. During one expedition, they ate up their drivers' extra boots, their fur stockings, and even a meerschaum pipe which happened to have a seal-skin cover. On another occasion, one of their fellows being unable either to pull or follow, had to be shot. "As soon as the bullet struck the animal, wounding him but slightly, and causing him to set up a terrible cry, his companions in the team flew upon him, and tore him to pieces in an instant; and those who were lucky enough to get a fragment of him were tearing the flesh from his bones almost before the echo of his last howl had died away in the solitude." Nay, Dr. Hayes, who is very fond and proud of them, is obliged to confess, "the wretches would eat us up if we gave them the least chance. Knox

stumbled among the pack yesterday while feeding them, and had not M'Donald pounced upon them on the instant, I believe they would have made a meal of him before he could rise.' Yet when, as happened, these animals were all attacked by the unknown disease above alluded to, our author bewailed their loss with reason, for without them arctic exploration is almost impossible. The symptoms were something akin to hydrophobia, and it may be imagined what those dogs did under such aggravated circumstances.

Life on board went on as usual in those latitudes; every effort was made to be jolly notwithstanding the darkness and the cold; every man's birthday was kept; every festival of the church was honored with a banquet; the *Port Foulke Weekly News* was started; and, thanks to the general cheerfulness, Dr. Hayes' benignant rule, and, above all, to a large stock of preserved vegetables, that scourge of arctic travel, scurvy, was wholly avoided. Their chief physical trouble was frozen limbs, the cure for which was to place the limb in ice-cold water, the temperature of which was slowly increased from hour to hour until the flesh was completely thawed out; but it was considered to be a green trick to get frozen, and the disaster was generally kept concealed; just at home, boys say nothing about having had "a spill" out hunting. Curiously enough, the cold—so used they got to it at last—caused them less inconvenience than one or two unexampled and indeed inexplicable thaws. In November, under the Pole Star, the temperature once went up to thirty-two degrees, causing every thing to drip, and making our friends open not only their eyes but their windows; then, as suddenly as it rose, it sunk back to its normal position of fifteen degrees below zero. Upon Dr. Hayes's subsequent expedition in the spring, it was thirty-one degrees below zero in their snow-huts where they slept at night, and in the open air, at sixty-eight and a half below zero, or one hundred and a half degrees below the freezing-point of water. Well might Dr. Hayes (who had been out with Dr. Kane in the same region) declare this to be unexampled in his experience, and, indeed, only one traveller, Niveroff, in Siberia, has ever chronicled a lower temperature.

The coming on of winter darkness is noted in quite a solemn manner. Our author knew that that would be the trying time for his poor fellows. On November 13, he writes: "The darkness is not yet quite absolute. With some difficulty, I can still see to read ordinary print at noon." As November ended, the last gleam of twilight fades, but the stars shine at all hours with great brilliancy, and the moon gives some relief. From its rising to its setting, it shines continually, circling round the horizon, and

running uninterruptedly its ten days' course of brightness, and shining with a brilliancy—thanks to the whiteness of the landscape and the general clearness of the atmosphere—unknown elsewhere. Nothing in nature is more impressive, nay, more ghastly, than arctic scenery under this wierd aspect.

The coming of the sun, on the other hand, is watched for with eager impatience, and hailed with an almost delirious joy by these poor prisoners, "bleached in the long-continued lamp-light, and colorless as potato-sprouts in a dark cellar." Everybody hastens, on the day appointed by the Nautical Almanac, to the spot he thinks will command the best view of the welcome stranger. "We awaited the approaching moment with much eagerness. Presently a ray of light burst through the soft mist-clouds which lay off to the right of us opposite the cape, blending them into a purple sea, and glistening upon the silvery summits of the tall icebergs, which pierced the vapoury cloak, as if to catch the coming warmth. The ray approached us nearer and nearer, the purple sea widened, the glittering spires multiplied, as one after another they burst in quick succession into the blaze of day; and as this marvellous change came over the face of the sea, we felt that the shadow of the cape was the shadow of the night, and that the night was passing away. Soon the dark red cliffs behind us glowed with a warm coloring, the hills and the mountains stood forth in their new robes of resplendent brightness, and the tumbling waves melted away from their angry harshness, and laughed in the sunshine; and now the line of the shadow was in sight. "There it is upon the point," cried Jenson. "There it is upon the ice-foot," cried Dodge. There at our feet lay a sheet of sparkling gems, and the sun burst broadly in our faces. Off went our hats with a simultaneous impulse, and we hailed this long-lost wanderer of the heavens with loud demonstrations of joy." He had been absent one hundred and twenty-six days, and the ghastly moonlight, and the occasional glares of the Aurora Borealis, had been but poor substitutes for him.

And now the time was at hand when the great object of the expedition must be attempted, if at all. The dogs, save half a dozen or so, were dead; and with that inadequate remnant it was necessary that Dr. Hayes and his men should endeavor to work their way across the hummocks of Smith's Sound to Grinnell Land. It was a terrible journey, and although undertaken by heroes, proved too much for their resources. Nothing was met with in that awful solitude save the records of man's inability to penetrate it. A few words written by the captain of one of the expeditions after Franklin, placed in glass and sealed in a cairn—a dead-letter office, where it was left till thus

called for, for nearly ten years; and the grave-stones of two of Dr. Hayes's shipmates who had sailed with Dr. Kane. Even these were left far behind, for our author was bound for a more extreme point than the foot of man had ever yet visited. In spite of the hummocks, among which they had to camp for many a night, and though all his men, one by one, succumbed to the incredible cold and frightful hardships, Dr. Hayes determined to push on. He sent back all his comrades except three, and with those slowly climbed the rigid waves, and reached the inhospitable shore. Then leaving two of them behind, one being disabled, he pushed on towards the Pole, with only a single human companion.

No such journey was ever taken by mortal man; it was scarcely probable they would return alive; and the other two had orders to wait for them in their wretched snow-hole only for five days, and then to make haste for "home"—the schooner, between which and themselves nearly five hundred miles of rough ice already lay. Provisions were fast failing them, although they had "cached" some at one or two places, in preparation for the return-journey. Dr. Hayes and Knox (his companion) were indeed "making their last throw!" On and on they pushed, till at last they stood upon the shore of that Open Polar Sea in search of which they had endured such unparalleled privations. "Standing against the dark sky at the north, there was seen in dim outline the white sloping summit of a noble headland, the most northern known land upon the globe. I judged it to be in latitude $82^{\circ} 30'$, or four hundred and fifty miles from the North Pole. Nearer, another bold cape stood forth; and nearer still the headland, for which I had been steering my course the day before, rose majestically from the sea, as if pushing up into the very skies, a lofty mountain-peak, upon which the winter had dropped its diadem of snows. There was no land visible except the coast upon which I stood." The sea at their feet was a mottled sheet of white and dark patches, decaying ice and water, and in the distance one uniform dark blue, betokening ocean. Within a month, that unknown sea would be as free from ice as Baffin's Bay.

With his poor battered ship, the task of pushing on was utterly hopeless; but Dr. Hayes is satisfied that, during three months in the year at least, he could navigate a steamer (and means one day to do it) through Smith's Sound and Kennedy Channel into the Open Polar Sea. Without in the least envying his position, we can appreciate our author's feelings as he set up his cairn, and fixed his flags, in that hitherto unvisited solitude. "It was with no ordinary sensations," says he, with pardonable pride, "that I contemplated my situation with

one solitary companion in that hitherto untrodden desert; while my nearness to the earth's axis, the consciousness of standing upon land far beyond the limits of previous observation, the reflections which crossed my mind respecting the vast ocean which lay spread out before me, the thought that these ice-girdled waters might lash the shores of distant islands where dwell human beings of an unknown race, were circumstances calculated to invest the very air with mystery, to deepen the curiosity, and to strengthen the resolution to persevere in my determination to sail upon this sea, and to explore its furthest limits; and as I recalled the struggles which had been made to reach this sea—through the ice, and across the ice—by generations of brave men, it seemed as if the spirits of these old worthies came to encourage me, as their experience had already guided me; I felt that I had within my grasp "the great and notable thing" which had inspired the zeal of sturdy Frobisher, and that I had achieved the hope of matchless Parry."

A WHIRLPOOL IN A RAINDROP.

Among the most beautiful and interesting of all microscopic animals are the *Ratifera*. Their tiny bodies are so transparent that all the internal structure can be distinctly seen, and, to all appearance, they enjoy sporting in their drop of water as much as the lazy porpoises do, tumbling about in a bay full of it. Most of them are rovers; but some sober members of the family attach themselves to a leaf or stem of some water plant, and remain, like a barnacle, fixtures for life. They forthwith set about forming a protection for their heads, in the shape of a hill or cup, and out of this the animal can protrude its head and shoulders at pleasure. Then, as the naturalist watches it through his magic glass—for it seems little short of magic to develop such wonders in a single drop of water—behold the little *Ratifer* spreads out the sails of the windmill, from which he gets his name, and such a whirlpool as he creates! "A tempest in a tea-pot" is nothing, compared with this maelstrom in a rain-drop. The smaller fry are whirled around and around in a manner which must create a terrible panic among the shoals; but there is no resisting its might. Worst of all, there sits the giant in his den, culling out the choice bits which are brought to his very mouth by each returning wave, and enjoying them as much as Polyphymus did his grubs.

What wonderful contrivance for supplying food to this tiny animalcule!—What but an infinite Power could create and sustain such a wonderful system? To think, too, of the countless drops in the ocean, and in the waters of the earth, each filled to overflowing with these perfect living things! Surely the microscope has

revealed to us wonders as vast and glorious as its twin sister, the telescope. How overwhelming are the views it presents to us of the greatness and power of God.—*Exchange*.

It is the heart which decides our pleasures. While you continue to love the world, you will find virtue insupportable.—*Massillon*.

ITEMS.

Jupiter will appear without his satellites on the 21st of this month, if astronomical predictions be true. This is a phenomenon very seldom observed, and, reckoning backward, has been recorded in 1843, in 1826, in 1802 and in 1681. The disappearance of these satellites is caused by their passage across the disc of Jupiter. From the relations that they hold to each other, it is not possible for all these bodies to be eclipsed at once; but at certain periods the four satellites are in the same straight line with the planet's centre, and through a telescope of moderate power will be invisible. It is not uncommon for astronomers to note the disappearance of three satellites from this cause, but for the fourth to be invisible, it is necessary that it should be in a line with the other three, as seen from the earth, and this very rarely occurs. The fourth satellite is not necessarily eclipsed at each conjunction with Jupiter; it may pass above or below his disc or shadow. These satellites will disappear during six hours on the evening of August 21st, beginning when the planet rises at half-past seven, and ending at fifty-four minutes past one.

After the greatest amount of conflicting testimony, as to the fate of Dr. Livingstone, it is now stated in England, that the latest intelligence from Africa indicates "every probability of Dr. Livingstone being still alive."

The recent accident to the Atlantic cable of 1866 occurred in shallow water, near the Newfoundland coast, on the 25th ult., and the Cable Company announce that the steamship Chiltern was to have left London to repair this cable. The steamship also had on board a coil of new submarine wire cable wire, which is to be laid from Placentia, Newfoundland, to Sydney, Cape Breton, in order to facilitate the transmission of the cable news through the British North American territory to the land telegraph lines in the United States.

The laying of the telegraph to connect Florida with Cuba, began at Key West on the 3d inst., and at last accounts was proceeding successfully. This cable, it is thought, if no accident happens, will be in operation by the end of the present week.

The Freedmen's Saving and Trust Company, under the management of the Freedmen's Bureau, has just published an instructive report for the month of June last, showing that the colored people deposited during that period \$124,075, and withdrew \$94,813, leaving an excess of deposits of \$29,262. The company has now on hand over \$480,000 belonging to freedmen.

THE GREAT TUNNEL on the Pacific Railroad at the Sierra Nevada Mountains is nearly completed. The rails are being laid on the easterly slope, where twenty miles of the track is graded. It was expected that cars would pass through the tunnel by the 15th of the present month, and that the road would soon be completed through to the Nevada line.

The rapid progress making at both ends of the Pacific Railroad indicates that it will not be long before passengers can be carried across the continent "without change of cars."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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*Epistle from New York Yearly Meeting of
Ministers and Elders, held 6th mo. 1867.*

*To the Quarterly and Preparative Meetings of Ministers
and Elders belonging thereto.*

DEAR FRIENDS:—Being again favored to
convene in this our Annual Meeting, our minds
have been turned in tender love and sympathy
towards our absent brethren and sisters, who
constitute this part of our Religious organiza-
tion, who are not able to be in attendance with
us, at this time; and we feel drawn to address
you, that you may partake with us of the good
counsel and gospel exercise which have freely
flowed, from living and exercised minds, if per-
chance it may be as a brook by the way, to
cheer and animate the drooping spirit, and en-
courage and strengthen the weary traveller on the
way to Zion, the city of the Saints' Solemnities.

We have been feelingly reminded that the
Divine Master, sympathizing with and feeling
their great need, had compassion on the multi-
tude; and after that he had blest the bread, he
handed it forth, and it proved more than suffi-
cient, and the multitude were fed to their hum-
bling admiration. So we have believed it would
be with us, if we come to the Master in humil-
ity and simplicity, feeling our want and great
need of Spiritual Sustenance, he will bless the
bountiful provisions of Zion and satisfy His poor
with bread. We were admonished to cry aloud
and spare not, to lift up the voice like a trump-
et, for out of Zion shall go forth the law and
the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

We have been reminded, at this time, that
God, the Sovereign Lord of conscience, is the
source and centre of all minds, their only point
of rest, and the fountain of all good; the reser-
voir and never failing source from which all
may draw their supplies, as they stand in need,
in proportion to their dedication and faithful-
ness, and if we love Him above all, and our
neighbor as ourselves, we could not refrain
from meeting together for public divine wor-
ship, and even if no vocal word should be
spoken, we should feel the divine life spread
over us like a canopy, and our young people,
the joy of the present and hope of the future,
would be drawn by our consistent example to
come and sit with us.

Our Elders were encouraged at this time, in
the feeling that many who are by man appoint-
ed, and who dwelling under a sense of their
own insufficiency, and looking to the great
fountain of Light and Life for strength and
ability, would be by the Lord anointed to be as
Aaron's and Hur's to hold up the hands of the
ministers; and they were tenderly reminded that
other duties than watching over the ministry
devolved upon them, and they were encouraged
to visit the small meetings, and enter into sym-
pathy with the members thereof, and if faith-
fulness was abode in, their mouths would be
opened to speak a word in season to them that
are weary.

We were reminded of the necessity of con-
tinued labor in and over the flock and family

over which the church, and we trust in measure, the Holy Spirit hath made us overseers, and the language made use of by the Divine Master was feelingly brought into view, "the Father worketh hitherto and I work." It is a great truth, that if we would gather, we must sow, and it is equally applicable to the natural and spiritual kingdom. Our fathers labored diligently in their day, for the promotion of the cause of truth and righteousness in the earth, and they witnessed the divine blessing to rest upon their labors. So will it be with us, dear friends, if we come bearing precious sheaves with us. We must be actuated by the same spirit, and labor as diligently and faithfully as they did, in order to produce the like results, and having thus labored and sown to the spirit, we shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.

Our scattered condition was made apparent, by the reports from our constituent branches, and we were exhorted to dwell in, and act under the influence of that *power* which gives ability to labor successfully in the church of Christ. There is but one true church, the church militant on earth, and the church triumphant in Heaven. Christ is one, and his spirit one, and as many as are led by "the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." The blessed Master declared "my sheep they know my voice, and follow me, and a stranger they will not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers." Oh! that we, dear friends, may be of that number who are of the true sheepfold, who know the Master's voice, and can distinguish it from the voice of strangers, that we may hear it, and heed its requireing, believing it will do for us exceeding abundantly, even more than we can ask or think, and that the truthfulness of the promise will be verified, if we hear this divine voice and obey it, our souls shall live.

Those in the ministry were tenderly entreated to remember the responsibility of their calling, and always to bear in mind that none can minister availingly, in attending to the injunction of the Divine Master—feed my Lambs—to the gathering of the flocks, but those that are anointed and receive their qualification from on High—that nothing but what proceeds from God, can gather to him—that no human qualification is sufficient for the performance of this great service aright, and that all the scholastic attainments in the world fall very far short of a right qualification for the ministry—that the gift being divine, the qualification must be of God, and should be performed freely, and without any view to reward from man; and as there is a looking to Him, who calls and qualifies for the work, He will reward them with that peace of mind that is of far more value than any temporal consideration. A gospel ministry thus brought forth, having its source in God, and de-

riving its power from Him, must ever be of great value to mankind, and they who are favored to have it, enjoy that which is calculated to make the wilderness of the world an Eden, and the desert soul like the garden of the Lord. "Joy and Gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

Finally, dear friends, we would exhort all most tenderly to renewed faithfulness and dedication, and buckling on the armor of righteousness, and taking the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation, press onward towards the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, and not to faint or give out by the way; remembering that it is only they who endure to the end that shall be saved, and receive that crown immortal, invisible, eternal, that fadeth not away.

Signed on behalf of the Meeting,

GEORGE T. TRIMBLE, *Clerk.*

Human minds may, and they often do, know each other with an assurance which results in a happy unity of trust and love. Let it not be doubted, then, that the divine and human mind may know each other with a more perfect assurance, and with higher and richer results.

To Friends of the Ministry in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

ENFIELD, 30th of 5th month, 1885.

DEAR FRIENDS,—With my love to you all, and all other friends, I was glad to hear from you; but you gave me no account of the increase of Truth amongst you, nor what meetings you have had amongst the Indian kings and their people abroad in the countries, and of your visiting Friends in New England, Virginia, and Carolina, nor of your travels and labors in the Gospel; though you have, in all those countries, liberty to serve and worship God, and preach the Truth. And I understand many have a desire to live in it, especially in Carolina; and you who travel now to visit *Friends* in those provinces, it is thought strange that you do not visit *them*; [those people who were seeking the Truth.] Therefore I desire that you may all improve your gifts and talents, and not hide them in a napkin, lest they be taken from you; and not put your candle under a bushel, lest it go out; and not be like the foolish virgins, which kept their name of virgins, but neglected having oil in their lamps: such were not diligent in the work of God, nor in the concerns of the Lord, nor in their own particulars. And therefore my desires are, that you may all be diligent, serving the Lord and minding his glory and the prosperity of his Truth, this little time you have to live; and be not, like Adam, in the earth, but use this world as though you did not use it; for they that covet after this world, fall into divers snares and hurtful lusts; and there-

fore consider, that you are but sojourners here, that you may pass your time in the fear of God; and you being many, and having many of the friends of the ministry, going over into those parts, you may be a hindrance one unto another if you [confine your visits to Friends, and] do not travel in the life of the *universal* Truth, that would have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the Truth: and if you would have them come to the knowledge of Truth, let them know it, and where it is to be found. So I desire that you be valiant for it upon the earth, that you may give a good account unto God at the last with joy. I desire that all Friends in the ministry may see this in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

And if sometimes you should have some meetings with the Indian kings and their councils, to let them know the principles of Truth; so that they may know the way of salvation, and the nature of true Christianity, and how that Christ hath died for them, who "tasted death for every man;" (and so the gospel of salvation must be preached to every creature under heaven;) and how that Christ hath enlightened them, who enlightens all that come into the world. And God hath poured out his spirit upon all flesh; and so the Indians must receive God's spirit; for "the grace of God which brings salvation hath appeared to all men." And so let them know, that they have a day of salvation, grace, and favor of God offered unto them; if they will receive it, it will be their blessing.

My love to you all in the holy Seed of life that reigns over all. Amen.—*George Fox.*

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 1.

LEAMINGTON, 6th mo. 23, 1866.

It has struck us with some surprise in passing through places we visited fifteen years ago, that in a country that then looked so *finished*, there should appear now so many changes. In the cities, this is particularly apparent, and in the matter of hotels, they acknowledge to having copied after America, though, as yet, our system is not thoroughly carried out. In London, there are several immense establishments, almost as large as the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, and somewhat on the same principle, with ladies' coffee-rooms, &c., though I think the more exclusive arrangement of private parlors and table will be some time in yielding to the spirit of (so called) improvement. To me it would be an unwelcome change. I do so enjoy the coziness and comfort of our own rooms—making our own tea, &c., when we come in weary of an evening, instead of dressing to appear at a large public table, filled with strangers, where we would be

expected to observe "the proprieties." The day after my last, we bade adieu to London, and were not sorry to exchange the smoke and noise of the city for the pure air and lovely scenery of the country, through which we passed to Oxford, and we felt when we reached there, as though translated to another world, so quiet and peaceful, and in every way charming, were the truly "Academic shades" of this beautiful and justly celebrated nursery of learning. We were prepared to see the embodiment of everything that was venerable and ancient, but the broad and elegant streets, and still more, the immense size and magnificent proportions of the college buildings, astonished and delighted us. There are nineteen of these buildings, distinct from each other, and in various parts of the city, some of them very ancient, and all grand and imposing in a remarkable degree. I had imagined Oxford University to be something after the fashion of Yale—plain brick buildings, without any pretensions beyond that of solidity—and was therefore surprised to see instead, those massive and venerable Gothic edifices, in many instances forming a hollow square, enclosing a large court-yard, and beyond that were frequently extensive grounds of great beauty, and kept uniformly in the most perfect order. We went through several of these gardens and into several of the colleges, and spent a very interesting morning. Some of our party also visited the Bodleian Library, located here. A little more than an hour, by car, brought us from Oxford to Leamington, which we expected to find a quiet country town, offering in its neighborhood a great many attractions, and very desirable as a place of sojourn for several days. We were consequently a little disappointed on finding it a very fashionable watering place, with closely built streets and rows of handsome residences. But there are a number of interesting objects within a short distance, and we have been enjoying them. Leamington is celebrated for its medicinal waters, which are used both for bathing and drinking, and are considered very valuable. There are two distinct springs, one of sulphur and one of saline water, and besides the pump-rooms and bathing houses, where, of course, it is paid for, there are public fountains, where any one may drink without restriction, though it is not allowable to carry away the water in large quantities.

Our first afternoon here was devoted to a visit to Kenilworth, five miles distant, where we spent some delightful hours in rambling among the magnificent ruins of the castle, and admiring the exquisitely lovely scenery that is spread for miles around them, and of which the highest remaining portions of this once superb structure command an extensive prospect. Returning by the cars at eight, we were at home

long before dark, which does not reach us here now until very late, and we are able to read or write with ease by daylight until after nine.

Our next visit was to Stratford on Avon, the birth place of Shakespeare, and to the house where he was born, which, under the direction of the Shakesperian Committee, is said to have been restored to its original appearance; but we were disappointed on finding that their efforts had resulted in a failure. It had far less the look of verity and antiquity about it than at the time of our former visit, and the *restoratives*, as they were called, were so very apparent, as effectually to destroy the sanctity of the place. We were glad that we had seen it under more favorable circumstances. The old church and the tomb of the Bard of Avon remain unchanged. After a lunch, we drove, in two open carriages, out to Guy's Cliff, a most beautiful and picturesque old place, belonging to Lord Charles Percy. The grounds are a very remarkable combination of nicely kept gardens and lawns and the wildest and most rugged rocks and caverns; among the latter is a cave in which it is said the famous Guy of Warwick lived as a hermit for several years. In the chapel we saw his statue, eight feet eleven inches in height, the size of life, but so mutilated that it was impossible to form much idea of his appearance. After seeing the grounds, we rang the bell, and were shown by the housekeeper through a number of the spacious and elegant apartments, furnished in rich old fashioned style; but the occupants being in London for the season, the carpets were rolled up—the curtains pinned up, and most of the chairs and sofas covered up to such a degree as effectually to dispel the idea that the rooms were meant to be really lived in. The whole place struck us as especially curious, and altogether different from anything we had seen, and our visit there, in addition to the charming drive, gave us a very delightful afternoon. Thou hast no idea what a constant feast our eyes are having in the rich velvety green of the fields and meadows and the brilliant coloring of the flowers, which grow here in a style of perfection which is perfectly bewitching, and which we, alas! under our burning suns, can never hope to emulate. I wish we could send thee part of our enjoyment of them. The rhododendrons were just at their height when we reached England, and at Falmouth we saw one that measured 160 feet in circumference and supposed to be fifty years old, though still in full vigor and beauty. The day after our drive to Guy's Cliff, we went to Warwick, two miles from here—saw an old church, part of which was built in the 10th century—also, the "Ducking Chair," used in olden time for the punishment of culprits, and consisting of a very heavy seat, something like a chair, in which the unfortunate offender

was fastened and drawn by a horse into the water, until it was deep enough to give the occupant a thorough ducking. We also visited Warwick Castle, and were ushered through a long and magnificent suite of state apartments, with marble or polished oaken floors, crowded with the most superb furniture, and adorned with paintings of rare value. Several of the tables and cabinets were of immense cost. One valued at £10,000, and another, a splendid mosaic, had formerly belonged to Marie Antoinette. The entrance hall is said to be the finest baronial hall in England. After looking at all this splendor, we walked through a portion of the park, but "milord" was also walking there, and we were not allowed to see the most beautiful part. We however ascended the tower and battlements and had an extensive view. We then passed out, stopping at the lodge to see the great Guy's Porridge Pot, now used as a punch bowl, and containing 102 gallons. The same old woman we had seen there fifteen years ago, still went over the enumeration of the varied curiosities she had to show, in the same tone, and probably the identical words, she had used several times a day ever since, and she will most likely continue to do so as long as her memory serves her to recall the story and the shillings to reward it.

After leaving the castle, we took a cup of tea and some excellent bread and butter at a nice, clean, quaint little cottage, near by, with its brick floor, and bright copper tea kettle singing before the tiny grate, and the room so small as barely to hold us around the table, but it was all the more enjoyable for the variety; and after doing full justice to the repast, we took omnibus and returned to the "Albion."

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

By request, we put together a few memoranda, simply to revive recollections of a pleasant ramble participated in by several, of our "Club."
J. G. H.

OUR WADE AFTER WATER LILIES.

7th mo. 17th and 18th, 1867.

"The green trees whispered, mild and low,
'Come, be a child once more,'
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
Oh! we could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar."

In these glorious modern days, when the forest and lonely swamps are often startled with the piercing neigh of the iron horse, it is not difficult for the botanist to wander far, and into strange and solitary places—into the rare old homes where the pets of his science delight to dwell. In the olden fables, doubtless, there is, or should have been, a tradition that the beautiful flowers are the celestial shadows of our

loved and lost earthly friends, still permitted, in kindness, to adorn the earthly scenes of our daily walks—planted so cunningly on mossy banks, by the boggy pool, growing by the singing brook, or cradled on the polished bosom of the lake, to teach us, often thoughtless ones, how charming life is.

"Life is like a furrowed field," we hear them softly say,

'Broadcast sown with cares and griefs, which spring up day by day;'

But ever there, mid crops of care, some bright-hued joy appears,

To teach you men to hope again for smiles amid your tears."

It was our belief that something curious in the plant world might be found over in the Jersey bogs; and having heard, moreover, of Shamong, a station on the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad, forty miles distant from, and in strong contrast with Chestnut street, we—that is to say, seven "Fragments" of something more than "Bark" from our "Club"—went flying off on wings of steam from the Camden depot, at 8 A. M., on 7th mo. 17th, onward through towns a few, past happy homes of toiling men and women, still onward through oaks and pines, green, barren, inhospitable; onward still we flew around the distant base of Apple-pie Mountain, until "Toot, toot," screamed our engine, which was simply its way of saying, "Here we are at Shamong."

This name seems to be of Indian origin, and therefore suggestive of tomahawks and scalping-knives, and other savage atrocities; but notwithstanding this, we entered "Shamong Hotel," fearing little other than that we might not get a good dinner. This anticipation, however, was groundless; for when we announced our intention of remaining over night, our landlord expressed a wish to do all his means would allow to make our visit agreeable.

After dinner, properly equipped for a ramble, we stepped out into the hot white sand, with which nature has paved the principal avenue of Shamong City, and directed our steps towards a belt of cedar in the distance, marking the course of one branch of Wading River. Before walking far, we perceived a novel locality for botanical treasures was opening before us. The white sand was already moist from the dampness of the bog, and, just at the desert's edge, where the water creeps up to kiss its dry lips, the charming little meadow beauty, (*Rhexia Virginica*), with its purple petals, was found by one of our party. The unfolding of this little flower is very beautiful. Its long crescentic, yellow anthers are doubled inwards along the stamens, but, when fully opened, they hang like little boats rocking in the summer air. Its long pistil is declined to one side, as though a weary night-moth had rested its little feet on the fragile perch. If

Sarracenia has her pitchers, *Rhexia* has her urns; for her brown calyx, four-lipped at the edge, is as graceful in shape as the Portland vase. Old Rome deposited the ashes of dead Senators and Patricians in *her* urns; does *Rhexia*, too, treasure the memories of *her* forest friends in these pretty vessels? Was it accidental that beauty so rare should have welcomed us *first* to the bogs?

All round us, now, lining the roadsides, grew beautiful flowers, many such as we had not found in former rambles. The cranberry, in fruit and flower, threaded its purple stems among the green moss—the *Droseras*, longifolia and filiformis, lifted their spoon-shaped or thread-like leaves from the wet sand, looking so fresh and sparkling in the sunshine, covered with purple, jewelled hairs, or crowned with one bright blossom at the top. The vernation of the Sun-dew is circinate, like the ferns; it blooms only in the sunshine, and its bright purple eye remains open just long enough to see the God of Day go down in the west—it then closes forever. It has been remarked that some plants, like some human souls, blossom *downwards*, but earth's *brightest* flowers look *always upwards* towards the heavens, whose wondrous beauty they seem to reflect, like the happy and joyous ones of our own kind. The *Utricularius* lifted their golden heads up into the grateful summer light, while their delicate foliage floated in the brown waters, locked in the soft arms of the sphagnum moss.

Sarracenia, too, in fruit now, stood in stately beauty among her more delicate companions. Her purple pitchers are variously colored; some are pale green, streaked with faintest red in capillary veins; others are dark purple, with carmine lips, spotted with gold; some will hold a wine-glass of water, while others are not bigger than a lady's thimble. This plant has many names. Some call it the huntsman's cup, others, the side-saddle plant, but we prefer the name of whip-poorwill's shoes, because no huntsman bold rides where this plant grows best; and we are sure that no lady, though armed with whip and spur, can strap her side-saddle tightly enough to carry her through these swamps. But we do know that whip-poorwills *might* come at night, and bathe their hot feet in *Sarracenia's* pitchers.

These curious receptacles, moreover, are cunning traps to catch—not sunbeams—but insects. Cast one of them open from the top to the bottom, and we find the lip armed inside with strong, flattened hairs pointing downwards; then comes a perfectly smooth and highly-polished surface extending all round the pitcher, and at the pointed bottom for an inch upwards, the inside is again armed with very long cylindrical and delicate hairs,

all pointing downwards. This arrangement of polished surfaces and bristly dens renders it very difficult for insects to escape.

A few rods further in our rambles brought us to a rustic bridge spanning a dark but rapid and silent stream. From this point of observation, we looked around. A belt of cedar, aged-looking and bearded with moss, marked the track of the stream up through the bog. Strange plants lifted their white, and yellow, and woolly heads into the distant view, while the Nymphaeas, those "sweet, white-robed lilies of the lake," temptingly opened their silver blossoms on the stream. What was to be done? Could we return and not taste of the harvest? No! Life would not have been tolerable under such conditions! Could we turn our backs on all these and other imagined treasures, and homeward go, like sheep in single file just clipped of their fleece? Off went shoes and stockings—now we don't mean the ladies of our party did this thing—but the writer and his jolly comrade rolled up pantaloons to the knees, and now commenced our wade for the water lilies. For a dead botanist, we would not give a crooked pin; he is beyond the influence of inspiration, and we love him not. To feel no enthusiasm in a mine of diamonds, where each still-untouched gem seems larger than a "Kohinoor," implies either hopeless stupidity or a soul of ice. We confess *we love* the flowers; we do not only like them, but our love goes forth at their wooing with an unspeakable affection. Their sweet remembrances often fill our eyes with tears, and to our thirsty and often sated lips, they hold the cup of quiet joy. Their fragrance and their wondrous beauty touch every delicate sense of enjoyment, and play upon the still unsounded lyre of the human soul, through a thousand quivering strings.

Our feet once fairly wet, thoughts of personal comfort were forgotten, as we neared the pools in which the water lilies dwelt. We had come wading along through quaking bogs, carefully stepping from one sedgy foothold to another, avoiding, with suspicion, many spots deep enough to drown a man, until our feet touched the dark leaves of the lilies. Here we enjoyed a glorious sight. What polished, perfect leaves floated like cradles for the flowers to lie on; some were turned partly over, revealing their purple cheeks, as though blushing to be caught in their summer nap. Spurred into unusual activity under the powerful sunlight, life revelled in many charming forms. The hour of our triumph had come. The breath of the lilies loaded the warm air with a delicious fragrance, and we could look, without winking, right into their golden and silver eyes, as they lay untouched on the lake, and we could inhale their fresh breath as it came from their splendid

chalices. To have looked once into the wild sea-eagle's eye, is said to be one of life's great experiences, and surely it was little less than that to have gazed into these wild cups, where no human eye had glanced before. We gathered bouquets of the regal flowers for our lady friends on dry land, and waded off, like two brown flamingoes, in quest of other treasures. Nor were we long in finding them. The bog asphodel (*Narceissus Americanus*) held its yellow crest high above its kindred sedges. The *Lophiola aurea* nodded its woolly pedicels in the summer air. This is a curious and beautiful plant. Its six-cleft perianth, reflected at the points and tipped with dark orange, carries on each division a tuft of yellow hairs near the base. These hairs are golden beads attached in rows, and under the microscope, reveal delicate and curious markings ornamenting their surfaces. The *Sabbatia lanceolata* held its pure white petals up against the dark cedars, looking so fresh by contrast. The false asphodel (*Tofieldia glutinosa*) grew here in abundance. Its long stems, bearing dense white panicles at the top, are studded all over with curious dark glands, looking, under the microscope, like spider's eyes, and nearly as brilliant; from these glands, a glutinous liquid is given out which covers the stem, and retains all small insects that fly against it.

Here we must pause awhile, and change the current of our thoughts. The little insects of the summer air, we had seen allured by the false asphodel into its fatal trap, but we did not suppose that bigger bugs would be charmed by such trifles. Had we come, then, barefooted to this bog, in order to have our experiences and sensations somewhat enlarged? It would seem that we had. Our comrade left our side to gather the first of these plants he saw, but his footing in the bog was very treacherous, and gradually he commenced disappearing beneath the surface. Has any member of our dear "Club" ever seen a friend at their side slowly sinking down towards China, and heard the sullen waters bubbling up all round, welcoming their victim to the abyss? If so, *they*, too, have known one of life's strange experiences. A drowning man, it is said, obtains a vivid picture of nearly all his life's actions, as well as a foretaste of what is to be his celestial condition; but having tasted a little of that cup ourselves, we are at liberty to question its truth. Our comrade will assert that *he* thought only of China, which, of course, some call the Celestial Empire.

And this is the way, we imagine, in which fossils are made—we mean those big batrachians found now and then in the marl formations. The Irish elks and the Mastodons ran after asphodels in their swamps, and were mired too. But fortunately for man, he, like

the false asphodel, is constructed on the equitant principle, and this anatomical peculiarity, doubtless, saved our comrade's valuable life. We now bade adieu to the swamps, never doubting, however, that it was common enough for young men and young women to chase false asphodels up and down in this life.

Our tin treasure-boxes were now bursting full—we had seen much, enjoyed much, and as the lengthening shadows of the cedars crept across the bog, we strolled off to our hotel. After resting a little, and enjoying a drink of as good cold water as ever came out of the earth, our little band of seven drew together on the back portico, and commenced a nearer acquaintance with our new-found friends. At first we misinterpreted their language, but at length a jointed stem of the *Narthecium* unlocked the mysteries of Flora's kingdom, and we rejoiced with her lovely daughters. We would like to note beauties or peculiarities in some of the plants in this place, but we must ramble on towards the end. Let us, however, beg of the dear "Club" not to forget that meeting on the back piazza at "Shamong Hotel,"—for did not the cool air fan us from the ocean, and did not the mosquitoes buzz without melody, and bite without judgment? We dare not be personal, or we could mention more than one red nose and spotted cheek, and divers scratchings where doubtless it did itch.

After supper we found amusement for a short time in gazing at the inglorious scenery before our hotel. But night's dark curtain rapidly obscured all things around Shamong, and being some weary from our wade after water lilies, we early sought our snug roosting-place. How rapidly Time drives his car around the world, while slumber holds her soft fingers on our lids! We are reminded of Holland's charming word picture of a child falling asleep:—

"Now, he thinks he'll go to sleep;
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger-tips;
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! down he goes!
See! he is hushed in sweet repose."

The midnight silence at Shamong—how different from that of a great city! It was broken only by the rattle of the iron pump throwing up water for the thirsty iron horse, and by the vagrant whippoorwills, who seemed out on a frolic, for they did vociferate most strangely around our hotel.

Seventh mo. 18th, 4 o'clock, A. M.—Another day had dawned, and for our party it promised to be favorable. We had longed once more to see the sun rise, and a little after this hour we were on the rustic bridge about one mile from our hotel. Our comrade had already gone out

in an opposite direction, our lady friends had not yet risen, so we wandered out alone,—

"Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood;
Solemn and silent everywhere,
Nature, with folded hands, seemed there,
Kneeling at her morning prayer,
Like one at prayer we stood."

How sweet was that early morning air, loaded with the breath of the cedars! and how one is made to love life, when eye and ear, and touch, and every sense opens the "soul's shut-up mansion," and floods it with delight; when nature is so prodigal of beauty!

But day was grandly coming. The eastern horizon was free from clouds, and lonely and alone the bright sun looked upon the world. A few patches of clouds high up near the zenith, turned their golden cheeks to receive his morning kiss. Oh! sweet clouds!

"What have we here to make you stay one second? Away! your sisters wait you in the west—
The blushing bridesmaids of the sun and sea.
I would I were like you, ye little clouds—
Ever to live in Heaven; or, seeking earth,
To let my spirit down in drops of love,
To sleep with night upon her dewy lap,
And the next dawn, back with the sun to Heaven;
And so on through eternity, sweet clouds!"

The sun's brilliant pencils had fallen on the dark cedars, and their tops, stirred by the morning air, danced with delight in their golden bath, and their rejoicings reached our ears. A fog had rested on the swamp we waded yesterday, but at his first pitying glance, the sun took it up in his all-searching arms. At our feet the *Droseras* were gammed *all over* with morning dew; the *Pogonias* and *Polygalas* had opened their brilliant eyes, and were sparkling all round. Had the morning stars really fallen to earth, and were they nestling in the grass? From the old bridge we looked into the wine-colored stream. It was a Claude Lorrain glass, in which was mirrored darkly all the beautiful clouds, the overhanging moss-fringed cedars, the railing of the bridge, and our own sun-scorched and mosquito-bitten physiognomy. Of course it is not flattering to be the homeliest feature in any picture, but we must tell the truth, though blushes follow in her tracks. It was enough. Blessed is the man whose cup of life is small, and easily filled! Our little measure of enjoyment was brimming full. We had longed to worship at that early hour, in some grand old temple not built by human hands, whose walls were the firmament, and whose chandelier the newly-risen sun; whose aisles the dim, damp forest walks; whose curtains and silken drapery the golden morning clouds; whose seats for repose the dew-sprinkled and mossy banks; and whose minister is the Un-speakable One, who, alone, for us, can touch the harmonious orchestra of *all* his works.

After a generous breakfast, and while the reluctant dew-drops still sparkled on the leaves, we all rambled off to a large lake not far distant from the hotel. Its sandy beach was one natural flower bed. The *Lophiolas* were abundant, and the *Lachnanthes tinctoria* wept tears of blood from its roots as we rudely tore it from the wet sand. The *Lycopodium clavatum* and *L. inundatum* (this latter is a rare plant), strange types of an extinct vegetation, grew in patches all around. All over the surface of this lake—

"The water lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver light."

We could not resist the temptation, because we did not try to, so off went shoes and stockings again, and another wade for water lilies commenced. The little sand-pipers scolded us famously for presuming to invade their special dominions, but we paddled around and quickly gathered our harvest of lilies, of blood-root, of great nodding brown heads of *Sarracenia* in fruit, of *Lophiola* and *Sabbatia*, and *Lobelia Nuttallii*, completing the bouquet with the yellow-eyed grass (*Xyris Caroliniana*?). One bed of golden *Polygala*, of nature's graceful planting, we hope not soon to forget.

But the sun grew hotter as he climbed towards the meridian, and we found seats at the outlet of the lake, where the dark water rushed through the gates. How refreshing was its music, as it rushed and eddied, and hurried away to spread new life and beauty in its downward track; and how irresistibly its murmurs excited in us a sweet mysterious thought, whose interlocking thread reached back through all the beautiful flowers its brown wave had nourished,—

"Again, a low, sweet tone,
Fainting in murmurs on the listening day,
Just bade the excited thought its presence own,
Then died away."

Our ramble now was nearly at an end, and our faces once more were turned towards the hotel. We had noticed a propensity in some of our party to be plucking the berries along the road-side, thus robbing the birds even in their own wild homes; and our wading comrade seemed especially prone that way, and now he was at his old trick again, only a little way off in among the dewberry bushes, gathering their luscious fruit, and thinking, in fancied security, as a botanist might, of

"The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And manhood's blooming hour,"

when, quicker than thought, a rattle snake sprang its rattle close beside him in the path. It was no sweet siren's voice that sang then among the dewberry bushes, but the direst rattle ever heard among all earth's dry bones, whether dead or living.

What was it we now saw coming towards us in the distance? Was it a bonnet, or a hat, so

difficult is it often to decide specific differences? Evidently it was a lady. We came a little nearer. Yes, it was our lost Pleiad, who came even at the eleventh hour, to join the seven weary children of Flora; and with a welcome warm as Atlas or Pleione ever gave their starry daughter did we greet our gifted friend, and we led her back to the lake, up through the wild flower garden, among the spangled *Droseras*, the golden *Polygalas*, and the blood-weeping *Lachnanthes*; and only then did we realize that it required just *eight* sympathizing souls to take in and appreciate all that Flora's bounty had spread around us in that charming spot.

After dinner we packed our treasures, and with home-turned faces waited for the train. We noticed that several huckleberry wagons, with their thin white covers, had come in from the pines, like vessels to their port, in order to dispose of their cargoes for New York market. Now these forest craft are navigated often by men of striking originality of character and appearance, shrewd and instinctively sagacious as the wild foxes themselves. One of these forest captains our party had enticed on the piazza, and were sounding the depths of his wisdom by rapid questions. Doubtless he was a philosopher. He was wise in moon knowledge, knew when frost would come and when it wouldn't, could always tell beforehand just how many eggs would hatch out of a dozen, especially "ef he'd had the gotherin' on 'em himself." To us he seemed like a specimen not accurately described in Gray's Manual.

The brazen whistle now told us the train was coming. Farewell then to our forest friends; farewell to the quaking bogs and the sweet water-lilies; farewell to Shamong, to her monstrous huckleberries and her crisp cucumbers for breakfast, for we shall never see the like again. No pen of ours shall ever register a line against thee, and when night's dewy curtain falls over thy habitations, may the Angel of Peace reward thee and thy kind host for affording us so much pleasure.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 24, 1867.

RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION.—The gift of speech is one of the most-valuable endowments conferred upon man by the bounty of his Creator, but by perversion it becomes one of the most severe scourges that afflicts society. To it we are indebted for a large portion of the pleasure we enjoy in social and religious intercourse; it contributes greatly to intellectual development, and is indispensable in prosecuting the business of life. Yet to its perversion may

be traced most of the hostile feelings that disturb the peace of society, engendering discord in the domestic and social circles,—in church and in state.

The faculty of speech, and the correlative faculty of hearing, evince, in the mechanism employed, the most beautiful adaptation of means to ends. First—In the organs that produce and regulate the voice, causing vibrations in the atmosphere, of varied compass and intensity, expressing in a wonderful degree the thoughts of the mind and the emotions of the heart. Secondly—The structure of the ear, so wisely adapted to receive those sounds and convey them to the sensorium. Thirdly—The mysterious power of the mind, which enables it to lay hold of the knowledge imparted by the senses, and to convey through the senses the dictates of the will. Fourthly—The adaptation of words to impart ideas and feelings. The immense number of words in a language, increasing with the progress of intelligence, so as to convey the nicest shades of thought and express the widest range of emotions.

These considerations are calculated to impress the mind with reverence and love for Him who conferred on man the power of speech, and they ought to induce us to apply this faculty to the purposes for which it was intended.

The proper government of the tongue was regarded by the Apostle James as the highest evidence of wisdom. "If any man offend not in word," he says, "the same is a perfect man and able to bridle the whole body." . . . "The tongue can no man tame, it is an unruly evil full of deadly poison."

Although it is beyond the power of man, without Divine assistance, to regulate the tongue, yet with that assistance, which is always given to the watchful, prayerful and obedient soul, this great victory may be achieved. "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." As salt preserves from putrefaction, it was employed as a symbol of love, fidelity and incorruption. It was appointed to be used on all the sacrifices offered under the Mosaic law.

If our conversation be guided by Divine grace and seasoned with pure love, it will be preserved in sweetness, and will impart to others pleasure and instruction. But in order

to attain fully this desirable end, the thoughts and imaginations must be purified by submitting to the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

By a vigorous exercise of the will, we may generally restrain the expression of improper thoughts and feelings, so as not to offend the sensibility of our friends; and this much is required of all those who aspire to good breeding; but Christianity demands more than this. It is not sufficient to satisfy the Divine law, that we lop off the branches of the corrupt tree; the axe must be laid to its root,—the thoughts must be purified and controlled. And, in truth, it will give us less pain and trouble to submit at once to this thorough reformation, than, by attempting a partial amendment, to find ourselves continually relapsing into sinful practices that we sincerely desire to abandon. Among these, there is one that is sometimes indulged in by persons who are otherwise virtuous, and even esteemed as religious. We allude to the practice of speaking too freely of the failings of others, so as to impair their reputation. This we have no right to do for the mere purpose of entertaining our friends in social converse, nor is it doing to others as we would that they should do unto us. There are occasions, however, when such communications are justifiable in order to guard our friends from apprehended injury, or to consult with them as to the best means of reclaiming the delinquent. To speak no evil of the absent unless it be with a good purpose, is a maxim that may be deduced from the apostle Paul's definition of charity,—that crowning grace of the Christian character.

On the subject of religious conversation, there is some diversity of sentiment and practice among persons of different denominations, who are regarded as exemplary Christians. Members of the Society of Friends are more reticent in this respect than most others; the Methodists, on the contrary, are generally more communicative. Perhaps a medium between these extremes would contribute most to edification and comfort. The remarks of Dymond on this subject are worthy of consideration, but we apprehend he carries his objections to an extreme. "Religious conversation" he says, "is one of the banes of the religious world. There are many who are really attached to religion, and who sometimes feel its power, but who

allow their better feeling to evaporate in an ebullition of words. They forget how much religion is an affair of the heart and how little of the tongue; they forget how possible it is to live under its power without talking of it to their friends; and some, it is to be feared, may forget how possible it is to talk without feeling its influence. Not that the good man's piety is to live in his breast like an anchorite in his cell. The evil does not consist in speaking of religion, but in speaking too much; not in manifesting our allegiance to God; not in encouraging by exhortation, and amending by our advice; not in placing the light upon a candlestick—but in making religion a common topic of discourse. Of all species of well-intended religious conversation, that perhaps is the most exceptionable which consists in narrating our own religious feelings. Many thus intrude upon that religious quietude which is peculiarly favorable to the Christian character. The *habitu* of communicating 'experiences' is very prejudicial to the mind. It may sometimes be right to do this, but in the great majority of instances it is not beneficial and not right. Men thus dissipate religious impressions, and therefore diminish their effects."

These remarks are doubtless applicable in some cases; but, on the other hand, the language of Solomon in relation to temporal wealth, is equally true of spiritual good: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." They who think much and feel deeply on any subject whatever, find relief to the burdened mind by imparting their thoughts and feelings to their intimate friends, and in relation to the most interesting and important of all subjects, it can hardly be supposed that habitual reticence contributes to spiritual health.

When we meet with a pilgrim journeying towards the same point as ourselves, like Christian in his "Progress" to the celestial city, we may sometimes derive or impart instruction and enjoyment by conferring together and recalling the incidents of our travels,—the narrow escape from the Slough of Despond, the arduous ascent of the Hill Difficulty, and the inspiring prospects we have had of the Delectable Mountains. It is written, "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord

hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name."

The following lines from Cowper's poem on Conversation are deemed appropriate:

"Although life's valley be a vale of tears,
A brighter scene beyond that vale appears,
Whose glory, with a light that never fades,
Shoots between scattered rocks and opening shades,
And while it shows the land the soul desires,
The language of the land she seeks, inspires.
Thus touched, the tongue receives a sacred cure
Of all that was absurd, profane, impure;
Held within modest bounds, the tide of speech
Pursues the course that truth and nature teach;
No longer labors merely to produce
The pomp of sound, or tinkle without use:
Where'er it winds the salutary stream,
Sprightly and fresh enriches every theme,
While all the happy man possessed before,
The gift of nature, or the classic store,
Is made subservient to the grand design,
For which Heaven formed the faculty divine."

DIED, in Yardleyville, Bucks Co., Pa., on the 1st of Eighth month, 1867, at the residence of her son-in-law Chas. Twining, MARY T. WEST, in the 79th year of her age; a member of Chesterfield Monthly Meeting, N. J.

—, on the 15th of Eighth month, 1867, at Tacony, Pa., EMMA L., wife of Jonathan P. Iredell, in her 28th year.

—, on the 4th of Eighth month, 1867, at Byberry, 23d Ward, Pa., EMILY, wife of Silas Tomlinson, in her 62d year.

—, on the 12th of the Fourth month, 1867, at his residence in Loudoun county, Va., HENRY S. TAYLOR, in the 67th year of his age; a member of Goose Creek Monthly Meeting of Friends. He was much beloved and respected; being exemplary in life and conversation, faithfully fulfilling his duties as husband, parent and friend.

—, on the 25th of the Seventh month, 1867, at his residence in Loudoun county, Va., JONATHAN GORE, aged 33 years and 8 days. As the close of life drew nigh, he was, through the illumination of Divine grace, favored to obtain clear views of spiritual truth, and he spoke very feelingly of the insufficiency of earthly things to satisfy the cravings of the immortal soul, saying, "Should I be permitted to recover, I shall give less attention to the world, and more to that which is to endure through eternity." About three weeks before his decease, after wrestling in prayer some days, he signified that he was enabled to resign the world and to say, "Not my will but thine, O Lord! be done." After that he spoke with composure of his anticipated dissolution, requesting his wife not to weep for him, as he had obtained that which he would not exchange for any earthly possession.

Although not in membership with Friends, he was in a great degree identified with us by attendance of our meetings and profession of our principles, being also highly esteemed for his exemplary life.

—, on the 5th of Eighth month, at his residence near Fallston, Harford Co., Md., LOIS K., wife of Daniel Pope, in the 72d year of her age; an elder of Little Falls Monthly Meeting. Many grateful hearts can bear witness to the tender care with which, in the course of her long and useful life, she was ever ready to minister to suffering. As earth faded from her view, her heart was filled with that

love to all, which is the foretaste of the happiness of the redeemed.

DIED, on the morning of the 5th of Seventh month, at the residence of her son J. G. Fell, in Philadelphia, MARY WILSON, widow of the late Dr. John Wilson, of Buckingham, Bucks Co., Pa., in the 75th year of her age. This dear friend suffered greatly during the last few months of her life, but was preserved in much resignation, and has left upon the memory of all who knew her, an impression of her sweetness and dignity of character. How many of those who have illustrated the Christian graces throughout long lives are passing away, and the places that knew them shall know them no more.

—, on the 15th of Seventh month, at 4 o'clock P. M., in Bethel, Del. Co., Pennsylvania, SARAH LARKIN, wife of Wm. Larkin, in the 84th year of her age. She was a member of Concord Monthly and Particular Meeting for sixty-seven years, and a regular attendant and active business member. She had many warm friends of long acquaintance, who will feel that a sincere friend and co-worker in the cause of truth has left them. For many years she had been a patient sufferer, and was favored to bear her last severe sufferings without a murmur.

—, on the 14th of Eighth month, 1867, C. CARROLL LIPPINCOTT, in his 35th year; a member of Pilesgrove Monthly Meeting, and Clerk of — Preparative Meeting.

We are requested to give notice that a Meeting for the Advancement of Peace Principles will be held in Abington Meeting-House, on First-day afternoon, Eighth month 25th, at 3 o'clock. All are invited.

NOTICE.

Eli M. Lamb, consenting thereto, has been appointed Agent of Friends' Publication Association in the city of Baltimore, and will keep an assortment of Friends' Books for sale. The works recently compiled by A. A. Townsend and Jane Johnson may be obtained of him at Friends' School, Lombard near Eutaw St., Baltimore.

FRIENDS' ALMANAC FOR 1868.

The Almanac formerly published by T. E. Chapman having been transferred to Friends' Publication Association, they have had an edition of the Family and Pocket Almanacs for 1868 printed, and they are now offered for sale.

The time for preparation having been short, the work has not been improved as much as it is hoped may be the case in succeeding years.

For sale by EMMOR COMLY, 144 N. Seventh St.

ELI M. LAMB, Baltimore.

JOHN J. CORNELL, Mendon, N. Y.

BENJ. STRATTON & SON, Richmond, Ind.

The intellectual and spiritual treasures of the past should indeed be reverently preserved and used; but they should be used as seed. Instead of indolently living on the stores which our fathers left, we should cast them into the ground, and get the product fresh every season—old, and yet ever new. The intellectual and spiritual life of an age will wither, if it has nothing to sustain itself but the food which grew in an earlier era: it must live on the fruits that grow in its own time, and under its own eye.

CRITICISM ON THE MODERN SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

In regard to the number of hours of confinement, and amount of study required of children, it is hard to believe that schools have ever been much more murderously exacting than now.

The substitution of the single session of five hours for the old arrangement of two sessions of three hours each, with a two-hours interval at noon, was regarded as a great gain. So it would be, if all the brain-work required for the day were done in that time; but in most schools, with the five-hours session, there is next to no provision for studying in school-hours, and the pupils are required to learn two, three, and four lessons at home. Now, when is your boy to learn these lessons? Not in the morning before school; that is plain. School ends at two. Few children live sufficiently near their schools to get home to dinner before half past two o'clock. We say nothing of the undesirableness of taking the hearty meal of the day immediately after five hours of mental fatigue; it is probably a less evil than the late dinner at six, and we are in a region where we are grateful for less evils! Dinner is over at quarter past three; we make close estimates. In winter there is left less than two hours before dark. This is all the time he is to have for out-door play; two hours and a half (counting in his recess) out of twenty-four. Ask any farmer, even the stupidest, how well his colt or his lamb would grow if it had but two hours a day of absolute freedom and exercise in the open air, and that in the dark and the chill of a late afternoon! In spite of the dark and the chill, however, your boy skates or slides on until he is called in by you, who, if you are an American mother, care a great deal more than he does for the bad marks which will stand on his week's report if those three lessons are not learned before bed-time. He is tired and cold; he does not want to study—who would? It is six o'clock before he is fairly at it. You work harder than he does, and in half an hour one lesson is learned; then comes tea. After tea half an hour, or perhaps an hour, remains before bed-time; in this time, which ought to be spent in light, cheerful talk or play, the rest of the lessons must be learned. He is sleepy and discouraged. Words which in the freshness of the morning he would have learned in a very few moments with ease it is now simply out of his power to commit. You, if you are not superhuman, grow impatient. At eight o'clock he goes to bed, his brain excited and wearied, in no condition for healthful sleep; and his heart oppressed with the fear of "missing" in the next day's recitations. And this is one out of the school-year's two hundred and sixteen days—all of which will be like this, or

worse. One of the most pitiful sights we have seen for months was, a few weeks since, a little group of four dear children, gathered round the library lamp, trying to learn the next day's lessons in time to have a story read to them before going to bed. They have taken the precaution to learn one immediately after dinner, before going out, cutting their out-door play down by half an hour. The two elder were learning a long spelling-lesson; the third was grappling with geographical definitions of capes, promontories, etc.; and the youngest was at work on his primer. In spite of all their efforts bed-time came before the lessons were learned. The little geography student had been nodding over her book for some minutes, and she had the philosophy to say, "I don't care; I'm so sleepy. I had rather go to bed than hear any kind of a story." But the elder ones were grieved and unhappy, and said, "There won't ever be any time; we shall have just so much more to learn to-morrow night." The next morning, however, was a sight still more painful: the baby of seven, with a little bit of paper and a pencil, and three sums in addition to be done, and the father vainly endeavoring to explain them to him in the hurried moments before breakfast. It would be easy to show how fatal to all real mental development, how false to all Nature's laws of growth, such a system must be; but that belongs to another side of the question. We speak now simply of the effect of it on the body; and here we quote largely from the admirable article of Col. Higginson's, above referred to. No stronger, more direct, more conclusive words can be written:

"Sir Walter Scott, according to Carlyle, was the only perfectly healthy literary man who ever lived. He gave it as his deliberate opinion, in conversation with Basil Hall, that five and a half hours form the limit of healthful mental labor for a mature person. 'This I reckon very good work for a man,' he said. 'I can very seldom work six hours a day.' Supposing his estimate to be correct, and five and a half hours the reasonable limit for the day's work of a mature intellect, it is evident that even this must be altogether too much for an immature one. 'To suppose the youthful brain,' says the recent admirable report, by Dr. Ray, of the Providence Insane Hospital, 'to be capable of an amount of work which is considered an ample allowance to an adult brain is simply absurd.' 'It would be wrong, therefore, to deduct less than a half hour from Scott's estimate, for even the oldest pupils in our highest schools, leaving five hours as the limit of real mental effort for them, and reducing this for all younger pupils very much further.'

"But Scott is not the only authority in the

case; let us ask the physiologists. So said Horace Mann before us, in the days when the Massachusetts school system was in process of formation. He asked the physicians in 1840, and in his report printed the answers of three of the most eminent. The late Dr. Woodward, of Worcester, promptly said that children under eight should never be confined more than one hour at a time, nor more than four hours a day.

"Dr. James Jackson, of Boston, allowed the children four hours' schooling in winter and five in summer, but only one hour at a time; and heartily expressed his detestation of giving young children lessons to learn at home.

"Dr. S. G. Howe, reasoning elaborately on the whole subject, said that children under eight years of age should never be confined more than half an hour at a time; by following which rule, with long recesses, they can study four hours daily. Children between eight and fourteen should not be confined more than three-quarters of an hour at a time, having the last quarter of each hour for exercise on the playground.

"Indeed, the one thing about which doctors do not disagree is the destructive effect of premature or excessive mental labor. I can quote you medical authority for and against every maxim of dietetics beyond the very simplest; but I defy you to find one man who ever begged, borrowed or stole the title of M.D., and yet abused those two honorary letters by asserting under their cover that a child could safely study as much as a man, or that a man could safely study more than six hours a day."

"The worst danger of it is that the moral is written at the end of the fable, not at the beginning. The organization in youth is so dangerously elastic that the result of these intellectual excesses is not seen until years after. When some young girl incurs spinal disease from some slight fall, which she ought not to have felt for an hour, or some business man breaks down in the prime of his years from some trifling over-anxiety, which should have left no trace behind, the popular verdict may be "Mysterious Providence;" but the wiser observer sees the retribution for the folly of those misspent days which enfeebled the childish constitution instead of ripening it. One of the most striking passages in the report of Dr. Ray, before mentioned, is that in which he explains that, "though study at school is rarely the immediate cause of insanity, it is the most frequent of its ulterior causes except hereditary tendencies." *It diminishes the conservative power of the animal economy to such a degree that attacks of disease which otherwise would have passed off safely, destroy life almost before danger is anticipated.*"

It would be easy to multiply authority on

these points. It is hard to stop. But the limits of a newspaper article forbid anything like a full treatment of the subject. Yet, when the newspaper speaks to its 250,000, its voice on this vital question ought never to cease in the land until a reform is brought about. Teachers are to blame only in part for the present wrong state of things. They are to blame for yielding, for acquiescing; but the real blame rests on parents. Here and there, individual fathers and mothers, taught, perhaps, by heart-rending experience, try to make stand against the current of false ambition and unhealthy standards. But these are rare exceptions. Parents, as a class, not only help on but create the pressure to which teachers yield and children are sacrificed. The whole responsibility is really theirs. They have it in their power to regulate the whole school routine to which their children are to be subjected. This is plain, when we once consider what would be the immediate effect in any community, large or small, if an influential majority of parents took action together, and persistently refused to allow any child under fourteen to be confined in school more than four hours out of the twenty-four, more than one hour at a time, or do more than five hours brain-work in a day. The law of supply and demand is a first principle. In three months the schools in that community would be entirely re-organized, to accord with the parents' wishes; in three years the improved average health of the children in that community would bear its own witness in ruddy bloom along the streets; and perhaps in one generation so great gain of vigor might be made that the melancholy statistics of burial would no longer have to record the death under twelve years of age of more than two-fifths of the children who are born.—*The Independent*.

H. H.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRIMROSE.

The common field Primrose that grows in such beautiful luxuriance in the meadows and green lanes of the British isles, is unknown in Australia. Two or three years ago it was reported in a newspaper in Melbourne, that an English Primrose had been imported in a Wardian case, and would be exhibited in the city. The announcement excited a great sensation, and upwards of 3,000 people turned out to greet the gentle stranger from their English homes; the pressure of the crowd was so great, that it was necessary to call out the police to make a line through which the flower might be escorted on shore to be seen by all its admirers.

She comes! make way, ye people! stand reverently aside;
She comes! the gentle traveller, in her purity and pride;

Shower welcomes fair upon her
To show befitting honor,
And give her love and homage from hearts and kindling eyes,
And believe her and receive her with a thousand sympathies.

She hath crossed the stormy ocean, a pilgrim to our shore,
As fresh as Youth and Beauty, and as dear as days of yore;

Stand back, for she is tender,
And delicate and slender,

And a rude, too boisterous greeting, well-meant although it be,
Might endanger our sweet stranger from the land beyond the sea.

Oh, the love that she awakens, and the smiles twin-born with tears,
That her pleasant face up-summons from the depths of other years,

When we were blithe and youthful,
And fresh of heart, and truthful,

And roamed by rippling rivers and woodland pastures wild,

To meet her and to greet her in the valleys where she smiled!

How often in life's morning, when none but she was nigh,

And the bright free lark above us sprinkling music from the sky,

Beside the stile we've waited,
Until evening hours belated,

To breathe the youthful passion that was bold as well as coy,

To some maiden, love beladen, full of innocence and joy.

How often in life's noon-time when our boys and girls were young,

We have taken them to meadows where the early blossoms sprang,

In that well-beloved far land;

And wove them many a garland

Of buttercups and daisies and primroses blushing fair,

And entwined them, and enshrined them in the clusters of their hair.

Ye shall see her but not touch her, when we place her in the sun;

Stand back, ye joyous people! ye shall see her every one;

She shall smile on you serenely
And fairy-like and queenly,

And pour upon your spirits, like the dew from heaven's own dome,

The feelings and revealings, and the memories of Home!

C. Mackay.

BE A WOMAN.

Oft I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,

Pleading with a son on duty,

Urging him to be a man.

But unto her blue-eyed daughter,

Though with love's words quite as ready,

Points she out the other duty—

"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something

Made of hoops, and silks, and airs,

Used to decorate the parlor,

Like the fancy rings and chairs?

Is it one that wastes on novels

Every feeling that is human?

If 'tis this to be a lady,

'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter

Speak of something higher far,

Than to be mere fashion's lady—

"Woman" is the brightest star.

If ye, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman—brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind, and soul, and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.

Be a woman—naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman—on to duty,
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow!
Lend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature human;
Be not fashion's gilded lady,
Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

—*Moravian.*

LONDON BOYS' REFUGE.

"The vice of all our old-established charities is the expensive nature of the machinery by which they are worked. There is a tendency to erect imposing buildings, to make complicated domestic arrangements, and to provide for a regular staff, which in nine cases out of ten eats up the greater portion of the income. No such vice or tendency can, however, be laid to the charge of the Boys' Refuge in Great Queen-street. An old coach factory forms the physical home. Nothing could be plainer, indeed ruder, than its fittings; it possesses one advantage, however, without which such an establishment of boys could scarcely be maintained without danger to health—namely, very spacious rooms in which a large amount of air circulates without the impediment of partitions. Like the Field lane Refuge, no preliminary inquiries are necessary to enable a boy to enter its sheltering walls, other than the fact that he is not a convicted criminal; but, unlike the night refuges, it offers a permanent home to those who are inclined to obey its rules. On the occasion of my first visit to it, the boys were in the full swing of their industrial pursuits; tailoring, carpentering, wood-cutting, and shoemaking were going on under the eyes of the different masters. It was evident that nothing was wasted on appearances.

"Being anxious to learn how many of the hundred and twenty boys at present in the Refuge had slept upon the streets, the master, while they were assembled at dinner, asked the question, 'How many boys have slept for a week together outside of any house?' Instantly fifty little hands were held up. 'How many for three months?' Thirteen held up their hands. It seems almost incredible that poor little children, for so many days consecutively, should have braved the weather, many of them through the winter months. Two or three of the boys told

me that among the 'pads' was a famous place to sleep in. 'Pads' are small baskets in which fish is brought to Billingsgate market. One poor little fellow told me he 'cuddled up' one night in a barge, and when the men came to work at five o'clock in the morning, one of them put a rope round his middle and 'chucked him out into the river,' pulling him in again and repeating the process 'as if he had been a bucket of water;' and this was in the winter!—'but,' said he, 'another of the men said he had little ones of his own, and he did not like to see me served so, and he took me to a coffee-shop and had my clothes dried and gave me some coffee.'

"We have all heard of the little vagrant who told his chum of the prime discovery he had made of a sleeping-place—the iron garden-roller in Regent's park; but we question if even this odd resting-place could match the sleeping accommodation one pale little urchin confessed he was obliged to put up with, namely, a 'drain-pipe,' at Sadler's Wells, and 'Oh, it did blow around me cold,' said the little fellow, shivering with the bare recollection of his night's lodging. All the boys had slept in carts and market-baskets in Covent Garden, and under the railway arches, and one lad said he thought he would one time make himself comfortable in a water-butt, but the snow came down when he was asleep and covered him. Who shall say what are the villanies perpetrated under the Adelphi dark arches, the well-known resort of houseless wanderers? 'I slept there one night,' said a little boy, 'and there were above a hundred there at the same time, huddled about in parties of twenties in the different corners. The policeman came and used his belt to us, and drove us out—men, women, and children—and we went into the parks. Another policeman said he did not like to see us hit about, and he took me to a coffee-shop and gave me some coffee; but another boy stole my boots, and I was obliged to go barefooted.'

"But there was one rather stout lad who spoke of his lodgings on the cold ground without the slightest sense of its having been a more than common hardship. 'I used,' said he, 'to sleep in the 'New-found-out.'

"Where is that?' I asked, with a look of astonishment.

"Oh! that is the arches underneath the Charing Cross Hotel,' speaking of it as some delectable abode.

"How very little one half of the world knows how the other half lives? This wild, out-of-door, bitter life, led by the majority of the lads before they entered the Refuge, gives them an unsettled, untamable nature that is not easily conquered. Of these 1675 destitute children thus received, 1016 were boys, and 659 girls, for the more dependent sex are also cared for by this institution." —*Good Words.*

LONDON COLLEGE.

We take from the London Times the following extracts, giving a description of this Institution, which has been recently inaugurated under the auspices of the International Education Society.

The College originated in the thoughts of Richard Cobden, who maintained the possibility of carrying into operation an extensive scheme of education in which modern languages would form a prominent part of the curriculum, and also the study of nature and the phenomena by which we are surrounded. Cobden sketched the project they had in hand in the year 1860, after the passing of one of the most beneficial measures ever devised—the French treaty of 1860.

The history of the College may be briefly stated as follows:—In 1862 a committee, of which the late Mr. Cobden and Michel Chevalier were members, proposed to found an International College comprising four establishments in England, France, Germany and Italy. The pupils are to be sent at the end of each year from one establishment to another, and when they shall have passed a year in each country in the lower classes they will commence again in the same rotation in the higher classes, in such a way that when their studies terminate they will have spent the two years required in each of the four countries, and thus have thoroughly acquired a knowledge of the languages while young. The plan for teaching the languages is admirable, and the whole plan of the other branches of instruction is on the most liberal and extended system, great attention being paid to physical exercises. Eighty pounds a year, it is expected, will be sufficient to meet all the expenses of a pupil for a year, travelling included; and on the subject of religion most perfect guarantees are given that the peculiar tenets of none of the pupils will be tampered with.

The building has been designed after the style of the 13th century, and the principal front is formed by a long building, of which a graceful turret forms the prominent feature, flanked by two extensive wings. The materials of the building are yellow brick, with bands and patterns in red. In the centre is the principal entrance, over which a handsome bay window of two stories in height adds largely to the College's aspect. The roof is covered with slates in patterns, and the dressings of the windows, &c., are Bath stone. Between the windows on the principal front four beautifully executed medallions in basso-relievo stucco work have been placed, representing the heads of Dante, Cicero, Aristotle and Homer. The porch which leads from the entrance to the corridors of the building is an exquisite piece of workmanship,

the ornamentation being principally in blue and gold. Three semi-Gothic arches are supported by marble pillars, on which are inscribed the names of the great teachers of England in all ages, prominent among them being those of two, whose times were separated by centuries—Alcuin, the founder of the University of Paris, and Thomas Arnold, “the great schoolmaster” of Rugby. On the walls, exquisitely executed allegorical designs of history and science have been painted. The ceiling and floor are of a tessellated pattern, and blend their colors harmoniously with those of the other details of the porch. The dining-hall, which is a very commodious apartment, connects the front building with the offices at the back, which are of the most complete description. The staircases are all constructed of stone, with elaborate balustrading in wrought ironwork. The portion of the building now completed has cost £15,000, and affords accommodation for 80 pupils. When finished the College will be capable of receiving double that number.

We also give the remarks of the Prince of Wales at the time of its inauguration, and the reply of Dr. Schmitz, the Principal of the Institution.

“I can assure you it gives me the greatest gratification to be present to-day to inaugurate this College under the auspices of the International Education Society. I sincerely trust that this propitious weather and the goodly company I see around me may be omens of the future of this institution. The site of this College is all that can be desired, and I know that its management will be so administered as to fulfil to the utmost the anticipation of its promoters. There is now room for 80 pupils within its walls, and when the new wings are completed it will be capable of accommodating twice, probably treble, that number. There are, I understand, two sister institutions abroad—one in Germany and the other in France; and after the pupils have completed their studies here they can avail themselves of the advantages of these institutions to perfect themselves in modern Continental languages. I am not going to discuss the relative claims on our attention of the living and dead languages; but I believe it to be most important that modern languages should form one of the principal subjects of study on grounds of practical utility. No persons were ever more deeply impressed with this fact than my late lamented father, and another man whose name is now celebrated through England—Richard Cobden. I have travelled a great deal on the Continent, and I am confident that I should have found my sojourn in these countries far less pleasant than it was if I had not possessed a considerable knowledge of the vernacular of the people.”

Dr. SCHMITZ, in reply, said, "he hoped that the College so happily inaugurated would have a prosperous issue. The distinctive feature of the institution was that in it the study of modern languages and natural sciences were to be largely pursued. The dead languages, however, were not to be ignored. They protested only against the exclusive study of classical literature. He had himself devoted his life to letters, but at the same time he fully recognized the claims of the modern continental tongues and the natural sciences, by which the civilization and progress of the world were unquestionably advanced."

EDUCATION.—The most valuable part of every man's education is that which he receives from himself, especially when the active energy of his character makes ample amends for the want of a more finished course of study.

ITEMS.

A rain storm has prevailed along the whole Atlantic seaboard, from the Gulf up. In Florida, Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia, and Maryland, the rain-fall has been very heavy, and a large amount of property has been destroyed.

The report of the superintendent of the freedmen's schools in South Carolina, for the year ending Seventh month 1st, 1867, gives a highly encouraging account of the intellectual advancement of the colored citizens of that State. In 1865, the writer, Reuben Tomlinson, formerly of Philadelphia, "found but one man of social position in South Carolina who admitted either the possibility or the desirability of educating the colored children," while now he supposes "there are 25,000 colored men and women in the State who can read a newspaper with a fair understanding of its contents, who two years ago did not know the alphabet." A complete revulsion has been effected in public sentiment in relation not only to the capacity, but the policy of educating the freedmen, and the justice and propriety of making efforts to enlighten them are almost universally conceded. This satisfactory change, however, proceeds in part from motives which are described thus:

While it is true that schools for colored children are growing in favor, it is also true that there is no corresponding decrease of hatred for "Yankee" teachers and for "Northern influence," as it is called. I know of one or two instances in the country towns, where the offer has been made on the part of white citizens, to the colored people, to help them to support their schools if they would accept such teachers as they might select, and leave the schools taught by Northern teachers. It is admitted by them that their schools will probably not be so efficient as those under the control of Northern teachers, but as an offset to this is urged the great advantage of getting rid of "foreigners." The principal reason assigned in justification of this wish to get rid of Northern teachers, is that politics is taught in our schools. I believe that our teachers who are competent to do so, do teach politics in the highest sense of that term. And in the present state of society in the South, any tuition which does not include some information upon the character and condition of our whole country will fail of producing what is most needed, an intelligent population. The fact that in all the country districts of this State you will hear the people of the North and West constantly spoken of as foreigners, and the United States government as constantly

called the "Yankee government," is proof sufficient that no national feeling exists here as a general rule, and that the basis of this feeling must be laid in the school-room.

But the statement that politics, in a partisan sense, is taught in the schools, is without foundation in fact.

COLORSD SCHOOLS IN WEST VIRGINIA.—The school law in West Virginia is highly recommended by the Freedmen's Bureau. The Governor and highest officials of the State are interested in the work, and at Wheeling the city government has built an excellent school-house and employed a teacher. Schools have been established at Martinsburg, Shepherdstown, Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, and sustained by the Free Baptist Association, an organization which has also purchased a fine site for a normal school and college on Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry. At Charlestown the teachers could not obtain board in a white family. The number of colored people in West Virginia is probably not larger than 10,000, and they are gathered in the most part in a few localities. Applications have been made to build school-houses in Fairmount and Martinsburg.

In the British Parliament the distinguished writer on political economy, J. Stuart Mill, has proposed an educational scheme, which embraces the idea that admission to superior schools, teaching technical education, should be made a reward for the good use of the advantages of elementary education.

The Reform bill has finally passed the English Parliament, and having received the assent of the Queen is now the law of the land.

BENEVOLENCE TO ANIMALS IN ENGLAND.—At the annual meeting of the English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the report congratulated the meeting on the success that had attended their operations during the past year. The object of the society was progressing extensively, and had been taken up warmly on the other side of the Continent, more particularly in France, where an international meeting would be held shortly. The supporters of the society were endeavoring to do away with the practices that prevailed in regard to veterinary operations on living animals. Measures had been adopted with respect to the destruction of stray dogs, by which the acts of inhumanity which had on former occasions taken place, were, by the aid of the metropolitan police, prevented. There has been the most energetic action with respect to the inhuman treatment of cattle conveyed by steamboats and railways, and a bill was introduced, through the agency of the society, into Parliament, to remedy the existing state of the law as regards persons consigning and conveying cattle, providing these animals with food and water.

A NEW COMPASS has recently been invented and patented by the Earl of Caithness, a Scottish nobleman. This compass is said to be a great improvement on those now in use, being less sensitive to detrimental influences. It has been tested on the Clyde, and is reported to have given great satisfaction.

IVORY is supplied in great quantities from the Russian possessions in the frozen zone. About forty thousand pounds of fossil ivory, that is to say, the tusks of at least one hundred mammoths, are bartered for every year in New Siberia, so that in a period of two hundred years of trade with that country the tusks of twenty thousand mammoths must have been disposed of, or, perhaps, even twice that number, since only two hundred pounds of ivory is calculated as the average weight produced by a pair of tusks.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.

BY S. M. JANNET.

The progress of the soul in spiritual knowledge is referred to by the Apostle Paul in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, xiii. 11, where he says, "When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things."

All who have noticed the sports of children must have observed how earnestly they engage in them, and how greatly they prize toys that, to persons of mature age, appear to have no intrinsic value; such things, however, are appropriate for them; serving to invigorate the body, to exercise the organs of sense, and, in some degree, to develop the intellect. In like manner, most of the objects sought for by men and women who are earnestly engaged in acquiring temporal possessions, appear, when compared with the riches of Christ's kingdom, to be as unworthy of the care of an immortal being as the toys of childhood. These things, however, have their appropriate use, while kept in subordination to the great end of our being.

When we look around and observe how admirably the world on which we are placed is adapted to supply all that is needful for the body, and how the efforts required for this purpose contribute to physical health and intellectual development, we are led to adore the goodness of that Almighty Being who placed us here to train us for a higher sphere by exercise and

suffering, to make us partakers of the Divine nature, and to secure for us eternal happiness. In order to attain this glorious end, we must "put away childish things," not pursuing pleasure for its own sake, nor placing our affections upon toys that have no intrinsic value, but endeavoring to use this world as not abusing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away.

When we consider how brief is the term of this life, even when extended to its utmost limit, and how immeasurable is the life to come, it seems surprising that any rational being should be engrossed with the cares of time and entirely forgetful of eternity. A grain of sand taken from the globe we inhabit, a drop of water abstracted from the ocean, are but faint emblems of the infinite disparity between time to us here, and the eternity of happiness or misery that awaits us in the world of spirits. But although life is transient, it is doubtless sufficient for the purpose intended if we apply ourselves with diligence to the performance of its duties, which is the only way to secure permanent happiness.

The prayer of our Lord on behalf of his followers was not that they should be taken out of the world, but that they should be kept from the evil. They who think to escape temptation and to perfect their spiritual nature by retiring from the companionship of men, will find evil thoughts intruding upon them in the cell of the recluse no less than in the thor-

oughfares of commerce, and they will suffer great loss from having no field for the exercise of their domestic and social affections, without which the character cannot be perfected. "This," says an eminent author,* "is a very important principle for consideration in the present day. There is a growing tendency to look on a life of contemplation and retirement, of separation from all earthly ties,—in a word, asceticism,—as the higher life. Let us understand that God has so made man, that ordinarily he who lives alone leaves part of his heart uncultivated; for God made man for domestic life. He who would be wiser than his Maker is only wise in appearance. He who cultivates one part of his nature at the expense of the rest, has not produced a perfect man, but an exaggeration. It is easy in silence and solitude for the hermit to be abstracted from all human interests and hopes, to be dead to honor, dead to pleasure. But then the sympathies which make a man with men—how shall they grow? He is not the highest Christian who lives alone and single, but he who, whether single or married, lives superior to this earth; he who in the midst of domestic cares, petty annoyances or daily vexations, can still be calm, and serene, and sweet. This is real unworldliness; and in comparison with this, the mere hermit's life is easy indeed."

In order to promote our spiritual powers, all the propensities and desires of our nature must be kept in subordination to the principle of spiritual life, and then, this Divine Power, like the leaven that a woman hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened, will bring the corporeal, the intellectual and the moral nature into conformity with itself.

That eminent servant of the Most High, John Woolman, has left an excellent treatise entitled, "Considerations on the true harmony of mankind," one chapter of which relates to "Serving the Lord in our outward employments." "Our Holy Shepherd," he says, "to encourage his flock in firmness and perseverance, reminds them of his love for them. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love. And in another place he graciously points out the danger of departing therefrom by going into unsuitable employments; this he represents under the similitude of offence from that useful, active member, the hand; and to fix the instruction the deeper, names the right hand. 'If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee.' If thou feelest offence in thy employment, humbly follow Him who leads unto all truth, and is a strong and faithful friend to those who are resigned to him."

"Again, he points out those things which,

appearing pleasant to the natural mind, are not best for us, in the similitude of offence from the eye. 'If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee.' To pluck out the eye or cut off the hand is attended with sharp pain; and how precious is the instruction thus opened to us, that we may not faint under the most painful trials, but put our trust in Him; even in Him who sent an angel to feed Elijah in the wilderness; who fed a multitude with a few barley loaves; and is now as attentive to the wants of his people as ever."

The mind that is fully impressed with these considerations cannot be content to lead an inactive life, when power and opportunity for usefulness are afforded; but will joyfully engage in the service of Him whose right it is to rule in our hearts, and who has conferred precious gifts adapted to promote our happiness, and to glorify His name on earth.

"For human souls the course how clear!
While they pursue the path of duty,
Like planets moving in their sphere
Of heavenly beauty.

Oh! then let not the soul stand still,
While all creation is in motion,
But by obedience to God's will
Prove our devotion.

And while on its probation here,
Th' attentive mind His law is learning,
Still, to a higher, nobler sphere,
Its thoughts are turning."

A Friend who is seeking health and recreation away from the busy scenes of the City, where her lot in life has been cast, thus writes to one of the Editors:—

"I thought of you at our late Quarterly Meeting, and gladly would have shared your cheer, whether sparse or abundant, but I seemed too far off to partake, unless it had been a special duty. I believe I have a chronic love for the attendance of meetings, particularly those of our own Yearly Meeting. It is a pleasure that has never diminished with the indulgence—and I have often queried why it was so. I know the Heavenly Father dwelleth not exclusively in temples made with hands, and is often as acceptably worshipped in our own dwellings; yet I seldom fail to realize the promise fulfilled—'Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst.'—I have sometimes thought it might be because I was an empty vessel, susceptible of receiving good from others; and I think I can understand the view sometimes expressed of the spiritual current circulating from vessel to vessel. I am also more apt to be edified by short sermons. In a redundancy of words, the mind is sometimes so burdened that it receives no tangible impressions, while a few words fitly spoken are like apples of gold."

* Robertson's Lectures on the Corinthians.

THE SELFISHNESS OF CULTURE.

A distinguished gentleman not long ago said in reply to the question why he did not attend church, that his feelings were almost always so hurt by some parts of the service, that he deemed it more harmful than helpful, and so avoided the church from principle. Another eminent layman was lately reported to profess himself unable to find it worth while to attend, such was the intellectual bareness and poverty, the meagreness of the thought presented, the lack of culture and exact scholarship. The frequency of similar expressions suggests the inquiry whether refinement of taste and the niceties of culture, may not be carried so far, as to deaden those sympathies which bind men together, and destroy all generous flow of warm emotion. At all events it would seem that the excess of the critical and speculative spirit isolates men in their methods of thought and speech, and by making them solitary, is in great danger of making them selfish. We have long been told that our form of religious faith could not reach down to the masses, that it was too thoughtful, scholarly and simple, to attract and move the common mind. Now, it seems that we are not intellectual enough, not sufficiently in good taste to satisfy the culture and estheticism of the age. The children we have nourished and brought up in the very bosom of refinement, in the clearest atmosphere of intellectualism, have rebelled against us, and it would seem wise, instead of heeding their cry for further indulgence in the same direction, to ask if too fastidious attention to critical correctness and exact propriety in our religious services, have not begotten the very tendency we deplore.

When the spirit of criticism or the desire for mental entertainment is allowed to come in and destroy the purpose of worship, and the sense of fellowship in the Spirit, it is very questionable whether a man be not spiritually morbid and diseased. That a mere scientist or intellectual epicure should sometimes yawn and turn away is not surprising, but that men claiming to have interest in Christian truth, and heart in all enterprises for the spiritual help and uplifting of the world; should turn away from the church because it is intellectually inadequate, or not wholly agreeable to every fastidious taste, is most remarkable. It is sheer selfishness. On such a principle, no holy work could ever have been undertaken or carried on. That a scholar, whose converse is with the immortals through the week, should not always be greatly enlightened or instructed by the discourse of his fellow mortal in the pulpit, is most likely; but he may be morally warmed and spiritually quickened by social worship and communion.

And if he be entire, wanting nothing, so that he does not need the church, all the more the church needs him, his sympathy, his fellowship,

the benefit of his counsels and labors in its behalf. In some way, if he be a Christian man, he must feel that the community has a right to share his best thought, and come into communion with the fulness of his soul's life. And that fastidiousness which refuses its companionship and sympathy in the public religious service, may seek to screen itself by complaint of shortcomings in the presentation of religion there, but can hardly fail to be itself convicted of wanting that generous spirit which, next to the Spirit of Holiness, is the life of the church, and which, in default of all other returns, would never fail to reward its possessor for every service it inspires.—*Christian Register*.

It is a great thing even to look towards God with feelings of humility and faith. It is a much greater to find him, encouraged by these solicitations of humble faith, approaching nearer and nearer, in the mild radiance of a reconciled divinity; melting away and removing, at every step of his approach, some envelopment of selfishness, until the doors of every faculty being open, He enters his own purified temple and becomes its everlasting centre.—*Upham*.

SOCIAL EMULATION.

A writer in the *Christian Examiner* of Fifth month last thus treats of social emulation; "a motive," to quote his own words, "to which the strength and weakness, the safety and danger of our American life are largely due;—a motive never before so active and wide-spreading in its operation as now and here." EDS.

Nowhere in a young prosperous country, uncrowded, with undeveloped and unlimited resources, could this principle have the sway it possesses among ourselves. In older nations, emulations are confined within narrow bounds. A certain spirit of contentment, born of circumstances that promise but doubtful prizes to ambition or rewards to effort, captivates the heart weary with observing the restlessness and forward-pushing desires of our own people. But where this moderation or contentment prevails, we find feeble and dispirited energies, unawakened or drowsy powers, and a fixed mediocrity of affairs. Old abuses go uncured. Permanent inequalities prevail. Along with unknown and unused resources, there is needless poverty, stereotyped dulness and thinness of life. Doubtless no state of society is so picturesque as one in which broad contrasts are produced by unequal laws: on one side, a lofty aristocracy; on the other, a meek and dependent vassalage. None is so saintly in seeming as that in which a showy asceticism, accompanied with a sentimental devoutness, produces faces and costumes which are the delight of

artists and the awe of ritualists. And, besides the picturesque effect, there is often an advantage more substantial. A noble condescension in the high, or a tender reverence in the low; the loyalty of an implicit faith, or that order of graces which flows out of the relations of widely contrasted classes of society,—cannot be had where the exalted of yesterday are brought low to-day, and the low of to-day are lifted up to-morrow. Still, justice is the only permanent foundation of political or social life. All legal or artificial inequalities are curses and wrongs. The freest nation, the most equitable law, has the surest guaranty of its stability and happiness.

Social emulation is the whip that stirs the slothful faculties and drowsy desires of that constitutionally idle animal, man. It is to this, in great measure, we owe our swift growth in wealth and civilization. No man is willing to be poorer, less favored, less respectable than his neighbors. He must be as well clothed and as well appointed as they; his family must be as well dressed and housed as theirs; he will not be content with less of educational advantage or religious privilege, or opportunity of literary culture, or facility of communication with the world at large. The railroad system of this country, that miracle of energy, wealth, and engineering skill, is due but in small part to immediate needs of commerce, or hope of pecuniary profit. Farmers have mortgaged their lands to invest in roads that merely increased their sense of being in direct relations with the centres of life, and not behind the times; and this emulation has provoked and sustained enterprises of the most hopeless financial character. Take the Baltimore and Ohio Road, for example,—running directly across the bed of numerous torrents, or laid in rocky troughs, or raised on huge embankments, or lifted on stilted trestles,—here having an extensive bridge, there diving into a tunnel bored through a granite mountain.* Contemplating the poverty of the region and the costliness of the road, one is dumb with wonder at that ambitious rivalry which would not allow Pennsylvania or New York to frame the only bonds between East and West, but compelled Maryland and Virginia to this herculean and magnificent task, at any cost to their resources. In the West, social emulation is the great civilizer. It bridges the Mississippi; it occupies the banks of the Colorado and Columbia; it carries schools, churches, colleges, all the comforts and

refinements of the oldest parts of this country, into the newest Territories and States. Michigan claims the largest American university, most munificent in endowment, and most generous in plan. St. Louis is at this hour rebuilding the largest and most sumptuous hotel in the world, destroyed by the recent conflagration; is building an Episcopal church, perhaps the costliest on the continent; has the finest building for a Polytechnic Institute to be found in America; the noblest Post-office and City Hall; and has grown in the last thirty years, from fourteen thousand inhabitants to upwards of two hundred thousand. Chicago, even more energetic and restless, rivals New York in bustle and stir, and in its vast territorial extent. With its elegant churches, its convenient and expensive school houses, it looks in parts like a city hundreds of years old; while in other parts a mere collection of extemporized shanties. The best models of New-England schools, with the best teachers, are already scattered over Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and California. No Eastern churches that we have seen are as thoroughly equipped for parish uses and religious charities, as are found in Illinois, Missouri, and California. The social element is so predominant in Western piety, that the churches almost uniformly provide for every gratification and development of that feeling,—some even including arrangements for exhibiting tableaux and semi-dramatic shows, while furnishing all possible accommodation for parish parties. The same spirit of emulation improves domestic architecture, introducing water and gas and side-walks into the remotest towns. A lecturer in a Western village finds himself indebted for his flattering audience to the attractions of the novel gas-illumination; and, being eagerly solicited to repeat his address in a certain place, presently discovers that the anxiety is not to hear him, but simply to prevent Oshosh from receiving any privilege which Fond du Lac may not enjoy. Frivolous as the motive may seem, it is a powerful spring of improvement in our whole new country. It first did its work in the East, where town academies and turnpikes were built fifty years ago under its inspiration; and is now transferring its domains to the West, where it is working its miracles of civilization with a rapidity and success that no less universal or less immediate motive could rival.

But it works for evil too, as well as good. The extravagant fashions, the late hours, the expensive living, the high prices, travel as fast and as far as schools and churches. The fast driving, the gold gambling, the gaudy-drinking houses, the gift-enterprises and showy weddings, the mania for piebald costumes, propagate themselves with telegraphic speed and American universality. If at Leavenworth and Omaha we

* Sixteen of these tunnels were counted, on a recent journey, in a few miles. The melting snow, followed by a bitter frost, had decked the sides of those rocky excavations with frozen stalactites of enormous proportions. A fringe of colossal circles hung from the opposite walls of the gleaming way, and, as the sun got power, melted into noisy cataracts, and echoed the thunder of the train.

find the newspapers, the gas-works, the paved side-walks, the stone fronts, the schools and churches of the Eastern cities, we still more surely find in their streets the Broadway saloons, and on their pavements the identical millinery of the metropolis. We find every vice of older civilizations blooming with hot-house luxuriance out of their fresh soil. The latest fashions flourish almost in sight of the desert and the buffalo; snatches of Italian opera or quotations from Emerson may be broken short by the whoop of the wild Indian, or the bark of the prairie wolf; and at the crossing of the ways we meet just as idle, over-dressed, and frivolous young men and women as we may see sauntering in the sun of any bright afternoon, up and down our city avenues.

In an era in which social emulation is the characteristic and unchecked passion, the landmarks of reason and piety are lost in the deluge of imitation and rivalry. What is good and what is bad spread as by contagion. The common school and the church are borne on the same universal tide which floats into every region the follies and extravagances and fashionable vices of the day. Religion is built up in stone and mortar with prodigious outlay; while its moral and spiritual foundations are undermined by ribaldry and unseemly jesting about all sacred things in the very columns that advertise the Sunday topics of the pulpit. The mania for hospitals, asylums, and reading-rooms spreads like an epidemic, and with it the passion for horrible exhibitions, in which the contortionist risks his life to amuse the fears and thrill the nerves of the spectators; or women exhibit their coarse immodesty to the vulgar gaze, while people of standing will eagerly applaud some lottery scheme, thinly disguised by the sacred name of charity.* Microscopic science informs us that two opposite currents run in the same slender tubules of the lungs: one setting out and carrying off the carbonic acid; the other setting in, charged with pure oxygen, death and life thus flowing in the same channel. And so it is with the current of social emulation, with this difference, that the tides here mingle, and both run one way.

* At the time of the drawing of the Crosby Opera-house lottery, it was said that hardly a town in the Western country was not largely interested in the exciting scheme. One poor-looking man in the cars was heard to speak of having a hundred and seventy chances in it. It was talked of more than the recent snow-storms, or Southern Reconstruction, or the prospects of spring wheat, or the renewal of the Canadian treaty, or even the price of lots in the new streets of a city that hopes and boasts of its ability to make New York a second-rate place in a generation more. The excitement of a passing fever would have been of no great moral account; if it had not illustrated the immense craving for speculation, the terrible gambling propensity, which, in the haste to be rich, has led to so much moral debauchery and commercial ruin.

One great peril of American society is the lack of manly, independent thinking, and individual conscience. Personal aspiration gets lowered to a popular standard. An average and compromised pattern of character is thrust on us by a tyrannical, hasty, and unreasoning public opinion. Things go by tides and rushes and sweeping floods; to colonize California, to occupy Colorado and Montana; to drive railroads over mountain chains, whose bases are hot and sandy, and their summits lost in clouds and snows, or across deserts whose borders are in different climates. Already Chicago, by superior energy, has managed to secure no small portion of the trade due west from St. Louis, and naturally belonging to it, which that city is now striving to regain, by driving her Pacific Railroad to the Rocky Mountains, before the northern line shall reach them. If we knew all the legislative lobbying; all the rash heat and haste; all the efforts to procure federal aid to some of those local enterprises; all the hard feeling, the false and treacherous bargaining, involved in such emulations,—we should see that whatever blessings follow them, as contribution to the opening and settling of the country and the increase of its wealth, they tend to degrade and demoralize the generation that handles them, and to undermine justice, fairness and open dealing.* Is there not, East and West, a growing disposition to think *success* the proof of merit, and almost the test of right? If a man has public spirit (as it is called); if he is successful in his schemes, and helps forward the external prosperity of his community,—he may gamble like a German prince, outwit all his contemporaries with his sharp practice, and still stand at the head of society (so called), and even be found taking high ground in regard to the company he keeps, so that none but persons of the very highest social standing can hope to enjoy his acquaintance: and yet hardly a person will be bold enough to smile at the gigantic jest, or to rebuke the fantastic absurdity.

It is often too easily assumed, that no direct rebuke of the popular temper can have any effect; that fashion is mightier than conscience or the truth; that the world will and must have its way; that the aspiring heart and the consecrated will must retire into privacy and strict

* We lately travelled along the line of a canal in Ohio, in which the neighboring farmers had invested, twenty years ago, their little earnings. A railroad company, wishing to avoid its rivalry in freighting, had lately bought up just enough of the stock of the canal to control its direction; and this direction had closed the canal, making the stock absolutely worthless, and robbing all the smaller holders of the whole value of their property in it. Nobody seemed to think it anything but a "smart" transaction, in which cunning and address had triumphed over the sleepy trustfulness of the poor farmers along the line.

seclusion, if they would indulge their morbid, sanctimonious ways. The average life of the times says, "These are not times for such delicate moralities;" and indeed some tender souls have been foolish enough to talk of Protestant nunneries and monasteries as the only hope of modern piety.

But this is a cowardly retreat before a powerful, yet after all a very vulnerable, and by no means unconquerable, enemy. The social emulation of our people—now coarse, now refined; now avowed, now secret—is a spirit not to be exorcised, but to be instructed; not to be done away, but to be purified and restrained. It is to be defecated of its taint by the sturdy criticism of those who still believe in the might of truth, the sanctity of goodness, and power of prayer and holiness, and in the possibilities of a Christian life. Courage, moral courage, is the great want of American society. It is cowardice among men and women who know better; cowardice in the pulpit and the press, cowardice in society and on the platform, in the home-circle and in the world, that leaves folly, extravagance, and wickedness their unchallenged arena. Would that we had a few moral leaders,—not men aiming at a cheap capital of religious repute by becoming extravagant and professional censors of what they do not understand, but men of conviction, intelligence, and moral standing; who instead of going apart and disdainfully leaving the great tide of humanity to its own course, saving only their feet and skirts, would boldly go into the stream, and preserve, by wisdom, justice, and piety, the costly freight it bears! The country has too much education and too much aspiration, not to value, not to heed, not to follow, better counsels than it receives. A great heart of courage is a real power in the world. A few genuine leaders of public sentiment might greatly change the aspect of American society. Our people are as apt for what is good as for what is bad. Their external circumstances, especially in the West, are favorable to large, strong, generous views. This tendency is now abused to encourage latitudinarianism of morals, rudeness of manners, and laxity of opinion. But, after all, the largest and most generous views are really the divinest, noblest, purest. The great region of the West, gigantic in its features, is breeding a physical race, worthy to be the shrine of a nobler spirit and a grander faith. We believe the impurities will settle, the perilous fires slacken, the folly abate, under principles vital and ever active at the heart of our society. But, meanwhile, can a single generation afford to wait the gravitation of events? Are we willing personally to be only tools spoiled in making a civilization which is to be worth something a hundred years hence? Individual character is the immortal end of our existence;

and only atheists and infidels are prepared to build up civilization on the ruins of generations whose follies, vices, and sins are counted on to prepare the soil, filling with their refuse the deep quagmires which are thus to become the foundations of future stableness.

"For to be spiritually minded is life and peace." The constant contemplation of the glory of Christ will give rest, satisfaction and complacency unto the souls of them who are exercised therein. Our minds are apt to be filled with a multitude of perplexed thoughts, fears, cares, distresses, passions and lusts, which make various impressions on the mind; but where the soul is fixed in its thoughts and contemplations, it will be brought into, and kept, in a holy, serene, spiritual frame.—Owen.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 2.

AMBLESIDE, 7th mo., 1866.

That we are really here enjoying all the delights of this superlative and mountain scenery, seems so strange, that I shall have to put myself into communication with some of you good folks at home to be able to think of it as a fact; and perhaps in briefly recapitulating our movements for the past few days, and remembering how we came to this charming region, I may gradually realize that it is not merely a dream. Since my last, we have been to Stoke upon Trent. On entering this black and dismal town, devoted almost entirely to potteries, we observed everywhere the royal standard floating overhead. This was explained by the information that the Prince and Princess of Wales were at that moment inspecting the show rooms of the different establishments. We started off for a glimpse of their Royal Highnesses, and succeeded in obtaining it, and united in the verdict that the Princess was a very lovely-looking lady, but that a crowd of English workingmen, with their wives and daughters, contained about as many ill-favored specimens of humanity as we had ever before seen collected. The occasion of their presence at this time was the laying of the corner-stone of an Infirmary by his Royal Highness. In the afternoon we had a delightful ride among the shady manors, lanes and blossoming hedges, where we saw more beautiful wild flowers than we had met with anywhere since leaving Cornwall. There we had only the early spring flowers, though in a profusion and variety we never had seen before, while here in Staffordshire, wild roses and honeysuckles, and all sorts of lovely things besides, made the hedges one sheet of bloom, and filled the air with a fragrance that was perfectly delicious. I wish you could enjoy some of these charming drives. They are so delightful. The wild flow-

ers alone are a perfect feast, and the road sides, and even between the railroad tracks in some sections, are like a perpetual garden. Wild pansies are constantly peeping up in clusters, and the most luxuriant spikes of foxglove here spring up between the rocks and flaunt their gay blossoms in the most extravagant manner possible. We have seen patches of twenty or thirty feet in length covered thickly with it, while the ivy seems perfectly irrepressible—running over the ground, twisting itself into the hedges and climbing up the trees, and hanging over low stone walls, and creeping up high ones, and mantling over everything that would be, without it, ugly or unsightly, until one might almost think that it “enjoys the very air it breathes,” and could not in any way be prevented from doing so. One of the varieties has a tiny leaf, not much larger than that of the Kenilworth Ivy. I remember seeing at Kew Gardens a collection of the different kinds, comprising a great number of every size and kind, all of which I suppose grow freely and luxuriantly throughout England. Our delightful drive was lengthened out till after we had watched the sun go down at half past eight o'clock, and the next afternoon we drove to Trentham Park, which we were allowed to enter, and passing slowly through it, we had a full opportunity of enjoying its many and varied beauties. It is indeed a lordly and magnificent domain, comprising altogether more than a thousand acres “of hill and dale, and wood and lawn and stream,” while the river Trent, winding through the midst, forms a lake of upwards of eighty acres in extent. This is only one of the Duke of Sutherland's princely abodes. We hear he has three or four others, besides his London house. I do not know that the others are in the same style of grandeur, but it seems to me it must take a vast amount of poverty and wretchedness to counterbalance the luxury and splendor of the life of this one noble Duke.—Next morning we left for the lakes; arrived about four, P. M., at Windermere, after passing through a great deal of delightful scenery; during the last two hours it was grand and picturesque, but the mist hung so heavy over the distant mountains, as almost to obscure them. Our hotel here was beautifully situated near the Lake, and after dining we had a splendid drive to Troutbeck, a very romantic mountain stream. The road was a continued series of exquisite views, in every variety of the picturesque and lovely, but the mist still circumscribed the more distant prospect. Returning, we passed through a part of the valley, composed entirely of tasteful villas, surrounded in some instances by extensive grounds and flowers—flowers everywhere. The roses are now in their full beauty, and wherever we go we see cottages and even the most humble cabins literally covered with

them, in the most luxuriant state of perfection. Next morning, we set off in an open carriage for a circuitous drive to Ambleside, during which we stopped at Grassmere, and visited the tomb of Wordsworth, and the little church he used to attend, said to be nine hundred years old; and surely it is the most quaint and curious of all the old buildings we have seen. Here, too, is a tablet to the memory of the Poet, immediately over the family pew. We had also a view of Dove's Nest, the cottage where Mrs. Hemans once passed a summer, and it looked indeed as though it might be a fitting home for such a spirit. On our return, we alighted from the carriage and walked a short distance to Rydal Mount, once the home of Wordsworth; but unfortunately the public are now excluded from the grounds, in consequence of some recent abuse; and the house was very imperfectly seen from without, though from the slight glimpses we could obtain, we were quite able to imagine it all it is described—“a perfect bower of roses and ivy.” We were back again at Ambleside by five o'clock, and after a short rest, set off for a walk to Stock Gylt Force, a picturesque little waterfall, not far from the hotel, and then through the village, beautiful, like everything else, and to bed, literally before the twilight was gone, at half past ten o'clock. Next morning, we were ready for another day equally delightful, driving to Paterdale, seventeen miles and back, over the Kirkstone Pass, on the top of which stands the highest inhabited house in England, fourteen hundred and eighty feet above the ocean, where we enjoyed the most magnificent views of *real mountain scenery* we have yet had. To describe such prospects, is, for me, utterly out of the question, when I feel, as I now do, how far the very best descriptions fall short of the reality. We were prepared to find a great deal to admire and enjoy “among the Lakes,” but what we expected seems as nothing in comparison with what we have found, and every excursion shows us something more charming than the last. I think some of us had felt just a little afraid that our “Ideal” had been too high, and that the ground rendered classic by having been the home of Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Southey, and De Quincy, and Mrs. Hemans and Harriet Martineau, would be found, after all, to be very much like the ground everywhere else on the surface of this sublunary earth, but I must honestly confess it is not so. There certainly dwells a charm about these glorious hills and “tarns” quite distinct from that of their poetical associations, or, perhaps, it is the poetry itself, that so pervades the very atmosphere as to make all things appear, even to the most prosaic eye, bright and lovely, and different from the ordinary seeming of “this dull spot that men call earth.” Still we cannot always

escape even here the sober certainties of real life, as we were forced to admit on our return from the Paterdale drive; for before we had reached the summit of the mountain, we were overtaken by a storm of wind and rain which effectually put a stop to all further prospects for the present. Next day we again took our carriage, and drove through the same lovely scenes to this place—about eighteen miles. The town is close to the shores of Derwent Water, one of the smallest but most lovely of all the lakes, and the view of the entire valley, as it bursts upon you in descending the hill, is wonderfully beautiful. We have not yet seen much of the place, or its surroundings, but expect to drive to the Falls of Lodore, and some other points of interest, and will then leave for Edinburgh and the Scottish lakes, which we are told are finer even than these. That is hard to believe; for it seems to me there never could be anything more charming than the scenery we have been feasting on for the past week. We have, to be sure, made one terrible discovery about the pretty picturesque little cottages. The windows are frequently large, and almost universally filled with flowering plants, and we often wondered to see them closely shut, even in the hottest weather; but we found that one little pane of glass upon hinges was all the opening of which they were capable, and that this poor loop-hole afforded the only ventilation, not only for the poor imprisoned flowers, but for the more miserable human inmates, condemned to breathe such an atmosphere. It is a mystery to me, how the poorer classes can have health; but if they are as robust as they seem, it must be attributed to their active habits, and being much in the open air.

(To be continued.)

THE PATH OF SAFETY.

The darkest day in any man's earthly career is that wherein he first fancies that there is some easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it. No matter whether he acquire it by beggary, by theft, or any fashion of gambling, that man is fearfully demoralized who, looking at the dollar in his palm, says, "That came easier than if I had earned it by honest labor." He has lost the clew to his way through this moral labyrinth and must henceforth wander as chance may dictate. To his distorted apprehension, the universe has become a gaming-table, and life a succession of ventures on the red or on the black. His prospects of winning thereat, in the long run, are miserable enough.

I am pained to hear any one say of the wisest and best man living, "I pin my faith to him. I am sure he can never go wrong." My friend! you have right to repose implicit faith in God alone! Man is frail, at best, and he who was

upright and noble yesterday, may prove false and unworthy to-morrow. Cling to truth and justice, though all the world should desert and deery them. Give your conscience eyes, and never fear that it will mislead you. Others may be richer in knowledge and wisdom than you; but a pure and lofty soul has no earthly superior, and should recognize none. Hold fast to whatsoever is righteous; and whatever clouds may for the moment inwrap you and intercept the smile of heaven, never be so infidel as to doubt that the path of virtue is the only way of safety—the only way that leads to perfect and enduring peace.—Greeley.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, EIGHTH MONTH 31, 1867.

FAMILY RECORDS.—It was an object of solicitude with the early settlers of this country, especially Friends, to preserve accurate records of births, marriages, and deaths, and fitting memoirs of worthy lives, not only for the obvious utility of these records in establishing the titles to real estate and the due succession of property, but because of the important bearing of family histories upon the character of the young. In this way the examples of the worthy and excellent are prolonged and enshrined among the valued mementoes of the family for generations.

We have no sympathy with an assumed superiority founded on birth or ancestry, though it may be doubted if this is not far more worthy of respect than the false assumptions based upon wealth, which are apt to pass current with the vain and thoughtless.

It is a matter of experience with many that to have descended from the wise and good is no mean incentive to a high standard of wisdom and goodness, and it is always cause of regret when, through neglect of parents to keep the subject before their children, these grow up in ignorance of their ancestry. These remarks are suggested by the perusal of two pamphlets, printed in Delaware Co., Pa., for private circulation, entitled, "Thomas and Margaret Minchell, who came from England to Pennsylvania in 1682, and their early descendants, to which are added some accounts of Griffith Owen and descendants for a like period, by one of the sixth generation;" and "The Salkeld family of Pennsylvania, from John, who emigrated in

1765, to the fourth generation as far as known, by a descendant."

It is feared that many private family records, and even some belonging to Monthly Meetings, are lost and destroyed from being retained in manuscripts, while large numbers of descendants would be glad to contribute toward their preservation in a more permanent form. These histories when preserved become starting points for more extended family records in the future, and may ultimately become so general as greatly to aid the labors of the biographer and historian, while, in some cases, they add to the strength of the family tie.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The recent irregularities in the reception of our paper have been owing to an unusual freshet in the Schuylkill River which occasioned an overflow of the water-wheels at Fairmount, and rendered it important to observe economy in the use of water, until the obstruction shall be removed.

This restriction has prevented the printing press with which we are connected, in common with others, from performing its usual amount of business.

DIED, at his residence in Ledyard, Cayuga Co., N. Y., on the 28th of Sixth month, 1867, DANIEL Sisson, aged 64 years and 10 months. He was a member of Scipio Monthly Meeting, and much beloved and esteemed. His disease, which was a very lingering and painful one, he bore with much equanimity and cheerfulness, evincing the truth of the Scripture declaration, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

—, on the 5th of Eighth month, 1867, at the residence of Wm. Cocks, MARY BILLS, widow of the late Thos. Bills, and daughter of Wm. and Susanna Webster, aged 77 years and 5 months; a member of Rochester Monthly Meeting, N. Y.

—, at Sandy Spring, Montgomery Co., Md., on the 6th inst., after a short illness, REBECCA N., wife of Pennell Palmer, in the 64th year of her age.

—, at his residence in Willistown, Chester Co., Pa., on the 15th of Eighth month, 1867, RICHARD MARIS, in the 78th year of his age; an exemplary member of Goshen Monthly Meeting.

—, at Brookfield, Bucks Co., Pa., on the 19th of Eighth month, 1867, SARAH, widow of John Paxson, in her 86th year; a member of Middletown Monthly Meeting.

The Executive Committee of "Friends' Publication Association" will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, 9th mo. 6th, at 3½ o'clock, at Race St. Mo. Meeting Room.
LYDIA H. HALL, Clerk.

"When a gloom falls upon us, it may be we have entered into the cloud that will give its gentle showers to refresh and strengthen us."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

To the Editors :

Among the advertisements in your paper, I observe one of a new school called The Stanmore School for Girls.

From my knowledge of the Principal and Assistants engaged, I feel assured that there will be an effort on their part to render the Institution worthy the confidence of Friends and others.

The circulars inform that the school is provided with a good collection of philosophical and chemical apparatus, a cabinet of mineralogical and geological specimens, a mounted skeleton, anatomical plates, and other modern aids to the acquirement of knowledge.

Lectures will also be delivered weekly on Natural Science, History and General Literature, by William Henry Farquhar and Henry C. Halliwell. The locality is healthy, and its surroundings are favorable to the best social influences. T.

AN OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM.

We find in a London paper an account of an odd custom which has prevailed for more than a hundred years in the extensive range of moors in Derbyshire, Cheshire and Yorkshire—the annual summer meeting of the shepherds, bringing with them the sheep that have strayed into their flocks, and restoring them to their rightful owners. Every 20th of July the meetings are held, and as they are entirely different from any other gatherings, and have not hitherto been described, a notice of the last may not be out of place. The appointed place for assembling was the Salters-brook turnpike-road, distant rather more than two miles from the Dunsford Bridge station on the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway, and at a point near where the three counties meet. On walking from the station across the moor the turnpike-road was reached, and then, after a long march up hill, a sharp angle of the road brought the visitor into the midst of a colony of dogs, numbering from eighty to one hundred, nearly all fine specimens of the sheep-dog breed. They were playing, quarreling, and a few were having "a quiet round" to themselves. Not far from them were their owners, each with a long stick, by which the shepherd indicates to his dog in many instances what he is required to do. After partaking of a good dinner, the men, with their dogs, proceeded to a large yard, in which there were about one hundred sheep which had strayed away. Each animal was examined and claimed by certain marks and indications, the dogs occasionally appearing to recognize some of the truants. In the course of half an hour, with the exception of two or three, all the animals had found their way back to their lawful owners, and shortly after the sheep-

herds, with their dogs and found sheep, depart for their respective stations, miles distant and far apart, most of them not to meet again for months, or until they once more assembled, bringing with them the lost ones and claiming their own truants.

From the Boston Transcript.

THE GARDEN AND THE FARM.

A PLUM FOR THE KITCHEN-GARDEN.

We desire to call attention to this most humble, and at the same time most useful department of horticulture. We are satisfied that our rural districts are suffering from not appreciating the value of a good vegetable garden. We should suppose that in the country, where land is cheap, vegetables and fruits would abound; but the truth is, the citizen is far more highly favored in this respect than the countryman. In the neighborhood of cities and large villages, market-gardeners give their attention to these things: the garden is managed with skill, and a great variety and abundance of vegetables are raised, which are furnished to the citizens, much to their comfort and health. But, with the great mass of our farmers, the garden is considered as a nuisance, an interruption to the great business of the farm; and consequently their families are treated with meat and potato one day, and potato and meat the next, and so on through the year, with an occasional interruption of two or three meeres of peas, corn and beans in the summer, and some cabbages, turnips, and possibly onions, in winter. Economy, health and comfort demand that our farming population should give more attention to the raising of culinary vegetables. A good garden will contribute largely to the support of a family. Man was not made to live by meat and potatoes alone. Every production of the garden is good, and should be received with thanksgiving. Americans have a strangely carnivorous tendency. An English laborer is satisfied with his daily ration of bread and cheese, washed down with a mug of ale; and is grateful for a joint of meat for his Sunday dinner. The French and German laborers also live largely on their vegetable soups; and are delighted if they can obtain a hock bone to give a flavor to their soup, and furnish the oily matter in which the vegetables are deficient. But we in America must have our meat at least twice a day, and very generally three times; and the meat is by no means a mere relish, but forms a principle constituent of the meal. The habit was doubtless introduced when meat was abundant and comparatively cheap; and, once introduced, it continued, though the price has doubled and trebled.

In the summer, especially, the juicy, cooling vegetable, rather than the inflammatory meat, should constitute the main bulk of our food.

The unvitiated appetite clamors for fruit and vegetables during the warm season; and it is only by the force of habit that so many are content to live without them. The acid fruits and vegetables serve to counteract the bilious tendency of the summer; and, were the habit once formed of eating more vegetables and less meat, better health and longer life would be the consequence. We have made a breakfast of bread and stewed tomato, and uniformly felt a clearer head and lither muscle than when we had breakfasted on beefsteak with its bile-producing gravy.

We commend the vegetable garden especially to our farming community, by whom we fear it is less valued than by our village mechanics. The farmers, accustomed to their broad acres and cultivators and corn-hoes, think it a puttering business to attend to a garden; and as a consequence, potatoes, corn, hay and oats abound for the sustenance of the barn-stock, but the minor wants of the family are unsupplied. So far as our observation goes, not half of the farmers have an asparagus bed, and have little idea that, from a square rod of land, a daily dish of this most delicious vegetable may be furnished to an ordinary family from the 1st of May to the 1st of July. The impression prevails with them that some little spot must be fenced in as a permanent garden. This is a mistake. The fence is an eyesore in the landscape, an unnecessary expense, and greatly hinders the economical cultivation of the garden. Abolish the fence, and horse-power can be employed in the garden as well as in the field. The currant bushes, the asparagus, sage and other perennials need a permanent location; but most of the vegetables thrive best on newly-inverted soil; and, with no fence to move, the main garden may be changed by the farmer at pleasure, and beets, parsnips and strawberries cultivated in long rows by horse-power, the same as in the field. Such a mode of culture takes away the *petit* look of the fenced garden, and greatly diminishes the expense.—*Alexander Hyde, in American Journal of Horticulture.*

SIX JAPANESE YOUTHS, who are studying at Monson, Mass., have been offered facilities for travelling during the summer vacation, and have declined to accept them for the following reasons: First—Diligent and unremitting study of the language is our first and most important business in order to qualify us to travel to the best advantage. We are not yet sufficiently able to ask intelligible questions and to receive the proper explanations. Secondly—It is more agreeable to spend the summer in the shade and quiet of these secluded hills than to encounter the heat, noise, dust and cinders of travel. Thirdly—We have had travel enough for one year in coming all the way from Japan.

THE UPRIGHT SOUL.

BY J. H. PERKINS.

Late to our town there came a maid,
A noble woman, true and pure,
Who, in the little while she stayed,
Wrought works that shall endure.

It was not any thing she said—
It was not any thing she did;
It was the movement of her head—
The lifting of her lid.

Her little motions when she spoke,
The presence of an upright soul,
The living light that from her broke,
It was the perfect whole.

We saw it in her floating hair,
We saw it in her laughing eye;
For every lock and feature there
Wrought works that cannot die.

For she to many spirits gave
A reverence for the true, the pure,
The perfect,—that has power to save,
And make the doubting sure.

She passed—she went to other lands,
She knew not of the work she did;
The wondrous product of her hands,
From her is ever hid.

Forever, did I say? O, no!
The time must come when she will look
Upon her pilgrimage below,
And find it in God's book.

That as she trod her path aright,
Power from her very garments stole;
For such is the mysterious might
God grants the upright soul.

A deed, a word, our careless rest,
A simple thought, a common feeling,
If He be present in the breast,
Has from Him powers of healing.

COMING PLEASURES.

Shadow-leaves of rugged elms,
Thrown on cool green meadow-plants:
Light beyond, and flowered realms,
Passing bees' deep organ-chant.

Plumes of air that touch the cheek
Like a rose, as soft and brief;
Happy thoughts that need not speak,
Lapped in rest and love's belief.

Rippling streams by sun and shade,
Golden-meshed, or amber deep;
Song of bird, and tinkling blade,
Where the distant corn they reap.

Such an hour is coming sweet,
Banishing the anxious frown—
Fanning ache and trouble's heat—
Bringing heavenly angels down.

It is a living ministry that begets a living people; and by a living ministry, at first, we were reached and turned to the truth. It is a living ministry that will still be acceptable to the church, and serviceable to its members. It is an excellent virtue in ministers, a seal and confirmation of their ministry, to be found in the practice of that which they preach to others; such can in boldness say with the apostle, "Be ye followers of us as we follow Christ."—*Extract from the Testimony concerning John Banks.*

THE INFLUENCE OF STEAM.

All these yet referred to are but the interior circles of the influences already perceptible from the disturbing action of this one new force. It does not confine itself to nationalizing each several race, but it cosmopolizes nations. This result is more noticeable in Europe than in America. Since 1830 all the world travels.—Already the whole Caucasian race looks alike and talks alike, and is rapidly growing to live alike and to think alike. We mix and mingle, until there is no strangeness left. Those of middle life yet remember Paris and London in the days of the diligence and the stage coach; many of them have seen it in the present year of grace, and such at least realize a change.—As to Rome, she has come directly within the influence of railroads only within the last six years. Did the world ever before witness a revolution so complete? The mushroom cities of America, in their very brick and mortar,—in the architecture of their buildings and the age of their walls,—are the same in appearance, and just as ancient, as modern London or Paris. We dream of England as old; we dwell upon the descriptions of English humorists, and picture to ourselves the quaint rambling inns and familiar streets of Dickens,—the haunts of Dr. Johnson and of Boswell,—the spots made familiar by Irving and his great progenitor, who showed old Sir Roger the sights of the town; we insensibly associate with modern London, in childish fancy, the familiar scenes of English literature, from Prince Hal and Jack Falstaff at the Boar's Head Inn to Mr. Pickwick snuffing the morning air in Goswell street. We still go to the city rather expecting to find the quaintness we imagine; at any rate, we do not look for what we left behind us in America. Probably some of this quaintness did linger about London until within a few years. But though 1829 did not work all its changes at once, the old and quaint went out with the stage coaches. To-day we might as well look for traces of the Indians on Boston Common, or of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller on Manhattan Island.—London is, in all essentials but size, like Boston; Paris, like New York. Paris and London have yielded to the new influence, and are giving up their distinctive characteristics, to become the stereotyped railroad centres of the future. Rome, thanks to the Papacy, has resisted the revolution a little longer; and there travellers can yet taste some of the old novelty and æsthetic enjoyment of travel. There one can yet dwell a moment with the past, and enjoy an instant's forgetfulness of the wearying march of progress. But even there the shrill scream of the steam-whistle breaks the silence of the Campagna, and the steam-engine has possession of the palace of the Cenci. All this, too, is but the beginning. It is at most but the

change of a single half-century. What, then, may not the same influence accomplish in the eternal course of the future? Judging from accomplished results, how can the whole world avoid being cosmopolized?

At home, too, we notice similar change.—Within the last twenty years, the old New England country town and its inhabitants have equally disappeared. The revolutions of these few years have swept away the last vestiges of colonial thoughts and persons. Who that has ever lived in a New England country town does not remember its old quiet and dulness, its industry, and the slow, steady growth of its prosperity, the steadiness of its inhabitants? In the village church and the village street you seemed to see more gray heads than now, and more reverence was paid them. In the country, you met a class of men now wholly gone, dull, solid, elderly men, men of some property and few ideas,—the legitimate descendants of the English broad-acred squires. They were the country gentry—the men who went up to the General Court, and had been members of the Governor's Council; they were men of formal manners and of formal dress,—men who remembered Governor Hancock, and had a certain trace of his manners. To-day this class is as extinct as the dodo. Railroads have abolished them and their dress and their manners,—they have abolished the very houses they dwelt in. The race of hereditary gentry has gone forever, and the race of hereditary business-men has usurped its place. Shrewd, anxious, eager, over-worked, the men of to-day will accomplish vast results, and immensely accelerate the development of the race. They represent the railroad, as the earlier type did the stage-coach. Whether the existing type is as happy as the extinct, is a question yet to be decided.

The same phenomena are witnessed in the regions of thought. It is bolder than of yore. It exerts its influence with a speed and force equally accelerated. The newspaper press is the great engine of modern education, and that press, obeying the laws of gravitation, is everywhere centralized,—the rays of light once scattered are concentrated into one all-powerful focus. To-day's metropolitan newspaper, printed by a steam press, is whirled three hundred miles away by a steam-engine before the day's last evening edition is in the hands of the carrier. The local press is day by day fighting a losing cause with diminished courage, while the metropolitan press drives it out of circulation and draws from it its brain. Thought draws to intellectual centres as trade draws to commercial centres, and all our railroad centres. Thoughts are quickly exchanged, and act upon each other. Nations can no longer, except wilfully, persist in national blunders. Literatures can no longer lie hid as did the

German until so few years ago. Since 1830 the nations are woven together by the network of iron, and all thoughts and results of thought are in common. The same problems perplex at once the whole world, and from every quarter light floods in upon their solution. This very question of the relation between communities and their railroad systems is now presenting itself to all the nations at once, and the best solution will result from common experience. The law of competition is brought to bear on national thought. But increased communication has not alone quickened and intensified thought—it has revolutionized its process. The great feature of the future, if the present view of the influences of the agents at work is correct, will be the rapid uprising of numerous new communities. Of all such communities questioning is a leading characteristic. They have neither faith in, nor reverence for that which is old. On the contrary, with them age is *prima facie* evidence of badness, and they love novelty for novelty's sake. This mental inclination will ultimately apply the last test to truth, for error has its full chance and is sure of a trial. The burden of proof seems likely to be shifted from the innovator to the conservator. In the rising passion for change, the question seems likely to be, not, Is the proposed innovation an improvement? but, Is the existing condition certainly better than that proposed?—*North American Review*.

ORIGIN OF THE FLOATING ICEBERGS IN THE ATLANTIC.

The valleys of Greenland are all filled with glaciers, of which some have an enormous extent. They are always in motion, gliding downward like rivers of nearly solid matter, which have their outlet in the sea, only their motion is exceedingly slow, not exceeding about 100 feet for the whole summer season. The lower extremities of these glaciers, reaching the ocean, are buoyed up by the deep water, and then are broken off from the rest of the mass, when they slowly drift away to the south. They sometimes have an extent of several miles, and are really mountains of ice—icebergs—of which about seven-eighths is in the water and less than one-eighth exposed above the surface. These floating ice-mountains often carry enormous blocks of rock, torn from the mountain side along which they have moved, and drop those rocks when and where the iceberg is finally lost. In this way geologists explain how boulders and erratic rocks happen to be found where there are no similar formations—namely, by icebergs, at a time before the present surface of the continents were upheaved from the depths of the ocean. It is known that this is one of Agassiz's favorite theories; he supposes that the whole earth was covered with glaciers.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE RECENT RAINS.

The facts embodied in the following statement are so valuable for future reference that the compiler of the "*Reviews of the Weather*," &c., furnished monthly for the *Intelligencer*, herewith forwards it for publication in advance of his regular review, in order to avoid making a single article too lengthy: J. M. E.

8th mo. 28d, 1867.

"The rain which fell on the 15th inst. was the heaviest that has visited this city for the last fifty years, the record kept at the Pennsylvania Hospital showing the unprecedented large amount of 6.680 inches. The next heaviest rain within the last half century was in September, 1838, when the gauge showed 6.011 inches to have fallen, which has not been exceeded until the present visitation.

The pluviometer at the Hospital is kept accurately and regularly, and its records date back every day to the year 1824.

In addition to this they have the records for some twenty years preceding that date, kept by a Mr. Lagrue, of Spring Mills, of Montgomery county, who took an interest in meteorological and thermometrical matters, and although his records are not vouched for as strictly authentic, yet much confidence is placed in and respect held for them.

The total amount of rain which fell during the present month, up to Saturday night last, was 14.850, exceeding anything on the record for a corresponding period of time.

Of the entire month thus far there were only five days clear of rain, viz:—the 4th, 5th, 11th, 12th and 18th insts. Some, in their desire to exaggerate, charge the month of July with having been also unusually showery and dampening to mortals; but this is a mistake, as, during that month there were only nine rainy days, averaging 2.387—quite a moderate return as compared with this good Eighth month, 1867.

Of the rainy days we have had this month the record shows the amount to have fallen, respectively, as follows:

1st.....1.964	9th.....112
2d.....403	10th.....115
3d.....920	14th.....328
6th.....400	15th.....6.680
7th.....1.910	16th.....100
8th.....1.735	17th.....185

making, as we said, in all, 14.850.

For the information of our readers, who take an interest in such comparative matters, we will add that the amount of average rain which fell each month, and year, since January 1, 1864, according to ombrometrical register, was as follows:—

	1864.	1865.	1866.	1867.
January.....	1.705	3.610	3.145	1.702
February.....	.651	5.825	6.615	3.892
March.....	5.170	4.710	2.150	5.465
April.....	3.795	2.830	2.930	1.810
May.....	8.685	7.210	4.680	7.320
June.....	2.345	4.750	2.960	11.025
July.....	3.770	2.970	2.520	2.387
August.....	1.920	3.770	2.181	14.850
September...	7.165	7.960	8.705	(less 13
October.....	1.820	3.950	4.145	days.)
November....	3.930	3.960	1.760	
December....	5.145	5.610	3.465	

Total46 001 56 500 45 256

It will be observed that the next greatest quantity to the present month, falling in any one month, was last June, and the greatest quantity on any given day herein was on the 17th of that month, the amount being 4.890 inches."

From Chambers's Journal.
GREEN TURTLE CAY.

Some thousands of miles across the Atlantic, you come to several green islands, of different size and shape. They are not situated off the stormy and inclement coasts of Newfoundland or Labrador, but far away to the south, where the cocoa-nut tree ripens its fruit, where the most luscious pine-apples exhale their delicious fragrance, and where the humming-bird finds a congenial home, with a flower-garden to ramble through, and honey-dew to sip. These islands, the smaller of which are called Cays, are situated just off the coast of Florida. The one of which I am about to speak lies off the north coast of the large island of Abaco, which being almost uninhabited, is very slightly cultivated.

The smaller island of Green Turtle Cay has been settled for, I suppose, about fifty years, and has a population of about a thousand. It is five or six miles long, scarcely anywhere exceeds half a mile in width; is covered nearly all over with dense bush; has a fine natural harbor, protected from all winds; and is itself defended to a considerable extent by reefs of rock, which stem the heavy seas as they come rolling over the North Atlantic. In addition to the harbor just mentioned, there are two considerable inlets or sounds at each extremity of the island, which run in a longitudinal direction, each of them from half a mile to a mile in length.

Situated in nearly twenty-six of north latitude, the island enjoys a very mild winter climate, while its summer is oppressively hot. The means of support and occupation which the islanders in this obscure spot possess, are not so limited as might be supposed; and, in fact, with a little fresh blood direct from England or America, a good deal might be made of the place and neighborhood. There is abundance of fish in the neighboring seas; and the weather being almost always fine, and the sea calm, the occupation of fishing can be

pursued at all times of the year. There are also lobsters, craw-fish, crabs, and occasionally most delicious turtle. There are no oysters. Prawns, which are caught in such plenty in India, and form the basis of that finest of all dishes, prawn-curry, are not found in the Bahamas. They appear, however, on the coast of the Windward Islands.

Lobsters are caught in a peculiar manner. They are found in plenty along the side of the inlets, which penetrate the Cays. A boat is rowed along the mangrove bushes which line the margin of the sounds, as they are called. One man is armed with a two-pronged spear; a water-glass is used to examine the bottom of the sea; and when a lobster is seen, he is saluted with the prongs, and hauled on board. When the tide is low, numbers are easily speared. Turtle is caught in a similar manner, but without the use of the water-glass.

Besides fishing, however, there is a far more profitable occupation, in which nearly every one on the island can take part. About fifty miles north-west, there is a splendid sponging-ground, and several times a year, boats proceed to this spot, and return after a few weeks, each boat bringing perhaps from three hundred to five hundred dozen of sponges. These are sent to Nassau, and sold to the merchants, so that a considerable sum of money is periodically divided among the islanders, from a source which scarcely any other part of the world is in possession of. I have been informed that Nassau receives thirty thousand pounds a year from this trade.

The water-glass is absolutely necessary in collecting sponges, which often grow at a considerable depth. A pole, from ten to twenty or thirty feet long, with a double claw fastened to the end of it, is let down to the root of the sponge, which is torn from the rock. The natives pretend this is very hard work: probably, however, it would not compare with ploughing or other of our agricultural operations. The sponges, when collected, are found to be tenanted by the worm, as it is called, and must therefore be placed in the sun, to allow the animal to die. Afterwards, they are well washed in water, until all the animal matter is got rid of, and the bad smell dissipated, when they are brought to market. A bead of sponges of about a dozen or more may be bought for three shillings on the island of Green Turtle Cay.

These two branches of trade, with what the soil itself can yield—namely, bananas, sweet-potatoes, and perhaps Indian corn—might be supposed to be quite sufficient for the support of the inhabitants, who consist of men of European and African origin, with a few of a mixed race. In addition, however, to these sources of livelihood, the inhabitants can, all of them if

they like, grow oranges for the New York market. The land is cheap, and there is no tax on produce; besides which government land is often occupied and cultivated without having been bought at all, or any rent being paid. A negro of my acquaintance told me that he occupied in this way a small plot of land of about an acre or two, on which last summer, with the help of his son, he grew three thousand six hundred pine-apples, for which he received thirty pounds. This plot of ground is on the island of Abaco, which the people usually call the Main. It is separated from the Cay by only two or three miles of delightfully calm and clear water. My black friend, having acquired so much money for a few weeks' work, took, I believe, a long rest; in fact with the help of fish and molluscs, of which there is great plenty, he had no necessity to work any more for that year.

Fruit is very cheap: one hundred limes were offered me for sixpence, a few months ago. Pine-apples are abundant, and the finest in flavor I ever tasted. The pine-apples are plucked before they are quite ripe, and shipped for New York, which port they reach in perhaps eight or ten days. There they are immediately sold to a dealer, who soon finds purchasers for them. The oranges come later in the season; they are plucked green, and ripen during the voyage.

There are two or three fruits on this island which I have not seen in other parts of the world; one of these is the alligator pear, which is of the shape of an English one, and grows on a small tree. It is not much of a fruit, but is very nice for breakfast in hot weather, when it is eaten with pepper and salt. It is one of those fruits for which one acquires a liking in a short time. It is only in season in the summer. The sapadello is another fruit which is not found in any part of India that I am acquainted with. This is a very nice fruit, and resembles bread-pudding, but is very sweet.

There are so many reefs and ledges, sounds and sandbanks, in this part of the world, that wrecks are considered a regular source of income, and the most profitable of all. In fact, although I resided on the island scarcely six months, there were not less than seven wrecks within reach of our boats. The share for salvage which the natives obtain is about half the value of the goods saved; moreover, these being sold by auction in the town, the inhabitants are able to purchase at a cheap rate many of the necessities and even luxuries of life. In incidentally alluding to the subject of wrecking, I approach a topic of great importance to the real and permanent welfare of the Bahama Islands. It is a matter which has engaged the serious attention of the present governor, who is most laudably desirous of substituting some other occupation more in accordance with the true interests of

the inhabitants, than the precarious and demoralizing trade of wrecking; and the gains from which are at times so great as to deprive the natives of the necessary stimulus to those industrial pursuits which their social wants inculcate. The certainty of the occurrence of a shipwreck sooner or later, naturally diverts the mind from the subject of horticulture, which ought to engage their attention. The temptation also to theft is very great, and too often yielded to. Numerous, however, as are the moral objections to the practice in question, not less so are the difficulties which stand in the way of its reform.

There are several light-houses scattered over the Bahamas, and no doubt many more are required. Still it should be borne in mind that, to make them thoroughly efficient, the keepers should be placed beyond the temptation of a bribe. A salary of eighty pounds a year, with rations for one individual, is sadly insufficient for such a purpose. When residing in that part of the world, I accidentally heard of a keeper who, in spite of the severe economy inevitable with such a salary, contrived both to drink champagne and amass a fortune of several hundred pounds. One is reminded, in short, of the Frenchman's stone broth, which proved so delicious a repast.

In spite of the advantages enjoyed by the natives of the island, there is no accumulation of wealth, as a general rule, by the negro population. They are improvident, and very deficient in regard to the payment of their debts. I confess I have formed the opinion, that a country inhabited by a negro peasantry would bear a very unfavorable comparison with one peopled by men of European race, unless, indeed, a prolonged moral culture under civilized institutions should develop a much more elevated character in future generations.

One of the greatest evils connected with Green Turtle Cay is the painful uncertainty of communication. European letters are received at Nassau once a month by the mail from New York, and there they will remain for ten or twenty days, when at length, after patience is worn out from repeated disappointment, a schooner is seen approaching the island, the letters arrive, but cannot be answered until another mail has come from New York. The natives of the place, however, care very little for this uncertain communication, as they have no friends in Europe, and are not given to epistolary correspondence. They find amusement in their boats and schooners, and their daily round of occupation.

At Green Turtle Cay I made my first acquaintance with the humming-bird. His power of wing is wonderful. You are puzzled to decide whether the marvellous little creature is perched on some small twig, or standing in the

air, so still is he, whilst his wings are working with tremendous rapidity. Suddenly, he will tumble two or three feet down, and instantly be suspended in mid air, his wings giving forth their monotonous hum. Then approaching a flower, he inserts his long bill, still standing in the air, and having extracted its sweets, darts off in another direction.

In the beginning of February, another pleasing visitor makes his appearance—the mocking-bird arrives. His song is something like that of the thrush. The natives of the Cay, however, do not appear to pay any regard to such visitants; all their interests centres in the sea; and the cry of “A wreck!” will send every man running to his boat.

But the ocean has here attractions of another kind. The Bahamas are celebrated for their shells. Some very fine ones are occasionally found on this island, which entirely put to shame anything of the kind which is found on the coasts of India or England. A week's sojourn on the Cay, if they could be suddenly transported there, would be an immense treat to the frequenters of Scarborough or Brighton. The variety of bushes (some in flower), ferns, &c., would afford amusement to those of horticultural tastes; while the gyrations of the humming-bird, of which there are several species, would be a perpetual source of delight both to old and young. What a never-ending source of interest would be offered by that great treasure-store, the sea! What untiring pedestrians would circumambulate its shores! How persevering would be the idolaters of the little shrines, with their doorways of pearl, and their sculptured ornaments, fabricated by the creatures of these clear green waters.

SPANISH HERMITS AND NUNS.

Lady Herbert, in her “*Impressions of Spain*,” gives an account of her visit to the hermitage in the Sierra Morena. There are at present seventeen hermits, all gentlemen, and many of high birth and large fortune. “They never see each other but at mass and in choir, or speak but once a month.” The cabin of each recluse is fitted with “a bed composed of three boards, with a sheepskin and a pillow of straw; the rest of the furniture consisted of a crucifix, a jug of water, a terrible discipline with iron points,” and an *Essay on Christian Perfection*. “No linen is allowed, or stockings. They are not permitted to possess anything. They keep a perpetual fast on beans and lentils, only on high days being allowed fish. They are not allowed to write or receive letters, or to go into one another's cells, or to go out of the enclosure, except once a month, when they may walk in the mountains round, which they generally do together, reciting litanies. Seven hours of each day must be given to prayer, and they take the

discipline twice a week." Twice a week—that is, they lacerate their backs with an iron-pointed scourge. "The cold in winter is intense, and they are not allowed any fires." In the convent of St. Theresa, at Seville, an equally rigorous system is kept up by the nuns. "They keep up a perpetual fast, living chiefly on the dried *cabala*, or stockfish, and only on festivals allowing themselves eggs and milk. They have no beds, only a hard mattress; this, with an iron lamp, a pitcher of water, a crucifix, and a discipline, constitute the only furniture in each cell. They are allowed no linen except in sickness. They are rarely allowed to go out in the corridor, in the sun, to warm themselves. Their house is like a cellar, cold and damp, and they have no fires. Even at recreation they are not allowed to sit, except on the floor. They have only five hours' sleep. They see absolutely no one, receiving the Holy Communion through a slit in the wall. The English lady was the first person they had seen face to face, or with lifted veils, for twelve years." At chapel they are not allowed to see the altar. Lady Herbert, nevertheless, asks, "Why is it that convents of this nature are so repugnant to English taste?"—*Evening Bulletin*.

HEART RELIGION.—Religion is, in an eminent degree, the science of the heart, and he who does not receive it in his heart, studies it to very little purpose. Every Christian ought, therefore, to study with the heart as well as with the head; letting light and heat increase with an equal progression, and mutually assist each other.—*Schimmelpenninck*.

ITEMS.

It appears from the records of the Smithsonian Institute that the entire fall of rain by the late storm was nearly six inches.

The successful completion of the cable connecting Florida and Cuba affords great cause for congratulation. It places the United States in close communication with a country with which it has most intimate and important business relations. Messages are said to be successfully passing through this cable. The broken end was recovered on August 18th, after several days of unsuccessful grappling, and the cable was immediately spliced and the connection made perfect. It will be opened to the public in a short time.

By a new Anglo-American treaty, the postage between England and the United States will speedily be reduced one-half. It is now twenty-four cents upon a half-ounce letter, and this is to be cut down to twelve cents. It was partly promised (by the Duke of Montrose, Postmaster General of England, when placing the postal treaty before the House of Lords,) that, whenever circumstances permitted, a still further reduction would be agreed to by the British Government. This means in the event of the revenue not suffering by the change. As for that, we suspect that the increased number of letters will more than make up all deficiencies. There is hope, too, of a daily mail from Europe.

The colored people of Delaware being denied par-

ticipation in the benefits of the public-school system of that State, fourteen schools have been established through the aid of various associations, supported in part by the contributions of the parents of the pupils. The average number enrolled is about 730, and, during the coming autumn and winter months, this will probably be increased from 1,000 to 1,200. The same eagerness to learn which has been exhibited throughout the South, has been displayed in Delaware, accompanied in some districts with even greater opposition from a portion of the white population.

Statistics of the colored schools in Virginia show that nearly 17,000 scholars are enrolled, the annual expense of whose teaching will be about \$100,000. In Richmond 3,000 colored pupils receive instruction from 43 teachers, some of the latter being also colored. The scholars are regular in attendance, eager to learn, faithful to the requirements of the schools, and give good promise of becoming intelligent and worthy citizens.

The Washington Union reports the discovery, below the Great Falls of the Potomac, within fifteen miles of Washington, by Prof. T. C. Rafinson, of Copenhagen, of a Runic inscription, which records the death of an Iceland woman named Suasa, who died in the year 1057, of the Christian era. Fragments of teeth, bronze trinkets, coins, and other curious things, have been exhumed from the grave. The discovery appears to prove conclusively that the Northmen were long in advance of Columbus in their explorations upon this continent. A scientific report, in reference to this discovery, will be looked for with great interest.

An Omaha correspondent of the *Chicago Republican* writes concerning the recent attack on a train of the Union Pacific Railway, as follows:

"The way the thing looks now, it does not appear that the redskins did this business, but the whites did. The scalping was certainly not done by Indians—so men who understand the business say. A redskin would not be apt to leave the scalp behind—he would rather lose his own—that of itself is a little evidence; but what makes it almost sure is the fact that the scalp of the man who is still living, and in a fair way to recovery, by the way—is not taken in the Indian style. An Indian is never known to take the whole top of the head for his scalp, but merely a couple of inches from the crown of the head; and, besides, they generally take it off neatly, while this was done in a very bungling manner. Some persons (and I must say I am one of the number) think there were no Indians concerned; but Omaha and all these Western towns are bound to have an Indian war if possible, and their constant cry is extermination. Now, this late attack serves first rate to bring Eastern people to their side of the question, provided they keep under a few of the facts. Several trains on Eastern and Southern railways have been thrown from the track before now, the cars robbed, and sometimes destroyed. This has been done inside of two years. There being no Indians then to throw the blame upon, it was at once charged rightly to thieves and highway robbers; and it is very natural to suppose that the same class of beings will do the same kind of work here, if that class is here to do it. And it is not denied, but readily admitted, that towns such as Julesburg, and others not so far away, are more than half peopled by roughs. Another thing, every time there is a rumor of an Indian attack anywhere, it is telegraphed East as a fact; but when, a few hours later, it proves to be entirely untrue, the telegraph does not carry the correction."

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF F. W. ROBERTSON.

BY S. M. JANNY.

(Continued from page 305.)

In reading the Life and Correspondence of Robertson, we are impressed with his earnestness of purpose, the originality of some of his views, and the tone of Christian charity that pervades the whole. Taking into consideration his education and position in the established church, we can make allowance for some opinions not coincident with our own, and read with satisfaction the illustrations of Heavenly truth presented in his choice and glowing words.

In answer to a friend who sought his advice in relation to religious investigation, he wrote as follows:

"The condition of arriving at truth is not severe habits of investigation, but innocence of life and humbleness of heart. Truth is felt, not reasoned, out; and if there be any truths which are only appreciable by the acute understanding, we may be sure at once that these do not constitute the soul's life, nor error in these the soul's death. For instance, the metaphysics of God's Being, the '*plan*,' as they call it, 'of salvation,' the exact distinction between the divine and human in Christ's Person. On all these subjects you may read and read till the brain is dizzy and the heart's action is stopped; so that of course the mind is bewildered. But on subjects of Right and Wrong, Divine and

Diabolic, Noble and Base, I believe sophistry cannot puzzle so long as the life is right.

"I should say, therefore:—

"1. Remember how much is certain. Is there any doubt about the Sermon on the Mount? Whether, for instance, the Beatitudes are true to fact? Whether the pure in heart shall see God? Any doubt, whether to have the mind of Christ be salvation and rest? Well, if so, you may be content to leave much, if God will, to unfold itself slowly; if not, you can quietly wait for Eternity to settle it."

In relation to the limitations of science, he said, in a letter to a friend: "Some time ago I know that Faraday said he considered that they were just in sight of the discovery of the principle of life, 'the distant discovery was already felt trembling along the line.' It is enough to make one's brain reel, indeed, to think on these things.

"It appears to me, however, that great mistakes are made in the expectations entertained with respect to what science can do. The scientific mode of viewing things is simply human: it is not God's way. Creation is one thing,—dissection is another. Dissection separates into organic parts, shows the flesh laid on the skeleton, &c.; but God did not make first a skeleton and then flesh. Life organized to itself its own body. And so, too, according to Science, the final cause of the sensibility of the skin, and the insensibility of the parts below the skin, is the protection of the parts most exposed from

injury. The extremities of the fingers are most sensitive; the heart and bones have few nerves. Had this been reversed, had the skin been apathetic and the interior parts sensitive, great pain would have been the result,* to no purpose, and the parts exposed might have been destroyed, burnt, or broken without giving warning of danger; whereas, as it is, the most delicate parts, like the eyelid, are protected by an acute sensibility, which defends them at the most distant approach of injury.

"Well, the anatomist says the final cause of this arrangement, that is, the end which was the cause of its being so arranged, was the protection of the structure. Of course the anatomist can go no further; but there are ends, which the anatomist's science does not even touch, subserved by these sensibilities,—the education, for instance, of the character and heart through pain; a much higher end, properly speaking, more truly the final cause of pain, than the preservation of the organic framework from harm. In all such departments Science must forever be at fault. She has not the organ nor the intuitive sense whereby their truths are discovered."

The following letter was, apparently, addressed to a young woman seeking for spiritual guidance:

"My Dear —,—Your mamma showed me your questions to her, and I offered to answer them as well as I can, though it would be easier to do so *de vive voix* than on paper. That respecting the personality of the Devil I have already answered in a letter to your sister, though I am not sure that it was sufficiently detailed to be quite satisfactory or intelligible. Remember, however, that the main thing is to *believe in God*, which is the chief article of all the creeds. Our salvation does not depend upon our having right notions about the devil, but right feelings about God. And if you hate evil, you are on God's side, whether there be a personal evil principle or not. I myself believe there is, but not so unquestioningly as to be able to say, I think it a matter of clear revelation. The Bible *does* reveal God, and except with a belief in God there will and can be no goodness. But I can conceive intense hatred of wrong with great uncertainty whether there be a Devil or not. Indeed many persons who believe in a Devil are worse instead of better for their belief, since they throw the responsibility of their acts off themselves on him. Do not torment yourself with such questions. The simpler ones are the deepest.

"Next, as to St. James's assertion that 'faith without works profiteth nothing;' which appears to contradict St. Paul's, who says that 'a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law.'

"Suppose I say, 'A tree cannot be struck

without thunder,' that is true, for there is never destructive lightning without thunder. But, again, if I say, 'The tree was struck by lightning without thunder,' that is true, too, if I mean that the lightning alone struck it, without the thunder striking it. Yet read the two assertions together, and they seem contradictory. So, in the same way, St. Paul says, 'Faith justifies without works,'—that is, faith *only* is that which justifies us, not works. But St. James says, 'Not a faith which is without works.' There will be works with faith, as there is thunder with lightning; but just as it is not the thunder, but the lightning, the lightning without the thunder, that strikes the tree, so it is not the works which justify. Put it in one sentence,—*Faith alone justifies: but not the Faith which is alone.* Lightning alone strikes, but not the lightning which is alone without thunder; for that is only summer lightning, and harmless. You will see that there is an ambiguity in the words 'without and alone,' and the two apostles use them in different senses, just as I have used them in the above simile about the lightning.

"All this will be more plain if you consider what faith is. It is that strong buoyant confidence in God and in His love which gives energy and spirit to do right without doubt or despondency. Where God sees that, He sees the spring and fountain out of which all good springs: He sees, in short, the very life of Christ begun, and he reckons that to be righteousness, just as a small perennial fountain in Gloucestershire is the Thames, though it is not as yet scarcely large enough to float a schoolboy's boat; and just as you call a small seedling not bigger than a little almond peeping above the ground, an oak: for the word 'justify' means not to be made righteous, but to reckon or account righteous.

"Now observe, just as you count the seven springs to be the Thames *without* a flood of waters, and without the navy that rides on the Thames, and just as you call the sapling an oak, without the acorns, so God reckons the trust in Him as righteousness, because it is the fountain and the root of righteousness, being indeed, the life divine in the soul. He reckons it as such (that is, He justifies the soul that has it) without works,—that is, before works are done, and not because of the works. But then that faith will not be without works; for the fountain *must* flow on, and the tree *must* grow, and the life of God in the soul, sanguine trust in God, the loving and good One, *must* spring up with acts; for to say that it does not would be to say that it is dead, or that it is like summer lightning, or like the gutter, which is running past my house now, after a shower of rain, and which is no perennial spring. St. Paul says, Works—mere acts—are not enough to justify us; because they are limited and im-

perfect. Ten thousand—a million—cannot, because even a million is a limited number. Nothing can justify but faith, for faith is infinite, and immeasurable like a fountain. True, replies St. James. But then do not think that St. Paul means to say that a living fount of faith will be barren, without works. The faith which saves, is not that kind which has no piety, but that kind which is ever prolific,—‘a well of water springing up into everlasting life.’”

In another letter he wrote as follows :

“I think the great main doctrine of Christ is that Truth is Light, and they who love the light come to it; that wisdom is justified by her children; that the Jews did not hear Him because they were not his sheep; and, therefore, that the Gospel was truth appealing to the heart much more than demonstrable to the senses. Hence, ‘If they heard not Moses and the Prophets, neither would they be persuaded’ by the most marvellous miracle.

“But this did not include a secondary kind of proof for a lower kind of mind; see, especially, John xiv. 11, where the two kinds of proofs are given, and one subordinated to the other. It is quite consistent with God’s wisdom to reveal Himself to the senses as well as the soul; and if the Gospel were utterly deficient in this latter kind of proof, one great evidence that it is from God would be wanting,—an evidence which we are justified in expecting from the analogies of nature. God has written His glory, for instance, in the heart; at the same time, He has so constructed the visible universe that ‘the heavens declare the glory of God.’ And when the Eternal Word is manifested into the world, we naturally expect that divine power shall be shown as well as divine beneficence. Miracles, therefore, are exactly what we should expect, and I acknowledge, a great corroboration and verification of His claims to Sonship. Besides they startled and aroused many to His claims who otherwise would not have attended to them. Still the great truth remains untouched, that they, appealing only to the natural man, cannot convey the spiritual certainty of truth which the spiritual man alone apprehends. However, as the natural and spiritual in us are both from God, why should not God have spoken both to the natural and spiritual part of us; and why should not Christ appeal to the natural works, subordinate always to the spiritual self-evidence of Truth itself.”

(To be continued.)

It is not in speaking of God that we can express what we feel concerning God, for this is injurious to us. Trust me, in order to speak of God, you must rest silent concerning Him a long time. God wishes a silence over all that He works in us; and if we would manifest his

work in us, it must be by our behavior, gentle, humble, submissive, yet cordial and gay.

A SINGULAR SERMON,

Delivered at Frankford, Pa., by JAMES SIMPSON, a beloved Minister of the Society of Friends, a few months before his decease.

“What I am now going to relate is but a simple story, and it is probable one of you may have heard me tell it before; but it has taken such possession of my mind, that I thought I would just drop it for your consideration. When I was a young man, there lived in our neighborhood a Presbyterian, who was universally reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends observing him frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it—told him he gave too much, and said it could not be to his own advantage. Now my friends, mark the answer of this Presbyterian. God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes. Think of this friends—but one journey through the world; the hours that are past are gone forever, and the actions in those hours can never be recalled. I do not throw it out as a charge, nor mean to imply that any of you are dishonest, but the words of this Presbyterian have often impressed my mind, and I think in an instructive manner. But one journey—we are allowed but one journey through the world; therefore, let none of us say, ‘My tongue is my own, I’ll talk what I please. My time is my own, I’ll go where I please; I can go to meetings, or, if the world calls me, I’ll stay at home—it’s all my own.’ Now this won’t do, friends. It is as impossible for us to live as we list, and then come here to worship, as it is for a lamp to burn without oil. It is utterly impossible. And I was thinking what a droll composition man is. He is a compound of bank notes, dollars, cents, and newspapers, and bringing as it were the world on his back, he comes here to perform worship, or at least would have it appear so. Now, friends, I just drop it before we part for your consideration, let each one try himself, and see how it is with his own soul.”

It is a day of unusual excitement and inquiry in every region of religious thought. In quietness and confidence, in humility and watchfulness, will be our safety and our strength. And while it is our duty to uphold unflinchingly the doctrines and testimonies given us as a church to bear, may we strive to possess our souls in patience, that whether our controversy with what we believe to be error be oral or

epistolary, we may conduct it towards those of our brethren from whom we are compelled to differ, in a spirit of Christian love and forbearance, to the furtherance of the great interests of truth and righteousness, remembering that if we are in possession of the truth, the best evidence we can give of our faith in its omnipotent power is a calm confidence in the assertion of it.—*British Friend*.

Liberty has been obtained from the author to publish the following address, which we commend to the careful perusal of our young Friends. It contains many useful "hints" and much valuable information. Eds.

An Address delivered at the request of the Teachers of Friends' First-day School in Baltimore, on the occasion of closing the School for the Summer, 5th mo. 27th, 1866,
By BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

My Young Friends:—I have been invited by the board of Teachers of Friends' First-day School in Baltimore, to deliver an address to the interesting company of young persons under their charge, and I have accepted the invitation; not on the supposition that I possess any greater qualification of being useful to you than they; or that I am likely to impart any ideas or truths that you have not already received from them, although I may clothe them in a somewhat different dress, so as to appear as something new; but I come to afford a little variety in your exercises, in harmony with the Poet's assertion that

"Variety is the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor,"

and with the still higher authority, that "in the mouths of two or three witnesses every word shall be established."

I am not about to endeavor to *entertain*, but to *instruct* you. My remarks to you on the present occasion will, designedly, not be wholly adapted to your *present* capacities, but they may be likened to an *inclined plane*, of which the lower part is slid under your feet, while I invite and encourage you to strive to go up higher and higher; or to a *cord*, of which I give you hold of one end, while the other end is attached to immutable Truth, and I encourage you to climb up yourselves.

This effort in the use of your own minds, is what will benefit you.

Now that I am with you, what shall I talk to you about? Most of you are entire strangers to me; I am not at all acquainted with your attainments, your tastes, your expectations on the present occasion, or any exterior thing that will enable me to adapt my discourse to the particular circumstances that exist among you; but the bright, intelligent and inquiring countenances before me, speak a desire for *practical*

facts to aid in taking straight and firm steps in the pathway of education and the duties of life; and I ardently crave that the time we are now together may not be entirely lost, but that each one of my precious young friends present may gain at least *one* new idea by the discourse you hear, or have one of value, which was before possessed, more permanently fixed.

I am informed that the present session of your school will, for the summer, close this pleasant exercise, so as to allow you a remission from school duties till fall, when, it is not doubted, you will return to them with renewed interest and vigor. These periods of cessation from any particular engagement have their use in the mental economy, and may be compared to the moulting in insects, and a similar condition in trees. The silk-worm, for instance, eats and grows for some time, then both processes cease, and a state of quiet ensues, during which it is acquiring force to throw off the impediment to its further development; and this being effected, it commences with renewed vigor to eat and grow again.

Also, the trees, after the summer's growth and development, shed their leaves, and rest through the winter. But this is not a useless condition; they are laborating, during this period of repose, materials which will enable them—

"To put their graceful foliage on again,
And, more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have
lost."
Couper.

So, I have no doubt, it will be with you, my young friends. Your remission through the summer will afford opportunity to digest and arrange the intellectual acquirements already attained, and enable you to resume your exercises in the fall, with renewed energy and efficiency. Your present period of life is that devoted to the acquisition of information, both of a literary and a business kind, to qualify you for future usefulness. To secure this great object—a qualification for future usefulness—the two essential requirements are to develop, strengthen and discipline the mind and heart; and to preserve the physical constitution in a healthy, vigorous tone; and I propose to give you some of the most practical views I possess from observation and experience, upon both these points. First—in respect to the mind—it is a very common remark, especially by girls, in relation to studying arithmetic, or something which requires close thought, that "there is no use in my learning *this*, for I never expect to have any occasion to use it." My young friends, this is not the point. The primary object in school study is to strengthen and discipline the mind, to develop the intellectual faculties; and such studies, especially if they are difficult to you, are eminently calculated to do this—and

for such addition to your powers of thought, invention and reason as these studies give, you will have need all your lives, be your occupations what they may; and you will also find therefrom, a great addition to your usefulness and enjoyment.

While you gain all the information you can from others, you must learn to think for yourselves—to use *your own minds*; so that when you meet with some difficulty, you must not go at once to a teacher, or a more advanced scholar, to get it solved, but use your own powers first: your effort may enable you to solve it, and even if it does not, it will at least the better prepare your minds for advantageously understanding the solution when given by another. By exercise in this way, the mental faculties are strengthened. If a person never lifted anything heavier than a pin, the muscles of his arm would never fully develop and become strong; so if the mind does not have some frequent engagement that will strongly task its powers, it will fail of that healthy, strengthening discipline which it so greatly needs.

I used frequently to tell my students that they might just as reasonably expect to become fat by having some other person to eat for them, as to become wise and learned by having another to think for them. The great fact should be continually borne in mind, that we *must do for ourselves* in life—must use our own powers, which are thereby healthfully developed and strengthened. You must, in fact, educate yourselves, and let your books, dictionaries and teachers only come in as aids to your own exertions. Then you will become thoroughly educated in those departments of knowledge in which you engage.

And here let me give a little hint to teachers. The Educational Platform may be represented as elevated on four principal pillars,—Truth, Experience, Observation and Reason.—The successful teacher stands high on the platform; expatiates on the delights unfolded by the prospect he enjoys, and on the beauty, utility and desirableness of the treasures it yields; and with the sweetness and loveliness that adorn the true advocates of education, invites and encourages the young people to come up, see, and partake for themselves.

Thus invited and stimulated, they are left to apply their own powers in their own way to gain the ascent. Some go resolutely at work in climbing up the main pillars; some succeed by getting a ladder or steps [books, &c.] that others have constructed; some solicit aid from the teacher, which is always cheerfully given when applied for and needed. One by one method, and another by another, according to their characteristic specialty; but all are at work, *with their own powers*, to get up; and although their progress may be different, up they all ultimately

get, if they continue to persevere, and richly are they rewarded for their labor.

The unsuccessful teacher, on the other hand, stands below, and tries to push and drive his pupils up on the platform with his hand, his switches, tasks, scoldings, black marks, privations from ordinary privileges, and all such old pedagogue inventions; and this frequently, too, while they are running and reaching after other objects in which they are much more interested; and slow, difficult, mutually oppressive and repulsive, imperfect, and almost useless work, is made of it.

But returning again to my young friends, in regard to hints for improving and disciplining the mind. When you do not know, and have not the means within your reach of informing yourselves, never be ashamed or hesitate to ask those who you think can give you the desired information. A few years past, I was going along a street in the lower part of your city and saw a sign: "Stencils made to order." Stencils, said I to myself, I do not know what they are; so I immediately stepped into the shop and found a very benevolent-faced man behind the counter, and said to him, "My good friend, I cannot tell whether I want any of thy ware or not, for I do not know what a stencil is." He smiled, not apparently at my ignorance, but good-naturedly and patronisingly, and showed me the article, and I found I had long known it, but not by that name, which however is its true name. On mentioning the circumstance to others since, I have been surprised to find how many were like myself, ignorant of the name of so familiar an instrument.

2d. *Never give up a search*, but keep a subject of inquiry before you, till you get your difficulty solved, if possible.

I was more than twenty years endeavoring to ascertain why, in the Roman numeral characters, L stood for 50 and D for 500, inquiring of every one who I thought could inform me, and examining every book which I believed likely to contain the desired information. It was easily seen why C stood for 100, as it is the commencement of the Latin word centum, which means 100; and M for 1000, as it is an abbreviation of mille, which is 1000 in Latin. Also, in the ancient method of keeping tally, one mark (I) stood for one, and in printing this mark it was represented by the letter I; two marks (II) stood for two, which were printed by two II's; three marks (III) stood for three, which were printed by three III's; four marks (IIII) stood for four, which were printed by four IIII's, and these four marks with a cross, I-I-I-I,* stood for five, which

*The difficulty of forming these characters in print was not taken into consideration when the article was sent to press. The reader will therefore imagine a line drawn across the 4 marks where the dots occur, to represent 5. Some of the other representations, for the same reason, are necessarily imperfect.—Eds.

was printed by the letter V, as the one most nearly representing it; and then tallying by a point over each mark for 6, 7, 8 and 9, and a back tally, thus I-I-I-I made the ten, and ultimately the two tallies alone (X) stood for ten, which was printed by the letter X. When the tallies were made by cutting notches in a stick or piece of wood, the first ten units were denoted thus, I-I-I I-I-I-I, and the ten alone was printed as VV's, or X.

Furthermore, that a character which stood for a *less* number when placed before one that represented a *greater* number, took that much *from* it; whereas, when placed *after* the greater, it *added* to it. Thus I before V takes one from five, so that IV is four; while I after V adds one to five, and VI represents six. In like manner, as L stands for 50, XL is forty, while LX is 60; XC is 90, while CX is 110. All this was easy and comprehensible. But why did L stand for 50, and D for 500? That was the question which I was trying for more than twenty years to solve. I never doubted of ultimate success if I should live, and therefore still kept the subject before me; and one day, when engaged in an entirely different investigation, and searching an old quarto Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, printed in London in 1783, I accidentally fell upon the information I had been so long in quest of, and very simple it was, as most things are when understood. The Roman C, which stands for centum, or 100, used to be made thus L, which is much as our printed C, only by rapidity in forming the characters when printed with a pen, the corners have become rounded. Cut this C in two, and take the lower half, L, and the Roman letter with which it could be printed was L, so that L represented 50, the half of 100.

Again, M, which stands for mille, 1000, was formerly printed thus CD. Cut this in two, and we have the right hand half, P, which is printed by the Roman D, to represent 500, or half of a thou and—all easy and clear.

3rd. *Occupy small portions of spare time in some useful and systematic engagement.* An author, mentioned in the Spectator, I think, who had disciplined himself to punctuality and industry, wrote an interesting volume in the short intervals between the time he reached the table, upon the family being summoned to their meals, and when his wife came to sit down with him. He kept the writing materials for this service by the table ready from one meal to another, and was thus enabled to pass these little portions of otherwise waste time, patiently and pleasantly to himself, and to the benefit of others, by the result of his industry.

When I was teacher at West Town Boarding School, from 1821 to 1824, I was the only unmarried male teacher in the establishment, and my colleagues having families, I volunteered

to take their respective places, when they were "in care," as it was called, to keep order at the table of the "waiters," who ate after the other scholars were all done, which allowed my associate teachers some additional half hour three times a day, the week they were "in care," to attend to their domestic concerns. By this arrangement I attended at the waiters' table three times every day the whole year; and having nothing to do but to preserve order by my presence, I kept a volume of Addison's Spectator on a shelf near where I sat in the dining-room, and read a paper in it, which was about four pages, while the scholars who had waited on the others during their meals, ate theirs, which made three papers or some twelve pages a day. When I closed my book at the end of one meal, I thought over the import of what I had just read; and before opening it, on picking it up at the next meal, I ran over this again in my mind, so as to retain the connection. In these small portions of time, which otherwise might have passed as wasted, I thus read, thoroughly, the whole twelve volumes of the Spectator in *one year*; and it was among the most profitable reading I ever did. So that while accommodating my fellow-teachers, I did a kindness to myself, in gaining valuable information and intellectual improvement. Four pages, read three times a day, requiring from fifteen to twenty minutes each time, will, in a year, make *twelve volumes* of 365 pages each.

I can therefore confidently recommend to all my young friends to employ usefully and systematically all the small portions of time—also, never to put off to another time what you can as well do now; and then I give it as my experience, you will never want for leisure for the most pressing requirements of life. In nothing is the Scotch proverb more true than in regard to time, that "Monie inkles mak a mickle."—"Many littles make a great deal." Peter Parley (S. G. Goodrich) gave a good maxim once in my hearing to some young persons whom he was addressing—

Ne'er till to-morrow's dawn delay
What can as well be done to-day."

From experience of its value, I can strongly recommend this rule for your adoption. The German poet, Goethe urges to present promptness in action in these lines, which are well worthy of being retained in mind—

"Are you in earnest? Seize *this* very minute.
What you can do, or *think* you can, *begin* it;
Boldness has genius, power magic in it."

(To be continued.)

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Religion, or the devotional part of it, is nothing but communion of the soul with God; and therefore by its necessary condition is exclusive. There is no piety of a multitude.

The worship of a congregation is the worship of so many hearts, each rendered a degree more fervent than otherwise by the power of sympathy. But if the elements of worship have not been brought together from the depths of individual spirits, they exist not at all. In all true worship, whether the scene be the place of public convocation or the closet, the soul brings its immortal substance, and its personal destiny, and its particular interests,—its recollection, its hopes and its fears,—yes, itself, as if it were the only created existence, or in oblivion of all others, before the throne of God. How vivid soever may be the emotions that spring from the heart in its sympathy with others, they can never come into comparison with those that belong to its own ultimate welfare.—*Isaac Taylor.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

MY STEPMOTHER.

My feelings have many times been pained by hearing the obloquy which, without discrimination and with unsparing hand, is cast upon those who occupy the station of *stepmother*. The trials and difficulties with which their path is thickly strewn are in many cases quite overlooked, while their failures and shortcomings are quickly detected. Though I am not a stepmother, yet in vindication of the deeply injured class, I feel a strong desire to cast my mite in the opposite scale.

When seven years of age, I lost my mother. She left four children, of whom I was the oldest. When I was ten, our dear father left us to go to a distant city, to bring with him the one whom he had selected to fill the important stations of wife and mother in his family. More than fifty years have passed away since the time of their arrival at our home in a newly-settled country, yet the incidents of that eventful day are still fresh in my remembrance. Among other things, I recollect seeing our *new mother* step aside to weep, and perchance to lift her heart in prayer. I never heard her allude to her feelings on that trying occasion, but I have not the least doubt that a realizing sense of the weighty responsibility she had assumed, together with the novel and untoward surroundings of her new home, elicited the falling tear. How can we wonder? When she found herself surrounded by a group of dependent and wayward children, intrusted to her care. A formidable task indeed, enough at first thought to cause her heart to sink. But with self-sacrificing devotion, she applied with energy, perseverance and undeviating consistency to the work before her, which, on her part, has been accomplished with entire success.

The tender and affectionate interest which she has uniformly manifested for our welfare is above all praise. No difference could be discovered in the treatment of her adopted chil-

dren and her own daughter, who is as dear to us as we are to each other; consequently there is no room for the monster jealousy to rear its unseemly head, to destroy or weaken the family compact.

Many years have elapsed since we left the paternal roof to settle elsewhere, but our affections yet cluster around the dear old homestead, where our beloved and honored mother, our only surviving parent, is still the presiding genius, being the centre of attraction to a large circle of relatives and friends, by whom she is much beloved. Truly her children and grandchildren have abundant cause to "rise up and call her blessed."

A SUBSCRIBER.

THE FUSION OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

This seems to be the age of religious fusions. Sixty years ago Napoleon, when he got among the Turks, professed himself a good Mussulman, quoted the Koran, and proclaimed himself the Man of Destiny. But he never really gained anything by it, and historians like Alison, in the history of Europe, and many others, made a great handle of it, to prove his habitual insincerity on the most solemn subjects. But the Sultan, in his recent speech delivered at Guildhall, London, has astonished the world by his liberality. He spoke with the utmost fluency in Arabic, and his speech was not only interpreted by a secretary, or dragoman, but printed, and copies of it freely circulated, to the great admiration of the assembled crowd. He seemed to have left behind him all the peculiarities of the Moslem faith, and to have brought out only some of those great principles of universal religion that belongs to all kingdoms and nations of the earth, as men. He desires not only "to see in other centres of civilization what still remains to be done in his own country, but to show his desire to establish, not only among his own subjects, but between his people and the other nations of Europe, that feeling of brotherhood which is the foundation of human progress and the glory of our age."

No doubt this speech was carefully prepared for him; but he clearly understood it, and adopted its sentiments. His great maxim,—"*the brotherhood of nations, the foundation of human progress*," is, indeed, a sentiment worthy the highest admiration. No wonder an English poet so far forgot the ancient antipathy of Christian and Mohammedan, as to pray God to protect this representative of the false prophet. Not only is religious persecution now being put an end to through the earth, but there are certain great principles of religion clearly becoming established among the nations of the earth worthy of special notice. Rev. Henry Martin, when he went as missionary to,

and travelled through, Persia, astonished the Mohammedan doctors by conducting a public controversy, in which he quoted largely from the Koran. Since his time, not the Arabic alone, but the Sanscrit and Zend languages, have been carefully explored, the Vedas and Avestas translated for the East India Company, so that now, in India, the English judges administer the laws and protect the religious liberty and rights of the natives of all classes with a really wonderful precision and knowledge, far exceeding the judgment and justice of the natives, and with a knowledge of the history of their religious books and traditions which seems likely to have the most important and beneficial effect on human rights. Individuals have a right to believe and profess what religious principles they please, but it seems now to be understood that the governments of all nations must act on the principles of universal religion. The brotherhood of nations, and of those holding different faiths, seems to be melting down the whole human race into a condition in which the moral principles and justice of each will be preserved; and their reverence for all they esteem sacred respected, so that the essentials of universal religion, stripped of all particular formalities, are being developed with a surprising rapidity. In Calcutta an East Indian marriage lately took place, in which the bridegroom and bride were united, and publicly promised to be faithful to each other, in the presence of the great, the all-seeing God. Christianity, stripped of its technicalities, is unquestionably the basis of all these movements. It furnishes the idea and the principles, even where the name and the multiplication of sects, names and parties seem to contribute to the necessity and power of this movement. It was in the border land between Judaism, Paganism and Samaritanism that Christianity, with its universal principles and charity, was first introduced, and throughout the Roman Empire, with its diverse religions, that it first extended its conquests. It has often been dwarfed by a thousand narrow sects and parties and forms; but its noblest triumphs have been won by the comprehensive spirit of its own great "kingdom of Heaven." Probably the real power of this system is nowhere so thoroughly felt and understood as in our own country, and under our own Constitution, where alone all religions are equally protected, but not exclusively established—where everything is free, and the universal dictates of morality form the basis of the laws. While the established Church in England may vary from Low to High, or the reverse, the extensive domains of the British empire are leading to a breadth of view that enables her ablest statesmen to take into view ideas of universal religion of the greatest practical breadth and application.

But it is on our own continent that the relations of Roman Catholic and Protestant, Greek Church, Chinese, Persian and Indian, are creating a legal liberty and forbearance, with a Christian tone and temper, that must produce the very best fruits among mankind, and the establishment of those truths among the wisest and the best, that shall give to all a religion which, under the names of various sects and parties, perhaps shall embrace principles broad as humanity itself, and living, earnest and charitable as Christianity in its earliest and purest days.—*Ledger.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 7, 1867.

FAIRFAX QUARTERLY MEETING.—From a correspondent we have received an interesting report from Fairfax Quarterly Meeting, recently held at Goose Creek, Va.

The general sympathy felt for Friends within this district, during the many and varied trials to which they were subjected by aggressions from both armies through the late national conflict, gives an additional interest to the information which we are enabled to lay before our readers of their improved condition and their favorable prospects for the future.

The Quarterly Meeting held on the 19th of Eighth month was large, and the attendance of Friends from Hopewell and Woodlawn gave evidence of a zeal which was quite encouraging, considering the difficulties of travelling resulting from the late freshet. Hopewell is near Winchester, and is about thirty miles west of Goose Creek Meeting-house, where the Quarterly Meeting was held, and Woodlawn is nearly fifty miles in the opposite direction. The Friends of those meetings have nearly 80 miles to travel to Quarterly Meeting, once in the year, and from 30 to 50 miles twice in the year, when the meeting is held at Goose Creek and Waterford. During the war, the Quarterly Meeting could not well be held at Alexandria, as it formerly was in the Eleventh month, and that meeting having diminished, it is now to be transferred to Woodlawn, (near Mt. Vernon,) a branch of the same Monthly Meeting.

The Meeting of Ministers and Elders being held on Seventh-day, and the Quarterly Meeting for Discipline on Second-day, keeps many of t

much attention, causing a large attendance of those not in membership with us.

This plan of holding Quarterly Meetings, and their being held in rotation in different places, has the advantage which was thought to be derived from the circular annual meetings formerly held in this country and in Great Britain.

The Meetings just passed were favored with the precious evidence of Divine Life, and the Gospel truths declared appeared to meet with acceptance in the hearts of the people.

Our correspondent also informs that, "in this section of Virginia, abundant crops of wheat have been gathered. The fruit trees are bearing plentifully, and the corn fields look remarkably well. The barns burnt during the rebellion are being rebuilt, and the hand of industry is repairing the ravages of war. Surely this is cause of thankfulness to the Author of all good."

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

A Conference, to promote an interest in *First-Day Schools*, and to consider the best mode of conducting them, will be held in Friends' School-house, High St., West Chester, Pa., on Seventh-day, Ninth month 14th, at 2½ o'clock.

All Friends interested in this movement, particularly such as are parents, are cordially invited to attend.

West Chester,

THOS. H. HALL, WM. M. HAYES,
LUCIUS D. PRICE, ANN S. PASCHALL,
LYDIA H. HALL.

Goshen—THOMAS S. COX.

Baltimore—ELI M. LAMB.

Germantown—WILLIAM DORSEY.

Philadelphia,

DILLWYN PARRISH, ABIGAIL WOOLMAN,
HARRIET E. STOOKLY, LUKENS WEBSTER,
JOSEPH M. TRUMAN, JR.

NOTICE.

According to announcement, a large number of persons assembled in Friends' Meeting-House, Abington, on the 25th of Eighth month, at 3 o'clock, P.M., on the occasion of the Meeting of the Pennsylvania Peace Society. Interesting remarks were offered by several in attendance.—Friends and others,—and the meeting adjourned to meet at Friends' Meeting-House, Germantown, on the 22d of Ninth month, at 3 o'clock, P.M.

NOTICE TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO JANNEY'S HISTORY OF FRIENDS.

Owing to the first edition of this work having become exhausted, the Publisher was compelled to defer forwarding the volumes to many subscribers. Another edition has been completed. Friends desiring to subscribe, or to have additional copies, would do well to take advantage of the present opportunity of addressing to that effect,

The Publisher, T. ELLWOOD ZELL,
Nos. 17 and 19 S. Sixth St.

The letter furnished by A. H. L., from B. H., will interest many who feel a warm interest in the poor Indians; and it will answer a concern expressed by some of our correspondents in relation to the action which Friends should take in regard to them, and will also show that the Society has not ceased its efforts in their behalf. EDs.

THE INDIANS.

SANDY SPRING, MD., 8th mo. 20th, 1867.

ALFRED H. LOVE—

Esteemed Friend:—Thy kind letter of the 26th ult., enclosing an article from the "City Bulletin" on the Indian question, arrived here while I was absent from home, and I have been unable, till now, to acknowledge its reception.

I am pleased to observe the warm interest thou feels in this oppressed and greatly wronged people, over whose destiny so dark a cloud seems to be at present impending. I am glad to be able to say, however, that my last visit to the Indian Department, on the 8th of the present month, gave me ground for greater encouragement than I had received at any time since the great massacre in Minnesota,—some three years ago. The Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs informed me that there was a great reaction in public sentiment, and especially amongst members of Congress, and others in official position, in the Indians' favor. Their eyes are becoming opened by the enormity of the daily expenditures in the Indian country, and an inquiry awakened as to the cause that has produced the present condition of things, when it is found that *injustice, outrage, and cruelty*, on the part of the whites towards these helpless people, lie at the bottom of it all. And the Commissioners emphatically remarked that the Government is finding it *cannot longer afford* to be unjust to the Indians. He expressed the belief that the present Congressional Commission, consisting of Gens. Sherman, Harney and Terry, Commissioner Taylor, head of the Indian Bureau, Henderson, Sanborn, and Tappan, who are among the Western Indians, will carefully investigate the whole matter with a determination to do entire justice to the Indians, and report a practical plan for the amelioration of the present condition and the future protection of the Indians. He assured me that nothing further can at present be done for their interest or assistance, and, in all probability, no opportunity for labor will occur till said Commission makes its report.

I may state to thee that I am Secretary of the Committee on the Indian Concern, of Baltimore Yearly Meeting of Friends, and have been laboring arduously for many years, in an endeavor to protect and promote the interests of these greatly wronged people. A few years

ago I was, with great formality and ceremony, received as a member of the Seneca Nation of Indians, at Cataraugus, in Western New York, and a "new name" conferred upon me—Hai-i-wau-noh—which means "stand and watch," implying that, as my residence is near the seat of the General Government, I must be there vigilant in guarding the interests of the Indians. To this duty I have endeavored to be faithful. I am frequently in receipt of letters from them, asking for something to be done at the Indian Department, or by Government authorities, to which I have always given prompt attention. By request, on behalf of the Indians of Minnesota, I visited the members of the Committees on the Indian Concern of both Houses of Congress, and several of the prominent members of the Senate and House, on more than one occasion last winter, in endeavoring to secure the passage of a bill for the protection of the Indians, which was regarded as the first bill that had ever looked to that benevolent end. Our Committee have a close correspondence with the Indian Department, and a constant assurance that whenever any opportunity occurs for the benevolent action and aid of Friends in behalf of the Indian's welfare, the Committee will be informed of it. The officers of the Indian Bureau are ardent in their efforts to secure justice and right to the Indians. But their efforts are frustrated by designing and unprincipled men, who get between them and the objects of their care. They have great confidence in Friends, and always receive, with respectful attention, any suggestion we make. They know we do not desire any office within their gift, and could not accept one with an emolument attached, it being a matter of principle with us, to bear our own expenses in our labors in this cause, so as to continue disinterested advocates of the interests of the Indians, and that perfect right and justice be accorded to them by the National Government. We have reason to believe, too, that in some instances, at least, these disinterested labors have been blessed; that is, the fact being known that we were working and travelling on their business at our own expense, without fee or reward, but solely for their good, and to please the Great Spirit, has contributed to advance the objects desired.

In my Indian correspondence, I sometimes find touches of real eloquence. On returning, last winter, from a visit to a delegation from Minnesota, then in Washington, I received a letter from En-me-gah-bowh, one of the delegation, a missionary among his Indian brethren, from which I will make some extracts, thinking they may interest thee:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 24th, 1867.

"BR. HALLOWELL—

"Dear Sir:—I was very sorry to have so

short a talk with you in the Indian Department. There are many things that I wanted to say to you. It always interests us whenever we meet the friends of the Red Man, especially with the people of him who first shook hands with the Red Man on this continent—Wm. Penn—the great and noble man—the Red Man's friend.

"We know that his descendants are yet living, scattered throughout this great country, who have yet the same mind, and the same heart, to do the Red Man good.

"I came here with this delegation of my poor people, *partly* to assist them in making a treaty with this great government, and *partly*, which concerns me most dearly, to forward my mission work amongst my own people, on the head waters of the great Mississippi. *To-day we feel the pressure and the rapid strides of civilization towards us. The white man, with his rapid speed, is crowding us out of our own country, and pointing us towards (appropriate words) the setting sun!*

"As I sit in my poor wigwam, with broken heart, I meditate over the *past* and the *future*. The *past*! Oh! I cannot recall the happy days! They are gone!—*gone forever and ever*. The *future*! all is dark before me! My *path* is *obscure*—my *destiny* inevitable! I refuse to be comforted, because I am *unpitied* and *unloved*.

"And now we turn our weeping hearts towards the Christian white man, to wipe away the tears from our eyes; to make strong our broken hearts; and to *lighten* our paths. Our only hope of salvation in the future is to become civilized—to embrace the Christian religion, in hand and in heart, and to pray to the God of the white man.

"*Fifty years ago* our numbers were many. *Once* we covered this great country. From east to west, and from north to south, was the Red Man's country and the Red Man's home. *To-day* we are few in number. We are fast dwindling away!—falling, like the leaves of the forest, to—rise—no—more!!

"Everything looks dark before us. . . . I may venture to stay a few days, as I return home, in the city of Baltimore; but I should feel more at home in the city of Philadelphia, for I know there lies the hearth-stone of the great and noble man—Wm. Penn—the friend of the Red Man."

But I have filled my sheet, and must close. I trust thou wilt not misunderstand the apparent egotism of my letter. Although thou art unknown to me, I have written with freedom, as to a brother, interested in a concern which I have long had very near at heart.

Thy sincere friend,
BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

NOTHING renders one more happy than to do pleasantly what one must do from necessity.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

The works of God are fair for nought,
Unless our eyes, far seeing,
See hidden in the thing the thought
That animates its being.

The outward form is not the whole,
But every part is moulded
To image forth an inward soul
That dimly is unfolded.

The shadow, pictured in the lake
By every tree that trembles,
Is cast for more than just the sake
Of that which it resembles.

The dew falls nightly, not alone
Because the meadows need it,
But on an errand of its own
To human souls that heed it.

The stars are lighted in the skies
Not merely for their shining,
But, like the looks of loving eyes,
Have meanings worth divining.

The waves that moan along the shore,
The winds that sigh in blowing,
Are sent to teach a mystic lore
Which men are wise in knowing.

The clouds around the mountain-peak,
The rivers in their winding,
Have secrets which, to all who seek,
Are precious in the finding.

Thus nature dwells within our reach,
But, though we stand so near her,
We still interpret half her speech
With ears too dull to hear her.

Whoever at the coarsest sound
Still listens for the finest,
Shall hear the noisy world go round
To music the divinest.

Whoever yearns to see aright
Because his heart is tender,
Shall catch a glimpse of heavenly light
In every earthly splendor.

So, since the universe began,
And till it shall be ended,
The soul of Nature, soul of Man,
And soul of God are blended!

TAKE CARE OF THE MINUTES.

Gold is not found, for the most part, in great masses, but in little grains. It is sifted out of the sand in minute particles, which, melted together, produce the rich ingots which excite the world's desire. So the small moments of time, its odds and ends, put together, may form a beautiful work.

Hale wrote his "Contemplations" while on his law circuit.

Dr. Mason Good translated "Lucretius" in his carriage while, as a physician, he rode from door to door.

One of the chancellors of France penned a bulky volume in the successive intervals of waiting, daily, for dinner.

Burney learned French and Italian while riding on horseback. Benjamin Franklin laid the foundation of his wonderful stock of knowledge in his dinner hours and evenings, while working as a printer's boy.

From the Philadelphia Press.

EXTRACTS FROM AN EXCURSION ON THE WEST-CHESTER AND PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD.

BY INKBN PENN.

Swarthmore College.

This edifice, now in course of erection, was named "Swarthmore" after the manor on which George Fox resided in the latter years of his life, and it is particularly specified in the act of incorporation granted by the Legislature that this name shall be retained so long as the building is used for educational purposes. The property bought by the association consists of 92 acres of land fronting the railroad; it is a portion of the old West estate. The building in which the celebrated painter Benjamin West was born is to be seen, with its giant English gable and *hipped* roof, at a short distance to the southeast of the college, and is still in a good state of preservation. No change in its *original* features has been made, except such as may have resulted from the removal of the old-fashioned painted caves. The room in the northeast corner of this dwelling is pointed out to the visitor as the spot where the great painter first saw the light of day; here was spent the childhood of him who gave to the world that renowned painting known as "Death on the Pale Horse," which now forms such a prominent feature of that valuable collection of artistic gems at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

The location of Swarthmore College is on high ground, a few hundred yards from Westdale station, and commands a splendid view to the east and south. Viewed from the railroad, it will present, when completed, a truly grand and imposing appearance. The main building will consist of a central front of dressed granite, sixty feet wide, and five stories high, with connecting wings on both sides four stories high. The whole length of the building will be three hundred and eighty-six feet, with a depth of from ninety to one hundred and twenty feet. The building is to be covered by a Mansard roof, and the entire cost is estimated at nearly \$200,000.

This structure is being erected by the Hick-site Friends, and the provisions made by its founders for the admission of pupils are exceedingly liberal. Those belonging to *other* religious denominations can send their children to this institution under certain mild and equitable conditions, while at the same time their religious convictions, whatever they may be, will be strictly respected. There has long been needed a school of the highest grade (such as this), free from the contaminating influences by which so many of our colleges are surrounded, and yet which shall be in perfect keeping with the progressive ideas of the age.

In alluding to its location, the *Delaware*

County American, an excellent and ably-edited paper published at Media, says: "No more suitable place for the college could have been chosen. It combines all the advantages of secluded rural life with direct and frequent access to the city. The farm includes a romantic piece of woodland bordering on Crum creek, which, in one place is overhung by a rocky precipice not less than one hundred feet high, among the recesses of which grow a variety of mosses, wild flowers, and ferns. This property is skirted by Crum creek along its western boundary, and affords, by the rapid flow of its waters, both sights and sounds of beauty."

Nearly half a mile from Westdale station the cars pass over Crum creek bridge, which is 800 feet long, and 80 feet high from the water to the level of the iron track. It has recently been entirely rebuilt. Here a fine view is to be had of the windings of the creek.

A short distance beyond Crum creek, and just eleven miles from *Chestnut street bridge*, is Wallingford station, in the vicinity of which a large number of Philadelphians reside, who daily go in by the cars to attend to their respective vocations in the city; they find this a more economical plan of living, and a more healthy and pleasant one. The next stopping-place is

Media,

thirteen miles from Philadelphia, and, with the single exception of what is known as the "Black Horse Hill," is located on the highest ground in Delaware county, of which it is the seat of justice. Media is chiefly known to the outside world on account of the "temperance clause" in its charter, by which the sale of spirituous liquor is prohibited within the borough limits.

This place is somewhat noted for its religious advantages; it is well represented by commodious churches of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, and other denominations. A fine Court-house is in the centre of the town, while its waterworks afford occasionally a fair supply of aqueous element; but no *gas* is provided for lighting the streets, except what is supplied from the Court-house aforesaid. An Institute of Science is now being erected, in which is to be deposited a large and valuable collection of curiosities, relating to the natural history of Delaware county, that has been in process of accumulation for nearly a century.

Education receives a considerable degree of attention in this borough, which is noted for its good public schools. Brook Hall Seminary for young ladies is a commodious and handsome building, beautifully embowered in shade, but we regret to say that it is conducted upon the principle that it is inexpedient and dangerous to educate boys and girls together. It is, however, but just to remark that Mrs. Eastman, the educated and talented Principal, has been emi-

nently successful in the management of her school, which has been attended by pupils from all parts of the Union.

Inebriate Asylum.

On the southwestern verge of the borough, Dr. Joseph Parrish, formerly of the "Training School," has established an asylum or retreat for inebriates, which is under the general supervision of the Citizens' Association of Pennsylvania. The building is furnished with the utmost elegance—with everything that convenience or comfort can suggest—while even musical instruments and other modes of amusement have been provided to make this an *attractive home* to all who may feel the necessity of seeking it in order to have effectual "aid and comfort" rendered them in their efforts to reform. The system is entirely on the voluntary principle, and the means adopted are the most effective that have yet been devised to reclaim the inebriate from a life of misery and degradation.

A farm of 107 acres of land has been purchased near Darby for the erection of buildings adapted especially to this purpose, but if the inhabitants of Media and vicinity offer sufficient inducements, the grounds will be sold and the buildings *permanently* located at that place. This is an opportunity to add to its prosperity that should not be lost. The enterprise of Dr. Parrish is a noble one, and should receive liberal pecuniary support from the friends of humanity everywhere. He has, so far, met with the most flattering appreciation of the utility of his scheme of reformation.

In the brief time that it has been opened *twelve* have entered the institution, which will not afford accommodations for more than twenty, although it is a large edifice. When the new buildings are erected they are expected to accommodate over one hundred and fifty persons. There are but two other institutions of this kind in the United States, one of which is at Boston, Mass., and the other at Binghamton, N. Y. Both have met with unexpected encouragement in their efforts in reclaiming the fallen inebriate. Out of two thousand who sought and received permission to enter the former, there were *fifty* per cent. who went away, in the course of a few weeks, *perfectly cured*. No information of even a single case of relapse into intemperate habits has as yet been brought to the notice of the board of managers. This result must be highly gratifying. The course of treatment, in the Media as in the Boston retreat, is intended to destroy the *inclination* to drink intoxicating beverages.

About a mile west of Media, and in full view from the railroad, is that immense and imposing structure, the Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-Minded Children. It will accommodate one hundred and sixty pupils, cost \$140,000,

and was built, in a great measure, by appropriations made by the State. It is in charge of Dr. J. N. Kerlin, a gentleman of fine literary attainments. The institution is in a flourishing condition.

One of the most extensive and varied views of the beautiful rolling country around Media is to be had from the summit of the steep hill upon which this Asylum for Idiots is placed. From the broad stone steps which ascend to the portion the eye may photograph long successions of hill and dale undulating into each other, and plaided with rich fields, which vary in color according to the kind and quality of the harvests. The asylum stands out from against a dusty background of forest, and the comparatively small number of trees in front intervene between the observer and the prospect he observes without intercepting the latter.

The road from Media, which is about a mile distant, is both a hilly and a sunny one, but is hedged in by plenty of greenery. The reward of the hot and toilsome passage is found in the perfection of the interior arrangements of the asylum, and the urbanity of the presiding physician and the matron.

When I called there this morning, however, in company with a friend, I was much disappointed to learn that the summer vacation had commenced on the previous Thursday, August 1, and would last six weeks. Consequently only a very few of the pupils were about. I did not see more than seven or eight. The institution is at present accommodating one hundred and sixty-two. This number appears to be the complement, as an application in favor of an epileptic imbecile had already been refused that morning.

Upon entering by the main door the visitor steps into a broad hall and thence into a reception-room opening upon the right hand side. An idiotic girl was in attendance, who vouchsafed no reply to repeated inquiries for the doctor, but remained seated and staring with a sort of lethargic curiosity, first at one of us and then at the other, and smiling secretly to herself. Presently the doctor entered, and ringing the bell requested the matron to be so good as to show us over the asylum. The doctor himself I should take to be a most humane and kind man, and his matron is a small and extremely neat lady, with a gentle voice, quiet manners, and, as far as opportunity permitted to judge, much tact.

The long corridor on the first floor opens upon several school-rooms and a gymnasium, as well as upon a number of bed-rooms and sitting-rooms. All of these rooms are light and cheerful, and some of the bed-rooms are hung with baskets and vases of natural flowers. In some of the bed-rooms there are as many as six or eight beds, but the rooms themselves are so spacious and well-ventilated that the charge of

over-crowding cannot be very vigorously sustained. It is on the school-rooms, however, and on the large hall up stairs, to which we have not yet come, that the visitor's chief praise will be lavished. The school-rooms are three in number, separated from each other by glass windows, the panes of the lowest two rows of which are opaque. The studies in these several rooms are graduated to the range of intellect discovered in the various pupils. The latter vary between all ages, "from children of five," as the matron happily observed, to "children of forty." There are very few cases in which nothing can be done. In the lowest school-room, or what might be termed the primary school, the studies resemble amusements more than anything else. Colored building-blocks give the beginner an idea of form and color; colored balls, on horizontal wires, further the same object, and add a little arithmetic. The cupboard in which the means of subsistence are kept in the primary school resembles the storehouse of a nursery. Playthings are the books of the idiot children who come here. Things fanciful and sportive are put before the purblind eyes of the mind to teach things useful and real. All the school rooms are hung with colored prints representing Scriptural, woodland, or household scenes. The corridors also are hung with painted mottoes, some of them Solomon's proverbs, and others with that mixture of worldly prudence in them which is not always inconsistent with divinity. In the secondary school studies a little higher in grade, such as geography, are taken up. In the third school-room there is a blackboard and an imitation clock, on which patients are taught to tell the time of day—a feat not always readily accomplished by intelligent children. A number of copy-books were shown us, in some of which were the results of years of effort on the part of pupils, and, I might add, of teachers also. One of the best-written sentences we noticed was, "We go home August 1, 1867." Perhaps the heart of the writer helped his hand. The gymnasium into which we were shown was furnished with two bowling alleys, somewhat out of repair, owing to the rough usage they had naturally experienced. Two idiot boys, apparently about eighteen and fourteen years of age, were the only occupants, and were lolling on a sort of settee improvised out of an unplanned plank. The matron seemed to think they would do better in the fresh air. To this they objected, and she managed to extract a good-natured guffaw out of them by the suggestion that, if they were at all ill, the doctor should administer an immediate dose of medicine. Beside the bowling alleys, the gymnasium was furnished with the usual array of exercising bars and ropes. The room itself is light and very lofty. Attendants are always present during the exercises.

In one of the sitting-rooms into which we were shown, four idiot girls were sitting. It was then a little after eleven in the morning. They were all young; the oldest about twenty, the youngest about fifteen. The one to whom we were especially introduced was reading a magazine, and, at the request of the matron, read aloud, and with some intelligence, a little poem entitled "Snow." In spite of some malformation or disfigurement of countenance, which gave a mashed appearance to the face, her expression was somewhat pleasing. She informed us that she was always good; that she never did anything bad. She made several rambling remarks about her brother, who she first said lived in England, and then that he lived in New York. She favored the gentleman who had allowed me to be his companion with a prolonged stare, of sufficient power; one would think, to photograph his features upon her mind for at least a century. She is in the habit of visiting one of the school-rooms, and of giving the most amazing answers to geographical questions. At the request of the matron she defined a desert, which she stated to be "a large tract of land on the Egyptian side of the Andes. Yes," she replied to further interrogatories, with a decisive shake of the head, "it's on the Sahara side of the desert." The three other idiot occupants meanwhile gazed on with grins expressive of charitable condolement of such deplorable ignorance! A book-case in the room was filled with pretty samples of needlework.

We bade farewell to the matron and the doctor, well pleased with a visit which cannot but be of interest to the visitor of intelligence and feeling. On leaving we stopped and spoke to a pensive-looking boy, of about thirteen, with fine blue eyes, and dark fringe of lashes, who blushed a little when spoken to, and was hardly got out of his pensiveness and solitude. He it was who had been five years learning to write.

(To be continued.)

THE VALUE OF GOOD MEN.

Although it is the design of the Gospel to produce moral excellence, yet its influence is so modified by the peculiar disposition and circumstances of the person through whom it acts, that we are often bound to concede that people are religious whom we do not regard pre-eminent for goodness. We look for an assemblage of graces where goodness is the distinguishing quality, which may not always be found, even where piety is admitted to exist. When we refer to a person as emphatically *good*, we imply that there is an unusual tenacity of moral purpose, great depth of moral feeling, largeness of benevolence, sweetness of disposition, as well as a most delicate perception of justice and propriety in all the relations of life. God

is profoundly revered, and man is tenderly loved—the soul is keenly alive to all the nobler and gentler calls of God and nature.

It must be conceded that the original constitution has much to do with the formation of such a character. We have known persons seemingly so happily tempered, in whom all the physical and mental functions appeared from childhood to operate with such admirable precision, that they could hardly help being good-natured; and undoubtedly good nature is the very best stock on which to graft moral goodness. Others, again, inherit by transmission a sort of virus in their blood and nerves which is an ever-disturbing force, rendering them morbid and restive—subjects of very difficult conquest, on whom the fruits of holiness are apt to grow, however large in size, yet a little acrid to the taste. Still, it is the province of grace and culture not only to work upon and through naturally healthful traits as favoring conditions of moral excellence, but also to rectify perversions by infusions of corrective power, which shall thoroughly renovate the character and secure the utmost consistency of spiritual growth. Under their joint influence, every one may maintain in exact proportions all the relative parts in the process of development, and attain that which may be fitly regarded the perfection of beauty—moral goodness.

Setting aside, however, what is possible to this or that particular person, it is the great worth of the good man to which we wish to bear witness. He is the very salt of society. And fortunately for almost all communities, at least one such man is to be found everywhere. He may or may not be the most prominent, the most wealthy, the best educated citizen of his neighborhood; but be his surroundings what they may, he is the centre of a distinct class of influences indispensable to the weal of society. He stands firm when others are yielding; the farthest removed from dishonest tricks, or heated strifes, he is a composer of differences. Always happy in the consciousness of his own integrity, he is calm when others around him are violent and alarmed; invariably careful in forming and expressing his opinions, his judgment is deferred to when the heats of passion have subsided, and men wish to ascertain the path of safety. One such person in a community, one such Christian in a church, is of more value than thousands of silver and gold. Great multitudes of people cannot have, in the strict sense, minds of their own. They either lack original capacity or training; and they must have some such man insensibly to think for them, to be their moral or spiritual guide. He becomes a reservoir which is constantly tapped for spiritual knowledge. Lesser and feebler souls take hold of his strength, and are held up by it. By the

riches of a single rich man, employed in manufacture or commerce, hundreds of poor families may live, and so there may issue from the heart of one good man streams of religious wealth which will nourish and indirectly sustain very many who are not so much producers as consumers in the religious world.

What the Church needs, what the world needs, is the multiplication of such men. We want not solid men, whose only solidity is in their masses of money, but men of solid virtue, whose fortunes and learning are the least for which they are distinguished, who carry with them a weight in their words and acts derived not from their bags of gold, but from their thoroughly understood and readily conceded moral integrity. To such truly good men we must look to enlarge the empire of piety, as to great men we look for the enlargement of the empire of speculative truth.—*The Methodist.*

NOTHING ought to wound an upright soul so much as falseness. But as God has not established us as correctors of the human race, and as charity ought to cover a multitude of sins, I should abstain from speaking of those of others. Because, if God had given them the grace that he has granted us, they might have been far better than we.

THE ANT LION.

I was going into a deep forest alone on foot, with my blanket, and food, and cooking utensils on my back. The day was very hot, and the road seemed very lonely and long. Just before plunging into the woods, I passed over a piece of land which some hunter's fire had burned over. Nothing was left but here and there a tall stump of a tree, blackened by the fire, and entirely dead, and now and then a great rock which had its covering all burned off, and which was left to be bleached in the sun, and to be pelted by the storms. Under the shadow of one of these huge rocks I sat down to rest. Every bird was still, and every leaf hung motionless on the trees, and the only sound to be heard was the murmur of a distant waterfall far away in the forest.

"I am now," I said to myself, "beyond the reach of men, and almost beyond animal life: I can't see a living thing moving: this is solitude!"

Just then I noticed something that caused the sand to fly up from the middle of my foot-path; and looking carefully at it, I soon satisfied myself what it was. It was a small insect that had burrowed down in the sand, and with his tail or some other apparatus (I could not see what) he was throwing up the sand fast and thick. How it flew! In a few minutes he had made for himself a hole about the size and depth of a large coffee-cup. It was shaped very

much like a coffee-cup, as nearly so as the dry sand would take that shape. The sand was dry in a few moments, and of course would very readily roll down into the centre. I had read of the creature, but had never seen one before. He was a little dark-looking fellow; and now he put himself in the very centre of his den, and pushing himself into the sand, there was nothing to be seen but a little black horn, as it appeared to be sticking out in sight. It looked as if it might be the point of a small rusty needle. This was the ant-lion, and that was his den.

After the sand was dry, and while the hunter was still buried in the sand, I had a specimen of his skill and power. A little red ant came running along, seeking food for herself and her young. So she climbed up on the rim of this sandy cup, and peeped over to see if she could see anything. Presently she seemed to suspect danger, and tried to scramble off. Alas! it was too late; the sands rolled under her feet, and down she went to the bottom; when in an instant that little black horn opened like a pair of shears, and "clip," and the poor ant had one leg cut off! Now she saw her danger, and struggled to mount up the sides. The lion did not move or show himself. He knew what he was about. And now the poor thing struggled to climb up; but one leg is gone, and she finds it hard work. But she has got *almost* to the top and almost out, when the sands slip, and down she rolls again to the bottom. "Clip," go the shears, and a second leg is gone.

She now seems terrified beyond measure, and struggles hard; but she gets up but a little way before she slips again, and another leg is off. She now gives up the struggle, and the lion devours her in a few minutes; and then, with a snap of his tail or paddle, throws the skin of the ant entirely out of the cup, and the trap is now set for another. A fly crept down to see what was smelling so good there; and again "clip," and his wing was off! and he was a second course of the dinner. I found several more such dens, and around them lay the skins of the dead, but the inside looked clean and innocent. There was no lion to be seen, but *the destroyer is there!* The dead are shoved out of sight.

O, ant-lion! you are a preacher to me. I now see how it is that our young men, as they walk over sandy places, have their feet slide. They go into the hotel. It is all fair and inviting. They take a glass of drink; and "clip," they are crippled. They will soon roll back and take another, every time the destroyer cutting off their power to escape. They go to places of sin, and know not that the dead are there! Ah! every fall makes the next easier, and the probability of escape less and less.

I see how it is with our children. They go into the street, they fall into bad company, and every profane word they hear, every improper word they use, every indelicate thought they allow, is like having a leg cut off; they go feebly, and can hardly escape ruin.

O, ant-lion! I wish all our children could see thee, so cunning for mischief, so cruel to thy victims, so much like that great lion, the wicked one, who seeketh "whom he may devour."—*Dr. Todd.*

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS' MOTHER.

"Twelve or fifteen years ago," says Ex-Governor Briggs, "I left Washington three or four weeks in the spring. While at home I possessed myself of the letters of Mr. Adams' mother, and read them with exceeding interest. I remember an expression in one of the letters addressed to her son, while yet a boy twelve years of age, in Europe. Said she, 'I would rather see you laid in your grave, than you should grow up a profane and graceless boy.'

"After returning to Washington, I went over and said to Mr. Adams: 'I have found out who made you!'"

"What do you mean?" said he.

"I replied, 'I have been reading the letters of your mother.'"

"Had I spoken of that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his dear mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly, or his face glowed more quickly, than did the eye and face of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner, and emphatically said: 'Yes, Mr. Briggs, all that is good in me I owe to my mother.'

"Oh, what a testimony was that from this venerable man to his mother, who had, in his remembrance, all the stages of his manhood! 'All that is good in me I owe to my mother!' Mothers, think of this when your bright-eyed little boy is about. Mothers make the first impressions upon their children, and these are the last to be effaced."—*The Moravian.*

USES OF PRAYER.—Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening.—*Henry.*

ITEMS.

The International Anti-Slavery Congress, composed of leading anti-slavery men of the world, commenced its sessions in Paris on the 20th ult. Large numbers of Americans, and many representatives of the African race, were present. One of the objects of the Congress is to prepare and adopt a memorial to all those powers which tolerate human slavery within their dominions, urging the total abolition of human bondage.

THE COOLIE TRADE and its abuses are exciting attention in China. The coolie trade at Macao is de-

clared by the British authorities at Hong Kong to be an organized slave trade. The emigration is not voluntary. The unhappy coolies are kidnapped and forced into slavery by traders. The only way to cope with the evil, it is thought, will be to prohibit coolie emigration altogether at Hong Kong, and the Chinese Government will be memorialized to that effect. So long as the emigration from Hong Kong continues, the Macao Government, it is said, will pretend that their trade is conducted under the same regulations.

The first train of cars has crossed Mount Cenis, from France to Italy. This event occurred even sooner than was generally expected, and gives evidence of the energy with which this great engineering project has been pushed. The spring or summer of 1870 will probably witness the completion of the tunnel.

A SMALL PIECE OF WORK.—A most curious and interesting model in the French exhibition, is that of the Rock and Fortress of Gibraltar, with a fleet of ships lying in the harbor. This fleet consists of a ship of the line, a frigate and a steam corvette, a brig and a schooner, every spar and rope being represented; and yet the hulls of these little vessels were constructed out of less than the tenth part of a cherry stone. The Rock and Fortress of Gibraltar are in the same proportions, and the noble structure can be covered over with a florin.—*American Agriculturist.*

A BREAD-MAKING MACHINE is said to be the latest New England invention. This machine, according to description, consists of a deep bread pan, within which two polished iron rollers are made to revolve by means of a crank and gearing, in such a way as to mix the materials and aerate and knead the dough in the most thorough manner. The materials are put in and the crank is turned for about ten minutes, and the dough is ready for rising, or for the oven, according to its kind. The machine cleans itself, and there is no necessity for touching the dough with the hands till it is ready to be transferred to the pans for baking. The machine, it is claimed, will knead cake and pastry quite as well as bread.

SILK FROM FISHES' EGGS.—M. Joly, as we learn from the Chemical News, has discovered in the eggs of fishes of the family of the Salaciens (the ray) that their external envelope is formed of a very close tissue, composed of an infinite number of delicate filaments, which are easily removed and separated. Once drawn out, they possess the appearance, color and finish of cocoon silk, serving without trouble for tissue of ordinary silk or silk wad. The interior of the egg contains an albuminous, white substance, which can serve usefully in competition with the white of hens' eggs for printing on tissues. They contain a considerable quantity, as each one weighs on an average 240 grammes, about 7½ ounces.

METEORS.—M. Danubrée, who has been investigating the specimens of meteorites in the Paris collection, divides all the meteorites into two primary groups—Siderites and Asiderites—the former being characterized by the presence of metallic iron, and the latter by its absence. The Asiderites contain one group only, which is termed Asideres. The Siderites are divided into two sections: in the first the specimens do not enclose stony particles, and in this we find the group of Holosideres; in the second both iron and stony matter are present. This, then, includes two groups: Syssideres, in which the iron is seen as a continuous mass, and Sporadosideres, in which the iron is present in the form of scattered grains.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From the Spectator.

THE TAYLORS OF ONGAR.*

These volumes are worth looking at carefully. We use the words "looking at" deliberately. A few may find reading them through both pleasant and profitable, a far larger class will gladly make themselves acquainted with the first volumes, and there are others, perhaps, who, with ourselves, will be led carefully to study both (not without a consciousness that the task is somewhat irksome), from a desire fully to follow out the trains of thought they suggest. Here, in these pages, the author of the *Physical Theory of Another Life*, and the inventor of more than one skilful mechanical device, with his sister, the well known Jane Taylor, live before us. Seldom long separated from each other, all their earlier lives spent in the most intimate interchange of thought, one has scarcely passed from amongst us, whilst the voice of the other has been silent for more than forty years; and as we look from the one to the other, and read these fragments from a pen that from one generation to another in this family seems to have been never idle, we see that in the interval of that short forty years a silent revolution, mightier than the one which marked their earlier years, has taken place among us. The *Essays in Rhyme* may rest on our shelves beside Cowper or Young, *Display* beside *Decision*, but we look at them as at some

quaint Dutch pictures, which have a certain realism of their own, and yet touch no chord to which our own lives respond. Was it a healthy life, this religious life of seventy years ago? A strange, silent beauty rests on it now, like the calm on a dead man's face. The quiet home in Lavenham, where "a handsome dwelling with spacious garden well stocked with fruit," were to be had for 6*l.* a year; where the mother read aloud at meals, and no moment in the day was suffered to be lost; where the winter months pass in unbroken quiet; yet the days in their well filled order did not seem monotonous; where the mornings were spent by the girls in what would now be called household drudgery, but which with them seems only to have left them fresher for the evening's work, the writing of those verses which have been the delight of more than one generation of children since, and are likely to last when the essays of maturer years have been long forgotten. That Jane Taylor's stories and essays found so wide and eager a reception proved she was the exponent of the thoughts of many at that time. There had already begun the reaction from the fierce infidelity and careless libertinism of the eighteenth century, a strong desire, not after a higher life exactly—that was to follow—but after a sense of completeness, satisfaction, roundness, as it were, in the daily routine, and men, but more especially women, who never dreamed of eternal life as a thing already begun, who had not the faintest perception that Christ revealed more

* *The Taylors of Ongar*. Edited by the R.-v. Isaac Taylor, M.A. London: Jackson, Walford & Hodder.

than divines taught, nevertheless believed in duty as a grand principle, leading along a straight road to a desirable though unknown goal. And the school was not a despicable one. The women at least learned much a later generation seems in some danger of forgetting, the children nursed in it have some of them outlived it, but we should like to be sure the present age will produce equally fine specimens of character,—men who, when their English is rusty, will have their honor bright,—women who, when their hair is white, will still find men the better for their presence. We have learned to despise a story with a moral, to believe that,—

"Liberal applications lie
In Art as Nature, dearest friend;
So 'twere to cramp its use, if I
Should hook it to some useful end."

We have done with "Mirrors and Looking-Glasses," are tired, in short, of looking at our own small selves, begin to think we are, after all, but atoms in a universe, the resources of which are daily opening more widely to our view. It is a higher, at least, a wider life, but we return to look again at the pioneers who cut the way to it for us, through many a huge impediment. These Taylors were amongst them, not in the van, but steadily doing the work. One of the earliest amongst them who took "the family pen" into his hand, Charles Taylor, the well read editor of *Calmet*, uncle to Isaac Taylor, of Stanford Rivers, is well sketched in these volumes. The "artist scholar," to whom work was play, and rest work, "teeming with repressed energy," so repressed, he seems to have turned some key upon his deeper intellectual nature when he left his study, and never at the family table discoursed of the matters wherewith his brain was teeming. His table talk, says his biographer, "was an instance in illustration of Talleyrand's reply to an impertinent physician, who had tried to lead him into State affairs, 'Sir, I never talk of things that I understand.'" To the last he loved his work, but shrank from the fame which attended it. We gather from this sketch that Mr. C. Taylor, engraver, was to be found at home, but the editor of *Calmet* nowhere.

The chief interest of the book, however, centres around Jane Taylor, and it is almost as the antiquarian looks at some ancient-seeming coin, whose modern date he more than half suspects, that we look at these letters of not yet fifty years ago. The names are the familiar names of places and people yet among us, but the style, which had lasted many a long year, has passed away for ever; a wilder life, quicker travelling, and cheap postage have rendered impossible the long sententious letters which were the delight of the last century.

In one of Jane Taylor's letters she gives an amusing clue to the success which attended her

Hymns for Infants. "My method was to shut my eyes and imagine the presence of some pretty little mortal, and then endeavor to catch, as it were, the very language it would use on the subject before me, and I have failed so frequently, because so frequently I was compelled to say, 'Now you may go, my dear, I shall finish the hymn myself.'" And so quietly working, a life touched with many lines of sadness slipped away, not without leaving its mark.

The "family pen," which has never been suffered to drop, is now in the hands of one, who, though the editor, never introduces himself in these volumes. But there is poetry in the sternest lines of his most simple prose, and in the hour when "life is all retouched again," there will be many a bright thread woven in with a blessing on the pen that told the story of the children of Bethnal Green.

A FIRM faith is the best theology; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physic.

An Address delivered at the request of the Teachers of Friends' First-day School in Baltimore, on the occasion of closing the School for the Summer, 5th mo. 27th, 1866,
BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

Continued from page 422.

4th. Always make the head save the heels. Have system in all your engagements, and think before and while acting, so that you will not have to undo what you have done, or go back for something left behind; or ride or walk some distance to attend to business which you could have attended to very conveniently before "if you had only thought of it." This thinking of the right thing at the right time, is one great point to be aimed at in mental discipline.

5th. Never let any preconceived opinions, prejudices, notions or theories, close the avenues of your minds against reviewing Truth, when it is plainly before you, or easily within your reach. The celebrated astronomer, Huyghens, who discovered the rings of the planet Saturn, and one of its satellites, like many others of the philosophers of his day, had a theory of the Harmony of the Universe, or the Harmony of the Spheres, and believed that in order for this harmony, there should be as many satellites or moons as there were planets. There were then six known planets, including our earth, viz: Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn; and after Galileo discovered the four satellites or moons of the planet Jupiter, the Earth's moon, with Jupiter's four, made five moons, so that Huyghens thought, when he discovered the one moon to Saturn, making six—as many satellites as there were planets—that the harmony was complete, and that there were

no more. This erroneous preconceived opinion closed his eyes from seeing the other satellites which were around Saturn in telescopic view before him, and some of them as distinct as the one he noted, and thus prevented him from having the gratification and merit of discovering at least some of the other seven satellites which that planet is now known to have. Le Sage, in his introduction to Gil Blas, relates a circumstance replete with instructive interest, which I will relate. "Two scholars, on their way from Pennafeld to Salamanca, being thirsty and fatigued, sat down by a spring they met with on the road. Here, while they rested themselves, after having quenched their thirst, they perceived upon a stone that was even with the surface of the earth, some letters, already half effaced by time and the feet of the flocks that came to water at the fountain. Having washed the stone off, they read these words in the Castilian language: 'Here is interred the soul of the licentiate, Peter Garcias.' The younger of the two students, being pert and conceited, no sooner read this inscription than he cried with a loud and ironical laugh, 'A good joke, truly! Here is *interred the soul!* A *soul* (which is a spirit) interred! entombed! Who could be the author of such a wise epitaph?' So saying, he got up and went off self-satisfied. His companion, who was blessed with a greater share of penetration, said to himself, 'There is certainly some mystery in this affair. [It must mean something.] I'll stay in order to unriddle it.' Accordingly, his comrade was no sooner out of sight, than he began to dig with his knife all round the stone, and succeeded so well that he got it up, and found beneath it a leathern purse, *heavy with gold*, and a card, on which was written the following sentence in Latin: 'Whosoever thou art who has *wit enough* to discover the meaning of the inscription, *inherit my money*, and make a better use of it than I have done.' The student, rejoicing at his good fortune, walked home to Salamanca with the 'soul of the Licentiate.'"

Now, whenever you hear or read anything that seems to be the result of care, like the engraving on this stone, think of the students of Salamanca. Don't turn away because it is difficult, or seems to conflict with some of your previous notions, but conclude it *must mean something*, and set your minds to work to discover what its meaning is, and your research will many times be rewarded with what is more valuable even than a purse of gold. This was the course of the wise Newton, in regard to an announcement of Ritcher, in 1672, who had taken a clock which kept exact time in Paris to Cayenne, on the coast of Guiana, in South America, near the Equator, where he found it to run too slow. The statement of Ritcher was ridiculed by many, who said a clock went by

wheel-work, and the motion *must* be the same in one part of the world as in another—the same at Cayenne as at Paris—so that if it kept good time at the latter place, it *must* do so at the former. But Newton, like the student of Salamanca, who gained the golden prize, reasoned thus—"Ritcher is a man of observation and veracity. He has stated as a fact what can be easily tested by experiment, and thus periled his reputation, which he would not do lightly. Now does any cause exist in nature that could produce such a result as Ritcher has announced?" This led him into an investigation which resulted in the grand discovery, that the earth was not a perfect sphere, as had been supposed from the time Julius Cæsar invaded Great Britain, about a half century before the Christian era, to the time of this discovery of Newton, a period of more than 1700 years; but that the surface of the earth deviates below that of a sphere, more and more as we go from the equator both ways, till at the poles the depression is some twelve and a half miles. This causes the force of gravity to increase, and consequently a body to fall faster, and a pendulum to vibrate in less and less time, and thus makes a clock run faster, as we go from the equator to the poles—from Cayenne to Paris—so that Newton, by his wisdom and penetration, was rewarded with a richer treasure than a purse of gold—the discovery of a great and eternal truth.

6th. *Examine a subject from all practicable points of view.* Many disputes arise in consequence of the disputants having occupied different stand points in reviewing the question they are discussing, when, if they would only interchange positions, each would see that the other was as observant and truthful as himself; and this would tend to accumulate absolutely correct information, as well as to inculcate forbearance, liberality and respect for the opinions of those who may differ in sentiment from us. (This was illustrated by viewing a cylinder opposite its end and side—one presenting a circle, the other a long rectangle. A flute will answer well.)

7th. *Be cautious*, when you are describing or imagining things with which you are not fully and practically acquainted, that *you are not led into error*, by supposing that the things and circumstances to which you are accustomed exist alike everywhere. "When the king of Siam, a country where water never freezes, was told by a Dutch traveller, that in Holland, where the winters are very cold, at certain seasons of the year water becomes so solid that an elephant might walk over it, the king replied, 'I have believed many extraordinary things which you have told me, because I took you for a man of truth; but now I am convinced that you lie!' This confidence in one's own experience as the

test of probability, characterises a mind that is confined in its views and limited in its acquirements."*

The king of Siam ignorantly thought that water must be *everywhere* as it was in Siam, where it would not permit him to walk on it at any season of the year, let alone an *elephant*.

An anecdote somewhat similar was related by Halliday Jackson in regard to the Indians, among whom he spent some time near the Ohio river. The Indians admire that river—the name Ohio in their language means beautiful. Sitting with them on its banks one day, an Indian expatiated on its great beauty, and asked Halliday if they had any such rivers in his country. It must be remembered, in order to understand the remarks that followed, that there are no *tide-water rivers* in the west, causing the water to flow sometimes in one way and sometimes in another; but the Ohio, Sciota, Mississippi, and all the rivers those Indians ever knew, flow always in the same direction. Halliday answered, that the principal rivers in his country (in the neighborhood of Philadelphia) were not exactly like the Ohio—the water in them flowed part of every day in *one way*, and part of the day the *other way*, or back again. The Indian considered the subject for sometime in silence, and then turned to Halliday, and inquired, "Do you say that in your country the water in your rivers runs part of the day *so*, (motioning with his hands down the stream,) and part of the day *so*, (motioning up the stream with his hands, in order to be sure that he had the right idea.)" Halliday replied, "Yes, that is what I say." "That's a lie," says the Indian. Like the king of Siam, he did not believe a state of things could exist *anywhere* different from what existed at home, or what he had been familiar with; which is a great and common barrier to the acquisition and extension of practical information.

Although I have dwelt upon this point perhaps unduly long already, I will make another brief reference to the same source of error, under a different phase, by a person of great intelligence. The poet Campbell, in the first chapter of his "Pleasures of Hope," when describing the adventures of the navigator Byron in Chiloe, on the western coast of South America, in a little over forty degrees of *south* latitude, says he

"Pierced the deep woods, and hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet, and the Northern Star,"

when the north star cannot be seen south of the equator; and to Byron, at the time Campbell was describing, it was, permanently, at least *forty degrees below his horizon*. But Campbell, being used to regarding this star as a guide to seamen in *north* latitudes, where he was writing,

was led into the error of supposing that the same thing existed in all parts of the world.

I have thus far spoken of the mind, with some hints for its culture. But we have not only *minds*, but *bodies*. Indeed, the primary fact, the foundation principle in regard to our natures, is, that we are *threefold beings*, possessed of body, mind and soul, or spirit; and that these should all receive their proper development, and be preserved, singly and collectively, in a harmonious condition. This is what constitutes *true health*. The term health is in such common use, and its meaning supposed to be so well understood, that it does not seem to require a specific definition. Dr. Johnson, however, on a certain occasion, in conversation with Boswell, who afterwards became his biographer, defined *happiness*, an equally familiar word, and gave its definition to be, "*a multiplicity of agreeable consciousness*." I wish you to remember this definition;—it is so full and expressive, and it is not in his Dictionary, or any other—"*A multiplicity of agreeable consciousness*."

Encouraged by this proceeding of Dr. Johnson, some years ago, when I was about to prepare for Sandy Spring Lyceum a Lecture on that subject, I framed this definition of health, that "Health is a harmonious condition of the multiplied dependencies of the *Physical System*." Remembering how unfavorably the bodily health is affected by certain conditions of the mind, as in anger, fear, sorrow, gloom or depression, anguish, despair, remorse, it will be seen conspicuously that true health consists in a harmonious condition of the multiplied dependencies of the physical system.

The primary fact upon which what I have now to say to you rests, is, as before remarked, that man is a threefold being—animal, intellectual and spiritual—and that true and sound health requires the proper development and harmonious condition of all these. At their original creation, the body was not degraded and the others exalted, as is so frequently the case at the present day; but all were pronounced good—*very good*—and received *alike* the blessing of the Creator.

What is not much valued is liable to be neglected and abused, and this is too much the case with the corporeal part of our constitution. The incessant injunction to the young is, cultivate the *mind*; develop, train and strengthen the intellectual faculties; and, although this is all right in its place, it is often done without the least regard to the requirements of the body; and, indeed, frequently at their permanent sacrifice. If the healthful and proper care of the animal system were urged upon children by their parents with that earnestness which a heartfelt conviction of their importance would inspire, and equal to the attention required to be given to daily occupations, literature and

* Abercrombie's Intellectual Philosophy.

science, what a beneficial effect would be produced.

Children, particularly boys, are frequently pushed on in their mathematics, classics, philosophy, chemistry and other studies, without any reference whatever to health, or even having been taught to sit, stand or walk, *properly*—that is, in the way good health requires. They may come to understand astronomy and chemistry, and to possess many intellectual attainments, but what do these avail, if they are all lost to the world, by the premature breaking of the delicate casket in which the precious treasure is contained, for want of a due regard to the laws of health?

It is a great mistake to think that a highly cultivated mind does not require a strong vigorous body in order for its complete exercise, and the accomplishment of its full amount of useful labor in its particular department. It is true, the intellect may be very bright, and the mind highly cultivated, in an exceedingly frail bodily tenement; and the intellectual powers may indeed seem even brighter by contrast than the same talents and attainments in a robust body; but these bright powers need the strong physical constitution in order to secure that enduring effort, which is essential to render such talents and acquirements of their full benefit to mankind. In how many lamented instances has the frail, undeveloped physical system given way in the midst of its useful career, letting the possessors of the brightest intellects down into the tomb, before they had reached the meridian of life—their sun setting in the morning; when, with proper regard to the laws of health, they might have been enabled to perform their full journey, and to cheer, instruct and bless their race. To have the body properly cared for, we must study its value and capabilities. Who among us ever sufficiently estimates the wonderful and complicated structure of this ingenious fabric—this most perfect locomotive machine, with which each of us is furnished, that has been beautifully likened to a harp with a thousand strings, and every string when kept in tune capable of vibrating enjoyment only to its possessor.

To use the modern mode of estimating all things—that is, by dollars and cents—let us see the aggregate cost of the best *substitutes* that have been contrived for *real* limbs and other needful appliances.

Now, a good pair of artificial legs, like the one worn by Santa Anna, and captured by Gen. Houston in Mexico, with nicely adjusted springs in the insteps and toes, costs \$400.*

* From a Report made to Congress in 1866, it appears that Government had provided 6075 artificial limbs to soldiers—2134 arms, 3784 legs, 44 hands, 9 feet, and 104 other appliances. The cost was 357,720 dollars.

A pair of similar arms, 800 dollars; a pair of artificial eyes, 200 dollars; a set of teeth, 100 dollars: so that leaving out the cost of artificial ears, noses, and covering for the head for those “who have no hair where the hair used to grow,” we have 1000 dollars at least which we bear constantly about us in *war* persons. What the value of the *real* limbs and eyes is, in comparison with the artificial ones, I leave my young friends to estimate for themselves. But if we had a delicate piece of complicated machinery, valued at even 1000 dollars, would we be likely to subject it to the exposed, rough and careless treatment that we often unnecessarily do our bodies? and if we did, would it be any marvel if it was occasionally, or even frequently out of order?

As remarked a learned writer,* “For the continuance of life a thousand provisions are made. Men cannot draw a breath without the exercise of sensibilities as well ordered as those of the eye and ear. A tracery of nervous cords unites many organs in sympathy, of which, if one single filament were broken, pain and spasm and suffocation would ensue. The action of the heart and the circulation of the blood, and all the vital functions, are governed through means and by laws which are not dependent upon our wills, and to which the powers of our minds are altogether inadequate.”

Such is the machine, its delicacy, its value and grandeur, which each one of us possesses! Yet it is scarcely, by any, sufficiently appreciated. With some, the body is so over-worked, while even young in years, all its muscles so strained, and the system so frequently exposed to wet, cold, loss of sleep, and almost every hardship, to the neglect of the mind and *higher* nature, and the almost total disregard of the laws of health, that they are stiffened and worn out before the period of life at which they should be in their prime. Instead of pursuing business in a manner to promote health, as could and ought always to be done in every proper employment, how often is the health sacrificed to business, and the corporeal remains of the brightest and loveliest followed and mourned to an untimely grave.

In the estimation of others—and to how many of us will this apply?—the *mind alone* is the measure of the man. Intellect, intellect, intellect, is the great desideratum, first and last. Cerebral or intellectual development in *excess* is not the normal condition of man. If this excess exists in parents, it is unfavorable to vigorous constitutions of their children. Hence the number of those most highly cultivated intellects who have left no children; or, if any, they are often below mediocrity, both intel-

* Bell on the Hand, in the Bridgewater Treatise, page 17.

lectually and physically. The triple compound must be maintained in proper balance. A penalty attaches to every infringement of the laws of our constitution.

(To be continued.)

FALSE PLEASURES.—Pleasure which cannot be obtained but by unseasonable and unsuitable expense, must always end in pain; and pleasure which must be enjoyed at the expense of another's pain can never be such as a worthy mind can fully delight in.—*Johnson*.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 3.

PERTH, 7th month, 1866.

A rainy "Scotch Sunday" in this ancient town of Perth gives us a little time for writing to our friends at home. We have met in our travels a great deal to exceed anything we have in America in abstract beauty and high cultivation, a great part of which is owing, of course, to the genial climate of England and to the abundance and cheapness of labor. Some of our drives through the rural lanes in the neighborhood of the Lakes were perfectly bewitching in their loveliness. On the afternoon of the 1st of the present month, we set off in an open carriage, a delightful mode of travelling for short distances, to Keswick, 17 miles, on the shore of Derwent Water, and after a splendid drive of two hours through the same charming scenery we had been enjoying for some time past, over the foot of Helvellyn, and in sight of many lovely little waterfalls, we reached the top of the hill overlooking Keswick, and I think we have scarcely seen a more beautiful picture than lay spread out before us. The Lake is considered one of the finest in England, and the surrounding landscape, united with the softening effect of the evening shadows, made the whole scene one of surpassing harmony and loveliness. As we drove along we were attracted by a large turretted building not far off, which we of course imagined to be the residence of some illustrious noble of the land, and were beginning to invest the place with a great many imaginary and romantic charms, when we found ourselves gradually approaching its entrance, and soon discovered it was a very handsome hotel to which we had been directed. It was splendidly situated, commanding a most extensive prospect, and we were so fortunate as to secure very comfortable rooms, and after taking our tea, we spent the remainder of the evening at the windows enjoying the beautiful prospect, until the scene was varied by the approach of a heavy thundergust. Next day was dull and showery, but being able to enjoy so much without leaving the house, there was not much philosophy required to reconcile us to remaining in it for the day. We found time

between the showers for a walk to the Lake and through the village. The former is exquisitely lovely. The next day was still rainy, so we decided, though with great regret, to go on to Edinboro. We left the mountains and their fine scenery behind us, and hoped it had been the same with the clouds, but after a few hours of sunshine, they lowered around us again, as thickly as ever, and we were beginning to wonder if this kind of weather is really the best that Scotland has to offer us—though now the sun is again shining, and we are going out for a walk to see the house where once lived the "fair maid of Perth," immortalized by Scott, and some other places made memorable by the occurrence of important historical events.

As we approached the northern boundary of England we observed a marked difference in the appearance of the people as well as the country, and no longer saw traces of the neatness that had struck us so forcibly farther south. The peculiar Scottish costume we have as yet seen little of. In Edinboro we selected a very good hotel, close to the monument of Walter Scott, and commanding a view which probably gives a better idea of the city, both old and new town, than could have been commanded anywhere else. It is kept somewhat in the American style, with a public table for breakfast and dinner and a ladies sitting room, which, as we are out most of the time, we concluded to make use of instead of taking a private parlor, as is our usual custom. Next morning walked to Holyrood Palace, on our way going into the house once occupied by John Knox—a strange old building, containing some curious relics. We saw his study—sat on his chair and were shown the window from which he used to preach. We then went into White house close (or court) in which stands the oldest Hostellerie in the town, and which is famous as the stopping place of Dr. Johnson when in Edinboro. At Holyrood we had a most interesting visit, and I could scarcely believe that we really stood on the spot that poor Queen Mary had made so memorable—that we actually saw her chamber—her bed, all that remained of her blankets, (a piece about 18 inches square)—her work-box covered with her own embroidery, and the baby basket sent her as a present by Queen Elizabeth at the birth of her son James the VI.—that we stood too in the little room where she and her favorite Rizzio were supping the night of his assassination, and were shown the secret door by which the murderers entered. The stone on which she and Darnley knelt at their marriage is also preserved here, as is the Queen's private altar-piece, and they all seemed invested, as we gazed on them, with a charm and reality which we could not dispute. The chapel is now only a ruin, but a very grand and

noble one, and we could readily see traces of its former magnificence, and believe in all the sad and strange histories connected with it in days that are past. Our next visit was to "The Castle"—Edinboro's magnificent castle; and we were certainly not disappointed. No one could be, it seems to me, no matter how high their expectations may have been. It is indeed a most wonderful structure, and situation and all considered, it is not at all remarkable that it should have been so long and so completely impregnable. The view from the battlements was extensive and beautiful, commanding the city and many miles of the surrounding country. We were shown many things, possessing no abstract interest, but interesting from their historical associations. The crown jewels had been kept concealed for more than a century, from political motives, until in 1817 the king ordered the chest containing them to be opened, and they have ever since been exhibited freely to the public. In returning from the castle, we walked through some of the "Closets," and saw enough filth and squalor and degradation to make us almost sick. I do not wish any of our Friends to see what we did, but I believe no one could imagine the reality, without having done so, or conceive the horrible condition of the inmates of these miserable alleys. They are apparently stowed away as closely as they can possibly live, and we saw proofs of entire disregard not only of all cleanliness, but of common decency, and the air in some of them was so terribly foul, that we were glad to escape with a very slight glimpse. It is indeed astonishing how they can live and thrive, as they appear to, in such an atmosphere—and thrive they certainly do—every one looking strong and healthy, and the swarms of children all rosy and bright, as far as we could see through the dirt. Later in the day, we drove through what is called Cow Gate, confessedly the *worst part* of Edinboro, and really what we had before seen was as nothing to this. Throughout the entire length of the street, many squares, and only wide enough for our carriage, was one constant succession of miserable pictures, composed of every variety we could suppose possible of human depravity, and I shuddered to think how much more there was behind those dingy walls than what met our eyes in passing rapidly by them. We were all conscious, I believe, of a sensation of relief when we at last emerged into a brighter and purer air. The recollections of our drive dwelt with us longer than we liked, interfering with our usual sleep. As an antidote to all this, we took a drive up to Salisbury Crag and the far famed "Arthur's Seat." The latter we had to ascend on foot, and we were perfectly charmed by the splendor of the views from the summit. Edinboro, with her wonderful Castle and Holyrood Palace, and

Caulton Hill, with its monuments and miles of lovely country scenery spread around the whole, made one of the most perfect panoramas the eye could possibly desire. After admiring it as long as it seemed prudent to remain, we scrambled down and re-entered our carriage for home. Next morning visited, among many others, the monument of Robert Burns, which we entered, and saw a number of his original letters and other interesting relics of the past—all of which were shown and explained by a venerable Scotchman just fitted for his vocation and full of enthusiasm about his talented countryman. We next examined the rich and magnificent monument to Walter Scott. It is 200 feet in height, but we did not ascend it, preferring a drive through some parts of the city we had not yet seen. The streets are broad and elegant, reminding us of some of the finest in London, but very quiet. Edinboro is indeed a beautiful city, if we see only one side of the picture—most travellers, I suppose, do so; we were unfortunately undeceived. In the morning we took cars to Kinross, a small town on Loch Leven, where we were ferried across to the Castle by a very intelligent man, who was full of enthusiasm in the cause of poor Queen Mary, and told us many things that added greatly to the interest of this melancholy ruin.

(To be continued.)

REJOICE ALWAYS.

A man may lose all things, in the common acceptation of the term, and yet be exceedingly happy, and blessed of God. A man may be stripped of property, a man may be bereft of friends, a man may lose his health, a man may have the way of usefulness blocked up to him; and yet, he may experience a happiness that is indescribable, if he only has left this thought: "Heaven cannot be touched."

Are there, then, those that suffer in their faithfulness, are conquering in their sufferings, and rising above them? Are there others that in the performance of duty know not only how to labor, but how to speak and bear witness, "I can do something more—I can refuse to labor?" Are there others that know how to gather and administer property, but who can bear witness, "I know also how to do more than that,—I know how to walk unclothed, and lose not one particle of my joy and peace and manhood, and be stronger, more hopeful and more songful than I ever was before?" Are there others that know how to walk in unhealth and pain, and yet be so penetrated with faith and prayer and love that their life is more radiant in sickness than the life of ordinary men of the world is in health? Are there those that know how to administer in the realm of affection, but that, by bereavements and infelicities of life, have learned how to dismise love, and go widowed

and solitary, and how to do it with such a sweet and noble temper that all men see that they are more lovely without love than they ever were when they were enthroned in its midst? Are there those in the battle of life who are tempted, and who overcome the temptation? Are there men that are bankrupt, and that are walking in obscure places, and that remember the promises of God? Be faithful to Christ; be faithful to the truth; be faithful to your honor and integrity; be faithful to heaven, that is nearer than when you believed; be faithful to all right things that you have been taught; be faithful in the discharge of every duty; and then rejoice. And when you cannot rejoice anywhere else, rejoice in the Lord. Rejoice in the Lord anyhow. Rejoice in wealth; rejoice in health; rejoice in pleasure; rejoice in love; rejoice in activity; and above all rejoice in the Lord; and then, when reverses come, and troubles pass upon you, and these other things fade away, your joy in the Lord will stand up like Mount Sinai, that never shall be moved. H. W. B.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 14, 1867.

RELIGIOUS CONFERENCES.—The views we expressed in a recent number of this paper, on the subject of religious conversation, are applicable, in most respects, to those more public interchanges of thought and feeling which may be termed religious conferences. Some worthy members of our Society feel apprehensive that meetings of this class, which have been held in various places, will not conduce to the spiritual advancement of those engaged in them, nor to the harmony of the body. This feeling, we think, arises, in most cases, from a dread of all innovation, and a supposition that such meetings are without precedent among our predecessors. It appears, however, that deeply concerned Friends of a former generation were led to hold religious communion with each other for the same purpose, and at other times than those appointed for public worship or church discipline.

In the Journal of Job Scott, under date 1783, we find the following passage, viz:

"A number of well concerned Friends of this Monthly Meeting, from a desire of good to themselves, and to promote the good of Society, having for sometime a desire to meet together, at seasons, solidly to confer together upon such subjects as might appear profitable, did, some

time past, make a beginning. We have met divers times, and have been, at several of these seasons, baptized into death, or such creaturely abasement as not to be able, for a considerable length of time, to move forward on any subject. But as we have lain low, and been willing to be with Christ in his depression, his agony, his death, and his burial, we have been livingly raised with him in his resurrection, into newness of divine life, and have sensibly known him to be 'the resurrection and the life' to and in our own souls. Then have we gone forward rejoicing, he going before us. Divers important matters have been the subjects of these our religious conferences. We have had much solid satisfaction in them, and a belief has been sealed on our minds that such opportunities are very profitable, and might be highly promotive of the welfare of Society, if rightly encouraged and attended, in the several Monthly Meetings; and, perhaps, in some places, members from several Monthly Meetings might usefully attend such conferences."

The benefit to be derived from such meetings will depend upon the manner and the spirit in which they are conducted. It is not to be supposed that sincere seekers after truth and righteousness, who are led to confer with each other, or to wait upon the Author of our being, in a devotional frame of mind, will fail to receive edification and comfort. On such occasions the reading of the Scriptures, and other religious books, may, with the Divine blessing, be made instrumental to promote the object intended, by furnishing food for thought and increasing spiritual knowledge. A vacant mind is not the state best adapted for religious growth,—there must be something for the Divine gift to act upon,—as when the prophet was about to bestow a blessing upon the widow who cried to him for aid, he asked, "What hast thou in the house?" And when he found she had a pot of oil, he made use of that as the means to relieve her and her children. In like manner, when the blessed Jesus was about to feed the people who had followed him into a desert place, he queried, "How many loaves have ye?" and the five loaves and two fishes, which a lad had brought thither, were multiplied.

He who is intent upon the acquisition of

"treasure in heaven," should be so far passive as to receive without opposition the impressions made by Divine grace, and so far active as to move forward cheerfully, and put in practice all that he knows to be good.

From information received, it appears that in several places where religious conferences have been held, they have been satisfactory to those engaged in them. A letter we have recently received from a Friend in West Chester county, New York, gives an encouraging account of "Circulating Meetings," held there for religious improvement. She says, "They seem to be owned by the Great Head of the Church, whose presence has been sensibly felt to the contriving of many hearts." At one of these meetings, held at a Friend's house, "the 20th chapter of Matthew was read, and all were invited to express their feelings freely. At the close of an interesting conversation a Psalm was read, followed by silence and a religious opportunity, which had a cementing influence, binding heart to heart. Both Societies of Friends came together, and our Methodist neighbors came and sat with us, and all were alike interested, and took part in the subjects that came before the meeting." Our correspondent further informs us, that "their young people, having become deeply interested in promoting the cause of truth, have gathered the poor children into First-day schools, or rather the rich and the poor meet together; for the Lord is the Maker of them all. It is astonishing to see the interest that is manifested by both teachers and scholars, for he that watereth shall himself be watered."

Our religious organization was intended, not to restrain, but to encourage, those who are "zealous of good works;" for "where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." We would merely suggest to those engaged in religious conferences, that the great points to be kept in view, are, the increase of spiritual knowledge, and the fostering of a devotional spirit; avoiding debates that do not tend to edification or comfort.

DIED, at Fallsington, Pa., on First day evening, 4th of Eighth month, 1867, STEPHEN WOOLSTON, in the 86th year of his age. He was a good citizen, honored, respected and beloved; cherishing a kindly feeling for every one, and bearing malice towards none, with a disposition so cheerful and winning

that it made and kept friends. In the domestic circle he was the tender husband and kind father, and his children fail to remember one harsh or unkind word from him. Beneath the innocent mirthfulness which was so pleasantly characteristic of him, there dwelt a deep and sincere religious feeling, which tempered and colored all the acts of his life. A member of Falls Monthly Meeting for more than sixty years, he was constant and punctual in attendance, imparting a weight and dignity to its assemblages, the loss of which will be long felt. His life ended fitly and beautifully; all his kindly traits shone brightly and tenderly to the last. There were no complaints—no murmurs; only a sweet peaceful consciousness of change, from which faith took away all fear, and hope all regret.

DIED, on the 5th of Ninth month, 1867, CATHERINE H., widow of Charles H. Mattson, in her 42d year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

—, on the evening of Ninth month 5th, 1867, ELIZA, widow of Thomas C. Barnes, in her 76th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

—, on the 5th of Ninth month, 1867, in Camden, N. J., ELIZA, wife of John C. Sloan.

—, on Sixth-day morning, Ninth month 6th, 1867, at his residence, Germantown, THOMAS B. LONGSTRETH, aged 69 years; a valuable member of Green Street Monthly and Frankford Preparative Meetings.

—, on the evening of the 15th of Eighth month, 1867, at his residence, Milton, Wayne Co., Ind., of paralysis, ISAAC WHITELEY, aged 70 years; a member and elder of Milford Monthly Meeting. He bore his extreme suffering with Christian resignation. He was a man truly honest and upright in his dealings among men, and his loss will be deeply felt not only in his immediate family and in the Society of which he was a member, but in the community in which he dwelt.

ERRATUM—The omission in our late issue, No. 27, of the last line in the Editorial column, page 424, will be supplied by the words—"Friends together three days and attracts."

The Executive Committee of "Friends' Publication Association" will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, 9th mo. 20th, at 3½ o'clock, at Race St. Mo. Meeting Room.
LYDIA H. HALL, Clerk.

Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will meet on Fourth-day evening, 9th mo. 18th, at 8 o'clock, at Race St., Monthly Meeting Room. The general attendance of Friends is very desirable, and it is hoped that all interested in this important work will endeavor to be present.

J. M. ELLIS,
ANNE COOPER, } Clerks.

HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS.—Where, after an active life, the apparently successful man proclaims his having altogether failed to secure happiness, we may be very sure there has been some strange inconsistency in his expectations, some undue straining in a wrong direction, some want of stimulus to the needful activity, some pervading jar between him and his life relations, or that he has been tempted into acts and positions which leave a sting in the mind.

—Chambers's Book of Days.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. III.

LAUSANNE, August 2.

Here I sit in the very garden where Gibbon finished writing his great history. It is the court of the house, which is built round three sides of it; and it looks over a garden to which twenty-five steps descend from it, and which is beautifully laid out with winding paths and flowering trees, and a lovely fountain that plays all the time. Under this court run the basement rooms of the house where the servants and possibly the landlord's family live, whose rooms must be twenty feet high; and they look out upon the garden beyond, which slopes down green fields (with some pretty looking houses) to the lake; and then comes the lake and a beautiful range of mountains, visible even in the mist of this afternoon, above which, in clear weather, tower the snow peaks, now entirely invisible.

In the various lights there must be no end of beauty here. The Hotel Gibbon is five stories high, counting the basement, which is not seen on the front. It opens on one of the broadest streets or squares of Lausanne, which is a beautiful city, having a variety of beauty greater than I ever saw before; and splendid hotels, where people can live permanently for six francs a day; and transient visitors pay a little or much more, according to what they call for. My pretty room, opening into the court, is two francs a day, and I eat *à la carte*. The court is an upper garden, bordered with splendid flowers and flowering trees; and in the middle are six large spreading chestnut trees, whose branches meet and make a perfect canopy, under which straw-colored but iron chairs and settees, with tables, more or less large, and of various shapes, give opportunity to individuals or parties to have a meal in full view of the lake and mountains. If I were rich, I would come and pass a month here every summer. English is spoken by some of the waiters, and the house is always full of American and English people. I think the route from Paris to Lausanne, through the frontier town of Pontarlier and by Neufchâtel, is perfectly beautiful, (at least from Pontarlier,) but you must have the right-hand side of the car. You look over into vallies where are many little villages. It was the first scenery which satisfied me in Europe, for France is merely pretty from Brest to Paris, and from Paris to Pontarlier.

To hear of Switzerland and to see it are two very different things. I have now been over Lake Lemar twice. The sail is very beautiful by Fernay. There is on one island (I believe) a most lovely villa owned by Prince Napoleon. But I was disappointed in Geneva. It cannot compare in picturesqueness with Lausanne, whose location is on hills—one hill, in the heart

of the city, crowned by the cathedral, another by the castle.

But at Geneva we took a diligence passage for Chamouny—and such a three days of magnificence as we had. We all four took the seat up high just behind the driver, ascending by a ladder of fourteen or twenty steps; and then we seemed to be riding on the wind. We went through a beautiful country of well-defined hills, which were on either hand, and sometimes approached and walled us in. At St. Martin's the snow mountains began to loom up, and the mists and mountain peaks coquetted with each other in the most indescribable way. But the mists finally conquered, and when we rode into Chamouny, which lies between two prodigious mountain walls, wooded to the very top, Mont Blanc had quite hidden his snowy front, as well as the snow-stretched peaks about him. But still the green mountains were grand, with their long sweeps of wood and bright green valleys in alternation, and here and there a mountain torrent, which was now no longer a torrent, but a narrow brook merely. The river Arvè runs through the valley with a rush, that we hear all the time. It is greenish white, with sulphur. The Hotel du Nord has clean, neat, plain rooms, with the prospect of the snow mountains on two sides, and there are balconies at the ends of the halls, for those whose rooms look toward the village. It has the same landlord as the Hotel of the Alps, where we went to excellent meals.

There are eight or ten beautiful excursions to be made from Chamouny village, and five or six extraordinary ones, such as ascending Mt. Blanc. I should have been glad to have had a week or more in the valley, to take the most of these; but not the dangerous ones. But the decree was one day for Chamouny, and so I took one foot excursion, without a guide, to the sources of the Arvè, which comes out of the Mer de Glace. I took this alone, as the rest were tired with their ride of the day before. That morning I had watched, at sunrise, Mt. Blanc and his snowy brethren roll off the mists and come out in their glory, until 10 o'clock, when I went to breakfast, and then started off up the valley, which is so winding that, although I started with my back to Mt. Blanc, he soon came round on my left hand, and I saw the glacier that sweeps down from a mountain that rises farther east, and nearer the village. The shadows and outlines of the mountains on both sides changed continually as I walked. Sometimes I sat down on convenient rocks, and sketched the outlines of the mountains, and I only wished that I had some moist water colors with me, and I should have become a painter on the spot. I was two hours walking up the valley to the sources of the Arveiron, and passed two little villages—Les Près and Les

Bois—out of which children came to offer me flowers and crystals *for a consideration*. I went through one little grove, and then through some sandy winding road, till I came to a little chalet in full sight of the two arches under the Mer de Glace, out of which flow two streams of the Arveiron; and at right angles there was another opening into the mountain, which came round the other side of the Mer de Glace. I sat down in the shadow of the chalet to rest from the sun, and found it was just one o'clock. A gentleman, whom I knew to speak English from his looks, came upon a mule with a guide, having been over the Mer de Glace. I spoke to him, and he told me the hole in the mountain side was the entrance to a crystal grotto of ice, forming part of the Mer de Glace. I told him I was disappointed in the glaciers—they looked like a bed of dirty snow. He said nevertheless they were solid ice, and I should realize it if I went into the grotto—which it was very interesting to do—and there was a man there who lighted you through with a candle for half a franc; so I pushed my way over the little planks that were put between the rocks, and the man soon espied me, and came to help me with his hand. I went in with him, having first been armed by him with an umbrella, and he conducted me through arches of ice, bringing me out again at the same point. He had stuck lighted candles in a great many places, and, by means of them, I saw that the walls of the arches were a yard thick, and transparent. It certainly did make me realize that glaciers were ice, not snow, and immense masses. These arches were formed, doubtless, by rushing torrents, that, at some former time, went to make up the Arveiron, and which had never melted nor could melt. I would not but have seen this grotto.

I then returned to the chalet, which was a very nice shop, and sat down to look through a stereoscopic box at a multitude of mountain views, and so passed an hour; then buying two of them, I started on my way home, and strolled along for two hours and a half, with Mt. Blanc before me, and apparently very near, though actually ten miles distant. The walk was even more splendid than it had been in the morning, as the sun had turned and poured its full blaze on the white and green mountains which in the morning had been more in shadow. A shepherd joined me with a flock, apparently going up into the highlands. Some travellers passed on mules, who had been over the Flegère, and some walkers, gentlemen and ladies, with their Alpine stock, who had been over the Mer de Glace, and were still strong enough to leave me far behind, as they strode toward the village hotels. Most of the time, however, I was alone, and the grand mountains seemed to me, indeed, the very words of the

very present God, the Spirit of Spirits, who awakened within mine new thoughts of the sublimity of that human Spirit I shared. I felt lifted above all the personalities, as we call them, which divide souls from each other, into those ideas which unite man with each other, as well as with God, and it seemed to me that I understood, still more clearly than ever, that union with Christ was the true human destiny; for Christ was simply the *human spirit freed from all jealousies and unkindnesses, and in full vision and enjoyment of the Creative Spirit*, which Jesus taught us to name Father; because that word alone of human words suggests the true relation of the Infinite divine with the finite human.

In the morning, when I had been watching for Mt. Blanc, before it came out from the mists, it seemed an emblem of some great leading principle, which one was intending one's mind to grasp, but which one could not quite grasp, because of exhalations from below, which interfered. One gets hold first of one joint and then of another, and loses them again; and it is of no use to strain nature's powers in an agony of will; she can only wait and give time to the earthly hindrances to exhaust themselves, and then the truth is seen close at hand, and quite naturally, and we know it was always thus. The analogy fails in this point,—that our visual power is a fixed thing, and our own will does not increase it, however ardent may be our desire to see. But our power of spiritual communion is not fixed, but more or less, according to the purity and earnestness of our love; and it does in a degree depend on our own intentness and desire, whether the thought of God becomes ours. And yet we must not be too wilful. God desires to come to us as much as we can desire to go to Him. Unless we realize this, our desire may be intemperate, and fail of the end. We must "muse till the fire burns," as David happily phrases it—the fires of intelligence and of love, which must unite to enlighten and warm our will, or it will not be the *Power* which is in harmony with God's Power.

After dining, I went out again on the balconies of Hotel du Nord, and saw the light of the setting sun light up Mt. Blanc and his great brethren, and fill with rainbow colors the light clouds which floated about. At last the sun set, and all became grey, except Mt. Blanc itself, which still showed itself white; and the next morning the sunrise found it without a mist. We left at 9 o'clock, and as I sat on the back seat of the little carriage that carried us to St. Martin's, I saw the glorious group towering over the other mountains all the way for several hours. At St. Martin's we mounted the diligence, and returned to Geneva—our whole expedition being a perfect success; and I say

let no American traveller ever pass Geneva without going to Chamouny, which he can do for 36-francs, in a round trip, there and back, and live at Chamouny for six francs a day. I should like to have gone on many of the excursions; but the expense of guides is considerable, and I think if one has but little time, it is better to get thoroughly by heart a few characteristic scenes than to rush over a multitude of them and remember nothing clearly. This three days' excursion to Chamouny will stand out clear in my memory forever, especially my walk to the sources and back again, and it cost so little labor and money that I want all American travellers to know how easy it is to go.

E. P. P.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will to men."

To the shepherds vigil keeping
O'er their flocks by night,
Came a messenger from Heaven,
Clothed in robes of light.

This the message of the seraph
To that awe-struck throng—
"Lo! to you is born the Saviour
Propheesied so long."

"The Immanuel, whom the prophets,
Ancient seers, foretold—
Even now in David's city
Ye may him behold!"

While they listened, sore astonished,
Lo! a radiant band,
Praising God in strains majestic,
'Round the angel stand.

"Peace to man," the glorious anthem
Of the Heavenly throng,
"Unto God the glory, honor,
Which to Him belong."

"To our God be all the glory,"
Was the rapturous cry
Of the radiant host seraphic,
Round the throne on high.

Loud and clear the song resounded,
Borne from star to star,
Till the winds caught up the echo,
Carried it afar.

Praise and glory the ascription
Of the joyous earth,—
And the billows swelled the anthem,
At the Saviour's birth.

Mortals caught the strains seraphic
Of the angel choir—
And the watchers in the temple
Touched the prophet's lyre.

"To our God be all the glory"
Joyously they sing—
"For to us is born a Saviour,
A Redeemer, King."

And the songs of mortals mingled
With the Seraph's cry—
Thanks returning, glory giving,
To the King on high.

A. B. P.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

Alone in a dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare, cold feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering, and nowhere to go;
The night is coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head;
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty and all things bright:
Beautiful children in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering, and nothing to eat?

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down
In its terrible blackness over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold, hard pavement stone to die?
When the beautiful children their prayers have
said,
And their mamma's have tucked them up snugly in
bed.

No dear mother ever upon me smiled;
Why is it, I wonder? I'm nobody's child!
No father, no mother, no sister—not one
In all the world loves me; e'en the little dogs run
When I wander too near them, 'tis wondrous to see
How everything shrieks from a beggar like me!
Perhaps 'tis a dream; but, sometimes when I lie
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large, bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar,

And a host of white-robed, nameless things
Come fluttering o'er me in gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird—
The sweetest voice that ever was heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirit are all aflame.

And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above;
They look at me with their soft sweet blue, eyes,
And it seems to me, out of the dreary night,
I am going up to that world of light,
And away from the hunger and storms so wild;
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

Copied from a Weekly, of this city.

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.—The blessings of sanctified affliction are not confined to the sufferer alone. From the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, shall arise witnesses to this truth. Many a mourner may learn with glad surprise, that the balm which soothed her sorrow, refreshed a fellow sufferer in some corner of the earth. The sun exhales the dewdrop and carries it in a cloud to water some fainting, far-distant flower. The tear shed in silence by one suffering Christian, is refracted in the bow of promise that cheers another.

"Thou shalt not curse the deaf." (Lev. 19: 14.) Those who are absent are deaf—they cannot right themselves; therefore say no ill of them.

EXTRACTS FROM AN EXCURSION ON THE WEST-CHESTER AND PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD.

BY INKEE PENN.

Concluded from page 430.)

Another point of equal but of more private interest is the private hospital of Clifton Hall, for the treatment of various classes of mental disease. It is charmingly situated at Clifton, about five miles from Media, and about six miles to the west of Philadelphia. The grounds open upon the turnpike, but the disposition of the trees and shrubbery is so admirable as to surround the house with a cheerful seclusion. The corner-stone was, I believe, laid in 1858, and the prestige of years has been bestowed by patronage from all parts of the United States. There is a pond with boats for rowing, and little islands to row around. Its high brick walls and double-barred gates gives the place the aspect of a prison. Indeed, the fence, a simple wooden one, is almost hidden from view by the abundant shrubbery. A few large trees near the house give sufficient shade for out-of-door lounging or reading, without producing that gloom which invariably results from heavy masses of permanent shadow. Woods on the western side are threaded by pleasant pathways, and the high nature of the ground affords beautiful views of the Delaware and the city. The charms of the surrounding country of Media and Clifton are proverbial. There is a stream in every valley, and a pleasant walk along every stream. The theory upon which the institution was built is, I believe, to treat those who are suffering from mental disease with as near an approach as is possible to the treatment of the perfectly sane. Hence all restraint, except that which is absolutely necessary for the health and safety of the patient, is done away with, and the watchfulness of attendants and the ubiquity of the proprietor and physician, Dr. Given, are substituted for the chain and straight jacket system. To promote cheerfulness is the main idea. The situation of the house, and the disposition of the rooms are founded on this theory. Vegetables are grown upon the grounds. The food, from all that I can learn, is plain and abundant; good feeding, and not starvation, being considered the main element of health. In short, every observation my friend and myself made induced us to believe that as near an approach was made to one's home here as is practicable in institutions of this nature. The frequency of visits from the friends and relatives of the patients is not limited to certain days and certain hours, indeed, is not limited at all, excepting in cases where the health of the patient necessitates a limit. In our tour throughout Clifton Hall and its surrounding grounds, much of the distress which is always felt in beholding cases of mental disease, curable or incurable, was

alleviated. There were pleasant voices and laughter under the trees, there were jokes and stories intermingled with the clink of the billiard balls, there was the sound of the piano in the parlor, and glimpses of ladies and attendants about the grounds and upon the portico. In the very worst cases that have come here, no shackles, handcuffs, straight-jackets, or punishments have been applied. Kindness, cheerfulness, firmness, moral suasion, and the watchfulness of trained and tried attendants have been here found to be all that was necessary in the case of those who were cured, as well as of those who can only be pronounced better. When we visited it, the entire place in its privacy, its cheerful quietude, and its simple pleasure, more resembled a country boarding-house than an hospital for mental disease. The interest derived from such visits as these is due indeed rather to the gratification of curiosity and the enlargement of sympathies than to any positively pleasurable emotion. But as far as satisfaction is derived from inspections of this character, we derived it from our visits to Clifton Hall and the asylum for idiots at Media.

Almost immediately after leaving Media the cars pass over Ridley Creek bridge, the highest on the route being 110 feet in a perpendicular line from the level of the creek to the iron rails. The bridge is 600 feet long, and has lately been rebuilt, as has also every one on the road, and are quite as safe as any other portions of the road. A hundred yards or more beyond Ridley Creek bridge, from which is to be obtained a fine view of the western part of Media, the cars enter a beautiful stretch of woodland.

In passing through the woods, sudden gleams of sunshine came flitting in at the windows, followed in rapid succession by swiftly-moving shadows, whose reflected variations of light and shade chased each other along the ornamental roof of the car, as silently as the hurrying phantoms of dreamland that glide through the labyrinths of the brain and are gone in an instant. Panorama-like they flashed upon us, to delight the eye and charm the imagination, but in their alternations of sunshine and shade were as brief and as transitory as that wonderful mosaic work—human life. A little over two miles from Media, and we are at

Glen Riddle.

This important manufacturing village is fifteen miles from Philadelphia. Here are two cotton and woolen mills—one 40 by 80 feet, and three stories high; the other 50 by 170 feet, and five stories high. The number of hands in these two establishments, when "running full," is 225. These mills contain 270 looms, and in addition to the other material manufactured, are also used in part for the dyeing of yarns and the finishing of gloves. This

property was brought by Mr. Samuel Riddle in 1843, who since that time has erected 31 dwellings—68 now being the total number in the near vicinity of his mills. The farm consists of 235 acres of the best quality of land, and in the highest state of cultivation.

Mr Riddle has erected gas works on his premises, for lighting his factories and private dwelling, which also receive copious supplies of water from a large reservoir in the vicinity.

In addition to these, there are in the immediate neighborhood, and doing their carrying business with the road above named, no less than *eight* mills—the most of them of great size. These, and the dwellings by which they are surrounded—all embraced within a circuit of four or five miles—in which Glen Riddle and Lenni Stations may be included, are known to the public under the general indefinite name of *Rockdale*, with a total population of perhaps six or seven thousand. Near Lenni Station, three huge factories are within a stone's throw of each other—all distinctly visible from the cars. One of these massive structures is owned by John J. Crosier.

Two miles farther on, or seventeen from Philadelphia, and we are at

"The Baltimore Junction,"

or, in more exact language, the intersection of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Central Railroad with the W. C and P. R. R. The former is a new road, which, within the past few years, has been completed to the Rising Sun, in Maryland, a distance of nearly forty miles from the "junction," and the ultimate intention of its managers is to complete it to Baltimore at no distant day. This road has been passing through its dark season—its "winter of discontent"—but its prospects are rapidly brightening. It runs through one of the finest agricultural regions in Pennsylvania, and when finished is destined to be one of the greatest thoroughfares of travel in the United States.

Another short ride brings us to

Glenn Mills,

a fraction over eighteen miles from Philadelphia. This station derives its name from the village of Glenn Mills, in its immediate vicinity, where the paper mills of Messrs J. M. Wilcox & Son are located.

The product of one of these establishments consists almost entirely of *bank-note, parchment, deed, bond, revenue-stamp*, and other strong and peculiar papers. In this mill is also manufactured all the collar paper for the "greenback" labelled collars that are now being manufactured for the Philadelphia Collar Company. The *enameling* process is carried on in this establishment, and the linen imitation is given there, all under the supervision of the Messrs. Wilcox. The paper is then cut

and made into collars for the market. When their arrangements are fully completed they expect to turn out 40,000 per diem. It is estimated that one million of collars are used daily, and the consumption is constantly increasing. The different patentees have associated themselves together in one company, with a capital of some \$3,000,000.

In the same mill, where the paper collars are now made, was manufactured nearly all the bank-note paper used for the *original* issues of the national "*greenback*" currency, the parchment for the War and Land Departments, bonds for Government issues, and *all* the paper that has been used for internal revenue stamps. But since the Government, within a year or two past, has been using a cheaper and inferior paper, which it *would not pay* the Messrs. Wilcox to manufacture, they have not made any bank-note paper for the present national currency, but confine their efforts to supplying the *best quality* of paper to the several bank-note companies, for their private customers in British America, South and Central America, and Europe—nearly *all* of the paper in circulation in these divisions of the world being supplied by the American Bank Note Company, the different branches of which are in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and which have been furnished almost exclusively with paper from these mills.

The other establishment is devoted, principally, to the manufacture of fine book, music, plate, and collar-paper. The ancestors of the members of the present firm commenced manufacturing paper in this vicinity in 1729, and the family has been making bank-note paper ever since the issue of the Old Continental money, a hundred years ago, the paper for which was made by the first manufacturer of the Wilcox family, in Delaware County, four generations back. This is certainly a singular coincidence. The quantity of paper manufactured here, of all kinds, amounts to about *two and a half tons* per day, or over 30,000 pounds, employing seventy workmen, which number is soon to be increased to one hundred. An immense capital is invested in this business.

In the neighborhood of

Cheyney Station

there are a number of fine private residences, and the surrounding country is noted for its beauty and fertility. A short distance farther on is Street-road Station, about four miles from West Chester. Near this place is Weston Boarding School, an institution for the education of the children of "Orthodox Friends." The building is beautifully shaded by magnificent trees, and there is an air of quietness and cleanliness about it that is strongly suggestive of the religious denomination by which it was founded and by whose members it has since

been supported. It is a compact and massive brick structure, and is used for the education of both sexes.

Without stopping at another station, the cars make a rapid run, and in a few minutes land their passengers in the neat and commodious depot at West Chester, a description of which place must be omitted, as our article is already too long. In conclusion, we will merely make mention that no other section of country, within fifty miles of Philadelphia, in any direction, affords such a fine variety of scenery. There are alternations of hill and valley, winding streams and shady wood, that are truly enobanting. Here nature and art have striven with each other to embellish the landscape, and with marvellous success. Ever and anon the traveller is surprised with unexpected beauties, bursting, as it were, from romantic and secluded dells, which look like sylvan retreats of peace for the wearied man of business.

THE ROOT FAMILY.

Do you know who are the most industrious and hardest workers in the world? The root family. They work night and day, summer and winter, without tiring. What they have to do, they do without grumbling or discontent, or asking any why or wherefore.

Roots are of various forms; sometimes wedge-like, as in beets, to pierce firm and solid ground; sometimes in long, flat scales, to fasten themselves to the bare rocks. But tender and delicate as they often seem to be, they possess wonderful strength; to the forest trees they serve as gigantic anchors, chaining them to the solid earth, and supporting them against the battling of the storms. They dive down into the ground, and let nothing hinder their progress. The roots of a large chestnut tree on Mount Etua, under which a hundred horsemen could find shelter, penetrate through rocks and lava to the springs at the foot of the mountain.

Roots not only serve as fastenings; they pump up the nutriment which the plant needs, and supply it with drink and food. There are delicate fibres at the end of the roots, called spongioles, which have minute holes, opening and shutting to take in or reject what is necessary for the life and health of the plant, and they know what to take and what to leave. Suppose wheat and peas to grow side by side; the spongioles of the wheat are open to receive all the flinty matters of the soil which the water can take up, while the spongioles of the pea will not have the flint, but prefer lime, and take whatever lime the water of the soil may contain. The wheat and the pea have different tastes for their dinner. Sometimes they draw nourishment directly from the water, as in

duckweed, when each small leaf has its own little root hanging from under the surface.

In the mangrove of the tropics, they form an enormous network in the water, and catch, as in a seine, all the matter which floats down the streams when tides and floods go down. Shellfish are often found among the roots, accounting for the stories of some of the earlier discoverers of America, who said the oysters grew on the branches of trees. Sometimes the roots have no home in land or water, but take themselves to some strong and healthy trees, where they creep through the crevices of the bark into the wood, and feed upon the very life of the tree. These plants are called parasites. A stately palm is often seen covered with creepers of a parasite, which at last eats out its very life, and the noble tree dies in its treacherous embrace. Roots, wherever they are, in the dark earth, or under the restless waves, or on the bark of foreign trees, are always at work, and rough usage does not destroy them. A common maple tree may be turned upwards, the roots in the air, and the branches in the ground, and it will yet live. The first orange trees in Europe, which are in the city of Dresden, came as ballast, without roots or branches, in the hold of a German vessel. A curious gardener, anxious to know what the new wood was, planted them upside down; but in spite of this bad treatment, the brave little trees have grown and flourished beyond all orange trees on the continent. Do not even the roots seem to say, "The Hand that made us is Divine."—*Cultivator and Country Gentle*.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

EIGHTH MONTH.

	1866.	1867.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	11 days.	14 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,...	2 "	5 "
Cloudy, without storms,.....	2 "	4 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	16 "	8 "
	31 "	31 "
TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1866.	1867.
Mean temperature of 8th month per Penna. Hospital,	72.50 deg.	75.10 deg.
Highest do. during month	88.50 "	88.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	56.50 "	58.00 "
Rain during the month,.....	2.18 in.	15.81 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks for 1866 and 5 for 1867....	1930	1674
Average of the mean temperature of 8th month for the past seventy-eight years		72.78 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1863,.....		79.50 "
Lowest do. do. do.		1816 66.00 "

SUMMER TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three summer mos. of 1866.....	75.27 deg.
Mean do do do do	"
months of 1867.....	74.59 "
Average of the summer temperature for the past seventy-eight years.....	73.42 "
Highest summer mean occurring during that entire period, 1828, 1838.....	77.66 "
Lowest do. do. do.	68.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

A very minute and detailed account of the recent unprecedented rains, as contrasted with other years, having been published in the *Intelligencer* of 31st ultimo, it is unnecessary to give anything more here than a very few items. The total amount of rain for the three years designated below was as follows:

	Inches.
For 1864.....	46.001.
" 1865, the unusual quantity of.....	58.500.
" 1866.....	45.256.
" the first eight months only, of 1867.....	49.417.
While the average for each year for many years has been about.....	44.000.

The following brief summary of *Temperatures and Mortality* will give a bird's eye view of those important subjects for the past three months:

The average temperature of the Sixth month was 75.10 degrees; of Seventh month, 76.48 degrees; and of Eighth month, 72.19 degrees, an average for the whole summer of 74.59 degrees. The hottest day of the season was Seventh month 4th, 92.50 degrees; and the coolest, Sixth month 11th, 53.00 degrees. This low temperature, and the cleanliness which has resulted from the heavy rains, have had much to do with preserving the health of the city. During the three summer months, the bills of mortality in Philadelphia show an aggregate of 3997 interments as against 5191 for the same period last year, a difference of 1194 deaths in favor of this season.

Last year about this time, and for some weeks previous, we had the cholera amongst us, which in some measure accounts for the favorable contrast in the deaths. For instance, in the statistics above, we have 1874 recorded for the eighth month of this year, counting five current weeks; from which deduct one-fifth for the extra week, and we have only 1339 for 1867 against 1930 for 1866.

J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, Ninth mo. 7, 1867.

ITEMS.

A new planet has been reported from the Professor of the Michigan University as follows: On Friday night, while observing in the vicinity of the planet Neptune, I discovered still another planet hitherto unknown, the brilliancy of which is equal to that of a star of the eleventh magnitude. It is situated in right ascension, 14 degrees 15 minutes, and in declination 6 degrees 10 minutes north.

THE GREAT TUNNEL of the Central Pacific Railroad, which has just been completed, is said to have been the last, the longest and by far the most costly of the excavations along the line of the road. It is one thousand six hundred and sixty feet in length, and was begun at the east portal on the 18th of 9th month, and on the west portal on the 20th of 9th month last, and the work upon it has therefore occupied about a year. The material, which had to be drilled and blasted was granite of the hardest grain. As but a limited surface could be presented to the workmen, advantage was taken of a depression in the centre, and a working shaft of one hundred and fifty-nine feet was sunk so as to present four work-

ing faces. The average rate of progress with powder was about one foot per day to each face, or from twenty to thirty feet per week in all. In 3d month last the company accepted the services of an experimenter in nitro-glycerine, which article was manufactured on the spot, wherever it could be used with advantage, and the average was increased to nearly fifty feet per week. The workmen, principally Chinamen, labored in three gangs for eight hours each, and proved very servicable in this kind of work. At times the consumption of powder reached four hundred kags per day. The Pacific Railroad is thus making rapid strides to a successful completion.

In discussing the present condition of the Atlantic cables, the London Times thinks it somewhat extraordinary that the cable of 1865, which was once supposed to be irremediably lost, should now be the one in which the most reliance is placed. The cause of the constant troubles with the cable of 1866 is explained by a statement that when the shore-end of this cable, was laid from the Great Eastern that vessel was in a fog, and it was unfortunately laid over a shoal-patch about 240 feet in depth, so that the icebergs frequently ground and cut the cable. The cable company have determined to raise this shore-end as soon as possible from its present bed, and remove it to a deeper channel. They also contemplate, in order to obviate the necessity of relying on the Newfoundland land lines for their connection with the United States, the laying of a cable from Heart's Content, by way of Halifax, to Boston, next year.

The Superintendent of Education in South Carolina estimates that there are 25,000 blacks, men and women, in that State, who can read a newspaper with a good understanding of the contents, who, two years ago, did not understand the alphabet.

A BUDDHIST "prayer machine" is one of the curiosities of the Exposition. It consists of a little square box, with a handle at the right side. When you wish to say a prayer, a turn of the handle will do it as easily as if it were a tune on a barrel organ. The Buddhist machine has this advantage over a Barbary organ, that it is noiseless. Its inventors guarantee it to say a hundred and twenty prayers a day, and it will never get out of order. The prayers are written on rollers in the box.

The harvest of 1867, in America, is one of the most bountiful ever gathered. A close and accurate observer of agricultural matters reports, with regard to this harvest, that Illinois is much the largest producer of Indian corn, more than one-sixth of the whole crop of the country being grown there, and also the largest producer of oats (more than 20 per cent. of the whole,) and of bay more than 20 per cent. Pennsylvania takes the lead in the production of rye—nearly one-third of the product of the whole country, and in buckwheat over 42 per cent. New Jersey produces more rye than any other State, according to population. New York takes the lead in the production of barley; about 40 per cent. of the whole country. Virginia takes the lead in tobacco, about 30 per cent. New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey together produce two-thirds of all the rye. New York stands the tenth State in the production of Indian corn, being exceeded by Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri. In wheat New York is exceeded by Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Iowa. Illinois alone has in corn about 5,000,000 acres; in wheat, 2,196,000 acres; in rye, 345,000 acres; in oats, 883,000 acres; in barley, 41,000 acres.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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EXTRACTS FROM THOMAS A' KEMPIS.

RASH JUDGMENTS.

Keep thy eye inwardly upon thyself, and beware of judging the actions of others. In judging others, a man labors to no purpose, commonly errs, and easily sins, but in examining and judging himself, he is always wisely and usefully employed.

We generally judge of persons and things as they either oppose or gratify our private views and inclinations; and, blinded by self-love, are easily led from the judgment of truth. If God alone was the pure object of all our intentions or desires, we should not be troubled when the truth of things happens to be repugnant to our own sentiment; but now, we are continually drawn aside from truth and peace, by some partial inclination lurking within, or some apparent good or evil rising without.

Many, indeed, secretly seek themselves in every thing they do, and perceive it not. These, while the course of things perfectly coincides with the sentiments and wishes of their own hearts, seem to possess all the blessings of peace; but when their wishes are disappointed and their sentiments opposed, they are immediately disturbed and become wretched.

From the diversity of inclinations and opinions tenaciously adhered to, arise dissensions among friends and countrymen, nay, even among the professors of a religious and holy life.

It is difficult to extirpate that which custom has deeply rooted; and no man is willing to be

carried farther than his own inclinations and opinions lead him. If, however, thou adherest more to thy own reason and thy own will, than to the meek obedience of Jesus Christ, as the principal of all virtue within thee, thou wilt but slowly, if ever, receive the illumination of the Holy Spirit: for God expects an entire and absolute subjection of our will to His, and that the flames of divine love should infinitely transcend the sublimest heights of human reason.

WORKS OF CHARITY.

Let not the hope of any worldly advantages, nor the affection thou bearest to any creature, prevail upon thee to do that which is evil. For the benefit of him, however, who stands in need of relief, a customary good work may sometimes be intermitted; for in such a case, that good work is not annihilated, but incorporated with a better.

Without charity, that is love, the external world profiteth nothing; but whatever is done from charity, however trifling or contemptible in the opinion of men, is wholly fruitful in the acceptance of God, who regardeth more the degree of love with which we act, than what or how much we have performed. He doeth much who loveth; he doeth much, who doeth well; and he doth much and well, who constantly prefereth the good of the community to the gratification of his own will. Many actions, indeed, assume the appearance of charity, that are wholly selfish and carnal; for inordinate affection, self-will, the hope of reward and the desire

of personal advantage and convenience, are the common motives that influence the conduct of men.

He that has true and perfect charity "seeketh not his own" in anything, but seeketh only that "God may be glorified in all things;" he "envieth not" for he desires no private gratification; he delights not in himself, nor in any created being; but wishes for that which is infinitely transcendent, to be blest in the enjoyment of God; he ascribes not good to any creature, but refers it absolutely to God; from whom, as from its fountain, all good originally flows; in whom, as in their centre, all saints will finally rest.

BEARING THE INFIRMITIES OF OTHERS.

Those evils which a man cannot rectify, he ought to bear with humble resignation, till God shall be pleased to produce a change. This state of imbecility is, perhaps, continued as the proper trial of patience, without the perfect work of which we shall make but slow and ineffectual progress in the Christian life. Yet, under these impediments, we must devoutly pray, that God would enable us, by the assistance of his spirit, to bear them with constancy and meekness.

If "after the first and second admonition, thy brother will not obey the truth," contend no longer with him; but leave the event to God, who only knoweth how to turn evil into good, that his will may be done, and his glory accomplished in all his creatures.

Endeavor to be always patient of the faults and failings of others, for thou hast many faults and imperfections of thy own that require a reciprocation of forbearance. If thou art not able to make thyself that which thou wishest to be, how canst thou expect to mould another in conformity to thy will? But we require perfection in the rest of mankind, and take no care to rectify the disorders of our own heart; we desire that the faults of others should be severely punished, and refuse the gentlest correction ourselves; we are offended at their licentiousness, and yet cannot bear the least opposition to our own immoderate desires; we would subject all to the control of rigorous statutes and penal laws, but will not suffer any restraint upon our own actions. Thus it appears, how very seldom the second of the two great commandments of Christ is fulfilled, and how difficult it is for a man to "love his neighbor as himself."

GENTLE INFLUENCES—If the secret of all regenerate hearts could be laid open, we should doubtless view with a mixture of astonishment and gratitude the quantity of benefit which has been and which is effected in the world by the familiar converse, and even by the silent looks, of truly good men.—*Bishop Jobb.*

An Address delivered at the request of the Teachers of Friends' First-day School in Baltimore, on the occasion of closing the School for the Summer, 5th mo. 27th, 1866,
By BENJAMIN HALLOWELL.

(Concluded from page 438.)

I would by no means recommend *less* attention to the cultivation and improvement of the mind, but *more* to the proper care and healthful development of the body, which is the only means through which the mind can act. Now, it may be expected that I should give some general rules in regard to the modes of promoting or preserving health, and I will endeavor to give some of the results of my experience and observation.

1st. In regard to diet, be rigidly careful to have all the food properly prepared, and not too rich—then do not starve yourselves—eat enough and always, if possible, of that which you relish. To relish what is eaten as a general thing, is indispensable to good health. Meat, in too great quantities, like all rich food, overstimulates the system. There is a great deal too much meat eaten for true health. Vegetables and fruits with good well-baked bread, milk and eggs, constitute what should be the basis of fare, in order to secure a sound condition of the system.

2d. Keep the mind calm. Let it be energetic, when occasion demands, but preserve it tranquil and self-possessed. Fretting, no matter from what cause, disturbs the nervous system and disorders the stomach, thus destroying the tone of the whole constitution, and rendering it less able to bear up under the trials that caused the original disturbance. In this manner, the disturbed nervous influence induced by fretting, or giving way to brood over what is called trouble, acts injuriously on the system, and then the system re-acts on the nerves, till an entire derangement of the feeling ensues, under which the poor victim will, perhaps, suffer for days, and in all probability, involve others of the household in a similar catastrophe. I have met with two admirable precepts upon this point which my young friends would do well to remember. First. Never fret or worry about what you can't help. If you can't help it, it is simply absurd to fret about it. Second. Never fret or worry about what you can help. If you can help it do so immediately, and the occasion for fretting is at once removed.

3d. Never get in a passion. A fit of anger or passion is almost as hard on the system as a fit of epilepsy, or a spell of bilious fever; then, on account of *health*, leaving out of consideration the moral qualities and attendant unhappiness, it should be equally deprecated. Keep therefore the mind calm and tranquil. Make every reasonable and proper effort to remove whatever is uncomfortable and disagreeable, and

to have things in the condition in which you desire them; and having done all in your power to this end, submit calmly and with patient resignation to them as *they must be*. Having done your best, leave the rest trusting. You say this cannot always be done; but we can try, and even the effort will be favorable, and such effort will often be successful.

4th. *Withdraw the mind as much as practicable from self*. The more it centres upon self, the less favorable it is to health. Let the mind go forth frequently and liberally in the contemplation of the beauties of nature—the placid grandeur of the stars—the beauty and sweetness of the flowers—the innocence and cheeriness of the birds—the love of our fellow creatures—anything and everything that is beautiful and inviting, and it will tend to bring the system into its true harmony and to restore and preserve the health.

Avoid as much as possible the unhealthy habit of drawing upon or taxing the sympathies of our friends and ourselves, by a rehearsal of our ailments, our trials and difficulties. There may be a momentary relief in this too common and hurtful practice, but it is unsubstantial and weakening, and disposes the mind to a morbid dwelling upon its own sorrows, which is directly at variance with that firm dignity, fortitude and self-reliance which are so essential to true health.

5th. *Cultivate feelings of interest and cheerfulness in your daily avocations, whatever these may be*. As a general thing, it is the condition of the mind, not the amount of labor or exertion in our business, that produces the principal wear and tear of the system. Where the engagement is entirely from choice, however great the bodily labor, this wear and tear are almost wholly unknown. In the philosophic language of a colored man “choose work” (that is work of one's own choice) “is no work at all.” The same wise sentiment is expressed in different language by a person of great learning and observation, “It is not *work* that kills people, but *worry*.” Dr. Armstrong in his poem on the “Art of Preserving Health” speaks to the same point:

“In whate'er you sweat

Indulge your taste:

He chooses best, whose labor entertains

His vacant fancy most. The toil you *hate*

Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.”

6th. Persons, especially females, should very generally walk more and use more exercise in the open air. Besides the benefit of the *fresh air*, the influence of the sunshine—yes, *sunshine*, when not too scorching—is most favorable to health, in imparting activity and strength to the skin and aiding it in the performance of its various important functions. The benefit from this source can scarcely be over-

estimated: and yet how many remain and keep their precious children almost entirely excluded from the healthy enjoyment of the sun's rays, thus depriving themselves and their offspring of the kind and invigorating offices of one of their best friends. The three great natural contributors to health—please remember them—are *exercise* from useful employment, *fresh air*, and *sunshine*.

I promised to mention some instances illustrative of the fact, that individuals of the greatest promise of usefulness and of the highest intellectual capacity and attainments are frequently lost to the world many years earlier by the premature breaking of the delicate casket in which the precious treasure is contained, for want of due regard to the laws of Health. Of the many recorded instances of the physical constitution being thus broken down in the great struggle for intellectual greatness, I shall mention two.

Blaise Pascal, born at Clermont in France, in 1623, is famous for ingenious reasoning in support of the opinion of Torricelli, that it was the pressure of the atmosphere which sustained the column of mercury in the tube of the barometer. Pascal reasoned, that if the mercury was sustained by the pressure of the air, it would stand at less and less height in the tube of the barometer, as the instrument would be carried up a mountain, where the column of air above it would be less. This opinion was verified, at his suggestion, by actual experiment, and the great proposition of the atmospheric pressure thereby permanently established.

This ingenious and interesting person devoted himself incessantly to study. He “spent his play hours when a youth by himself, in a remote room;” wrote a treatise on Sound, at eleven years of age; and one on Conic Sections, an advanced branch of mathematics, at sixteen. His biographer says, “The incessant application that produced results of such variety and extent, produced another consequence, equally inevitable—the loss of health, with all its attendant evils.” He thus sunk prematurely to the tomb, at the early age of 39, beloved and regretted, his brilliant star being extinguished before it had reached its meridian, for want of keeping the triple powers of the system properly balanced.

Henry Kirke White, whose “Remains” have been so successfully embalmed by the poet Southey, was possessed of uncommon intellectual capacity. He was born in England, in 1705, and commenced his career at school at the age of three years. His biographer says, “At a very early age, his love of reading was a passion to which every thing else gave way.” In the pursuit of his studies for a profession, it is recorded of him that he allowed no time for relaxation, little for his meals, and scarcely any

for sleep, under which regimen his bodily powers soon gave way, and he sunk with all his acquirements and promise to the tomb, at the early age of 21, his bright sun setting in the morning of life. He died on the 19th of 10th month, 1806.

The poet Byron refers to the untimely and lamented death of Kirke White, in the following beautiful lines:

"Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing;
The spoiler swept that soaring Lyre away
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When science 'self destroyed her favorite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit;
She sowed the seeds—but death has reaped the fruit.
'Twas thy own Genius gave the fatal blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck Eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more, through rolling clouds, to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered on his heart!
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;—
And the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life drop of his bleeding breast."

Kirke White saw his approaching dissolution some time before it occurred, and mournfully referred to it, in the following touching lines, in "An Ode to Disappointment," written about the age of 19.

"Come, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit hurled;
Still, rigid muse, thou art forgiven,
For thou, severe, wast sent from Heaven,
To wean me from the world:—
To turn my eye from vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never, die.
What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day:
A little sun—a little rain;
And then night sweeps along the plain
And all things fade away.
Man soon discussed, yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.
Oh, what is beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies:
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth the cheek,
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute, is all o'er beauty's fall,
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.
The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas *passing* sweet,
But now 'tis gone away!
Thus does the shade to memory fade,
When, in forsaken tomb, the form is laid.
Then since this world is vain,
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
When rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill, with anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart
be still?"

Come, Disappointment, come!

Thou art not strange to me,
Sad monitress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad, in *early day*

I bend my knee to thee:

From sun to sun, my race will run,

I only bow and say, my God, 'Thy will be done.'"

These lines breathe the spirit of genius and devotion—the mind and the soul bewailing, in sad and softened, but resigned cadence, the certain early separation of a member of the tri-partnership, upon whose withdrawal their whole action, in this sphere of existence, must cease forever!

From such sweet specimen of his early promise, how must we lament that *all* should have been so prematurely lost to the world, by such total disregard as we have seen, of the laws of Health, of which, however, it is to be presumed he was ignorant.

We have, on the other hand, some contrasting and noble instances where the triple powers of our nature—body, mind and soul—have been preserved, well balanced, through a long and active life; among whom I shall name the Baron Von Humboldt and John Quincy Adams.

The great and learned Humboldt, by the labor of ascending the Andes and various other mountains, and exploring the geographical features of the greater portion of our globe, with his great bodily industry and mental activity, and his soul constantly alive to the grand display of the power, wisdom and goodness of God, which is everywhere witnessed in creation, not only acquired that deep insight into nature, and those lofty conceptions of the attributes of Deity, which constituted such a rich gift to his contemporaries, and grand bequest to generations to come, but at the same time, by his well regulated and laborious researches in these explorations, secured that vigorous development of his physical constitution, for which he was indebted for his great power of endurance, in giving to the world so many valuable volumes containing the recorded results of his labors. He died at the advanced age of 90, with all his powers in full vigor to the last, continuing actively to benefit his race for a period of more than 50 years longer than the whole life of the lamented Pascal.

John Quincy Adams also kept all his triple powers well balanced to an advanced age. His mother trained him early to active physical duties, and to elevated moral and religious ideas and observances, which happily continued with him through life.

He remained constantly at his post of activity and usefulness till the bodily machine was worn out, in the course of nature, when, seeing he had finished his career and reached the termination of his journey and his labors *here*, he calmly remarked, "This is the last of earth:—I am content," and gently ceased to be. He

died on the 23d of 2d month, 1848, at the advanced age of 84, having by due regard to the laws of Health, for which he was remarkable, given to the world the benefit of his great industry and vast attainments, for an uninterrupted period of 63 mature years beyond the whole extent of the life of Henry Kirke White, including the time of the latter's infancy and education. Thus may we see the great importance of paying due regard to the requirements of the body,—to develop its powers, and preserve them carefully in health, in order for the fulfilment of their highest allotment and capabilities. To sum it all up,—keep the three parts of our nature, the animal, intellectual and moral or religious, well balanced and all in harmony, acting out promptly and rigidly the best information which you possess or can acquire for the health of your bodies; have constantly at hand some useful employment or engagement, and whenever practicable, a full supply of bodily exercise, fresh air and sunshine;—preserve the mind active, cheerful, hopeful and self-reliant, with feelings of kindness and love to all your fellow creatures; and supply it daily with more or less intellectual food;—and finally cultivate love and obedience to God, and an abiding trust in the watchful care of a kind superintending and over-ruling Providence, who will always bless every right endeavor, and none more approvingly than those directed to the preservation of the “harmonious condition of the multiplied dependencies of the physical system,” with which he has so munificently entrusted us, for the high and benevolent purpose of our own enjoyment and His eternal glory.

LOST TIME.

Let any man pass an evening in vacant idleness, or even in reading some silly tale, and compare the state of his mind when he goes to sleep or gets up next morning with its state some other day, when he has spent a few hours in going through the proofs, by facts and reasoning, of some of the great doctrines in natural science, learning truths wholly new to him, and satisfying himself, by careful examination, of the grounds on which known truths rest, so as to be not only acquainted with the doctrines of themselves, but able to show why he believes them, and to prove before others that they are true,—will find as great a difference as can exist in the same being; the difference between looking back upon time unprofitably wasted, and time spent in self-improvement. He will feel himself, in one case, listless and dissatisfied; in the other, comfortable and happy. In the one case, if he did not appear to himself humble, at least will not have earned any claim to his own respect; in the other case, he will enjoy a proud consciousness of having, by his own exertions, become

a wiser, and therefore a more exalted nature.
—Lord Brougham.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

An article in the *Intelligencer* of the 11th of Fifth month last, under the heading of “The prospect before us,” is devoted to a subject upon which something more may be said. It is the subject of the decline of our Society, and the prospect before us as to whether we shall continue to live, or are destined to extinction. Statistics are there referred to, showing that there has been a diminution of nearly one-fifth of actual members within Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, from the year 1829 to 1863. And when we consider how much within that time population has increased, and how other religious denominations among us have increased, we may form an idea of what our numbers ought to be, instead of what they are.

But it is not so much in numbers that we have declined, as in the attendance of our meetings, and the life and interest of those meetings. Here lies, in fact, the true difficulty. The article before referred to states also that there is every reason to believe that Friends are diminishing in numbers in all the Yearly Meetings in correspondence with Philadelphia Yearly Meeting; and that it appears also that the meetings of those called Orthodox, except in some of the Western States, are also declining.

Independently of actual statistics, this state of things, especially the continued falling off in the attendance of our meetings, must for years have been apparent to all who have had an opportunity of observing; and to all our members it suggests the most serious considerations. But one result can follow from the continued decline of anything, and that is it must come to an end. Extinction is, therefore, our inevitable doom, and that at no very distant day, unless a remedy for this state of things is sought for and obtained.

Has our Society fulfilled its mission? And is the termination of its existence to be regarded as following in the natural and providential order of events? If so,—and there may be those who entertain this opinion,—then we need not trouble ourselves about it; but otherwise an obligation of the most important character devolves upon us, and that is to ascertain the cause of our lifeless condition, and apply a remedy.

It may safely be assumed that if the principles we profess are correct, and have not become obsolete, and if our forms and usages were wisely adapted to the wants and requirements of the present day, then we would necessarily prosper; and the fact that we do not prosper is conclusive proof either that the particular testimonies we hold have had their day, or that our

forms, usages and modes of worship are not such as to meet the requirements of the present generation. These are conclusions, the force of which will be apparent to, and must be admitted by all. A more concise way of stating the proposition would be to say that the reason we do not prosper is—that there is something wrong with us.

The duty we of the present generation owe to those who are to come after us, of handing down to them, as they have come to us, the great distinguishing testimonies which we maintain as a religious body, is one of the most imperative obligations. May not a kind reproof be administered to those occupying high seats, who are looked to as the fathers and mothers among us, who, notwithstanding their zeal in many things of a formal nature, yet, as to any active remedies, seem to be indifferent upon this vital question. Perhaps this duty devolves equally, however, or even ought to be assumed principally, by those of a younger class; and, in this view, a word of caution may not be out of place to some who are older, lest by undue prejudice in favor of established usages, and inconsiderate aversion to all changes, they be found as stumbling blocks in the way.

The work of ascertaining what are our deficiencies, and what may be the most suitable remedies, and applying them, is one of peculiar delicacy and importance. And while it necessarily requires boldness, it also requires the utmost prudence, and the constant and watchful exercise of those eminent virtues, charity, forbearance, toleration, and love toward one another.

T. H. S.

The roots of plants are hid under ground, so that they themselves are not seen; but they appear in their branches, flowers and fruit, which argue there is a root and life in them. Thus the graces of the spirit planted in the soul, though themselves invisible, yet discover their being and life in the track of a Christian's life, his words, his actions, and the frame of his carriage.—*Leighton*.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ADVICE TO MINISTERS—EXCESSIVE CAUTION—
SILENT MEETINGS—CALL TO THE YOUNG.

My mind has been powerfully impressed this morning on reading the first two articles of last week's *Intelligencer*—the "Epistle from New York Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders," and the letter of George Fox "to Friends of the Ministry in Pennsylvania and New Jersey,"—with a certain point of contrast between them. The first named Epistle, which is full of excellent matter and stirring appeals, contains also the following passage, which I select for an illustration:

"Those in the ministry were tenderly en-

treated to remember the responsibility of their calling, and always to bear in mind that none can minister availingly, in attending to the injunction of the Divine Master—"Feed my lambs"—to the gathering of the flocks, but those that are anointed and receive their qualification from on high—that nothing but what proceeds from God can gather to him—that no human qualification is sufficient for the performance of this great service aright, and that all scholastic attainments in the world fall very far short of a right qualification for the ministry—that the gift being divine, the qualification must be of God, and should be performed freely without any view to reward from man," &c., &c. The spirit of Fox is conveyed in such words as these, without the caution which seems to become needful only as life expires. "Therefore, I desire that you may all improve your gifts and talents, and not hide them in a napkin, lest they be taken from you; and not put your candle under a bushel, lest it go out; and not be like the foolish virgins, who kept their name of virgins, but neglected having oil in their lamps; such were not diligent in the work of God, nor in the concerns of the Lord, nor in their own particulars." "You may be a hindrance one unto another, if you (confine your visits to Friends, and) do not travel in the life of the *universal* Truth that would have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the Truth; and if you would have them come to the knowledge of the Truth, let them know it, and where it may be found. So I desire that you be valiant for it upon the earth," &c.

It appears to me that these two utterances faithfully represent the spirit of the early, as contrasted in action at least with that of the modern, Society of Friends. The latter, like an old man, advises care and caution, while the former, like a young man, urges to action, eager that work be done—and acts accordingly. The one, full of zeal and enthusiasm in the Lord's work, went boldly forward through the opposition of friends and enemies to plant the seeds of heavenly truth and love in all places, leaving the ninety and nine righteous to go in search of the one benighted wanderer. The latter, fearful lest its order, peace and harmony be impaired, moves timidly around its narrow fold, keeping diligent watch lest there be any excesses or any departure from the ancient testimonies and landmarks.

The one was an army of invasion, of young heroes striking boldly into the enemy's country, caring less for their defences than to have an edge on their swords; the other is an army of defence, of old men shut in the walls of sectarian tradition, and mourning the desolations of Zion, but feeling powerless to advance against the advancing foe. It needs no prophet's eye to see

the end. Unless the Lord raise up an army of young men, or put a new spirit into those who now serve him, causing them to think less of keeping their armor bright and clean than they do of the salvation of souls and of carrying the saving truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ home to the hearts of them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, then the edict will soon go forth—"Cast out the bondwoman and her son."

When we come to care more for the law than we do for the Life, more for the form than for the Spirit of religion, we are no longer Christ's freemen, but servants unto Moses. Oh, Friends, why have you turned again toward the bondage from which you were delivered? Why have you become weak and timid, so that the inhabitants of Canaan seem as giants, and you are afraid to move out of the walls of Jerusalem, or let your young men go out to forage, lest they become defiled with the enemy? Is this faith in God, or in brick and stone? Your over-caution, your anxiety to preserve your distinctive testimonies as a sacred birthright, have so laden you that your power of free action and your confidence in one another are nearly gone. A right degree of caution is invaluable, but an excess of it is fatal to that enterprise and free activity which are as essential to success in spiritual as in temporal undertakings. The little motions of the spirit are crushed back. We fear to speak, lest we should say amiss, and so the little openings are closed, and the one talent buried in the earth, because we find Christ a hard master. But why does he seem hard? Why is it hard work, like taking life, for the young to open the mouth in a religious meeting? It is not Christ who makes it so, for he is all love, all tenderness and encouragement, gently urging to that freedom in the utterance of thought which gives growth to the spirit. Ah! it is our over-nice and critical Friends that are the hard masters. They are not so wise as they were when first they were parents, and taught their little ones how to speak. Then they loved their lisping accents, their broken words, and smiled and gently invited the timid attempts to bring forth the spreading leaves of thought.

Mistakes were unnoticed; they knew that as the life advanced, as reason dawned, darkness would flee away, so they surrounded the fireside or the domestic table with a warm, genial, encouraging atmosphere of love. Had they not done this, their children would either have left them to find relief and pleasure, or else have grown up as dull and ignorant of common life as most of us are in our religious life. Oh, it is sad, very sad, that religion should be made such a hard and doleful thing; that the spirit of love, and knowledge, and understanding, which is the Spirit of the Lord, should have to beat

and burn its way through us, not being able to force a way through many that should become joyful channels of living water, because they dare not confront either their own weakness or the critical examination and severe judgment of others.

And that kind of admonition which embraces but misadapts important truths, like the misapplied counsel of Job's friends, is exceedingly dangerous. It may easily be that ministers are in present need of caution not to move unbidden in attempting to do the Lord's work; but my conviction is that such exhortations as those of Jesus Christ, and of his apostles Paul and George Fox, are much more needful.

"Preach the word; be instant in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine," was the advice of one of the most successful apostles. With this agrees the spirit of that lovely and zealous man on whom was laid the Word of the Lord, who called men from following forms, traditions and ceremonies to the guidance of Christ's living Light. But what are the professed disciples of all these now doing? Some are mourning that the people have gone away to seek other pastures; some are sitting in silence, seldom preaching and less frequently drawing together the warmth of earnest hearts in prayer, while others are felt to be sitting on the watch, lest there be any departure from the accustomed courses; thus fostering a dead imitation of other men's peculiar views or expressions, instead of the freshness and power of original feeling and thought. There are earnest, useful laborers intent on obeying the commandments; but most of these are much more fettered in their spirit and motions than were those sons of the morning who carried light into dark places, and who, fearing the Lord only, loved their fellow disciples as brethren. The sad truth is, we have become bondmen to each other, and to our own weakness and want of faith. What are we doing here, it were well to ask, in these silent meetings? Not one mind in ten is active with profitable reflection. There is, perhaps, a wholesome feeling of solemnity which is better than vain words; but most present are only dreaming or sitting under a dark cloud which yields them no water. And this is not because there is not water in the cloud, but because the electrical power of the Spirit is wanting to condense the dark vapor into shining drops, which would bring life and joy to thirsting souls, could they but fall, even in the simple patterings of the artless but earnest tongue.

"With the mouth confession is made unto salvation." "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Why, then, are we so much silent? Let us not be deceived. It is not because we are so spiritual, more than others, but *because we are dying*; because the

life of God is under oppression in our hearts. Therefore, those who have come, thinking to receive the bread of life, go away hungry, perhaps to return no more. It is sometimes well to point to the open Fountain, saying, "There is water; dip for yourselves." But because the land is dry, and the water deep, and men have no buckets, therefore God sends his servants to draw for them, until they learn to draw for themselves. As God condescended to our low estate so far as to clothe his Son, who is our spiritual Bread, in a body of flesh, so he clothes his love, wisdom and goodness in words, that men may receive truth through these external mediums or signs. The cry of the Psalmist is echoed by many souls, "Lord, be not silent unto me, lest if thou be silent unto me, I become like them that go down into the pit." Words are the mirrors of thought and feeling by which these are transmitted and enlarged. Therefore, while reasonably cautious not to be found sowing chaff, let every Christian consider it his duty to scatter the seeds of righteousness and truth in some way, and if he is not now able, make it his immediate business to find that ability by applying diligently for the grace of God, and laying in seeds of knowledge from the granary of the Scriptures, and not be hindered by custom, if he find good seed therein adapted to the present wants, from bringing it to the people in such form and measure as it has been preserved for our use.

Arise, young men, and begin to serve the Lord your God. "As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west," so the Light of Christ is enlightening the Gentiles. Why are you yet slumbering? Arise, virgin souls, and trim your lamps, and if they are burning low, fill them quickly with the oil of grace, and take them from under your beds of ease and your sectarian measures, lest, when the Bridegroom comes, you be left weeping without, and bewailing your folly in the darkness.

EDWARD RYDER.

Brewster's Station, N. Y., 8th. mo. 27, 1867.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Religion, or the devotional part of it, is nothing but communion of the soul with God; and therefore by its necessary condition is seclusive. There is no piety of a multitude. The worship of a congregation is the worship of so many hearts, each rendered a degree more fervent than otherwise by the power of sympathy. But if the elements of worship have not been brought together from the depths of individual spirits, they exist not at all. In all true worship, whether the scene be the place of public convocation or the closet, the soul brings its immortal substance, and its personal destiny, and its particular interests—its recollections, its hopes and its fears—yes, itself, as if it were the only crea-

ted existence, or in oblivion of all others, before the throne of God. How vivid soever may be the emotions that spring from the heart in its sympathy with others, they can never come into comparison with those that belong to its own ultimate welfare.—*Isaac Taylor.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 21, 1867.

"WE GLEAN FROM EVERY VINTAGE."

This motto we deem appropriate to express the aim which the editors of this paper have ever kept in view, while seeking for aliment to satisfy the intellectual wants, and minister to the spiritual life of its readers. To cater for such a variety of tastes as must inevitably be found among the large circle of our subscribers, requires no small degree of care and assiduous labor; and it is satisfactory to receive assurances that our sincere endeavors are appreciated.

Among the articles recently inserted in our paper, the selections from the discourses and letters of F. W. Robertson have elicited from many of our readers and correspondents testimonials of decided approbation. There are, however, we regret to learn, some exceptions. One Friend, writing to our publishing agent, expresses his disapprobation of resorting to "the writings or opinions of a hireling ministry," in order to fill our columns.

For our part, we rejoice when we have evidences that others, not of our fold, are being gradually drawn away from a dependence upon externals; and we believe, as this work goes on, it will lead to an acknowledgment of the Truth in its simplicity, and an abandonment of the ceremonial observances by which it is encumbered. We consider the system of a stipendiary ministry inconsistent with the precepts of Christ and the practice of the Apostles, and we believe it has been fraught with great injury to the Church throughout Christendom; but we must, in charity, admit that many who have been engaged in it have been sincere Christians, devoting their lives to the righteous cause, so far as it was opened to their minds.

The progress of the soul in spiritual knowledge is usually gradual, and, when much encumbered by the prejudices of education, is almost invariably slow. An instructive ex-

ample of this is found in the recorded experience of John Simpson, a highly-valued minister, who lived in the last century. He was educated among the Presbyterians, and, after he became a minister in our Society, he retained for some time a belief in the rectitude of defensive war. "Through the gradual unfoldings of the Divine Light, his understanding at length became illuminated, and his judgment fully convinced that all carnal warfare, offensive and defensive, had its origin in the unsubdued lusts of the flesh, and was entirely opposite to the spirit of the gospel of Christ. Previous to this discovery, he had been careful not only to avoid speaking on the subject, but also to conform to the established discipline and testimonies of Friends in relation to wars and military requisitions. He was heard to remark that, from observation and experience, he was fully persuaded that, in the operations and discoveries of the divine principle in dedicated minds, every man did not begin to learn at the same point of the Christian alphabet; but, as faithful obedience was yielded to the arisings of Light, all would come into the fulness, and see eye to eye."*

It has always been the practice of writers in our religious Society, when advocating the principles of Truth, to call to their aid appropriate corroborating testimony from devout authors of other persuasions. The writings of Archbishop Fenelon have been widely circulated and much approved by Friends; and Robert Barclay, in his *Apology*, quotes freely from the writings of Calvin and other Protestant ministers, to sustain some of the views presented in that standard work. In quoting from Calvin, we know that Barclay did not favor the doctrine of predestination, nor the system of giving to ministers a pecuniary support in reward for their services.

Let us rejoice in the progress of Truth, and embrace it wherever we find it.

Communications from two correspondents will be found in the present number, both bearing upon the condition of our religious organization. E. R. contrasts the sentiments contained in the "Epistle from New York Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders," with

those of George Fox in a letter "to friends of the ministry in Pennsylvania and New Jersey," both of which appeared in the 25th number of the *Intelligencer*. He considers the former cautious and contracted, and that the latter urges to active and expansive measures for the promulgation of Truth as professed by Friends. We believe that the two cannot be justly compared. Our early Friends were incited to labor with a zeal consequent upon the new era which had dawned upon them, through the faithfulness, apparently, of one who had himself been led into quiet fields and secret places, where he became impressed with the immutable truth, that Christianity consists in obedience to the revelations of Christ, "the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and that those who receive it are given "power to become the sons of God." In that comparatively dark day, there were many hungering for the bread of life, being weary of a professional religion which yielded not the fruits of the spirit. To these, the voice of G. Fox and others, who were alike convinced of this vital principle, was like a living inspiration from the Fountain of Life. The novelty of men and women preaching without having been ordained by man, drew the people in crowds to listen to their teachings. Persecutions followed; and the blood of the martyrs enkindled a holy zeal for the cause for which they suffered. After a lapse of years a very different state of things exists. In some cases the language of the prophets is doubtless applicable—"How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed!" Still, we believe there are many who are living in accordance with their highest perceptions of right. The origin of the New York Epistle was to share with the absent members of that part of the Society the gospel exhortations which had flowed freely during the sittings of the Yearly Meeting, "which perchance might be as a brook by the way to cheer the drooping spirit and strengthen the weary traveller on the way to Zion." They no doubt could also with George Fox desire that "all men should come to the knowledge of the Truth," and with him encourage all to walk in obedience to the knowledge received. We unite with our correspondent in the wish that faithfulness may be observed in the work as-

* Janney's Hist. of Friends, iii., 405.

signed by our Heavenly Father, but as nothing can gather to Him that does not proceed from Him, they who minister have need to take heed that they "speak with authority and not as the scribes." We feel a concern that none may have their faith weakened in the ancient testimony to *silent worship*, nor weary of a form in consonance with a state of mental quiet, prefigured in Scripture by the injunction, "Keep silence before me, O ye islands, and let the people renew their strength!"

The delinquency referred to in the Essay over the signature of "T.H.S.," in relation to the attendance of our religious meetings, has occasioned deep regret not only in the minds of concerned Friends of the present day, but the history of the Society proves that since its origin this has been the case in every generation. It is an evidence, we believe, that the advantages to be derived from mingling in spirit in the worship which is acceptable to the Father of spirits, are not fully appreciated by our numbers generally. Too many may be like those formerly, who when "a certain man made a great supper and invited many," some had bought a piece of ground, some oxen, and some had married a wife—and all wished to be excused. The interest manifested by a number of the younger class of Friends in the meetings recently held for the purpose of mutual advancement in the knowledge of religious truths is an encouraging feature, and we hope it may extend, so as to lead both young and old to frequently consider those things which promote the spiritual health and prosperity of individuals and communities.

Several causes have operated to reduce the figures of the census of 1829, some of which, we trust, will, by the increase of love and Christian toleration, be avoided in the future. But we apprehend that nothing will conduce so much to strengthen the bonds of religious fellowship as an *individual* awakening to the blessedness of a life of purity and holiness. By this congenial minds will be attracted, and in the feeling of their dependence upon the great Head of the Church for spiritual supplies, they will at the time appointed for the gathering of the flocks be drawn together, in order to partake of the refreshing stream when the stone shall be rolled away from the well's mouth.

ERRATA.—On p. 434, 2d column, 19th line from bottom, for "reviewing Truth," read "receiving Truth."

On p. 435, 2d column, 16th line from bottom, for "A flute," read "A slate."

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

In order to aid the Committee appointed at the First-day School Conference, on Seventh-day last, to prepare a suitable statement of the efforts of Friends to establish such schools, it is requested that Friends throughout the country will forward, previous to Tenth month 12th, an account of any First-day Schools which now are, or have been, in existence amongst Friends, giving, if possible, the number on roll, average attendance, the plan of conducting them, the difficulties they may have to encounter, and the title of such works as may be of an unobjectionable character for Friends' children. Address "First-day School Committee," No. 144 N. Seventh St.

The undersigned, in acknowledging the contributions below given, would urge it upon Friends to show their interest in the preparation and publishing of suitable books, by promptly forwarding such sums as their ability will warrant to enable the association to put to print works now being offered to it for publication:

From a Friend at Brookdale, Bucks Co.,	\$1.00
" " Paxinos, Pa.,	1.00
" " Woodbury, N. J.,	1.00
" Friends of Concord, Pa., through Lewis Palmer,	12.00
" Friends at Greenwich, N. J.,	2.00

JOS. M. TRUMAN, Jr.,
717 Willow St.,

Treasurer Friends' Publication Association.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 4.

BRIENZ, Aug. 4, 1867.

I have come to this place alone, having parted from my party for the week for the sake of a rest with another American Friend, who is passing a month or two in the Pension Bellevue, a mile from the village of Brienz, in a valley which fronts the lake, and is secluded from the world as it were by three walls of mountains, whose green and rocky sides make a paradise for painters' eyes, especially as wandering clouds of mist—which adorn more than obscure—cause perpetual changes of light and color: and then the distant mountains seen over the lake, with snow peaks coming and going, spiritualize the whole.

This place is exceptional as a public house. Indeed it hardly is one. It is kept by a gentleman who has, till within a year or two, been a Professor of Chemistry in the University of Berne, who had the misfortune to lose by a fire his extensive and valuable laboratory. He invented the illumination of the Falls of Giessbach, which are close by Brienz, and had this fine estate here, with a house five or six times larger than his family required, and so he takes some men boarders. The establishment is *apparently* carried on by the servants. I have not in three days yet seen him, though his wife received me at the door with all the hospitality

of manner and courtesy of a lady—which she is—a cultivated and refined lady, one of four sisters, the other three having removed from Berne with her, and living in a picturesque cottage between this house and the lake. The family lives entirely separate, and the boarders have their own table, which is served with the most exact German etiquette, by the rosy-cheeked maids, in six or seven courses, every vegetable nearly being served separately, and the plates changed so that each one has six or seven plates. The company is of the best kind—one family with four children among the guests—and the conversation at dinner general. One of the sisters speaks English perfectly, and has called on us. She is full of the love of literature, and I have found her well read in Italian, Spanish, German and English literature; very fond of our Longfellow, and making fine discriminations in his writings. She had not heard of his translation of Dante.

The village is a mile off. I am so sorry that my ear absolutely is impervious to the colloquial French and German, because, if I could understand them, I could go about among these Swiss peasants, who talk German and French both, and get acquainted with them. It is a rare chance I have to see the heart of Switzerland. The people have not been demoralized by the neighborhood of a great hotel, and these really refined ladies give us a glimpse into a society which a mere traveller rarely enters into in Europe. My American friend came here with special introduction to them, and I had one from her; otherwise we should not have seen them at all, though Mrs. H. always receives everybody, and there is an appeal to her when any thing goes wrong. It is evident that she also superintends the sending up of the meals, as every thing is so exact. But the meals take a *very long time*, as the courses come on very deliberately: four courses of fish, flesh and fowl, with a vegetable; then pudding; then fruit; then confections. For breakfast and supper we have tea, coffee or chocolate,—as we prefer; bread, butter, cheese and cold meat. Every thing is well cooked and abundant in quantity. The price is fixed at five francs a day, if you stay a week or month; seven francs a day for a more transient visit. The house is four stories high, and the three upper stories are for boarders—or at least the second and third; and there seems to be eight or ten on a story. All who are here are on the second story; but as the place becomes known by their continued residence, (this is the second year of the Pension only,) I think there is no doubt we will always be full; for, besides the beauty of the situation and views,—by means of the steamboat at Brienz,—there are charming excursions on the beautiful lakes of Brienz and Thun, possible at small expense, and visits to

Interlachen, with its splendid views of the Jungfrau. The Giessbach is also close by, and every night illuminated. It is a lovely place to bring children for the summer, because it is so secluded and healthy, and the neighborhood so innocent. Mrs. H. has a third son, about three years old, who plays about with the peasant children, under the eye of his mother, for she seems to take care of them entirely herself, sauntering about as he wanders at "his own sweet will;" and such devoted nursery work becomes anything but a wearisome work in such a nursery, whose walls are but wooded mountains, and whose carpet such a beautiful green lawn, and its ornaments a little pond with gold fishes,—a fountain in the midst that always plays,—enclosures holding peacocks, golden pheasants, and other lovely specimens of animal life. The garden is delightfully provided with settees and little summer houses in the pleasantest places, all having the air of a private gentleman's house—which it was, and, I might almost say, *is*. I am so particular in all this description for the sake of my American friends, who, for no more money than they spend in a trip to Sharon, or Saratoga, or Newport, at the present high cost of living, might come into the heart of Switzerland and pass a summer. I came from Paris by way of Fontainebleau, seeing that most magnificent of French palaces—in its interior; then by way of Pontarlier and Neufchatel to Lausanne, where we made a detour to go to Geneva for the sake of going to Chamouny, but another might go on from Lausanne to Berne, Newhaus and Brienz. A through ticket to Newhaus can be taken at Lausanne, which sets you across Lake Thun, than which there is none more beautiful in Switzerland in fine weather, when you can see the Jungfrau. At Newhaus an omnibus takes you to the Brienz steamboat, giving you a beautiful drive through the lake street of Interlachen, with its palatial houses. The Brienz steamboat carries you by the falls of the Giessbach, which are exquisitely beautiful; and you must take your seat on the right hand side of the boat, or take second class seats in the prow, which is the best as well as cheapest place. At the landing in Brienz, inquire for the carriage of Pension Bellevue, or an omnibus, if the carriage is not there, and it carries you for half a franc. Another beautiful way to come is through Basle from Paris, taking the train at the Strasbourg station at 7 o'clock in the morning; and the second class cars are perfectly comfortable, and a great deal the cheapest, (48 francs.) Going by the way of Berne, however, you have an hour and twenty minutes at Berne, and we improved the time by taking a carriage at the station and telling the driver to show us Berne. It is a grand old city with streets of fine houses, and its peculiarity is that all the side walks are covered with ar-

oades, the private houses no less than the shops having an arcade for the front lower story. The windows of the stories above have balconies, which are provided with red cushions, so that the inhabitants may be in the open air. The driver carried us to a terrace, which is called the Munster Platz, covered with shade trees and seats, and looking off to the line of snow-clad Alps, which make the great charm of Berne, but which that day were wholly obscured by the rain-clouds. Looking down from the terrace you saw the Aar, over whose blue rushing waters was one splendid arched bridge; and opposite you saw another shaded common of beautifully formed slopes, (for Berne lies *both* sides of the Aar.) After we had gazed a few minutes, we went back to our carriage, and the coachman took us across the bridge to this place, whence the prospect of the Aar below the bridge, with its great arches, and the city, was very fine. Here was a great enclosure, open to the sky, and people looking over its walls. We did the same, and saw a group of bears, old and young. The coachman told us that these bears were taken care of by the city, and that once a lady of Berne, on dying, left all her property to ensure the perpetual support of the city bears! But what was the meaning of it all he did not know. Our ladies here told us the legend. Berne was founded within a thousand years by a Duke of Zahringen, who having marked out its site on the eve of a hunting frolic, said that he would name the city from the first wild beast he killed—and he killed four bears. So he named the city *The Bears*, which is Berne, (Bären) We had seen on the Terrace common a bronze statue of the Duke of Zahringen, in middle age costume of a hunter, with four bears as large as life on the pedestal. The coachman carried us by the City Hall, which is very old, and they are just finishing a new highly ornamented stone front; also by an immense Federal Hall; and if we had had time, we should have alighted to survey its grand interior, and because it is consecrated by the legislation of the Canton, which is said to have been always especially wise.

We alighted at the railroad station close by some shops filled with the Swiss wood sculpture, and spent a quarter of an hour looking at this beautiful work; and I did wish I could carry off a beautifully carved centre table, in which was set a picture of Berne and the snow-capped mountains, which, alas! we could not see *au naturelle*, on account of the misty weather.

The ladies here say the society of Berne is highly cultivated and very delightful, and I am sure it must be, if they are specimens of it. They seem like our very rarest Boston people, but with a superior delicacy of grace, which is also not to be found in England, as my friend says, where there is, as far as she has seen, even

the best people,—an assumption of superiority that is irritating,—and more earnest and *sincere* than we see in France. We asked them if it was not losing a great deal to leave Berne, and they said certainly it was in respect to society, "but we are merry in our own family, and here there are also pleasures and charms impossible to city life. We get books from Berne, and occasionally visit there." The manners of the children (both of the family and the boarders) are beautiful,—in the house perfectly gentle, and out doors merry; and there is no sign of truly reserved manners so infallible as well-bred children who are at the same time spontaneous and childlike. E. P. P.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THOUGHTS IN A FRIENDS' MEETING.

We have come
To meet as is our wont upon this day—
To gather into stillness—and, professedly,
To worship in the silence of all flesh.
Have we come prepared to enter now,
Each one, into the silent chamber of the heart,
And there, in prayerful waiting, seek
To know His will divine, and feel,
Under the covering of the Father's love,
That all who ever worship Him aright,
Must worship Him *in spirit and in truth*?
To hear, in outward speech, the words of truth
Proclaimed with power; the utterance of prayer
Sincere from hearts touched with a living coal
From off the holy altar—it were well;
But insufficient all, unless our minds,
Taught in the school of Wisdom, have received
Instruction from on high—the flowings of that love,
And felt, aye deeply felt, its secret workings there:
In vain were outward words, all outward aid,
To give that food for the immortal part
Which nought beside can furnish. We must know
An introversion of the soul, and unmistakable
And close communion with Him
Who knoweth all our needs, and who will give
For every inward, secret, earnest prayer
An adequate reward. And when thus brought
Into this quietness of soul, how staid
And how composed is Thought! The busy world
without,
Its losses and its gains, its ever-varying ways
To wealth, fame, honor, and renown,
Its plannings and contrivings, have no part
In our calm meditations. Then it is our minds,
Made teachable, are humbly brought to feel
The presence of our Father, and to learn
At His footstool, where all his children who would
seek
To know his blessed will *must* come,
The offering most acceptable to Him
Has ever been, and it must ever be,
A meek and quiet spirit. Thus the human will,
Though strong, yet not inflexible,
Succumbs to heavenly grace, and in the deep
And quiet chambers of the contrite soul
The living Spring is opened, welling up
Even to overflowing; and to all who drink thereof
The promise still remains that it will be
To them a well of living water, springing up
To everlasting life. The language then applies
Not to us only, but the whole great family of man,
"Ho! every one that thirsteth—Come and partake
Freely, without money, without price."

Outward forms
 May have specific ends adapted to our wants
 And our condition here, but if the life,
 The inner life, that should reign over all,
 Is wanting, they avail us nought, and prove
 But stumbling blocks to all who may be found
 Inquiring for the true and peaceful way
 To Zion. Have we, then, need to go back
 O'er the long track of Ages to the land
 Of once thrice-blessed Judea, there to seek
 The Day-spring from on high? to catch the words
 And very accents of those lips that uttered forth
 To the surrounding nations, "Come all ye,
 Weary and heavy laden; take my yoke upon you,
 Learn of me, and I will give you rest!"
 O no; while humbly waiting in the passive state,
 And willing to be taught, He will appear,
 Our teacher and director, in the midst,
 And satisfy to fulness every seeking soul.
 It is not then within these walls alone
 Our work must be accomplished: we have need
 Daily to feed upon this heavenly bread—
 The manna of to-day, it will not do
 To serve us for the morrow. We have need
 Often, yea, oftener, than returning morn,
 To be upon the watch; to guard on every hand
 Each entrance to the soul, lest sin invade;
 To keep our covenant of peace with Him
 Th' eternal Rock of Ages, whereunto
 All, all must flee for shelter from the storms,
 The trials and vicissitudes below
 That may assail; and safely gathered here,
 It will preserve us in our goings forth,
 Our contact with the world and all its schemes,
 That we may walk uprightly: long or short
 The journey here allotted, we shall then,
 Our calling and election thus made sure,
 Become as pillars in the living church
 Below, and join at last, when done with time,
 The church triumphant with the faithful and the
 good,
 Of every nation and in every age
 Of former generations.

H. J.

MICHAEL FARADAY, THE ENGLISH CHEMIST.

The death of Michael Faraday, the eminent English chemist and natural philosopher, is announced. He was born in London, in 1794, and consequently was seventy-three years of age. The son of a smith, he received but little instruction in his youth, and was apprenticed to a bookseller. His tastes were averse to the trade, but led him to the study of books, the construction of machines, and the performance of chemical experiments. Hearing a course of lectures by Sir Humphrey Davy, in 1812, he sent to him a copy of the notes he had taken, and requested his assistance to enable him "to escape from trade, and to enter into the service of science." Faraday thus relates the circumstances in a letter to Dr. Paris, which was afterwards published in his "Life of Davy."

MY DEAR SIR: You asked me to give you an account of my first introduction to Sir H. Davy, which I am very happy to do, as I think the circumstance will bear testimony to his goodness of heart. When I was a bookseller's apprentice I was very fond of experiment, and very averse to trade. It happened that a gen-

tleman, a member of the Royal Institution, took me to hear some of Sir H. Davy's last lectures in Albemarle street. I took notes, and afterwards wrote them out more fairly in a quarto volume. My desire to escape from trade, which I thought vicious and selfish, and to enter into the service of science, which I imagined made its pursuers amiable and liberal, induced me at last to take the bold and simple step of writing to Sir H. Davy, expressing my wishes and a hope that, if an opportunity came in his way, he would favor my views; at the same time I sent the notes I had taken at his lectures. The answer, which makes all the point of my communication, I send you in the original, requesting you to take great care of it, and to let me have it back, for you may imagine how much I value it. You will observe that this took place at the end of the year 1812, and early in 1813 he requested to see me, and told me of the situation of assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, then just vacant. At the same time that he thus gratified my desires as to scientific employment, he still advised me not to give up the prospects I had before me, telling me that Science was a harsh mistress; and, in a pecuniary point of view, but poorly rewarding those who devoted themselves to her service. He smiled at my notion of the superior moral feelings of philosophic men, and said he would leave me to the experience of a few years to set me right on the matter. Finally, through his good efforts, I went to the Royal Institution early in March of 1813, as assistant in the laboratory; and in October of the same year went with him abroad as his assistant in experiments and in writing. I returned with him in April, 1815, resumed my station in the Royal Institution, and have, as you know, ever since remained there. I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

M. FARADAY.

Sir Humphrey Davy's reply, above-mentioned, was as follows:

DECEMBER 24, 1812.

SIR: I am far from displeased with the proof you have given me of your confidence, and which displays great zeal, power of memory, and attention. I am obliged to go out of town, and shall not be settled in town till the end of January; I will then see you at any time you wish. It would gratify me to be of any service to you. I wish it may be in my power. I am, sir, your obedient, humble servant,

H. DAVY.

Returning to the Royal Institution, with which he has ever since been connected, Faraday became Professor of Chemistry in 1833. His earlier researches were eminently of a practical character. He investigated the manufacture of steel, and the character of its alloys with silver and platinum. In 1827 he published the first edition of the work on "Chemical Manipu-

lation," of which the second edition appeared in 1836. It contained full descriptions of the apparatus, and was the only practical guide for the various operations of the laboratory. Experimenting upon gasses, as carbonic acid and others, which were regarded as permanent in form, he succeeded by liquifying and even solidifying them. In 1830 he published a valuable paper "On the Manufacture of Glass for Optical Purposes," and introduced a new variety, which he formed of silica, boracic acid, and oxide of lead.

He was early interested in electrical researches, assisting Davy in 1820 in prosecuting those first entered upon by Oersted on the relations of electricity and magnetism; and in 1821 he performed for the first time the remarkable experiment, developing the close connection of those two forces, of causing a magnet floating on mercury to revolve continuously round a conducting wire, and again a conductor to rotate round a fixed magnet. The magnet, still more wonderfully, was made to revolve with great rapidity when an electrical current was passed over half its length. In 1831, the first of the series of papers, afterward collected and published in separate form, under the title, "Experimental Researches in Electricity," appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions*. They were contained in this and other scientific journals, and were finally collected in three volumes, 8vo. (London, 1839, 1844, and 1855.) They contain the results of a series of original and systematically conducted investigations, extended through many years in one of the most obscure fields of physical research, and they abound in brilliant discoveries, the credit of which no one contests with Faraday. The most important of these researches relate to electro-chemical decomposition; the induction of electric currents from other currents and from magnets, leading him to the discovery of magneto-electricity; the influence of the magnet on all bodies, leading to the division of magnetics and diamagnetics, and the optical changes induced by magnetism.

His experiment showing that the amount of any compound substance decomposed by an electrical current is proportional to the quantity of electricity employed, and that the elements separated in the same time are in proportion of their atomic weights, makes it highly probable that electricity is the same force as chemical affinity, and that it is generated by chemical action only. The fact which he discovered, that just enough electricity is generated by the oxidation in the battery of one atom of zinc to decompose one atom of water, is additional proof of the same conclusion. He proved, moreover, the identity of the nature of electricity, whether derived from the battery, the frictional machine, thermal or magnetic action

on animal bodies; and explained the wonderful differences in their manifestations resulting from its development in intensity or in quantity.

Dr. Faraday's researches and discoveries raised him to the highest rank among European philosophers, while his high faculty of expounding to a general audience the results of recondite investigations, made him one of the most attractive lecturers of the age. Until quite recently he made it a practice to give lectures one evening in the week not exclusively for the benefit of the classes of the institution, and the interest he excited in these caused them to be regarded among the attractions of London in the winter season.

Few scientific men have received so many distinctions from learned societies and institutions. His great achievements were recognized by the learned societies of every country in Europe, and the University of Oxford, in 1832, did itself the honor of enrolling him among her doctors of law. The many distinctions, however, failed to tempt him from the post into which he was installed by his early patron, or to deprive him of the natural modesty and artlessness of character that secured to him an esteem more desirable than that called forth by the highest talents. The Queen of England allotted to Dr. Faraday, in 1858, a residence at Hampton Court, and since 1835 he has received a pension of £300 a year.—*N. Y. World*.

The "Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania," already well known as the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania, will open on the 16th of next month, and continue five months. From its Eighteenth Annual Announcement we take the following extracts:

We had hoped to note, ere this, some friendly attitude toward our movement on the part of the medical organizations of our City and State. A spirit of proscription, however, still exists, although many of our most efficient supporters are found in the ranks of the profession. This opposition is, professedly, prompted by regard for the dignity and usefulness of the profession, and the consequent welfare of the community, by respect for the sacredness of family and maternal relations, and by a concern lest the modesty and delicacy of woman should be injuriously affected.

Far be it from us to treat with the slightest disrespect any sincere conviction, however much opposed to our own deepest sense of what is right and fitting. The intelligence, devotion and high moral tone of those who practice the healing art, contribute in no unimportant degree to the promotion of the public weal; but we repel the insinuation, that the admission to the ranks of medicine of intelligent and pure-minded women—and the admission of such only is

contemplated by our movement—should tend to degrade the dignity of the profession, or lessen its hold upon the public esteem. True culture in any department of learning is refining and ennobling in its influence alike upon man and woman, and we regard it as a libel upon the science of medicine to maintain that it forms an exception to the general rule.

The friends of woman's education do not propose for her a usurpation of the field of medicine. They know full well that the designs of nature in setting men and women in families, impose obligations upon the latter, which they have neither the liberty nor the inclination to disregard. They know, however, that in every community, numbers of women remain unmarried, in plain fulfilment of providential indications; that early widowhood throws many a noble woman upon her own slender resources for her daily bread and that of the children whom God has given her; and that, in not a few instances, the strong arm, which should have been the support of the wife, has proved but a broken reed. It is estimated that, in our enlightened and refined community, fully one-half of all the women are obliged to earn their own livelihood. They are found in many avenues of labor—in stores, workshops, countinghouses, and as active proprietors of business which taxes their mental and physical energies in the same measure as those of men are taxed. The teacher's desk, in our public and private schools, is largely occupied by them. The sewing machine plies its busy needle almost entirely at their bidding, yet still leaves thousands unrelieved from the necessity of stitching from early dawn to the small hours of the night. Many other laborious avocations find their chief support, and their only gains in the necessities of poor women, who must, day after day, leave their humble homes and their heart treasures, dear to them as the children of princes, that the pittance earned may satisfy their most pressing wants. When these facts are remembered, we may be pardoned our non-appreciation of that pseudo-generosity that would shield women from the strain of body and mind, the fatigues and mental anxieties incident to the study and practice of medicine.

Women are charged, on the other hand, with being prompted to the pursuit of medicine by no higher motive than the feeling that it is respectable, less confining; and more remunerative than any of the ordinary avocations open to them. We claim for medical women no immunity from the infirmities of our common nature, but admit their liability to influences such as may be supposed to govern the purest and best of men; but what *man*, we would ask, with the talent for a noble profession, and with opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of its principles, and of becoming expert in its practice,

would choose rather to plod on in the round of the day-laborer, with remuneration barely sufficient to supply his most imperative necessities?

Exception has been taken, in the discussions of learned bodies, to the attainments of women in general literature and science, as preparatory to their medical course. That this exception has been, in some instances, well founded, we do not deny. Avenues of learning have not been open to women as to men; but with literary colleges, as Oberlin and Antioch, now sending out every year a class of women as thoroughly instructed in every department of a liberal education as any of their male graduates, with Michigan on the eve of granting equal faculties to men and women in every department of her noble University, with Vassar founding its course of study upon the most substantial elements of collegiate learning, and with many other schools and colleges advancing in the same direction, we believe the occasion for unfavorable comparison will not long exist.

We do not claim for our college facilities, in the way of apparatus and preparations, equal to those possessed by long established and larger medical schools. Our museum is, however, well supplied with models and other means for illustration; and it has been the object with each Professor to make the course of lectures in the different departments as comprehensive and thorough as the time embraced in the lecture season would allow. The curriculum of study, and the requirements for graduation, we believe to be in all respects as high as those of the best medical schools in this country.

We regard with satisfaction the proposed inauguration of a movement for securing more thorough and extended attainments to the graduates of medical schools; and our college, we believe, will not fall behind its honored co-workers, in its endeavors to provide facilities whereby its students may be enabled to go forth furnished unto every good work.

MOUNTAIN GRASSES.

The wild grasses are taken, as it were, under the special providence of God. In their perennial verdure in regions above the zone of man's cultivation, we have a perpetual proof of God's care of the lower animals that neither sow nor reap. The mountain grasses grow spontaneously; they require no culture but such as the rain and sunshine of heaven supply. They obtain their nourishment directly from the inorganic soil, and are independent of organic materials. Nowhere is the grass so green and vigorous as on the beautiful slopes of lawn-like pasture high upon the Alps, radiant with the glory of wild flowers, and ever musical with the hum of grasshoppers and the tinkling of cattle-bells. Innumerable cows and goats browse upon them; the peasants spend the summer months in ma-

king cheese and hay from them for winter consumption in the valleys. This exhausting system of husbandry has been carried on during untold centuries; no one thinks of manuring Alpine pastures; and yet no deficiency has been observed in their fertility; though the soil is but a thin covering spread over the naked rocks. It may be regarded as a part of the same wise and gracious arrangement of Providence, that the insects which devour the grasses on the *kuh* and *echaf alpen*, the pasturages of the cows and sheep, are kept in check by a predominance of carnivorous insects. In all the mountain meadows, it has been ascertained that the species of carnivorous are at least four times as numerous as the species of herb eating insects. Thus, in the absence of birds, which are rare in Switzerland, the pastures are preserved from a terrible scourge. To one not aware of this check, it may seem surprising how the verdure of the Alpine pastures should be so rich and luxuriant considering the immense development of insect life. The grass, whenever the sun shines, is literally swarming with them,—butterflies of gayest hues, and beetles of brightest iridescence,—and the air is filled with their loud murmurs. I remember well the vivid feeling of God's gracious providence, which possessed me when passing over the beautiful Wengern Alp at the foot of the Jungfrau, and seeing, wherever I rested on the green turf, alive with its tiny inhabitants, the balance of nature so wonderfully preserved between the herb which is for man's food, and the moth before which he is crushed. Were the herbivorous insects allowed to multiply to their fullest extent, in such favorable circumstances as the warmth of the air and the verdure of the earth in Switzerland produce, the rich pastures which now yield abundant food for upwards of a million and a half of cattle, would speedily become bare and leafless deserts. Not only in their power of growing without cultivation, but also in the peculiarities of their structure, the mountain grasses proclaim the hand of God. Instead of producing flowers and seed, as the grasses in the tranquil valleys do, the young plants spring from them perfectly formed; they cling round the stem and form a kind of blossom. In this state they remain until the parent stalk withers and falls prostrate on the ground, when they immediately strike root, and form independent grasses. This is a remarkable adaptation to circumstances, for it is evident, were seeds instead of living plants developed in the ears of the mountain grasses, they would be useless in the stormy regions where they grow. They would be blown away far from the places they were intended to clothe, to spots foreign to their nature and habits, and thus the species would speedily perish.—*Bible Teachings in Nature*, by H. Macmillan.

ITEMS.

The Indian Peace Commission reached Fort Sully on the 28th, and finding that at the present state of the river they would be unable to reach Fort Rice, they determined to go to the mouth of the Big Cheyenne, which is only forty miles above Fort Sully, and examined the country there, and returning held a council on the 31st with the Indians, in order to ascertain what lands they claimed as reservations, and what complaints they had to make, and to learn, if possible, any facts that would throw light on the causes of the late Indian troubles. The council has been held; the Indians, more especially the Sioux, have declared what lands they claim, and some facts elicited of importance.

The annual report of the board of regents of the Smithsonian Institution for the year 1866 has just been published from the Government printing office. It appears from the statement of Professor Henry, the Secretary, that by judicious investments, and the sale of coin received from England as the residuary legacy of Smithson, as well as that of the annual interest from the United States, not only have the operations of the institution been maintained, and the reconstruction of the building carried on, without any aid from the Government, but the finances have been improved, and are now in a better condition than at any former period. If the petition to Congress to permit additions to be made to the principal on the same terms as those on which the original bequest was received into the treasury of the United States be granted, namely, allowing the regents to increase the capital by savings, donations, and otherwise, to a million of dollars, then the extra fund, at the present market value of the stocks in which it is invested, will be sufficient to increase the endowment from \$515,169 to \$650,000, and still leave enough to complete the general restoration of the building, provided the cost of the restoration be limited to \$150,000.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE AT PARIS.—Two or three weeks ago an international conference of the various anti-slavery societies was held at Paris. The session lasted three days, and there was much interchange of opinion. At the close of the session the following resolutions were introduced and passed:

The international conference of the French, Spanish, English, and American anti-slavery societies makes a new and earnest appeal to the justice of sovereigns and the opinion of people in favor of the radical and immediate abolition of the slave trade and slavery, already declared by Great Britain, France, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, the United States of America, Mexico, the Republics of Central and Southern America, and the Regency of Tunis, but still practiced by Spain, Portugal, Brasil, Turkey and Egypt, without speaking of uncivilized countries. After reiterating various decisive results of the experience of different nations with regard to slavery, the conference further resolved, that the committees of the British, French, Spanish, and American Anti-Slavery Societies shall promptly, and in the name, and in the most earnest and respectful manner, address the sovereigns of Brasil, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, and Egypt, soliciting the immediate and absolute abolition of slavery and the slave-trade. This conference also charges the committees specially to address to the Sovereign Pontiff a respectful letter, in order that, following the example of Pius II., of Paul III., of Urban VIII., of Benedict XIV., and of Gregory XVI., he may be induced to raise his voice in favor of the unhappy slaves, which certain Catholic nations purchase, possess, sell, and delay to emancipate, imitating Pagan and Mussulman nations in the 19th century of the Christian era.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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*A short Account of ANNE RICHARDSON, who
departed this Life on the 18th of Twelfth
month, 1711, Aged about Thirty-three Years.
By her Husband.*

She was descended of an honest and considerable family of the Robinsons, at Hutton-in-the-Hole, in Yorkshire, and was convinced in her young years, and received the Truth in the love of it, and it became valuable and precious to her above all things in this world; and through the blessed work and operation of the Grace and Holy Spirit of Truth, she was weaned from the world's pleasures, vanities and recreations, from taking any delight in them; and through the virtuous and most precious blood of Christ, she came to witness her heart sprinkled from an evil conscience, and in a good degree made able to serve the living God, and bore a faithful testimony against the needless and superfluous dresses and fashions of the world, as also against the corrupt language thereof; and came to be a great lover of virtue and purity, and had great satisfaction in being in good Friends' company, and at Friends' meetings, and in much retirement and waiting upon the Lord, who in great mercy and condescension to the desire of His handmaid, gave her a large share, not only of the enjoyment of His living power and internal presence, but also a knowledge and clear sight into those things that appertained to life and salvation. And after Truth thus prevailed over her, it brought every thought into the obedience of

Christ, and subjected her will to the will of God, which is a great work, yet requisite to the new birth, without which there is no regeneration; and without regeneration and being born again, there is no entering into the kingdom of heaven.

After this great change was wrought in her, it was evident through the remaining part of her time that she was much preserved under the power, influence, and guidance of the peaceable, meek, and quiet spirit of Jesus Christ, and grew daily more and more in the favor and love of God, and was much beloved of God's people, and indeed of her relations, neighbors and acquaintance, who were not of her persuasion; and she walked so wisely and prudently in all her ways, that she sought not her own honor and interest, but the honor of the Lord and inward peace with Him, which she had a regard unto in all her undertakings; so that even such who sought for an occasion against Truth and the professors of it had nothing to say against her, not even from her childhood to the day of her death, for she was generally beloved and spoken well of by all who knew her, and many were deeply and sorrowfully affected to part with her, both Friends and others; the like hath not often been seen in those parts, and not without some cause, for she was a woman of upright life, and exemplary conversation before all, and gave no offence to Jew or Gentile, nor to the Church of Christ; charitable to the poor, a true sympathizer with

such as were in affliction and distress, whether in body or in mind, which was manifested in her frequent visits to such, and by other means clearly demonstrated. She was a woman endowed with great patience, and with a quiet and serene mind, well qualified and fitted to her husband's circumstances, whose lot it was often to be abroad in the service of the Truth; an honorable and a faithful wife, willing to give up her all for Christ and the Gospel's sake, counting nothing in this world too near or dear to part with for the glory of God and the advancement of the ever blessed Truth, peace, and salvation of her own soul, and the good of others.

One thing is remarkable and worthy of commemoration, which I insert as followeth, that others in the like case may not barely and outwardly imitate her, but feelingly come up in her heavenly practice and experience, under the influence, light, and help of God's Holy and Blessed Spirit, viz: When that worthy servant of Jesus Christ, John Bowstead, returned from London Yearly Meeting through several counties to York, and so home with me, not long before my wife was taken away; and having some discourse with her, he asked about several things of moment, especially about her husband being so much from home, she gave him this answer: That inasmuch as she gave up her husband cheerfully and freely to serve the Lord, and to be serviceable to the Church of Christ, she did not only sympathize and feel with him in his most adverse and low state, but partook with him in his best enjoyments, when the power of Truth prevailed over all its enemies. Although I am then far from him, yet I partake of the spoil, or the shedding abroad of the good things of God among His people, as my heart goes along with the work of the Lord, and such as are engaged in it; and in all my husband's afflictions I am afflicted with him. And one of my main concerns is, that neither I, nor anything in this world, may detain my husband from doing what the Lord calls for at his hand; for if anything hurt him as to the Truth, what good can I expect of him? This John much admired, with the deep and weighty reasons she gave about the Christian Discipline of the Church and concerning the ministry, the like, he said, he had not met with in all his travels before; yet she was a woman of few words, and expressed much in a little compass. And when she was taken away, oh! the loss and sorrow he expressed to me in a letter concerning her death.

She was very clear in her understanding, had a penetrating and discerning eye, a great and inward sense of the state of a meeting, as also of their several particular states. I cannot at present describe to the full all the hidden virtues of this handmaid of the Lord, but there

were many visible fruits of her virtuous mind that did appear to the children of men, some of which were these, viz: She was an affectionate and tender mother to her children, yet did correct them when occasion required, without passion or the least appearance of disorder of mind, and still had them in great subjection; at which I often admired, and thought, surely she is come, by the workings of the Holy Spirit, to a greater dominion over her own spirit than many who appeared to be her equals. She was a true Christian, a loving and dutiful child to her parents, a good neighbor, a faithful wife, a loving and tender-hearted dame over her servants, and overcame them with love, and was much beloved by them, and also feared: they loved her, and were very unwilling to disoblige or offend her.

She appeared and behaved herself as became a sanctified vessel that was in a good degree fitted and prepared for the great Master's use; and often appeared as one that had been secretly in some intercourse with Jesus Christ in spirit, where his glory had more particularly shone in and over her soul not only because of the gravity and solidity of her countenance, but also the tenderness, humility, and sweetness of her mind and spirit, weightiness of her conversation, edification of her advice, soundness of her judgment, and clearness of her understanding, all which made her company very acceptable while among the living. Her heart was often filled with the love of God, and early raised and enabled to speak a word in season unto many states and conditions, whether at home or abroad, in her own family, amongst her neighbors, or in the Church of Christ, in testimony to matters relating to the worship of God, or in matters relating to Discipline, especially in the meetings of her own sex, where she had a great service, and will be greatly wanted. She had great care upon her for the good education of our youth in plainness of habit and language, that they might be preserved out of the corruptions of the world in all the parts thereof; in all which services she will be much missed: yet we being sensible that her removal is her great gain, it helps to alleviate our sorrow and loss, which is great, and will not soon be forgotten by many who had the benefit and comfort of her good services. Also her watchful and solid sitting in our meetings for worship was remarkable, with very little motion that was perceivable: yet when the least stirrings of life in her mind were perceived, in order to bring her forth in testimony, the meeting was truly glad, and the living amongst us rejoiced at it, for her appearance was with the wise, and in the language of the Holy Spirit, which was a clear demonstration that the work was the Lord's and by and through His spirit and power; all which gave her a great place in the

minds of faithful Friends and brethren. But she is gone in the prime and flower of her age! which sets before and is a memento unto us, to show us the uncertainty of our time here, and prepare for one certain to come, that death may not overtake us at unawares before we are prepared for it.

I come now to the time of her long weakness, in which she was preserved in great patience, steadiness, and resignation of mind to the will of God even unto the end; and she enjoyed much heavenly comfort and consolation in the living presence of the Lord to her immortal soul, so that when she was asked, Whether she thought she might recover or not? she mildly replied, she was afraid to desire to live; because, said she, I believe if it please the Lord to take me away now, it will be well with me, for I find nothing that lies as a burden upon my spirit. At another time she said, As to that little testimony I have been concerned in, this is my comfort and satisfaction, that I can truly say I did not kindle any strange fire, and therefore could not warm myself at the sparks thereof; but what I did in that matter was in the constraining of the love of God, and when my cup was full, I a little emptied myself among the Lord's people, yet very sensible of my own weakness and poverty, and often thought myself unworthy of the least of the Lord's mercies.

Many savoury expressions she spoke that were not written then, and therefore could not be remembered: we having some hopes of her recovery, it rather caused an omission as to such a due observance of what she said as otherwise it is like would have been; although she was heard to say not long before she fell weak, she thought her time would not be long in this world. I never heard an unbecoming or unsavoury word come from her, let the provocation thereto be what it would, no, not in the time of her health; and in her weakness, she was much swallowed up in the luminous and internal presence of her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and often sang praises unto his worthy name, and appeared as one wholly redeemed from this world, whose heart was set upon, and mind intent, and earnestly engaged in the pursuit after heaven and heavenly things. Blessed be the Lord, she had witnessed a part in the first resurrection, and over such the second death hath no power; and no doubt but she lived and believed in Jesus Christ, even unto the end of her time here, and passed away without any appearance of struggling or sorrow, I believe, into a mansion of glory, where her soul shall sing Hallelujah to the Lord God and the Lamb forever, with all those who have overcome the world, the beast, and false prophet, and everything the Lord's controversy is with, and who have not loved their

lives unto death, but given up that life they had in any wrong thing whatsoever.

When I had drawn up the foregoing account, and showed it to some discreet Friends, they said it was not beyond her worth; yet when I looked it over again, with an intent to insert it here, I thought it looked too large; but upon more mature deliberation, I could not find what part to omit, but it would hurt the whole matter; therefore as I found it contained encouragement to all tender and well-minded people to persevere in faithfulness unto the end, caution against pride, passion, and indulging or sparing any wrong thing in church or family, and something of advice to several conditions and growths in the Church of Christ, it appeared most easy to me, not to lose any of those good fragments which had any thing of a heavenly savour in them; and if I have not missed it, there is something that has a living relish, for without that I should soon be weary of either writing or speaking.

The family is the child's church. The mother is the priestess of childhood. She is to teach the conscience, to instruct the reason, to harmonize one part of the mind with another, and, making her knees the confessional, and her heart an atonement between the good and evil in her child, she is to bear him up till he can stand alone. This is Christian education and Christian training.

For Friends' Intelligence.

PEACE PRINCIPLES.

BY S. M. JANNBY.

No announcement would he hailed with more satisfaction by the members of our religious Society than an assurance that the love of peace is increasing among civilized nations; for this we should consider one of the most certain evidences of the progress of Christ's spiritual kingdom.

Prior to the late sanguinary conflict which desolated a portion of our country, we had cherished the belief that the spirit of war was subsiding throughout Christendom, and that a feeling of universal brotherhood was beginning to arise in all enlightened nations. The animosity manifested in that conflict, and the immense sacrifice of life involved in it, caused many misgivings as to the reality of that fraternizing spirit which the friends of peace had fondly hoped was in progress.

There are, however, recent indications that in Europe a desire to secure universal peace has taken hold upon many of the most enlightened minds, and that men, possessed of great influence in England and on the Continent, are being banded together to promote this beneficent purpose. The following extract, from the New York Tribune, will be read with interest:

"The movement in favor of Peace is making

great progress on the continent of Europe, and especially in the French Empire. Three organizations have recently been formed in France, all with the object of propagating the principles of the Peace movement, and of insuring international coöperation in the great work of ridding the world of the curse of war. The first is the International League of Peace, which was inaugurated at a meeting held with the consent of the French Government at the Ecole de Medecine in Paris, in May last, and which is now fully and formally constituted under the most honorable and influential auspices. The second is the International Congress of Peace, which body aspires to unite the Democratic party throughout Europe in the promotion of international peace. And the third, the International Union of Peace, founded at Havre by N. F. Sautallier, the author of a very able and eloquent pamphlet entitled 'The Union of Peace,' aims at the creation of an international code through a committee of jurisconsults belonging to all nations, and elected by ballot by members of the Union. In the lists of the adherents of these associations we find the honored names of Michel Chevalier, Baron Liebig, Joseph Garnier, Garibaldi, Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, Jules Favre, Pelletan, John Stuart Mill, Charles Sumner, Sir David Brewster, John Bright, and many other names of men of note. The International Congress of Peace will hold its first session at Geneva on the 9th of this month, and all the friends of democracy are invited to take part in it, either personally or by representation. The adherents of the Union of Peace are found principally among the commercial and working classes, and it has already established branch societies in many towns of France, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Italy, in Egypt, and in the French Colonies.

A movement like this is pregnant with beneficent influences, and will have the best wishes and earnest coöperation of the friends of humanity everywhere. It has already, as will be seen, a commanding array of intellect and genius on its side. Judging from the list of membership already given, it is not likely to suffer for want of able and energetic leaders and steady supporters. There are eminent writers to expound its principles, eloquent orators to advocate its claims, renowned statesmen to give it the benefit of their experience and wisdom, and illustrious poets to sing its praises; while from the commercial and working classes it will receive the 'sinews' of that peaceful war which has at length been fairly opened against cannon and rifles, against ironclads and monitors. The old, stale objection to such a movement, viz., that the objects sought are purely visionary, will doubtless be urged again, and the old sneers at enthusiasm are sure to be repeated. But the world, grown wiser from experience, has

discarded the comfortable doctrine that what has always been must of necessity always continue to be. Social evils once submitted to, with stubborn spathy, as a sort of fated inheritance, have been found to be eradicable, and have been removed accordingly; and systems of oppression and wrong, for which the authority of Holy Writ itself had for ages been pleaded, have fallen before the advance of Truth in these modern days. Human Slavery, once defended as a Divine institution, is tottering to its fall; and horrid war, which men have been taught to look upon as the result of the immutable laws of nature, must eventually disappear before the humanizing influences now at work in society. It may be a long time before this consummation is reached; but men who are neither visionaries nor enthusiasts believe that it must come sooner or later. The sooner the better; so let the Peace movement be helped forward. Why cannot a Peace League be formed in this country?"

That the French should be taking the lead in this movement is remarkable, when we consider that, as a nation, they have hitherto evinced the greatest love of military glory, and we apprehend that, among the masses of that people, it will require something more than appeals to their reason and philanthropy to restrain them, if their versatile and impetuous spirits should become interested in any great national question calculated to arouse their passions.

In our view, the only hope for the establishment of permanent peace depends on the progress of vital religion, combined with the principles taught and exemplified by Jesus Christ and his apostles.

To convince the understanding that war is the most ruinous of all human follies, would seem, to reflecting minds, an easy attainment, but to bring the heart under the influence of holy and benevolent principles,—subduing its passions and purifying its motives,—is a mark which nothing short of divine power can accomplish. This mark, as it proceeds among mankind, first diminishes the ferocity of war, humanizes the treatment of prisoners, and extends sympathy to the fallen and the oppressed.

History shows that since the commencement of the Christian era great progress has been made in this direction. There are occasional exceptions; but there can be no doubt that modern warfare is less imbued with ferocity than that we read of in ancient times. As in the abolition of slavery, the concern of those who first moved in it was to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, and promote their spiritual welfare, so in the progress of Christian principles with regard to war, the first movement has been to lessen its horrors by extending kindness to the vanquished.

If the various religious denominations through-

out Christendom would make it a cardinal principle in their profession to bear a testimony against war, and to preach the doctrine of peace and good will to men, as declared in the sermon on the mount, this glorious cause would make greater progress, and the day would not be distant when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Although nothing short of the prevalence of real, practical Christianity can put an end to war, it must be satisfactory to all who are interested in the cause of humanity, to be informed that leading minds in Europe have set on foot a movement to promote the peace of the world. We trust the example will be followed in this country, for it will induce reflection upon a subject of momentous importance, and may prove to be one of the instrumentalities employed by Divine Providence to promote his own beneficent purposes.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.
BURDENS.

The writer, upon returning from a Friends' Meeting for worship some weeks since, where there had been, as he conceived, a superabundance of words handed forth, and where it was evident the audience was wearied and burdened with them, took up the *Intelligencer*, and accidentally met therein with an extract from a letter addressed to one of the Editors, wherein the writer, after speaking of the strong love she has had for the attendance of meetings, and of the "pleasure that has never diminished with the indulgence," as well as confirming the view sometimes expressed of "the spiritual current circulating from vessel to vessel," wisely added, that she was "more apt to be edified by short sermons,"—that "in a redundancy of words the mind is so burdened that it receives no tangible impressions, while a few words are like apples of gold."

These few words seemed so *apropos* to the "burdened" mind of the writer (and doubtless equally so to others) that he thought they would bear repetition, with no other comment than—
"A word to the wise is sufficient."

Philada. 9 mo. 1867.

J. M. E.

THAT MENTAL LABOR interferes with digestion is a general but groundless complaint. In fact the man who has the largest and most active brain ought to have the easiest and best digestion, other things being equal. It is not brain work but brain worry that interferes with the activity of the stomach. Our passions are the devouring flames.

* We presume the writer is not aware that, for the past eighteen months, Peace Meetings have, from time to time, been held in this country—two recently in Friends' Meeting-houses, one at Abington, the other at Germantown.

Eps.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE POWER OF CHRISTIANITY."

BY W. J. F.

Christianity has the power to accommodate itself to the human mind through all the stages of its advance; leading it on in its weakness and darkness; expanding to its largest development; and thus showing itself adapted not only to all the gradations of intellect, but especially adapted to that progressive principle which is its grandest and brightest characteristic. It has the same faculty of accommodation to man as a religious and moral being, that it has for him considered merely in his intellectual capacity.

I do not enter into the question of how much of this progression, intellectual and moral, is in itself the result of divine revelation. The countries not Christian are comparatively stationary. If they do advance, still the elevation of their minds, and the purification of their morals, proceed with but a lingering and a faltering step. It is Christendom, even nominal Christendom, whose light shines stronger and stronger. But I will not discuss this. Let the progress of civilization originate, and be carried on, whence and how it may, it is enough for us at present to contemplate Christianity as in no danger of being distanced by it, but ever showing itself equal, and more than equal, to the occasion,—ever displaying deeper mines for futurity to explore, and demonstrating divinity by its inexhaustible riches of knowledge, devotion, and moral truth and power.

The secret of this capability may be unfolded in two propositions: first, that Christianity only regards religious observances as the means of morality; and, secondly, that Christianity only regards morality as the means of happiness; and my purpose is to briefly illustrate these two propositions.

Many things have been done as religious ceremonies which originated in, and in turn cherished, the meanest, vilest, and basest passions of which our nature is capable. Such were the observances of ancient idolatry. They originated in terror, wantonness, and cupidity; they were perpetuated in obscenity, or in cruelty. Licentious deities had their licentious rites; and sanguinary deities their offerings of blood. Man sacrificed to his God that which he thought most adapted to appease his wrath or gratify his appetite. It was fear cringing before violence, or cupidity bribing corruption. Such deeds as are on authentic record of this description could only be tolerated in a state of gross depravity, and could only tend to make that depravity yet grosser. The only congeniality here is congeniality with a downward progress to the deepest and most loathsome abyss of degradation.

A better state than this, yet one of no promise, giving no stimulus to, holding no correspond-

dence with, improvement, is that of resting in ceremony as religion, and believing the mere ceremony to be efficacious for securing the favor of heaven. A higher degree is the observance of a prescribed ritual, where the availableness is in the act of submission to a divine command. This is the state to which the Jews were raised by the Levitical law. The merit was in the punctilious observance of that which was enjoined. It was the same with their morality. The whole system was one of command and obedience. Nothing was done for the sake of its tendency; every thing for the sake of the prescribing authority. They expected God to reward; but the reward was not in, or by, or from, the act itself; it was something to be superadded by his power. For every expression of devout feeling, for every relation of social duty, their reference was to the code: "What is written in the law?" "Thou knowest the commandments." Obedience to specific direction was the all-pervading principle. Had Judaism been given as a universal system, or as a permanent system, this would have argued defect. It was neither. It was preparation, and preparation only. Its leading strings for reason were only to be used till reason could step firmly. "The law was a schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ." When Jesus came, he did not at once, and by a direct act, change all this. But he laid down principles, and made provision for a complete change. He taught the perfect spirituality of devotion; that it was a state of inward feeling, and not the performance of an outward action; that it belonged not to time or place, but to the heart. He did not decree the instant abolition of the ceremonial law, but he released his followers from obligation to its observance. He exhibited that perfection at which he directed his followers to aim. His worship was that of a soul always in harmony with its heavenly Father. He was not summoned to it by the recurrence of particular days or hours, nor did he wait till he could arrive at particular places. It refined itself into its essential elements of prayer and praise; and these were evidently resolving themselves into one single feeling, the perfection of devotion, a coincidence of will with God. This is the ultimate form of worship. It ceases to supplicate, because it feels, as well as knows, that all is best. It ceases from particular praise, because it feels as well as knows that there is not more love in what here we deem brightest than in what seems darkest; but that the one and the other are alike ordered in the infinity of God's benevolence. Worship thus becomes a single, unbroken, everlasting sensation of complacency in the works and character of God, a state of sublimity and blessedness. It is to this that Christianity tends. Yet the religion which conducts towards it was completely adapted to

the creatures of ceremony and submission that the most pious Jews were in the time of Christ. It did not alienate them from their temple service. While the temple stood, there did the Christian Jews keep holiday with the multitude; at least all who were so disposed; and they were many. Those whose souls had outgrown the ceremonial were at liberty to leave it, and gradually they did so. But all was left to its natural course. Christianity is the transition, in worship, from the ritual religion to the perfect and abstract spirituality we have just described. It leads from the one towards the other. It forbids no forms; it enjoins no forms; but it guides (and with swifter or slower pace as man can go along with it) from formality to spirituality. Whatever of form there is in Christianity, exists, not for its own sake, but for ours; because our feelings need it for their expression, because our weakness may need it for our strengthening. Jesus instituted nothing. He formed no church. He consecrated no building. He arranged no ritual. He selected no day or hour. He only decreed that "the true worshippers should worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him." And this is spiritual truth, not positive institution. If observances promote this, let them be religiously attended to by those who find and feel that tendency, and on that ground recommended to others. So long as they do moral good, that creates moral obligation to their observance. But that is the principle. The first Christians acted upon it. We follow their example, copying their practices with such variations as the difference of circumstances requires. They baptized their converts. It was an Eastern custom, and in those regions a very expressive one. Jesus alluded to it when he told them to "teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit." That was not an institution; for they did not afterwards use that form. That was not an institution; for they had been in the practice of baptizing before. We should have had time, place, administrator, mode, subject, all defined in an institution. So it is with the Sabbath. We come together because it is good for us to do so. The first Christians must, from the nature of the case, have begun with merely an evening meeting. The Jewish portion of them still kept their national Sabbath. The inferior classes of the Gentiles would only in the evening be released from their occupations. The legal suspension of labor was only obtained centuries afterwards. Being obtained, God forbid it should ever be lost! There could be few public calamities so great. But this had nothing to do with the Jewish Sabbath. It is good; and alas for the heart for which that is not enough! Now, here is that flexibility, that

elasticity, in Christianity, by which man can never outgrow it. It is the destiny of ceremony to become inefficient, to be a substitute for that which should be its own ulterior end. But in whatever Christians practice, the end is the test and the reason. If Christians need forms, they are at liberty to employ them; but so long as they keep their proper sphere in sight—and to lose that, they must also lose sight of their religion itself—they will not multiply them; they will not pervert them; they will not rest in them; and as they grow more spiritual they will disuse them, or modify them, and ever hold on towards the moral pattern in the Gospels. Forms will ever be, and only be, the means of grace whereby to grow in grace. All the routine of a ritual may be performed, and the individual be never the better, either in himself or to society. That cannot be said of him, all whose observances are engaged in, as means for purifying and elevating his devout feelings. He who advances in the love of God and the likeness of God, must thereby be advancing in moral worth, and moral usefulness. The God of his adoration is the standard of his excellence. Christian morality is no system of direction and prohibition, of pains and penalties. Of all the law that it recognizes, love is the fulfilling. Its particular precepts usually relate to the particular persons to whom they were addressed. Its general principles are what we have to do with; they constitute its morality, or rather its one general principle of benevolence. If we are immortal—and Christianity ascertains that—the benevolent man must ultimately be supremely happy. He is forming himself for felicity; and how? Not by slavish or blind obedience. Not by a course of particular actions, minutely specified, and remaining the same for all countries and all ages. Such an enumeration might extend to volumes, and yet be wretchedly imperfect after all. And even if complete, it would do little for the formation of character, like the Christian plan. We have to make our own application of the gospel principle. The love of our neighbor is eternally the same disposition; but the particular actions by which that love should evince itself, and work out his good, are subject to interminable variation. Even some of the first great results of Christian morality were not wrought by particular precept, but by the spontaneous, individual application of general principle. There was no precept to desist from polygamy. There was no precept to manumit their slaves. Yet what were more felicitous achievements than these? To do good, and to find happiness in goodness, are the law and the promise of the gospel. That man's duty is the greatest possible creation of human happiness, can never become obsolete. Old modes of doing it may pass away; new ones may be laid open; but the gospel morality

has neither passed away with the former, nor can be superseded in the latter. In both it gives the same inspiring impulse. It makes the martyr of one age, the patriots of another, the philanthropists of a third. There is no precept like a great principle wrought into the mind, the heart, the life. Thus Christianity always tends to inspire a devotion as pure and spiritual as man at any time can rise to. It always enjoins and prompts the duties which the times require. It always forms to greatness and to goodness, as exigencies may demand. He who enters into its spirit must be happy. It is the only identification of self-love and social, and that which raises both above the misery of final disappointment. As its worship is not positive, its duties are not arbitrary. They bear on their very front their own obligation and their own recompense. They conduct to a felicity which must co-exist with our consciousness. We are thus united with God, the infinitely good, the infinitely blessed. We move onwards towards the complete coincidence of our will with his; towards perfect light, perfect purity, perfect love, and perfect felicity.

The spirit of our religion is the spirit of power, and love, and of a sound mind. Who is our neighbor, but the stranger from the ends of the earth, or from the antipodes of manners, opinions, or feelings, who may have fallen among thieves and been stripped and wounded? To do good, and to communicate, are the sacrifices with which He is well pleased. If they be his pleasure, they must be our blessedness. Raise your minds and hearts to heavenly things. Be full of mercy and good fruits. How beautiful, wonderful, and beneficent, is the adaptation of religion to our nature! It must have been made for man by him who made man. It is worthy of all acceptance. Let every mind receive it. Let every heart love it. Let every life display its influence. May every death be its victory; and every tomb be regarded as a recording pillar of its promise of immortality.

For the Children.

"BRIGHTING ALL IT CAN."

The day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly, toward night, the clouds broke, and the sun's rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the whole country. A sweet voice at the window called out, in joyful tones:

"Look! oh, look, papa! the sun's *brighting* all it can."

"Brighting all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun, if you choose."

"How, papa? tell me how."

"By looking happy, and smiling on us all day; never letting any tearful rain come into

the blue of those eyes ; only be happy and good : that is all."

The next day, the music of the child's voice filled our ears from sunrise to dark ; the little heart seemed full of light and love ; and when asked why she was so happy, the answer came laughingly, "Why ! don't you see, papa, I'm the sun ? I'm *brighting* all I can !"

"And filling the house with sunshine and joy," answered papa.

Cannot little children be like the sun every day—brightening all they can ? Try it, children.—*Child at Home.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, NINTH MONTH 28, 1867.

J. RICHARDSON'S JOURNAL.—The short account of Anne Richardson in our present No. was written by her husband, John Richardson, and extracted from his Journal. This work, containing an unusual amount of interesting incidents, has been recently reprinted upon good paper with clear type by T. W. Stuckey, and is sold by him, at 624 Weaver st., Philadelphia.

For the information of Friends, who are not familiar with the history, we will add that John Richardson, according to the testimony of Gisbrough Mo. Mtg., of which he was a member, was a "worthy Friend, who was of great service to the churches where his lot was cast ; as also an instrument in the Divine Hand, of turning many to righteousness."

He died near Hutton-in-the-Hole, Eng., the 2d of 4th month, 1753, in the 87th year of his age.

ORNITHOLOGY.—On more than one occasion we have introduced to the notice of our readers, Grace Anna Lewis—a member of the Society of Friends—as a competent lecturer on Ornithology. As it is her wish to resume her lectures the coming winter, it may be satisfactory to those who are interested in this branch of Natural History, and who are unacquainted with her qualifications, to have the testimony of John Cassin, as reported in the Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia. John Cassin is the Vice President of the Academy, and is eminent in scientific circles, both in our own country and in Europe, as an Ornithologist. After describing two allied species of birds, he adds—"The points of distinction between them, and especially the infallible

character, as I regard it, to be found in the difference of the color at the basis of the feathers, I am happy to acknowledge, was pointed out to me by Miss Grace Anna Lewis, most favorably known, and deservedly so, as a lecturer and teacher of Ornithology and General Natural History." He has paid her the graceful compliment of giving to a new species of birds of the genus "*Icterus*," the name "*Icterus Grace Annæ nobis*."

DIED, in Somerton, 23d Ward, Philadelphia, on the morning of the 11th of Ninth month, 1867, AMOS, son of the late Jesse Hawkins, in his 23d year.

—, on the 21st of Ninth month, 1867, ELIZABETH B., wife of John S. Bower, and youngest daughter of Bushrod W. Knight, of Philadelphia.

—, on the 3d of Ninth month, 1867, at his residence, Bensalem, Bucks Co., JOSEPH P. KNIGHT, in the 72d year of his age.

—, on the 16th of Ninth month, 1867, LEWIS WALTON, in his 67th year ; a member of Spruce St. Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 18th of Ninth month, 1867, CAROLINE C., infant daughter of Samuel H. and Mary C. Gartley, members of Green St. Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 28th of Eighth month, 1867, at the residence of James Dixon, Talbot County, Md., of paralysis, MARY D. BROWN, a member of Baltimore Monthly Meeting, in the 53d year of her age.

Thus has passed from time to eternity a most worthy and valuable Friend. A benefactor to the poor, a counsellor to the needy, beloved by all who knew her. Behold the upright ; their end is peace.

—, on the 2d inst., at the residence of Edward Bringhurst, near Wilmington, Del., ELIZABETH SHIPLEY, widow of Samuel Shipley, in the 85th year of her age.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM OF PHILADELPHIA.

Friends' Social Lyceum will hold its First Annual Session this winter in the Library Room, 15th and Race streets, as heretofore. The first meeting will convene on Third-day evening, 1st of Tenth month next, at 8 o'clock.

The meetings of the Association are open to all those members of the Religious Society of Friends who desire to pass a social evening while in the pursuit of literary knowledge.

By order of the Executive Committee,
It.

NATHANIEL R. JANNEY, *Secretary.*

The Executive Committee of "Friends' Publication Association" will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, 10th mo. 4th, at 3 o'clock, at Race St. Mo. Meeting Room.
LYDIA H. HALL, *Clerk.*

ERRATA.—Page 451, 2d column, 7th line from bottom, for "1705," read "1785." P. 452, 1st column, near the middle, for "rigid muse," read "rigid nurse." Same column, 8th line from bottom, for "the form is laid," read "the form *beloved* is laid." Same column, 4th line from bottom, for "when rust corrupts," read "where rust corrupts."

THE BEAUTIFUL.—Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FIRST DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

At a conference of Friends, held at West Chester, Pa., on the 14th of Ninth month, 1867, "to promote an interest in First-day schools, and to consider the best mode of conducting them," the object of the meeting having been fully expressed by Wm. M. Hayes, of West Chester, Eli M. Lamb, of Baltimore, was asked to serve the meeting as clerk.

Encouraging and instructive communications were read from our absent friends Samuel M. Janney, Gideon Frost, Benjamin Stratton, Davis Furnace, and Sarah Hunt.

Extracts from private letters were then read, containing inquiries regarding the possibility of procuring suitable text books, and other appliances to "the best modes of conducting" First-day schools. They all served to show a great and growing interest in the subject, and an earnest desire to promote the welfare of the children of our Society.

Wm. Dorsey then urged upon the conference the necessity of zealous effort to extend to our youth careful religious training, and to endeavor to incite in parents a fuller appreciation of *their duties* in this respect.

He was followed by many Friends, who gave the meeting much information regarding the schools of their respective neighborhoods, giving accounts of circumstances causing their rise, the interest felt in them, the manner of directing them, the difficulties encountered in their progress to their present conditions, &c. From those speakers we learned of a common want both of proper books and of earnest laborers in this work.

A fervent desire appears to be felt by many Friends within the limits of this and other Yearly Meetings, to establish First-day schools upon a firm basis, all believing that, unless the *right way* be found, the work cannot prosper.

The younger portion of those who expressed themselves on this interesting subject very generally deplored the want of co-workers from among those of riper years and fuller experience.

After a free and full expression, it was proposed that a committee be appointed to draft, for the information of our absent friends, an address, embracing the views now expressed as the sense of the conference, to awaken a greater interest in the subjects for the consideration of which we assembled; and also to present a statistical report of schools already established, and such recommendations as may seem to them worthy of the attention of the conference. This proposition having been adopted by the meeting, the following named Friends were appointed to constitute this committee, viz:—

Lydia H. Hall, Sarah Hoopes, William M. Hayes, and Alice Paschall, West Chester, Pa.;

Sallie S. Truman, Dillwyn Parrish, Joseph M. Truman, Jr., Harriet E. Stockly, Louisa J. Roberts, and Annie Caley, Philadelphia, Pa.; Wm. Dorsey, Germantown, Pa.; Samuel E. Griscom, Reading, Pa.; Thomas S. Cox, Goshen, Pa.; Joseph Powell, Darby, Pa.; Samuel Martin and Maria J. Chandler, Kennett Square, Pa.; Henry R. Russell and Jno. Parrish, Woodbury, N. J.; Jacob Capron, New York, and Eli M. Lamb, Baltimore, Md.

These Friends were requested to report to an adjourned meeting of the conference, to be called by them.

Having conferred together in great unity and good feeling, and recognizing the importance of relying upon a Higher Power for direction in this important work, the conference adjourned.

ELI M. LAMB, Clerk.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 5.

HEIDELBERG, Aug. 10.

After six lovely days in Brientz at the Pension Bellevue, (for five francs a day,) I went to Lucerne with my party by diligence to Alpnach, along a road overlooking the Meiringen valley, where I wanted to go and see the Rosenlauhe. No one ought to rush through this beautiful region so fast; and I did it most reluctantly; but one of our party was in a hurry to reach Carlsruhe on the 10th, to see her brother. I did not go to the Lauterbrunnen, nor see the illumination of the Giessbach, though I saw its seven falls in the daytime; and no one should omit it, for it occurs every evening, and is but a short sail from Brientz. There is a splendid hotel there on the heights, where one can pass the night, which is the best thing to do: and see it all day, as well as in the evening. The diligence goes to Alpnach at noon, and the magnificent drive, together with a sail over Lake Lucerne in the steamboat, only costs eight francs. Lucerne should be visited for its beautiful situation, and for Thorwaldsen's Lion, carved, ten times the size of life, in a natural rock perpendicularly rising over a small tarn surrounded by trees. It is in commemoration of the fidelity of the Swiss guards of Louis XVI. on the 16th of August and the 3d of September. The lion is dying with almost a human expression on his countenance, with one paw on the lilies of France and a broken spear thrust into his side. Expression can no farther go, and I would not but have seen it for the world. All the leaders names are given, and there were on both occasions taken together more than 1000 private soldiers who fell rather than break their oath; a memorable episode in that epic of tragedies the French Revolution, which Carlyle has proved to be a *Poem* written in heart's blood by the Genius of Humanity. On the theme "*a lie is incredible*," as Carlyle says.

Another curiosity in Lucerne is an old bridge on which is painted the Dance of Death, now somewhat weather-worn, and which I lost, as we had but one whole day, and I could not lose going with a party, perfectly familiar with the whole locality, down the whole length of the Lake of the Four Cantons to Fluellen the Rege on one side—the Pilatus on the other, with their giant brethren.

The day was perfect, and we took second-class places on the boat which are the best places for seeing; and every peak was named to me as I passed, and the places I could not see were described most graphically. I saw the little hut (constantly repaired and kept in the same shape) where Walter Fürst, Wilhelm Tell and the other conspirators met and formed their *Bund*, and soon, on the other side of the lake, the Chapel of Wilhelm Tell, built on the rock whence he pushed off his boat. It is open, and we can see the picture of the Virgin. A winding path leads up the steep mountain side to a hotel. Above the hut on the other side rises the Zählberg, on which is a fine hotel and pension, to which everybody but light footed children are taken up by porters in chairs! but which, when attained, is a charming place to stay. Our steamer touched at all the towns on the lake on both sides: and there are hotels-pension at all of them. When we arrived at the extreme point, which is Fluellen, we landed and took an omnibus, which carried us in twenty minutes to Altdorf, between two ranges of mountains, with one snow-clad pyramid at the end. Here we saw the two statues that stand on the spots where Wilhelm Tell and his boy respectively stood. Instead of the boy, some hero—perhaps Walter Fürst—stands where the boy stood. The statue of Wilhelm Tell is colossal, and very fine. He is holding the arrow, and saying to Gessler that “it would not have failed” had he aimed it at *his* heart. An old tower between the statues has on its outside a picture of the scene. The arrow has just pierced the apple, and the people are shouting. Above is the hut and officials. It is very much injured by the weather. After contemplating these things we went to the Church, and saw Vandyke’s Nativity of Christ and some other pictures, and returned in time for the boat; and then such an entrancing sail home, seeing the whole region again in the afternoon light!

I said at every step in Switzerland “the half was not told me!” Nor could it be. Words will not describe, nor even can the sun paint these scenes,—nor human genius. There is always a perpetual watching for the snow-peaks, so apt to be enveloped in mists and covered with clouds. It is wonderful how one demands these snow mountains, though the green mountains and grey rocky peaks are so beautiful and varied. I always think when I do see them of

a sentence of Emerson’s in one of his lectures: “We are always glad to be caught up into a *vision of principles*.” And when I see them for a few moments only, I am reminded of a passage in Mozart’s Twelfth Mass, where the solo voice leaps from high peak to high peak, and which, when I used to hear M. B. sing it, always suggested the Alps; for I had seen them, I find, in Allston’s picture, owned by Col. Baldwin. And I cannot here refrain from telling what proves Allston’s power of suggesting *the whole of nature* by his picture,—which is the proof of the great artist. I saw that picture in the first Athenæum Exhibition in Boston in 1826. It was one peak of the Alps, with a foreground of green mountains and a valley; and when I saw it again fourteen years later, I was surprised to find it one peak, for I had remembered it as a *range* of snowy peaks.

I would have been glad to have stopped on my return at one of the villages, to be carried up the Rege on mule-back, or by porters; for there was an old lady of 76, who was carried up the Zählberg, and wanted to be carried up the Rege, who shamed my terrors.

I arrived at Lucerne at 7 o’clock, and rushed to the Cathedral to hear the great organ discourse the most wonderful music, where the stop *humana vox* sounded so exactly like nuns singing, that I had to be reassured that it was really all instrumental.

I could not sleep that night. I was so filled with beauty that it refreshed the body without the aid of “nature’s sweet restorer;” and the next morning I rose at four, to leave Switzerland, where I had thought to stay a month, and had only stayed ten days, half of which had been in misty weather. We started for Heidelberg, and I, oblivious of the fact that Strasbourg is on the Rhine, left my party at Bâle to go to Strasbourg, as I did not wish to miss the Cathedral, and for a franc or two more could reach Heidelberg that way, which was also prettier. But it looked tame enough after Switzerland, though it was pretty to see the villages sleeping on the plains at long intervals, with the little church in the midst with its heaven-pointing spire. The roofs, and often the steeple, is of a dark red, which has a most pleasing effect. But still more was the church in the midst of the Swiss village an added charm to the mountain scenery, showing that man was not without the true sensibility, and from his depths aspired more finely, because more spiritually, to that in God, which nature symbolizes to man, in order that men may fulfil their destiny by symbolizing it to each other. There is something to me indescribably touching in seeing all over the European landscape, even in the wildest mountain passes, these foot-prints of humanity,—these shrines, and crosses, and monuments, and churches,—which testify

to the unity of Humanity and Divinity, whenever it will respect itself by noble action and devout recognition. I really needed the healing effect after my month in Paris, where every thing seems done to make the finite forget the Infinite, and be content with finiteness. The pictures of the palaces, with all their gorgeousness, display the horrors of war and the triumphs of licentious passion and the love of domination. You feel all the time how the many were sacrificed to the few; and the magnificence of the few show us what was repressed and lost in the many. Let every one who is disposed to depreciate human nature's independent powers,—I mean *the freedom* God grants to man to live from himself till he gets tired of it, and concludes to act from and in him,—let every one who doubts this come to France and see what grandeur and splendor of art have been created to gratify selfish passions and lusts. Let them go and look at the suites of rooms, adorned by Henri II. for the gratification of Diana of Poitiers, at Fontainebleau; the rooms that Rubens adorned at Luxembourg in honor of Marie de Medicis; those dedicated to Madame du Barre, at Versailles—to say nothing of those adorned for Madame de Maintenon by Louis XIV. Magnificent frescoes, and every species of adornment which genius could devise and wealth pay for, are to be seen here. The imagery of the Arabian Nights was realized before my eyes. Then there is such an apotheosising of the genius for war, in the battle pieces that make up most of the gallery of Versailles,—*eight miles of battle pieces*,—where you see death in every ghastly form. It is true one can escape in a degree from the melancholy inspired by such glorification of cruelty and violence, by remembering that *the powers exerted* are proved to be sterling, and may be turned into the contrary direction,—building up instead of destroying the *millions* who were organized for such work. When will the time come when all this power of one man over others may become creative of good continually? When will man realize that what some men can do is potential in all men, and that man is really intended to be a god on this earth, in order that he may walk with God?

E. P. P.

BE TRUE.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart,
To give the lips full speech.
Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

Bonar.

BODILY EDUCATION ESSENTIAL.

Dr. Bigelow, in his *Modern Inquiries*, says he considers the public school system of New England at once its glory and its shame. Its glory is that such schools are open to the humblest. "But many unfortunate children have been ruined in body and in mind by being stimulated with various inducements to make exertions beyond their age and mental capacity. A feeble frame and a nervous temperament are the too sure consequences of an overworked brain in childhood. Slow progress, rather than rapid growth, tends to establish vigor, health and happiness." Now, if this matter were confined merely to New England, we could afford to leave it to be discussed there. But the school systems of all our States are about alike; and the Western States are now in quite a fair way to exceed in vigor even the Eastern. But the state of the case is simply this: Who can stand it the longest? The New England States began the public system first, and therefore the constitutions of their children are most nearly worn out. But all over the country, just as they get the system most perfect, the results of it are manifest on the largest scale. Consumption and insanity are increasing most rapidly, and precocious dwarfs stand at the head of each class.

It is not that the hours of study are too many, but the hours of exercise are too few, and the lessons expected or allowed to be learned out of school occupy the time and the attention which ought to be given to the development of the body in cheerful, active, interesting exercises. The trouble is, that the idea of education is confined to the intellect. Those who are appointed to instruct consider it their duty to apply to that alone; but the development of the body is left to chance, so far as they are concerned, and, except within certain very narrow limits, so also in the education of the moral powers. We ought to be thankful that the means of intellectual culture are as excellent and improving as they are for those prepared to use them. But every day the fact is becoming more clear that unless parents themselves take pains to see that an increasing and proportionate care is taken for the body, the common school system of education is going to be the destruction, the absolute ruin of the health and constitutions of a very large proportion of the extensive class of persons who avail themselves of its benefits.

Perhaps it may be doubted if any one system of education can be made to suit all classes. But this is becoming increasingly evident, that, in order for any child to go successfully through the intellectual ordeal of a thorough course of public school education, each parent must regard it as a matter of study and duty to arrange the food, clothing, and, above all, the exercise of each child, with a view to the greatest pos-

sible development of purely physical health, strength and vigor.

The child of a laborer inherits, in all probability, a good, sturdy constitution. His muscles are well developed, but his nervous system is not very fine or quick. It may be hard, therefore, for such a child to sit still, and difficult at first for him to learn; but when once he has got anything fairly into his mind it will be equally hard to get it out again. His memory holds like a *vis* all he has once acquired, and he applies it to everything. On the other hand, the child of some nervous, novel-devouring parent, who cultivates every shade of sentiment and idea, will probably have a keen and quick nervous system, with a poor, pale, physical development. If that child is sent to a forcing school, and excited from six to seventeen, on nothing but intellectual studies, he or she may be the head of the class, but all such cannot fairly run the race of hard study with the lad that runs about unrestrained from six to ten miles every day, and works hard or plays hard every bit of time not in school. The fear of spoiling nice clothes, and not being refined in hands, feet and company, is murdering the innocents, and preventing them from having strength of mind by the want of strength of body, and preparing them for consumption, dyspepsia, bronchitis, lunacy, or a sort of half life, for the rest of their days. The rich have their children taught riding on horseback, and in England, hunting, shooting, fishing, fencing, and so prevent these evils, which the poor boy averts by stockingless feet and heavy exercise. But none are so unfortunate as those classes, who, imitating the rich in clothes and intellectual education, fall wofully behind both rich and poor in the development and culture of the body; whose lungs are not educated and expanded daily, and whose stomachs are folded up dyspeptically, while their brains are overtaken.—*Public Ledger*.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Blessings on the little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan!
With thy upturned pantaloon,
And thy merry whistled tunes—
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill—
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,
I was once a barefoot boy.

Oh! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned at schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowls and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood.
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well,

How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung,
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the woodnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason on his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray-hornet artisans!
For eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hard in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can,
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-spread the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptism of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
And too soon those feet shall hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt for work be shod;
Made to tread the mills of toil;
Up and down the ceaseless moil—
Happy if thy track be found
Never on forbidden ground—
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thee but knew the joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

From the Living Age.

THEY SAY.

They say—ah, well! suppose they do!
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicion may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought;
Why count yourself among the "they"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say—but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

They say—well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the better wrong redress?
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore,
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say—oh! pause and look within!
See how thy heart inclines to sin!
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour
Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its power!
Pity the frail—weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all!

Men's lives should be like the day, more
beautiful in the evening, or, like the summer,
aglow with promise, and autumn, rich with
golden sheaves where good works and deeds
have ripened on the field.

For Friends' Intelligencer. -

Will the Editor of "The Friends' Intelligencer" please insert the following appeal for the dumb from the "Country Gentleman," an agricultural paper, published in Albany? A gentleman suggests, in regard to meat brought from the West, that by placing it in a close box, and surrounding it with cloths saturated with a constant stream of water, the quick motion of the car, with the air playing upon nearly the whole of the surface, it would be kept at a low temperature by evaporation,—and thus bring to an end the cruelties practised by the present mode of transporting cattle to the East.

HUMANITAS.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS IN TRANSIT.

"Three ladies, now on a western tour, write to the 'Country Gentleman,' begging its investigation of a subject that ought long ago to have received the attention of men,—namely, the cruelty practised upon animals sent eastward on the railroads. They are informed that stock, closely packed in the cars, frequently remain so, without food or water or opportunity for change of posture, in the insufferably hot weather of the dog-days, as at other periods of the year, for *from twenty-four to sixty hours on the stretch!*

"We have alluded to the subject before, and the result of the movement has been the passage of a law in this State, compelling trains to be stopped at the necessary intervals, or the stock, if necessary, to be unshipped, to afford them food, water, and rest from the constant jolting when in motion. The legislative authorities of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, should imitate the example as promptly as possible, as well as those in Pennsylvania and Maryland, through which other leading lines are largely engaged in the transportation of animals. On the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, we saw this season a train laden closely with hogs, for which the only refreshment allowed was a very imperfect deluge of water, at the way station, occasionally, from the spout used in replenishing the engines.—There were no conveniences for accomplishing even this in a satisfactory way; the water poured out about as fast as it went in, so that very few of the crowded animals could get at it at all. It was really pitiful to see them thrusting their panting snouts out, between the bars of their enclosure, in the vain hope of catching a few drops of the welcome shower; and one of the attendants remarked 'they would be pretty much all *lard* by the time they got to Philadelphia,'—a statement not overdrawn, as any spectator would confess.

"It is not alone humanity which would lead to greater regard for the comfort and health of the stock coming forward to the eastern markets; but, slaughtered as it generally is, without affording the animals any time to recover from

the feverish and unwholesome internal condition and external bruises, to which they have been subjected, they cannot make proper food for human consumption. No one knows how much disease exists, that might be prevented, with greater care to insure all articles of diet in fit condition; but, while we frequently hear of complaints about bad and stale vegetables, much less is said with reference to the no less important subject of meats,—except when they become notoriously offensive."

AN EXTRAORDINARY WILL CASE.

One of the most remarkable cases on record destined to rank high among the *Causes Célèbres*, is now the talk of Boston. The evidence, taken before examiners some months since, but only just published, fills a large volume of a thousand pages. The amount involved exceeds a million of dollars. The arguments in the case—before the United States Circuit Court, Justice Clifford presiding—commenced last Friday. It is a suit in equity, brought by Hetty H. Robinson against Thomas Mandell and others. Miss Robinson (now Mrs. Green) was, previous to her marriage, one of the richest, if not the richest, spinster in the United States; her property, which she inherited from her father, was commonly reputed to be worth \$5,000,000. It appears that her aunt, Miss Sylvia Ann Howland, who died in 1865, left a will bearing date September, 1863, and a codicil executed in 1864. By this will and codicil Miss Howland disposed of about \$700,000 in private legacies, the largest, of \$200,000, to Thomas Mandell, her lawyer, we believe; \$115,000 to her physician, Dr. Gordon, and from \$4,000 to \$15,000 to each person in her employment. She left, also, \$340,000 for public and charitable purposes, of which the City of New-Bedford, where she resided, was to receive \$320,000. The residue of her estate, amounting, it is said, to about a million, was to be placed in trust, the income to be paid to Miss Robinson during her life; the principal, on her decease, to go to some of the testator's relatives. Miss Robinson contests her aunt's will. This is, in itself, remarkable enough, seeing that the young lady, already the possessor of millions, is entitled, under it, to an annuity that would add some \$60,000 or \$70,000 to her annual income. What she contends for is the whole of her aunt's estate, in fee, supposed to be worth about two millions.

The ground upon which she contests the above will and codicil is noteworthy. It seems that Miss Howland had quarreled with her brother-in-law, the father of Miss Robinson, and being resolved, if possible, to exclude him from all share not only of her own property, but of his daughter's also, she proposed, about September, 1860, to her niece, then about twenty-

three years old, that if she (Miss Robinson) would make a will so that her father should inherit no part of her property, she (Miss Howland) would, in return, make a will leaving everything to her niece: the will of each to be deposited with the other, and neither to make any other will without notice to the other, and returning to that other her will. Miss Robinson agreed to this, and the wills were executed accordingly. But the subsequent will and codicil made by the aunt in 1863 and 1864 were executed without notice to the niece. Thus arose a question of law, a novel question in the courts of this country, namely, whether a contract for mutual wills, if proved, can be enforced as being without consideration and against public policy and good morals.

But the most singular feature in this case still remains to be stated. To the will originally made by Miss Howland in favor of her niece there is an addition, sewed on with fine thread to the first page, not changing any provision of the will, but a sort of protest by the testator against the validity of any subsequent will which she, under undue influence from those around her, might be induced to make. Part of the text is: "I implore the Judge to decide in favor of this will, as nothing could induce me to make a will unfavorable to my niece; but being ill, and afraid, if any of my caretakers insisted on my making a will, to refuse, as they might leave me or be angry. . . . I give this will to my niece to show, if absolutely necessary to have it appear against another will found after my death." Miss Robinson testifies, under oath, that she wrote this appendage to the will at the suggestion of her aunt, and that her aunt signed it in duplicate in her presence. The defence to this is nothing less than a charge of forgery. It is denied that the signature to this additional page is genuine, and alleged that it was copied by tracing from a signature (admitted to be genuine) of the testator to the original will to which this appendage is found stitched. This opens up a wide field, in which not only questions of law but of science, and even of art, come up. On the question of forgery both parties have spent much time and labor. Two skilful photographers have been employed for weeks; and experts have expended months in procuring and comparing, in a great number of cases, numerous signatures by the same person, so as to determine the chances that any one person should write three signatures exactly alike. The testimony is to the effect that Miss Howland's signature to the original and genuine will, and the two signatures to the appended paper, executed in duplicate, are in every letter and line and in the spaces between the three words, Sylvia Ann Howland, so precisely coincident, so identical in fact, that nothing but a

deliberate purpose to make them so can explain the phenomenon. Mr. Crossman, for the defence, testifies that he has spent nearly five months in examining many hundreds of signatures of many well known persons; comparing the coincidence by superimposing one on the other on a glass in front of a window, and also by tracing and superimposing the tracings. He says there was greater similarity in Miss Howland's signatures, forty or fifty of which he compared with each other, than in any other case; and he considers the two signatures to the detached sheets to be genuine. On the other hand, Mr. Southworth, after similar research, declares that the three signatures coincide with mathematical accuracy, not only letter for letter and space for space, but also that *each has the same slant to the base line of each paper*, so that the eye sees them parallel. His testimony covers fifty pages, and he pronounces the two contested signatures to be forgeries, executed by tracing.

But the most curious and interesting testimony of the whole is that of Prof. Benjamin Peirce of Harvard College, Superintendent of the Coast Survey, and one of the best mathematicians of the age, upon the doctrine of chances. He said: "He had had a large experience relating to the computation of chances; that the mathematical discussion of the subject of coincidence of signatures had never, to his knowledge, been proposed, but that it was not difficult, and a numerical expression applicable to this problem, the correctness of which would be recognized by all the mathematicians in the world, could readily be obtained." Then, having ascertained the relative frequency of coincidence by comparing numerous signatures of Miss Howland to bills of sale of vessels, etc., he concludes that, in her case, "this phenomenon (of coincidence) could occur only once in two thousand six hundred and sixty-six millions of millions of millions of times, or 2,666,000,000,000,000,000,000." This number, the Professor remarks, "far transcends human experience. So vast an improbability is practically an impossibility. Such evanescent shadows of improbability cannot belong to actual life. They are unimaginably less than the least things which the law cares not for." And his conclusion from these data is thus expressed: "Under a solemn sense of the responsibility involved in the assertion, I declare that the coincidence which has here occurred must have had its origin in an intention to produce it."

A million of dollars has often been staked on the calculation of chances; but there is not, in all probability, another example on record in which the verdict in a law case involving that amount was liable to be determined by the testimony of a learned professor, following out the principles which La Place's great work has so

ably set forth, and applying the unalterable rules of mathematical science to determine what may seem, to the uninitiated, a purely fortuitous matter, namely, the chances of coincidence, in its action, while writing, of the human hand.

There are other very curious details, to notice which would lead us too far. Among the collateral questions raised was one interesting to photographers, as to the comparative merit of the Voigtlander and Globe lenses.—*New York Tribune*, 9th mo. 11.

From "Every Saturday."

BELGIAN BONE CAVES.

The explorations of the Belgian bone caves, which have been carried on for some time past by M.M. Van Beneden and Dupont, have been referred to several times in the pages of *The Reader*. We have now to lay before our readers an account of the progress of the work up to the end of Nov. last, and for this purpose we make use of a report recently presented by M. Dupont to the Belgian Minister of the Interior. We may premise that all the bone caves in this locality furnish indisputable evidence of one fact, viz.: that the cave dwellers were destroyed by a sudden inundation, which covered the whole of Belgium and the North of France, the evidences of which M. Dupont finds in the *limon* of Hesbays and the yellow clay of the fields, and in the peculiar arrangement of the *débris* in the caverns. The cave at present under examination was discovered in May last, and is situated on the banks of the river Lesse, opposite the hamlet of Chaleux, about a mile and a half from the well-known Furfooz cave.

At an epoch long before that of its habitation by man, this cavern was traversed by a thermal spring. It is well lighted, is easy of access, and its situation is most picturesque. The number of objects found in this cave is enormous, and would appear to point to an extended period of occupation by these primitive people. The *grand trou de Chaleux*, as M. Van Beneden has proposed to call it, has also been subjected to the inundation, but the contents have been preserved almost intact, and this circumstance gives a value to the discoveries which was to some extent wanting in the Furfooz caves. According to M. Dupont's theory, the former inhabitants of the caves, warned by the dangerous cracks in the walls and ceiling, suddenly abandoned their dwelling-place, leaving behind them their tools, ornaments, and the remains of their meals. Soon afterwards the roof and sides fell in, and the pieces thus detached covered the floor. In this manner the remains have been preserved from the action of the waters, and have remained undisturbed until the present day. The unfortunate inhabitants doubtless saw in this occurrence the manifestation of a superior power, since the cavern does not appear to have

been inhabited after this period, only a few worked flints and bones, probably the result of an occasional visit, having been discovered on the upper surface of the cavern.

An important point seems to be established by M. Dupont's researches,—viz. the extended commercial relations of these primitive people. The flint which was used for the manufacture of their implements is not that of Belgium, but, according to M. de Mortillet, was brought from Touraine. Several specimens of fossil shells, most of which have been perforated, probably for the purpose of being strung together, and worn as ornaments, were collected, and were submitted to M. Nyst, the well-known palæontologist. He recognized most of them as belonging to the *calcaire grossier* of Courtagnon, near Rheims. Two species belonged to the department of Seine-et Oise. Some fragments of jet and a few sharks' teeth were from the same locality. "We cannot therefore deny," says M. Dupont, "the relations of these men with Champagne, whilst there is no evidence to show their connection with Hainaut and the province of Liege, which could have also furnished them with their flint.

Amongst other objects brought to light during the excavations were the forearm of an elephant, which appears to be that of the mammoth of Siberia, an animal which did not exist in Belgium at that epoch.

"When we reflect that, till within a comparatively short time, these bones were looked upon as those of a race of giants, and gifted with miraculous powers, we cannot be surprised that our inhabitants of the caverns of the Lesse, whose civilization may be compared to that of those African nations, who are sunk in the darkest depths of fetichism, attributed similar properties to those enormous bones which were placed as a fetich near their hearth."

Judging from the quantity of bones found in the cavern, the principal food of these cave-dwellers was the flesh of the horse. M. Dupont collected nine hundred and thirty-seven molar teeth belonging to this animal, a number which corresponds to about forty heads, supposing each set to be complete. The marrow seems to have been in great request, all the long bones having been broken, so as to extract it. Most of them retain traces of incisions made by their flint tools. The large number of bones of water-rats would also lead us to suppose that they formed a part of the food of these people, as did the badger, hare, and boar.

The number of objects obtained from this cavern is greater than that obtained from the whole of the caves previously explored. Of worked flints, in various stages of manufacture, thirty thousand were collected. Besides these, M. Dupont obtained several cubic metres of bones of all kinds, the horses' teeth already

mentioned, and a vast quantity of miscellaneous articles.

The facts acquired by the excavations at Chaleux, combined with those obtained at the Furfooz caves, form a striking picture of the early ages of man in Belgium. "These ancient people and their customs reappear, after having been forgotten for thousands of years, and like the fabulous bird in whose ashes are found the germ of a new life, antiquity becomes regenerated from its own *débris*. We see them in their dark, subterranean dwellings, surrounding the hearth, which is protected by the supernatural power of immense, fantastically-shaped bones, engaged in patiently making their flint tools and utensils of reindeer horn, in the midst of pestilential emanations from the animal remains, which their indifference allowed them to retain in their dwelling. The skins of wild beasts, having the hair removed, were stitched together by the aid of their sharpened flints and ivory needles, and served as clothing. We see them pursuing wild animals, armed with arrows and lances tipped with a barb of flint. We take part in their feasts, where a horse, bear, or reindeer replaces, on days when their hunting has been successful, the tainted flesh of the rat, their only resource against famine. Their trading extended as far as the regions now forming part of France, from whose inhabitants they obtained shells, jet, with which they delight to ornament themselves, and the flint which is so valuable to them. But a falling-in of the roof drives them from their principal dwelling, in which lie buried the objects of their faith and their domestic utensils, and they are forced to seek another habitation. . . . We know nothing certain of the relation of these people with those of earlier times. Had they ancestors in this country? The great discoveries of our illustrious compatriot Schmerling, and those which Professor Maisee has made at Engihoul, seem to prove that the men whose traces I have brought to light on the Lesse did not belong to the indigenous races of Belgium, but were only the successors of the more ancient population. I have even met with certain evidences of our primordial ancestors at Chaleux, but the trail was lost as soon as found. Our knowledge of these ancestors stops short at this point."

We have given in the above abstract an account of the most important features in M. Dupont's report, which is of great interest. We trust that these explorations, which have been carried on at the expense of the government, will be continued.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

ITEMS.

The Trustees of the Peabody Fund having determined to apply the funds which the munificence of G. W. Peabody has placed in their hands in encouraging the introduction of free schools into the Southern States, by supplementing the work of the people in the cause of popular education, Amos, the Southern agent of that fund, is now on a visit to the North with the object of obtaining contributions in aid of the available means at the disposal of the trustees. Those means, though ample, are far from adequate to the wants of the population which it is sought to benefit. Hence the necessity for further help. Amos is furnished with testimonials of character from Genl. Grant, Thomas and Howard, and several influential gentlemen in the North have already signified their warm approval of his mission. In view of the benefit which will accrue to the South, and, indirectly, to the whole Union, from the success of the plan which the Trustees of the Peabody Fund have adopted, the appeals of the agent will no doubt be liberally responded to by those who have faith in education as an ally of free government.

One of the most useful inventions lately brought into practical use is the Marine Annunciator. Its chief design is to prevent accidents occurring through the misconception of orders to pilots and helmsmen in going into or out of port, or in moments of peril. It consists of an instrument with two dials, placed on the bridge, each one of these dials being connected by strong copper chains, one, the "transmitting dial," with another dial in the wheelhouse, in which the orders "Port," "Starboard," or "Steady" are revealed, a gong sounding at the same time to call the helmsman's attention to the order sent, while the other, the "reply dial," is connected with the rudder-head. The orders are transmitted instantaneously; and, as every movement of the rudder is registered upon the reply-dial, the officer on duty can see whether his orders are properly obeyed. This instrument is the invention of John S. Gisborne, is simple in its construction, and its operations being entirely mechanical, is not liable to get out of order.

The Indians, in council with the Peace Commission on the North Platte, are reported to demand the withdrawal of the troops in the Powder River country, the abandonment of the Smoky Hill Route of the Pacific Railroad, and numerous presents of guns, ammunition, and other articles.

The territory recently ceded to the United States by Russia, according to a military order issued by General Halleck, is to form part of the Department of California, and is to be called the military District of Alaska. Two companies of troops are assigned as the garrison at Sitka, and they will take with them a field battery and one year's supply of ordnance stores.

Dr. Lieber has addressed a memorial to the Constitutional Convention of New York, recommending the abolition of the rule requiring unanimity in jury trials—showing that it is not required in any country in which the jury is in use, except England and the United States. The French, German, and Italian rule, he says, is that if there are seven jurors against five, the judges retire, and if the bench decides with the minority, the verdict of the minority is taken, while it requires eight jurors out of the twelve to give a majority verdict. This plan he condemns, as opposed to our theory of the judge's position, which is that of an umpire. He proposes that the jury shall consist of twelve jurors, but that a majority of two-thirds shall be competent to give a verdict.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DISCOURSES OF F. W. ROBERTSON.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

(Continued from page 419, and concluded.)

As the life of Robertson drew towards its close, his views became increasingly spiritual, and his enlarged charity embraced as brethren and sisters all who were sincerely devoted to the cause of truth. He could say with the apostle of the Gentiles, "Grace be with all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

In reply to a letter from one of the High Church party he wrote as follows:

"Spirit is eternal,—Form is transient; and when men stereotype the form and call it perpetual, or deny that under other and very different forms the self-same truth may lie (as the uncovering of Moses' feet is identically the same as uncovering our heads,—aye, and I will even dare to say, often with the covering of the Quakers, when reverence for God is the cause for each), then I feel repelled at once, whether the form be a form of words or a form of observance. To announce spiritual religion as Christ announced it to the woman of Samaria, independent of place, on this mountain or that,—as Stephen announced it when they stoned him for blaspheming the temple,—this I think is the great work of a Christian minister in these days."

Referring to the bitterness of religious controversy, he said, "To understand the Life and Spirit of Christ appears to me to be the only

chance of remedy; but we have got doctrines about Christ, instead of Christ, and we call the bad metaphysics of Evangelicalism "the Gospel," and the temporary, transient forms of Tractarianism, "the Church." "To know Him, the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings,—that is all in all; and if the death and life of Christ are mockery in a man, he is our brother, whether Tractarian or Evangelical, if we could but believe that very simple proposition."

In the spring of 1853, he fainted and fell in the street. On his return to consciousness, he was affected with intense pain in the back of the head, and his strength, which had been for some months declining, seemed to waste rapidly away. Being urged by his physician, he consented to go to Cheltenham for rest. In describing his situation, he said, "Severe and bewildering pain in the cerebellum has for the last few days made work dangerous." . . . "The decline in mental power, and the entire incapacitation at times of some functions, and the severe pain produced by the attempt to exercise them, force me to look at the matter more seriously."

After a sojourn of three weeks at Cheltenham, feeling somewhat recruited, he returned to Brighton and resumed his labors; but it was in vain he endeavored to arouse his energies; his health was completely shattered, his power of mental concentration exhausted, and his body racked with pain, from a disease of the brain.

"He retained, however, to the last, his deep delight in the beauty of God's world. He got up once when scarcely able to move, at four o'clock, and crept to the window, 'to see the beautiful morning.' His hope and trust in his Heavenly Father never failed during this dreadful time. He felt assured of his immortality in Christ. A night or two before he died he dreamt that his two sisters, long since dead, came to crown him. 'I saw them,' he said, earnestly. Nothing could be more touching than his patience, thoughtfulness for others, and the exquisite and tender gratitude which he showed towards those who attended him. Those who had injured him he not only forgave, but was anxious that all justice should be done them."

The last words he wrote were these: "I have grown worse and worse every day. From intensity of suffering in the brain and utter powerlessness and prostration too dreadful to describe, and the acknowledged anxiety of the medical men, I think now that I shall not get over this. His will be done! I write in torture."

As the closing hour drew nigh, the pain became intense, and in agony he cried, "My God, my Father!" His attendants sought to relieve him by changing his position, but he could not endure a touch. "I cannot bear it," he said, "let me rest. I must die. Let God do his work." These were his last words. Immediately afterward he expired, being on the 15th day of Eighth month, 1853, in the 37th year of his age.

So greatly was he beloved, that on the day of his funeral there was a universal mourning in Brighton; many of the shops were closed, and business was generally suspended. "There were united around his tomb, by a common sorrow and a common love, Jews, Unitarians, Roman Catholics, Quakers and Churchmen; the workmen, the tradesmen, and the rank and wealth of Brighton. For once—and it was a touching testimony to the reality of this work—all classes and all sects merged their differences in one deep feeling."

The most striking features of Robertson's character, and the chief elements of his power, were his earnestness of purpose, his thorough sincerity, and his deep love of Christ, as the manifestation of the Divine Life. His natural endowments, both intellectual and emotional, were of the first order, and had been improved by assiduous cultivation. His memory must have been exceedingly retentive, for it is related, that "before he left college, he had literally learnt by heart the whole of the New Testament, not only in English, but in Greek."

He was fearless in the utterance of his convictions, and being an independent thinker, he often gave offence by declaring unpalatable truths or rebuking popular errors. He was

offered advancement in the Church if he would abate the strength of his expressions with regard to the Sabbath. He refused the proffer with sternness. Far beyond all the other perils which beset the Church was, he thought, this peril: that men who were set apart to speak the truth and to live above the world should substitute conventionable opinions for eternal truths,—should prefer ease to conscience, and worldly honors to that which cometh from God only."

He was, on account of his refined taste and high mental culture, a welcome guest with the aristocratic class, but by the convictions of his mind, and his sympathy with humanity, he was led to desire the elevation of the mass of mankind, and hence he labored in conjunction with those who inclined to democracy.

The extensive circulation of his writings, and the favor they have met with among thoughtful and devout minds of all Protestant persuasions, is an encouraging sign of the times, showing that the age of intolerance and sectarianism is passing away, and that the spiritual, practical religion proclaimed in the gospel of Christ is destined to gain the ascendancy.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

A great part of the education of every child consists of those impressions, visual and other, which the senses of the little being are taking in busily, though unconsciously, amid the scenes of their first exercise; and though all sorts of men are born in all sorts of places—poets in towns, and prosaic men amid fields and woody solitudes—yet, consistently with this, it is also true that much of the original capital on which all men trade intellectually through life, consists of that mass of miscellaneous facts and imagery which they have acquired imperceptibly by the observations of their early years.—*Prof. Mason.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

The following thoughts have been induced by reading two articles in last number of your paper. Complaints tend to scatter the flock.

"It is not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

Here is a force God will employ to regenerate the world and to inspire new life. It has always been found adequate, and it has lost none of its power. "It is given to every man to profit withal." I would therefore earnestly invite the attention of all, young and old, to it. Should it come in prophetic vision, then "speak to edification and comfort;" stir up the pure mind by way of remembrance; say to the assembled multitude, "Come taste and see that the Lord is good;" that his mercies are over all his works; that he delights to bless his intelligent workmanship, created in his own image. Feed the hungry with bread from heaven; give

the thirty the water of life,—lead them to living fountains,—and show them that the pure spirit of the Lord is in them,—“a well of water springing up unto eternal life.”

Cheer up, then, ye desponding! Take courage ye that are disheartened; remember in days of old, when Israel was in a great strait, besieged by enemies on every hand, the Prophet prayed that the Lord would open their eyes to see the true state of things, and behold their surroundings were full of chariots and horses; more was with them than against them; all the hill country was full of strength. Now this metaphor we would do well to consider, and look up above the weaknesses of men to the power of God. Instead of dwelling upon desolations, let us arise and build every one over against his own house; then we would soon see the multitudes come up “like a flock of sheep from the washing, every one bearing twins, and none barren among them.”

Such I believe is the power of the word of life when public expression is called for; such the burning of the fire kindled within, that the tongue must speak and tell what God has done. May all mind their calling, young and old, and encourage one another to love and to good works.

SARAH HUNT.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED.

Not long since a man in India was accused of stealing a sheep. He was brought before the judge, and the supposed owner of the sheep was also present. Both claimed the sheep, and had witnesses to prove their respective claims, so that it was not easy for the judge to decide to which the sheep belonged.

Knowing the customs of the shepherds, and the habits of the sheep, the judge ordered the sheep to be brought into court, and sent one of the two men into another room, while he told the other to call the sheep, and see if it would come to him. But the poor animal, not knowing the “voice of a stranger,” would not go to him. In the meantime the other man, who was in an adjoining room, growing impatient, and probably suspecting what was going on, gave a kind of “cluck,” upon which the sheep bounded away towards him at once. This “cluck” was the way in which he had been used to call the sheep, and it was at once decided that he was the real owner.

Thus we have a beautiful illustration of John x. 4, 5: “And the sheep follow him, for they know his voice: and a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers.—*British Workman*.”

“Maintain confidence in God by looking out for instances of His love. They will not be wanting; and when you meet with them, let a word of grateful response rise from your heart

to Him. Will not this blessed intercourse exclude the thought that you are forgotten or forsaken, or that he is dealing hardly with you?”

SECRET PRAYER.

There are conditions of mind entering into and promoted by secret prayer, which must ever commend it most strongly to every devout person. It removes in a large measure from the heart the temptation to ostentation in religion. That the profession of Christianity is a cause of trial to many, and, under some circumstances, to all minds, is beyond doubt; but it cannot be denied that the outward confession may so far cease to be a cross as to become a means of self-glorying. In such case, it is a snare to the soul, a most pernicious one, super-inducing self-righteousness and hypocrisy.

Every man possesses what may be termed a double consciousness—one for himself and another for the world: with the one, he reads himself for himself, and with the other, he reads himself for others. Some minds seldom study the former, but almost exclusively the latter. To such the danger of performing their religious duties for the inspection of men is very great, and nothing is more important to them than to be put under the necessity of so far excluding themselves from the observation of the world as to temporarily free them from this exposure by making them feel that they are alone with the Searcher of hearts. Insensibly will the thought of another's opinion steal upon the best of men in their most honest public devotions, and in some degree, however slight, be an enticement to dissembling. To say nothing of the desire to make one's self appear good—too easily excited in us all—the very uses of public worship to stir each other to increased piety in some sort lay one under bonds, either real or imaginary, to try to please. One would naturally wish to make an impression favorable to religion by exhibiting its excellence in one's own exercises. This is a good; yet we must see how this line of commendable virtue runs by a brink—the temptation to appear better than we really are. Now, the correction for this tendency is not abstinence from public worship, but frequent devotion under circumstances where it is impossible to be thus beset.

The soul, shut away from outward incitements, is led to turn in upon itself, and so a deeper, juster insight of its own condition is insured. Thus withdrawn from the eyes of men, it reads itself for itself—not asking what will men think of this or that act, but “What do I think of it for myself?” “Does it do for me?” “Does it answer the ideal of truth and purity which I have formed for myself, and so command my own respect, which is of infinitely greater moment to me than the judgments of others?” The heart can see much of itself as reflected in

the opinions of others; but the lesson will be straightway forgotten unless it carry these teachings into its own solitudes and ponder them. The sun paints his pictures in the dark, and the operator must hurry away his delicate tracery to the little dark room to fix it. The outside surface man, comparing himself with men around him, estimating himself by the average of mankind, makes no advancement; while he who seeks retirement with God, bringing with him the results of his observations, finds a higher standard of comparison for his character. A clearer light than the dim, confused opinions of men shines upon his soul, even that which streams forth from the perfection of the Almighty. He and God are alone, and in God there is no darkness at all. All is made manifest by this light, and as the soul can bear it, every motive and act stands out in full proportion.

There is, moreover, absolute need of the broader freedom which the soul can have only in closet prayer. Secret devotion may restrain from pride, from dissimulation, but it also affords the opportunity for, and the encouragement to the utmost directness and thoroughness in one's approaches to God. Every thought can be expressed; sins which are hardly conceived may be confessed; troubles which no human breast could appreciate can be told into an Ear that never wearies of listening and a loving Heart that never wearies of feeling; emotions of joy and sorrow can have their full gush of expression without fear of annoyance to one's highest friend. However much all hearts may need the aid which contact with other hearts imparts, there are times when every heart absolutely requires the unrestrained liberty of privacy. Two are infinitely too many; one and God are enough. Then will the soul open all its secrets, and from a deep sense of its bitterness and helplessness, pour out itself into an urgent waiting and pleading before Him who seeth in secret and rewardeth openly. Happy for us if, when such seasons of want and anguish come, we have already learned the uses of secret prayer?—*The Methodist*.

THE CHARITY THAT COVERETH.

"Dear moss!" said the old thatch, "I am so worn, so patched, so ragged; really, I am quite unsightly. I wish you would come and cheer me up a little; you will hide all my infirmities and defects, and, through your loving sympathy, no finger of contempt or dislike will be pointed at me."

"I come!" said the moss; and it crept up and around, and in and out, till every flaw was hidden, and all was smooth and fair. Presently the sun shone out, and the old thatch looked gloriously in the golden rays.

"How beautiful the thatch looks!" cried one.

"How beautiful the thatch looks!" cried another.

"Ah!" cried the old thatch, "rather let them say how beautiful is the loving moss, that spends itself in covering all my faults, keeping the knowledge of them all to herself, and by her own grace making my age and poverty wear the garb of youth and luxuriance."

MAN AN ORIGINAL CREATION, NOT A DEVELOPMENT.

From an article under this head in the *Theological Eclectic*, for July and August, by Worthington Hooker, M. D., Professor in Yale College, we extract as follows:

"How does man differ mentally from animals?"

It has sometimes been said that man is governed by reason and animals by instinct. To nearly the same purport, says St. Hillaire, an eminent French naturalist, 'the plant lives, the animal lives and feels, man lives, feels, and thinks.' The truth is, that both man and the animal have instinct, thought, and reason. That common animals think, I need not stop to prove. It is obvious, also, that they reason, if we call the making of inferences reasoning. If you hit a dog with a stone, and he afterward sees you take up another stone, he *infers* that he had better get out of the reach of that stone if he can. This inferring, or reasoning, is through the mere association of ideas, and differs from a higher kind of reasoning, soon to be spoken of as belonging exclusively to man. Sometimes this reasoning by association is more complex than in the case just cited. I will give a few examples. A bird built its nest in a quarry, where it was liable to disturbance from the blastings. It soon, however, learned to fly off when it heard the bell ring to warn the laborers previous to a blast. They sometimes rung the bell when there was to be no blast, for the sake of amusement in seeing the bird start off when there was no need of it; but it did not allow itself to be many times deceived in this way, for it soon added another mental association to the first one from which its inference was made, and did not quit its nest till it saw the men run. Some horses in a field were supplied with water in a trough occasionally filled by a pump. One of the horses, more sagacious than the rest, if he found the trough empty, would take the pump-handle in his teeth, and pump into the trough. The other horses seeing this, would, whenever they found no water in the trough, tease the horse that knew how to pump by biting and kicking him, till he would fill the trough for them. In this case, the horse that did the pumping *associated* in his mind the motion of the pump handle in the hands of his master with the supply of water, and he inferred that his mouth could do as well as his master's hand. And while they *associated* this supply with his

pumping, he inferred what their teasing him meant from *associating* it with their motions about the trough, indicating so plainly that they wanted some water.

Instinct is a very different thing from this reasoning by association. It makes no inferences. It is unreasoning and blind. The hen will sit on pieces of chalk, shaped like eggs, as readily as on real eggs. The flesh-fly often lays its eggs in the carrion-flower, the odor of which so resembles that of tainted meat as to deceive the insect. An amusing example of the blind disregard of circumstances in obeying instinct is furnished by an English gentleman Mr. Broderip, in an account of a beaver, which he caught when very young. He gives a circumstantial narration of his operations in a room in which he placed him, where there were also placed materials in great variety—rush-baskets, hand-brushes, sticks, books, boots, clothes, turf, coal, hay, etc. He went to work busily constructing out of these a dam and a nest, very much as he would if he were on the banks of a stream. Now, if his instinct were at all rational, it would not have impelled him to make a dam and a dwelling in a common room. Reason would have dictated the construction of a nest, and nothing more.

Instinct operates in many wonderful ways, but these we cannot stop to notice.

Reasoning by association is more prominent in some animals than in others, but in none is it so much so as in man. It is with him a very abundant source of knowledge.

But there is a higher kind of reasoning, which belongs to man alone—a reasoning by which he arrives at principles—abstract reasoning, as it may be termed. I will illustrate, in a very simple way, the difference between this reasoning and that which is common to man and the brutes. Newton had a favorite dog, Diamond. We will suppose that, happening to be under an apple-tree with his master, he was hit by a falling apple. He would infer, if he saw other apples falling, that it was best to keep out of the way of them. This would be the extent of his reasoning. But how was it with his master? It is said that the seeing of an apple fall, led him to such thoughts and reasonings on falling and moving bodies that he at length discovered the great fact or principle of gravitation.

Here we have disclosed to us the grand distinction—the 'impassable chasm'—between man and other animals. No animal, however extensive may be its mental associations, and inferences from them, can ever evolve a principle, or receive one into its mind by instruction. This is not a difference of degree merely, but of *kind*. Man is not merely a wiser being than any other animal, but the main source of his wisdom is a faculty or power which is not possessed in the smallest degree by the most high-

ly endowed of the brute creation. This introduces him into a sphere of thought, and consequently of feeling, in which he moves in common with angels, and, we may add, in common with the Deity—the only difference being that God knows all principles without the tedious processes of thought and reasoning which must be gone through with by man. It is plainly this which is signified when it is said of the creation of man, 'In the image of God created he him.'

Let us see now what results come from the possession of this power.

First, it is only by a recognition of principles that man infers from nature the existence of a Creator, or can teach this inference to others. And he can teach this to no brute, simply because it has no power of admitting into its mind the simplest principle.

Again, as the distinction between right and wrong is founded on principles, it is obvious that no animal but man can know this distinction; and so no animal but man can act in obedience to conscience. Sometimes this knowledge is loosely and inconsiderately attributed to brutes of the higher orders. It has been said by some one, that man is the god of the dog; but it is irreverent trifling thus to compare the regard of the dog for his master to that which man should bear to the Creator. We usually recognize the distinction between men and animals in respect to the existence of a conscience in the very language we use. We are not apt to speak of *punishing* a dog, for the word implies a moral fault as the reason for the infliction. We *whip* him simply to associate in his mind pain with the act done, to prevent him from doing it again; or, perhaps, to vent our ill feeling for the harm done upon the innocent cause of it.

It is the power of abstract reasoning that is the source of language in man. This is manifest if we consider what is the nature of language. What we ordinarily term language is made up of vocal signs of an arbitrary character, with corresponding written signs. As general principles are recognized in the construction and arrangement of these signs, we see at once the reason that brutes have no artificial language—that is, no signs that are agreed upon as expressive of ideas. They do indeed have a natural language, made up of natural signs, cries, and motions, which vary in different tribes of animals; but artificial, that is, constructed language, is a wholly different thing, although it may incorporate into itself features from natural language. The parrot is indeed said to talk, but it is sheer imitation; and he never originates any language. It is not the mere possession of talking organs that gives to man the power of talking; the presence of the *mind* of man is essential for this use of those organs. The talk of Balaam's ass was a miracle

but all asses, and, in fact, all animals that have vocal organs, would talk at once, without any miraculous agency, if their minds could be endowed, as man's mind is, with the power of abstract reasoning; that is, they would both learn and invent words as expressive of their thoughts. The distinctness with which they would utter these words would differ according to the construction of the vocal organs; but most of the animals that we see around us would have a better utterance than the parrot has with his stiff and dry tongue.

It is a well ascertained fact, that animals never recognize any meaning in outlines of objects; and yet the rudest outlines are readily interpreted by even very young children. To get at the explanation of this, observe what the outline of any familiar object, as a cat, is to the child. His thought is not that it is a cat, but that some one has drawn certain lines by which he intended to give the idea of a cat. In other words, it is a form of language—picture language as it may be called—a language which the child can understand, because he has a reasoning mind, capable of filling out the outline and putting in the appropriate colors, which the animal cannot do. Ancient inscriptions show that this picture language was in common use in rude nations before the art of writing was introduced.

Again, it is from man's capability of recognizing principles that comes all his knowledge of what is ideal and representative. On this point, says Figuier, a recent French author, 'Thanks to this faculty, man has conceived the ideal and realized poetry. He has conceived the infinite and created mathematics.' I need not stop to show that no brute stepped within the realms of such knowledge.

No animal but man makes tools; and Franklin characterized man as a tool-making animal. Animals do, indeed, use such tools as nature provides for them—for teeth, claws, bills, etc., are tools—but they never contrive tools for themselves, and do not use any of man's tools in imitation of him, except it be in the case of a few of the higher animals, especially those that are peculiarly imitative. The tailor-bird uses its bill in sewing together leaves for its nest with threads that it picks up, but it never would invent a needle, or even think of using one, if it fell in its way, after seeing it used by any of the human race. The explanation of all this is, that in the use and construction of all tools, from the simplest instrument up to the most complicated machinery, we have the application of principles—the principles of mechanics; and of these no brute, from the constitution of his mind, can have any knowledge.

There is a marked difference between man and animals in regard to the continuance of natural affection. In the brute parent it lasts

toward its offspring only so long as the necessity of parental care exists. It is not so with the human parent; and it is, partly at least, because the higher reason of the human mind, looking forward into the future as well as back into the past, and recognizing the principles which are the basis of relations and duties, associates such thoughts with the object of care as would awaken and perpetuate affection.

I have thus briefly noticed the chief results that come from the grand characteristics which distinguish the mind of man from that of the higher brutes. It is a characteristic which belongs alike to the most cultivated and elevated, and the most rude and degraded of our race. There is no truth in the assertion which is sometimes made, that races who are depressed and brutalized by the circumstances of their condition are midway between the cultivated races and the brutes. They are all with us on this side of the 'impassable chasm' of which I have spoken, and have within them the germs of the same intellectual and moral power, needing only the influence of the same propitious circumstances that we have had for their full development."—*Western Christian Advocate*.

God has written on the flower, that sweetens the air—on the breeze that rocks the flower upon the stem—upon the rain-drop that refreshes the sprig of moss that lifts its head in the desert—upon its deep chambers—upon every penciled shell that sleeps in the cavern of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers millions of creatures which live in its light—upon all his works he has written, "None liveth for himself."

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 4.

LONDON, Seventh month, 1866.

Once again we are in London, and have been fortunate in securing accommodations close to all we care most about,—that is, as far as practicable, in so immense a place as London. We are in a sort of aristocratic "blind alley," animated without being noisy, and such pleasant accommodations altogether that we feel much at home. I am becoming much attached to Old England, and think almost with dread of the time now so near when we shall really set out for "foreign parts," to wander in a strange land, and among a people speaking an unknown tongue. I am sadly doubtful of our knowledge of the French and German languages proving sufficient for Continental purposes.

I think, when I closed my last very hurriedly, I had said nothing about the beautiful Abbey of Melrose, which we were sorry to find close adjoining the village; indeed, almost enclosed by it, beside being fenced in and locked up.

But it is a magnificent and imposing ruin, and we almost wearièd our guide by our lengthened admiration. We had a more satisfactory view of the exterior afterward, by walking outside the graveyard. The elaborate finish of the carving of the interior, and the wonderful state of preservation (for more than 600 years) exceeding what I could have imagined, was still more surprising when we learned that it was supposed to have been the workmanship of a body of Sistercian monks, the architects as well as the original occupants of the monastery. On the morning of the 16th we left in a post chaise for Abbotsford. A splendid day, and we were more than delighted with our visit. A grand-daughter of Sir Walter, 14 years old, is heiress of Abbotsford. The place is occupied by Mr. J. Hope Scott, who married a daughter of Mr. Lockhart, and took the name of Scott on his marriage. His wife is deceased, but he and his family have given up all the rooms made memorable by the memory of Sir Walter, to be open to visitors, they using only the newer parts.

Such is the enthusiastic veneration for the former occupant that the cicerone told us they sometimes had three and four hundred visitors in a day. A clock is there which formerly belonged to Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. It is still ticking—a period of more than two hundred years. We saw much we shall long remember in connection with the former owner. As we passed on to Dryburg, in whose ruined Abbey his bones found their last resting place, we crossed a hill where it is said he frequently went, considering the view from it the finest in this everywhere charming country; and we were told that, by a singular chance, on the day of his funeral, the procession was detained, by an accident, for a considerable time, during which the hearse stood on his favorite spot.

Next morning, about 9 o'clock, we took the car for York, and arrived about 4 P. M., not too much fatigued to visit the far-famed York-Minster. After a pleasant walk through the town, which bore, everywhere, the appearance of great age, as well as substantial comfort, we reached this magnificent structure just as it was being closed for the day; but the obliging Warden admitted us, and explained all the various points of attraction, kindly allowing us to remain quite a long time, though not half as long as we should have enjoyed looking at its almost overwhelming grandeur and majestic proportions. The richness and splendor of its numerous stained windows (one of which measures 75 feet by 31,) and the exquisite delicacy and variety of the stone carvings, far exceeded all the abbays and churches that we had previously seen, and the lofty vaulted roof, 100 feet in height, added impressiveness to the whole. The date of its erection is early in the 13th

century. Next day we were on our way to London.

We have spent one day between the National Gallery and the Royal Academy, both very splendid institutions, and several hours were passed in examining the many exquisitely beautiful paintings, the work of renowned artists, whose productions we had always heard of with longing. Hampton Court was one of the many objects of interest, and it took a long day to enjoy all the beauties and wonders of the place. The house covers eight acres of ground, with gardens, and pleasure grounds, and parks of proportionate extent, and all this vast domain kept up in perfect style. The Palace is no longer used by Royalty, but is occupied in different suites of apartments by decayed gentlewomen, formerly ladies of honor, retired officers of the Crown, and so forth. Their apartments are strictly private, but all the galleries of paintings and poets, once the abode of Kings and Queens, are open to inspection; and in them we saw many curious pieces of old furniture, which have been preserved with great care, through centuries, showing us, by the aid of a little imagination, what was "the interior life" of Royalty, hundreds of years ago.

The next day we had a little peep into that of the present Sovereign of England, or rather of her horses, as we visited Her Majesty's stables, at Windsor. They generally contain 164 horses; and the sight impressed us with a sense of the blessedness of our republican government in contrast to this, where all these immense establishments are kept up for *one little woman*. It was, however, a curious sight, and we all united that horses and carriages never could be kept in more exquisite order.

Next day we spent at the Kensington Museum, a place we had been strongly recommended to see, but of which "the half had not been told us." It is a very large and elegant building, in the West End, filled with all that can be imagined of strange and curious, from all parts of the world; and I think we might spend a week or two there without finding out the extent of its treasures. It was a perfect feast, with its magnificent collection of paintings. There was the Vernon gallery, of which we heard so much; with the *copies* of some best pictures we had long been fam^d; now we were enjoying the far more originals. Then there were many filled with choice productions, exceedingly, and which will dwell for many a day, in confirmation that "a thing of beauty did not accomplish ^{er} before we were torn the day, and, ^{tr} varied the pl^o liant and

fashion of London," on horse-back and in carriages; and then rambled through St. James', whose calm and quiet loveliness contrasted strikingly with the former scenes. Though in the very heart of this vast city, we might imagine ourselves hundreds of miles away—so perfectly country-like did it seem; and our walk through it was a fitting conclusion to this day of unusual enjoyment.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 5, 1867.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.—Our attention has been again directed to this subject by a second article from the pen of T. H. S. His remarks are based upon the position that the Society of Friends "is gradually dwindling away, and that without a change our utter dissolution is inevitable." He queries, Should not this "arouse to action the most lethargic among us?" "The idea," T. H. S. says, he "particularly designs to convey is, that upon a question of the preservation of the life of our organization and the maintenance of the great leading doctrines and testimonies which we hold, all mere forms, usages, and disciplinary arrangements, are to be considered subject to change without hesitation." He considers that "form is being the death of us, and that we should endeavor to modify, revise and conduct the exercises of our meetings so as to render them attractive and inviting to our members." We have accepted the communications on the state of the Society, as the expression of a *sincere interest* in the welfare of the body, and not as the utterance of complaints, in which light our friend S. H., in her notice of them in the present number, appears to consider them.

It may seem a repetition to some extent of a former Editorial, but we think it right to advert more fully to the views presented by T. H. S. We do not unite with the sentiment that our Society is on the wane. The decrease in numbers since the census of 1829 may be accounted for in a great measure by the agitations which not long after that period threatened a second separation of the Society.

Meetings vary in size through the force of circumstances. Many of our Friends whom we have deemed "worthy of double honor," because of their dedication to the Truth, have been removed by death. Some have changed

their residences; and while meetings in many places have become smaller, in others they have increased. We believe that the principle which Friends regard as the *fundamental principle*, is dear to very many who may not have given evidence upon whose side they are by a surrender of the *whole heart*. Such need not be directed to anything *without* them in order to draw nearer to the Fountain of Life, but to centre to the gift *within*, that they may receive the unfoldings of Truth as they are revealed in the secret of the soul.

Instead of introducing new forms or looking at the present usages of the Society as the causes of offence, let us recur to the manner in which the Society was first gathered. George Fox, in yielding to the impressions of divine grace, "was led to believe that through the power of Christ revealed in his soul, he should be enabled to overcome" the world. This induced retirement of spirit and a faith in silent worship. As others were convinced of the same internal operative principle, they were brought together to await the arising of Life by which their spiritual strength was renewed. A like desire for good induced an individual in after years to seek a retired situation, and he sat upon a log. In time, one, and then another, came and sat with him. The number increased—a house was built and a meeting established near that place. A friend in another neighborhood went regularly to the meeting-house, his dog being his only companion for a long time. Curiosity led some persons to meet with him to see what could induce him to go there alone. This was the origin of a large meeting. Instances somewhat similar might be multiplied, but our object is to call attention to that Power which can alone build up and sustain the Church. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." The original ground, with its native simplicity, of our early Friends, should ever be kept in view. We are not so wedded to the forms or usages of the Society as to wish to adhere to them at the expense of something better adapted to the wants of its members, but we have an objection to changes which do not profit, or which are not a decided improvement. In the "Life of Sarah Grubb" we find the fol-

lowing, to which we can fully subscribe. "Let situations be what they may, and outward advantages ever so great, we are abundantly convinced that whoever experiences an inheritance in the truth, and an establishment therein, must purchase it for themselves, learn to live on manna of their own gathering, and know whence all their fresh springs proceed."

DIED, on Sixth-day morning, the 13th of Ninth month, 1867, at the residence of Israel L. Bartram, in Chester Co., Pa., LEVINAH H. MILLER, of West Chester, in the 76th year of her age.

—, suddenly, on the 24th of Ninth month, 1867, in Bensalem, Bucks Co., Pa., JOSEPH PAXSON, in the 65th year of his age.

A Stated Meeting of the Committee of Management of the Library Association of Friends will be held on Fourth-day evening next, the 9th inst., at 8 o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

The Committee appointed at the First-day School Conference at West Chester, will meet at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room on Seventh-day afternoon, 10th mo. 12th, at 3 o'clock. The sub-committees will meet in the same building at 10 o'clock in the morning of that day.

The First-day School at Green Street Meeting House will re-open on First-day afternoon, 10th mo. 6th, at 2½ o'clock, P. M.

The First-day School at Race Street Meeting House will re-open on same day at 3 o'clock, P. M.

ERRATUM.—Page 472, in the Notice of "Friends' Social Lyceum," for "First Annual Session" read "Fifth Annual Session."

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 6.

MAYENCO, August 22.

I believe I have not written since I left Switzerland. I forget whether or not I told you of my visit to Strasbourg to see its world-renowned cathedral. It was distressing to me to leave Switzerland so soon; I had allotted upon all August in Switzerland. But since it was necessary, in order to accommodate one of our party who wished to meet her mother at Carlsruhe, I consoled myself as best I could by going to see the Cathedral of Strasbourg. In those natural cathedrals of the Alps, architecture does not unfold itself. The altars are already erected by nature, with the domes and pinnacles that point the soul to heaven. Humble little churches nestle among the hills, with their red roofs and small spires, and witness that man understands the lesson which nature gives,—and complete the picture with the human touch that reaches the heart.

After Switzerland, the plains of Germany looked very tame, with its villages sleeping in

the sunshine, between cultivated fields. Indeed it was not Germany but France still. At last the lofty spire of Strasbourg was seen, and seemed to lift the soul up. Its grace and lightness are wonderful. The stone seems to lose its heaviness, and indeed it was necessary to touch it to convince myself that it was not wood. It reminded me of the delicate wood-work of Switzerland. The sculptures inside are all exquisite, and some of the finest are by one of Erwin's daughters, for his children continued the work after he died. I believe I have already written you of this cathedral and its exquisite painted windows. There is something beautifully symbolic in the light of heaven falling upon the worshippers *through the forms of saints*, whose love and self sacrifice are expressed by the colors. In this language of color, handed down from the earliest ages, the blue signifies divine truth, and the red divine love, and the yellow divine glory, or the Holy Ghost; green (combined of yellow and blue) is regeneration—human charity; and purple (of red and blue) is human effort for truth and love; the violet expresses the depth of self-sacrifice, and is the color the priest wears on Good Friday: for these symbolical colors are used by the priests. White is divine, or original innocence. It is quite necessary to know this symbolism of color in order to understand the meaning of ecclesiastical painting. There was one window in Strasbourg Cathedral where the virgin was dotted with a mantle of violet, over an undergarment of richest crimson; and her feet were shod with yellow. She held an infant, and, in the three large panes in front of her, were the three wise magi, one of whom was a negro clad in cloth of gold, and with a crown on his head like the other two. (And this was not the only instance in this cathedral of the recognition of the negro as an equal worshipper with his white brethren.) All the figures were as large as life.

Only one spire of this cathedral is finished; but the other is nearly 400 feet high; and they seem to despair of finishing it, for they have built a house on top for the bell ringers, and made a balustrade round it, where people go up and view the country in all directions. It is nearly 400 steps up. It has been destroyed and restored again and again in the last 800 years, and is certainly a most wonderful expression of man's aspiration to God. It was built by a society of Masons, who still exist as a religious union. While we recognise that there is a religious working more really spiritual, whose stones are *living* ones, we will not undervalue *this* expression. The saints and apostles who are here represented worked in a more spiritual quarry than the painters; but it was something that those who came after recognised their spirituality, and forgot themselves in ap-

preciation of them, though it was a fall of the human nature, for a little while raised so high as the early Christians raised it. It is the fatality of the human race to perpetually *fall back* from that which it attains into the worship of the attainment. Saint worship is not confined to the Catholic Church. The Protestant Churches worship their Luthers, and Calvins, and George Fox's, and Wm. Penns; for instead of taking the hint from them of approaching God at first hand, they think and feel and act in the wheel-ruts of the way of Life that the fathers have made; and I do not know that the old formulas of any sect are more quickening than these glorious forms of saints and heroes, which the light of heaven *shines through!* Both, alas! are apt to prove substitution instead of new fresh life; and are but *shadows* to the *substance*, which is love of man expressed in all beneficent sympathies and furtherance of his aspirations after truth and good, and his acts of love; soothing his sorrows and helping his infirmities by the way. It is interesting, however, to recognise, in the *Masonic societies*, that this building of houses of God with stone and mortar was recognised, by the builders, as symbolic; and the spiritual secret of Free Masonry was brotherly love and helpfulness. I thus took up a great reverence for Free Masons; and somehow was mingled with my impression the idea that the Temple of Solomon was a symbol of a perfectly formed character; and my mother, who was something of a poet, spoke to me of the fact that the building was put together "with out sound of hammer or axe," all the hewing and sawing being done in the mountains of Lebanon by Hiram's laborers, suggesting that men should work on the materials nature provides, each according to his several faculty, and the world would be built up, worthy to be called the temple of the Lord.

The circumstance that I am writing to a Quaker community my impressions of these great works of the Catholic Church keeps my mind in a continual musing mood on the subject of *symbolism*. The etymological meaning of the word *symbol* is the rolling together into one whole the *ideal and material*. It is the expression or *signifying* of spiritual by material things—man's miniature of God creating. Sacred art is therefore legitimate human activity. But the art must be sacred. When Fra Angelico never painted for money, and always painted on her knees, the art was sacred, and every picture an act of devotion. When the Masonic fraternities of the middle ages bound themselves by vows to a life of virtue and devotion, they were enabled to build these glorious cathedrals, which all the money of the world cannot get finished, for such work, like the grace of God flowed "without money and without price." When people paint for money, and "to be ap-

preciated," as is the modern term for a weak desire of personal glory, instead of for blessing and leading their fellow creatures to the blessedness of divine beauty—high art is no more.

E. P. P.

RELIGION AND HEALTH.

Those who study the Old Testament are often surprised to find how large a proportion of its regulations were sanitary in their end and aims, designed to educate a whole community in those habits, and calling their attention to those virtues and exercises which should form a healthy population. Their laws relating to clean and unclean beasts, for instance, entering into all domestic life, and demanding that if a mouse or rat or piece of dead flesh had touched any culinary vessel, it should be dipped in water and thoroughly washed before it could be again used, were intended to raise a nation of slaves into the most civilized and cleanly nation then on the earth. It was found necessary to forbid pork altogether to a nation who perhaps were not so careful thoroughly to cook all their meat as we are. Their fastings, festivals, clean and unclean animals, their weekly day of rest, and whole domestic arrangements were a wonderfully devised system for directing the attention of the whole community to the cultivation of the most perfect health of body, as one of the first of religious duties.

About a generation ago, Dr. Combe, a physician, of Edinburgh, who in early life had nearly died for want of sufficient care, went everywhere over Great Britain and America, lecturing on health, and publishing works on the constitution of man, calling attention to this subject as a religious duty, incumbent on all. His language was not always correct, and his ideas were somewhat restricted, but they met a great want in the popular mind, and treated of a very neglected subject. His lectures gave phrenology a start in this country, and everything connected with physical culture. And though some terrible blunders were made, they inspired a class of men who have been experimenting and growing in the conscientious feeling that the cultivation of health, by all suitable exercises and repose alternately of each organ, is the duty of every individual; one without which he cannot perform aright any other duty to himself, his family or the community.

There is a sort of idea, popular with some, that Christianity has done away with all this religion of the body. There cannot be a greater and more pernicious mistake. Christianity has stamped a value upon every human life never before conceived, and health is a part of life—it is life. When St. Paul said that bodily exercise profiteth little, he spoke of Pharasaic exercises into which Judaism had degenerated

—mere forms without life. But when the same writer argued, as a sufficient proof of the sin of certain immoralities, that he who committed them sinned against his own body, he implied that *all* neglects and courses of life injurious to health are repugnant to the very foundations of all true religion. "This is for your health" was the sufficient reason in his eyes why he should command men to take food, and even wine is enjoined on a sick man for the same reason. "Thou shalt not kill" embraces more than most think. Christian science has greatly added to the average length of life, and it has not done half its work yet.

And still there are thousands who never study the laws of health, to obey them as a religious duty, but eat and drink, rise and retire, over-exercise themselves, or go without exercise, without any conscientious scruples, except so far as pain or the doctor reform their habits per force.

But the cultivation of the highest attainable degree of health is not only a positive part of religion, but one of the most important parts of religion. Indeed, the example set by each affects the family; and the whole community, and national customs, duration of life, happiness and physical progress or degeneracy, so long as the family or race shall last—all are bound up in this comprehensive principle, cultivating the most perfect health as a fundamental religious duty. Inferior individuals and races are crowded out of existence, and the superior multiply and fill the earth. This is the way in which in the course of ages the types and ideas of all races steadily improve. We live in an age of science, and that science which produced the best races of men will populate the world of the future and give it dominion.

Besides, the intellectual vigor of a race corresponds, other things being equal, with the cultivation of bodily health of every part. No doubt sickly folks have usually the most delicate and sensitive nervous organization. They often perceive more acutely, and determine more exactly, the direction in which men ought to act. Indeed, in all motion, there are two things to be considered, *force* and *direction*. Now, granting that persons not robust may be more delicate and exact in the *direction* they give to their energies, yet lacking the wholesome energy and manly vigor, most of what they propose dies fruitless for want of energy, perseverance and intellectual force, generally to make its power felt. But a diseased body is not usually so healthy in its tastes, affections and impulses. They are morbid, perverted, erratic, and lead to all sorts of wrong and mistaken judgments.

Nor is even this the worst. Morality depends much upon health. All sorts of depraved impulses are stimulated by gross feeding and want of exercise. The early riser, the temperate man

in his food, the active and energetic man in exercise, will be found generally possessed of the best moral judgment—all his instincts and impulses leading him to noble, humane, honorable and elevated course of action. This reverence for the health of the body is therefore most comprehensive in its bearing on individuals, families and races. To so regulate the alternate exercises and repose of all our bodily faculties, as to use them for the end for which they were designed by the great and all-wise Creator, is an object worthy the most patient study and religious care of every human being.—*Public Ledger*.

The following was written by one who had watched by the bed of a suffering sister for many hours, and at last saw the "unconscious" meanings were yielding to the craving of the weary frame for rest."

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

Oh tread lightly; she is weary;
She hath suffered all day through,
And the night is somewhat dreary,
If she wake and suffer too.
Silently the stars are keeping
Their sunny vigils o'er her,
And she dreams not in her sleeping
That to-morrow is before her.
Break it not, that spell of slumber,
Waveless, beautiful as heaven,
'Mid the sharp gusts without number,
And the clouds of tempest driven.
Weep not sister—sister, cheer thee;
Yet she will not hear thee weep;
She is weary, very weary;
Only let her sleep!
I could fancy, gazing on her,
She had passed her night of sighs,
And that Heaven's own light upon her
Waits, to greet her opening eyes.
Silence on each word of sorrow,—
On a thought that would repine;
For there shall be such a morrow,
And for thee, sweet sister mine.
Ah! I know it, that reposing;—
'Tis her Father bade it come,
Emblem, when life's day is closing,
Of the deep repose of home.
Storms, the joy of calm redoubling,
In the mansions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

THE SONG OF THE SOWER.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Brethren, the sower's task is done;
The seed is in its winter's bed;
Now let the dark brown mould be spread,
To hide it from the sun,
And leave it to the kindly care
Of the still earth and brooding air;
As when the mother, from her breast,
Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,
And shades its eyes and waits to see
How sweet its waking smile will be.
The tempest now may smite, the sleet
All night on the drowned furrow beat,

And winds that, from the cloudy hold
Of winter, breathe the bitter cold,
Stiffen to stone the mellow mould,
Yet safe shall lie the wheat;
Till out of heaven's unmeasured blue
Shall wake again the genial year,
To wake with warmth and nurse with dew
The germs we lay to slumber here.

"To the watchful eye and thankful heart mercies
He thickly scattered along the path of suffering."

"Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
While some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's great mercy, gild
The darkness of their night."

From "The Nation."

AMERICAN SCHOOLS SEEN BY ENGLISH EYES.*

One of the chief defects in the American school system is the lack of authentic means of comparison between the work of different cities and States, both in respect of the methods employed and the results attained. The Connecticut system is not that of Massachusetts, in details, and St. Louis differs from New York. The local responsibility, the freedom, which is nearly absolute, from rigorous inspection by the State authorities, and the entire lack of national superintendence, with all their advantages, bring this disadvantage. It is exceedingly hard to ascertain the manifold local modifications of the general principles of public instruction, and it is even more difficult to reduce to a fair standard of comparison the cumbersome statistical tables which are published respecting every State and town, and almost every district.

Consequently, to understand the American public school, prolonged personal inquiry and observation are essential. A greater service could hardly be rendered to the country at the present moment than to secure, by the agency of the Peabody Educational Trustees, the National Department of Education, or some other instrumentality, an impartial, minutely accurate, and yet philosophical survey of the various systems in vogue from Massachusetts to California. The work can be well done only by our own citizens, for none other can appreciate the unrecorded influences of historical usages and traditions, and the uncodified regulations required by public opinion. But till such a survey is made, the educators of the country may derive great help from the observations of intelligent foreigners, who come of their own ac-

* "Report of her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the education given in schools in England (not included in her Majesty's two recent commissions), and to those appointed to inquire into the Schools of Scotland, on the Common School System of the United States and Canada. By Rev. James Fraser, M. A., Assistant Commissioner." London, 1867.

cord, or at the instance of their governments, to examine the theory, the process, and the results of our boasted common schools.

Several such reports have been published in Europe. In England, Mr. Tremeneere; in Saxony, Dr. Wimmer; in France, Mons. de Laveleye; and in Sweden, Dr. Siljeström, have printed more or less extended treatises on the peculiarities of our educational system, with critical comments and judicious comparisons, so that there are few of our own citizens who may not with profit peruse these statements. The latest document of this character is the report of Rev. James Fraser to the "Schools Inquiry Commission," lately presented to both Houses of Parliament by royal command, and received from England by a recent steamer.

In matters of judgment so much depends upon the judge that our readers may be interested in knowing something of the author of this extended paper. Mr. Fraser, as we are informed, is a clergyman of the Church of England, the rector of the quiet parish of Ufton, near Reading. He is, or was until quite lately, still a fellow in one of the Oxford colleges. The impression which he made upon all who saw him during his visit to this country was that of a scholar, candid, unprejudiced, and thorough, who made it his business to find out, as truly as he could, the condition of our schools. He was neither blind to virtues nor defects. His intelligent and courteous manners made it a pleasure to help him; his acquaintance with schools of every grade in England, from that of the country parish up to the university, gave a point to all his investigations, and the comparatively deliberate manner in which he journeyed made his observations of more than ordinary value. We have, therefore, been waiting with some eagerness for his report, and have read it with unusual interest. His attention was chiefly directed to common schools—not to colleges or endowed academics or charitable establishments or scientific schools, but to schools intended for all classes in the community, from the lowest primary to the high-school. The five months of his visit were spent in the three southern States of New England or in States further west most affected by their educational influence—New York, Ohio, and Illinois. He also spent some time in Pennsylvania, and made a special study of the cities of St. Louis and Detroit. Part of his time was spent in Canada.

The tour of Mr. Fraser was made in the summer of 1865, when the war was but just concluded, and it is worthy of note that the vigorous support of our schools during the absorbing conflicts of civil commotions made a strong impression on his mind. Never, he says, were appropriations or benefactions more liberally bestowed; never was there more earnest

determination to carry on the education of the people.

Six comprehensive topics were mentioned in his instructions as requiring special attention; namely—1, School legislation; 2, Pecuniary support; 3, Administration, and the selection of teachers; 4, Internal organization, modes of teaching, books, etc.; 5, Results; 6, Religious training. In short, he was directed to find out all that he could in the time and with the means at his command. He sums up his remarks on the system of the United States in four chapters, devoted first to an exhibition of the theory; then to an exhibition of the practice; third, to a critical estimate of results; and lastly to a very brief horoscope of the future.

The theory of our schools he finds best stated in formal terms in the Massachusetts laws, which he quotes with extended notes and comments. We need not detain our readers with this familiar topic.

Under the head of practical operations, the cost of our schools is the first subject he takes up, and here he runs against the common difficulty of securing definite statements made up on the same schedule. However, he makes an estimate worth quoting, which is based on the reports of eleven of the first cities of the Union. Here are his figures for the "average cost of tuition only":—Detroit, \$6 59; Toledo, \$8 34; Chicago, \$8 69; Providence, New Haven, \$8 85; Philadelphia, \$9 17; St. Louis, 9 38; Louisville, \$11 17; Cincinnati, \$11 42; Boston, \$11 48; New York, \$12 04; average, \$10 39; or, £1 11s. 6d.

The cost of high schools he estimates as on the average \$62 50, or nine guineas, a year for boys; and \$36 25, or £5 10s., for girls. In the rural districts the cost of tuition is much less, especially in the simple district schools. These prices are evidently in great contrast with what is paid in England for the corresponding advantages—so that it is the sober conclusion of the writer that an American farmer educates his family at the cost to the community of not more than one-third of the amount at which the Committee of Council estimate the cost of educating the children of an English mechanic or laborer.

The administration of our schools by the various boards, committees, superintendents, and the like, he found "somewhat complex," but appearing to "run smoothly," though not quite "hierarchical," or authoritative enough to produce the best results. Our teachers for the most part appear quite inadequately trained for their work, and the certificates of examination are really worth but little. Yet there is great natural aptitude for the teacher's work, especially in the women who engage in it. They have a gift of turning what they know to the best account, are admirable disciplinarians, and

their classes are not likely to fall asleep in their hands—and on the whole, as he rightly adds, they are a fine and capable body of workers in a noble cause. Their salaries, judged by an English standard, are low, and consequently changes are frequent. Their social position, on the other hand, is much higher than in England. The formal and "memoriter" character of our recitations and examinations is justly censured. But how can this be otherwise, unless our colleges, the highest teachers of the land, will modify the example they set? So long as "cramming" will pass for learning; so long as the ability to receive page after page of Greek grammar, rules, exceptions, and examples is deemed the greatest evidence of intellectual culture in college, as it was where we were educated, so long will our instruction in high schools and grammar-schools be governed by text-books, and deal more in conventional phraseology than in positive knowledge.

The gradation or classification of our schools commends itself strongly to the approval of Mr. Fraser, but our own teachers are unanimous on this subject, and we therefore pass by the comments of our traveller.

There is another subject on which we think Mr. Fraser's observations are less just than we have commonly found them to be. We refer to the social status of the scholars in our public schools. By the theory, he says, scholars of every rank are supposed to come within the sphere of the system. This is ambiguous. All children may avail themselves of the privilege; it is not expected that all will. Every parent is as free to decide this question as he is to determine whether he will use the common park, the common post-office, or the common pump. The public merely provide public schools "good enough for anybody;" no one is forced to accept their privileges. This being the theory what is the result? In our opinion it varies from year to year and from place to place. A good building, a judicious committee, a corps of capital teachers, will revolutionize a town or a district speedily, and the school forsaken one year may be crowded the next. Mr. Fraser, on the other hand, asserts that "in all the cities the wealthier class, indeed all who can afford to do so, almost without exception, send their children to private schools." We are confident he has generalized too rapidly. Many wealthy people, we admit, withhold their children from public schools; but, on the other hand, in a city not very far from New York, an important public controversy has just terminated where the worst charge against the public schools was this: that those who could afford to send to private schools would send to the public schools, thus taking the places which should be saved for the poor. We could take Mr. Fraser to scores

of schools in New York, New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Boston, Roxbury, Cambridge, and other towns where we are acquainted, and show him that, beyond a doubt, that the public schools, in practice as well as in theory, are for all. The distinctive feature of our system, in city or in country, is that the wants of the whole community are provided for, not those of any class. Because there is the post-office, no one is prevented from employing the telegraph or the private messenger; and just so with the school. Actually taking the country through, the distinction of financial caste are not yet manifest in our schools or colleges. Long distant be the day! When the public school is the best school, men of culture will send to it. When it is not, they will seek instruction elsewhere.

But we cannot pursue these observations, for we still desire to call the attention of our readers to Mr. Fraser's estimate of the system as a whole, and his recommendations to the authorities at home.

Having reminded the English reader that from the days of Washington till now "virtue and intelligence" have been relied on as the safeguards of this republic, in which perfect social equality and absolute religious freedom are guaranteed by law, he delineates, in a few nice touches, some of the actual "phenomena" of American life; our "restlessness and activity, without, perhaps, the culture and refinement of the old Athenian, but with all his versatility; the absorbing interest of political life, the constantly rising aims of each individual, the ebb and flow of commercial enterprise, and the immense development of the spirit of speculation; the intense energy of the national temperament, its rapidity of movement, its precipitancy, its impatience of standing still." The American school, he says, is a microcosm of American life. It shows the same freedom and equality, the same rapidity of movement and desire of progress, the same ambition, sensitiveness, and subordination of the individual to the mass, the same utilitarian fever, the same absence of repose, elements of strength and weakness, of success and failure, so mingled that it is impossible, by one epithet, to characterize the resultant whole.

In his opinion, also, our school system is in harmony with the other institutions of the country, and it suits the people so far as they understand their own wants. He points out "the cheapness" of our schools even in liberal cities, and the lively "spirit of work" which is generated among both teachers and scholars. He sums up the results of the system (quite correctly, in our opinion) as tending to the general diffusion of intelligence rather than to "high culture" or "profound erudition." The same is true, he might have added, of our col-

leges and of all our social educational influences. It is not the few who are carried to high perfection; it is the entire population who are lifted up from ignorance and want.

He fears that we care too little for development as compared with information, thinking too little of the *faculties* and too much of *facts*. He makes some just criticisms on our cultivation of taste, doubting the national competency "to appreciate the beauty of simplicity;" and he misses with regret "the religious tone" to which he is accustomed in the conduct of the school-room at home.

In respect to the instruction of boys and girls in the same classes, a point on which our own administrators of schools are not agreed, Mr. Fraser makes some interesting observations. Doubting the wisdom of giving to girls the same instructions as to boys, he yet admits that where he heard the two sexes taught or catechised together he "should have given to the girls the palm for quickness of perception and precision of reply." In all their studies they "seemed fully competent to hold their own." To Americans he says: "The Roman matron of the old republic is, perhaps, the type of female excellence; self-reliance, fearlessness, decision, energy, promptitude are, perhaps, the highest female qualities." For himself he prefers a different theory of womanly culture; but he admits that the American method at least achieves the end at which it aims.

The religious character of our public instruction naturally attracts the attention of all foreigners accustomed to the union of church and state. Mr. Fraser objects to calling the American schools "irreligious" or even "non-religious" or purely secular. He sees and appreciates what is done in them for the inculcation of Christian morality; and while he prefers the "denominational" theory for English schools, he would consider himself "tendering a most fatal piece of advice" if he recommended its adoption here. All his views on this subject exhibit a beautiful spirit of fairness and liberality, such as we should like to see more general among our own religious people.

The object of Mr. Fraser's inquiries was practical. Popular education in England is sure to make progress with the growth of reform and the diffusion of suffrage, and it is with reference to possible changes in the national system that the "Schools Inquiry Commission" was instituted. It is interesting, therefore, to see what points so cautious and judicious an observer recommends to the imitation of his countrymen.

"The thing," he says, "which I should like to borrow is the noble public spirit, almost universally prevalent, which considers that to contribute to the general education of the people is the first duty, as of the commonwealth at

large, so of every citizen in particular, and which places religion, morality, and intelligence in the forefront of the elements that constitute the strength and guarantee the prosperity of the nation."

Descending to particulars, he especially recommends that our system of graded schools be imitated in the large towns of England. "It is the one thing which our elementary schools have not," he says, "and which they most need. I do not care so much about *common* schools; I have no particular preference for *free* schools; but I do see most clearly the advantages of a *graded* school."

The second recommendation which he offers is that central boards of education should be instituted in counties or districts with more or less visitatorial power, and with the obligation to publish an annual report. The great mass of Englishmen have now no authentic guarantee upon which to rely in selecting a school for their sons. The publicity of our public schools seems to Mr. Fraser one of their most commendable features.

The author of this report does not appear to have considered it his business to devise suggestions so much as to report observations. Indeed, he is continually embarrassed by the different circumstances, capacities, and prospects of the two countries. "I do not pretend to know where we are drifting," is a remark which he makes more than once. He sees impending in England the establishment of a secular system of instruction, akin, at least, to the American, and while he does not conceal his preferences for the denominational schools now in vogue, he does not hesitate as a clergyman to declare that he should neither despair of Christianity nor morality if the change, so much dreaded by many of his class, should actually come. He acknowledges as the result of his travels in America, that what England needs is "*intelligent* education—a real quickening of the minds of the people," and he admits that his own difficulties as a clergyman lie in the slow and heavy intellectual movement of his hearers, their scanty vocabulary, their inability to appreciate an argument, their want of general and broad culture.

We have noticed some statements with which we do not agree, and throughout the entire report there is an obvious lack of acquaintance with the progressive development of our school system which would have enabled the writer to describe rather better some of its characteristics. The American public schools, as a system, have grown during two hundred years into their present form; they were not contrived or invented. They are adjusted, imperfectly we admit, but still adjusted, to all our other institutions. To be understood, our social life must be understood, and this no traveller, however

accomplished, can be expected to understand. Mr. Fraser has done more than most observers. His patience, his fairness, his sagacity, and his ever present love of the truth are reflected throughout the American portion of the volume. We have not read the Canadian chapters.

As the conclusion of all his researches, it is gratifying to find him ready to admit "it is no flattery or exaggeration to say that the Americans, if not the most highly educated, are certainly the most generally educated and intelligent people on the earth." This is the true fruit of republican common schools.

TWO EPITAPHS.

In one of England's great cathedrals rests one, whose gravestone, according to his own direction, bears but the single word "*Miserimus*"—most miserable.

In the catacombs of Rome, one tablet has, in rude letters, the simple inscription, "*In pace*"—in peace.

Little as these brief records at first seem to tell us, a moment's thought shows them full of disclosures. The first was a man of wealth and position, or his sepulchre had never been in the great cathedral. He had it in his power, not only in common with others to find for himself the blessedness of God's faithful children, but more than some to bless the world in those extended ways which the rich and powerful can especially command. He had the offer of life in vain. He was honest enough to acknowledge his misery. He could not cheat himself, he would not cheat others; indeed he warned them. There in that old cathedral, among the tombstones of other men, where the rich and noble, gifted like himself with noble opportunities, would surely come to read his record—there it should be, in imperishable stone, with no name or worldly titles to tell of outward prosperity, or divert attention from this one terrible truth. It should stand alone in its awful simplicity, "*Most Miserable*," life a failure, the future a terror.

The other lived in the fearful days of persecution, when the hunted Christians fled to the catacombs, the burial caves where the martyrs were driven to live. The outward life of the unknown sleeper must have been full of gloom. A child of poverty, either by birth or from that love to the Master which chose it with his people rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin, he was despised and persecuted. Yet the record of that life was full of blessedness. All things have been counted dross for the love of Christ; life was a success—the future, glory.

In the records of heaven, if not on every tombstone, must not the verdict stand for each life, either "*Most miserable*," or "*In peace*?" Which shall be mine?

PRAYER.

It is a communion with God. Oh! brethren, prayer is not an apostrophe to woods and wilds and waters. It is not a moan cast forth into the viewless winds, nor a bootless behest expended on a passing cloud. It is not a plaintive cry directed to an empty echo, that can send back nothing but another cry. Prayer is a living heart that speaks in a living ear, the ear of the living God.

JOHN NEWTON once said: "The art of spreading rumors may be compared to the art of pin-making. There is usually some truth, which I call the wire; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point, others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed."

ITEMS.

One of the wealthy men of New Orleans, the late John McDonough, had engraved upon his tomb a series of maxims, which he says he adopted for the guidance of his life, in 1804, and to which he attributes his success in business. He makes them public for the benefit of all who desire to become rich, and they are worth reproduction here:—"Rules for Guidance of My Life, 1804.—Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence. Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account. Do unto all men as you would be done by. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. Never bid another do what you can do yourself. Never covet what is not your own. Never think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice. Never give out that which does not first come in. Never spend but to produce. Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life. Study in your course of life to do the greatest amount of good. Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity. Labor, then, to the last moment of your existence. Pursue strictly the above rules, and the Divine blessing and riches of every kind will flow upon you to your heart's content; but, first of all, remember that the chief and great duty of your life should be to tend, by all means in your power, to the honor and glory of our Divine Creator. The conclusion to which I have arrived is, that without temperance there is no health; without virtue no order; without religion no happiness; and that the aim of our being is to live wisely, soberly, and righteously.

"JOHN McDONOUGH."

The earnings of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, during the past year, are said to have been over a million of dollars. After heavy deduction, resulting from the two accidents to the cable of 1866, there remained to the credit of the revenue account \$140,670, out of which a dividend is declared at the rate of four per cent. free of income tax, upon the first 8 per cent. preferential stock. But for these accidents, and a charge for back interest, the net earnings would have paid 7 per cent. on \$12,000,000, leaving \$70,000 for a reserved fund.

FREEDMEN'S SCHOOLS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON.—The Superintendent, John Kimball, reports: There are ninety day and night schools in the district, in charge of 142 teachers, of whom 129 are white and 13 colored. The number of pupils in

these schools is 4,822, and the average attendance is 3,535, or 73 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent.

In Alexandria (city and county) and Fairfax Co., Va., there are twenty-six schools, with thirty five teachers, twenty-nine white and six colored, and 1,756 pupils. The average is 1,204, or sixty-eight per cent.

The local superintendent remarks: "When we first opened our schools in Alexandria, there was almost universal opposition and ridicule. Now the people are strongly convinced of their benefits, and, at the late public examination, which was crowded with the white citizens of the place, astonishment and even delight was expressed at the fine appearance of the pupils, and the great progress they had made.

The public school board of Washington is now favorable to the education of the colored people, and are taking out vigorous measures to carry on their schools in connection with the board. In June there were thirty-two schools, having an average attendance of over 90 per cent. One school in Georgetown, and the M-street school, reported an average attendance of 100 per cent. This, in respect to attendance, is the best report of the year. Of the 135 teachers in the District, 109 are white and 26 colored. The average whole attendance is over 44 per cent. Of these schools, thirty-eight are primary, twenty-eight intermediate, five grammar, and most of the remainder of mixed grades. John E. Turner has taught a class of men, sitting for the Ministry, in a room on Louisiana avenue, furnished him by the bureau. This class has at times been quite large, but the attendance, owing to the necessities of the men, has been quite irregular.

A charter has been granted by Congress for the Howard University, which is open to all of both sexes, without distinction of color. This institution bids fair to do great good. Its beautiful site, so opportunely and wisely secured, is an earnest of success. Large and commodious buildings are soon to be erected thereon. The normal and preparatory departments of the University were opened on the 1st of May, under the instruction of Rev. E. F. Williams, an accomplished scholar and a thorough teacher. At the close of the month the school numbered thirty-one scholars; it has now increased to about sixty. Miss Lord, so long a popular teacher of this city, has been appointed assistant. The grade of this school is low for its name, but the students are making good advancement.

One school-house, large enough to accommodate four hundred scholars, has been built by the bureau in Alexandria, Va., and it has assisted in building three houses of the same size in the District of Columbia. Assistance has also been given in building three houses in Maryland.

Ten Northern societies are reported as having aided the schools in this department, the amount expended by them being not less than \$35,000. The trustees of colored schools for Washington and Georgetown have expended about \$10,000. The amount raised by colored people by subscription is very small. They insist that their taxes, which are the same as paid by the white population, shall be used for the support of their schools.

In this District, if the trustees of the colored schools should get the amount now due, and that which will be due the next scholastic year, they would have about \$80,900, an amount quite sufficient, used economically, to free the societies and bureau from any further care of schools here. But as the speedy receipt of these funds is a matter of much doubt, there still remains a work for the benevolent to do."—*Washington Chronicle*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS.

BY SAMUEL M. JANNEY.

Having recently met with the Preamble and Resolution disapproving of "women becoming practitioners of medicine," adopted by the Philadelphia County Medical Society, and the Reply of Ann Preston, M. D., they have appeared to me worthy of notice and consideration.

It is not my purpose to enter into an elaborate examination of the natural equality of the sexes, as regards their intellectual and moral endowments. It is certain that the position hitherto occupied by women in all countries has generally been unfavorable to the development of the intellect, and has made them more dependent upon men than is required by natural causes.

It may be assumed that their physical organization is more delicate than that of men, and that no training of the sinews and muscles would confer on them masculine strength. The natural inference is, that their sphere of duty is not in those departments of labor that require great physical force; they are not adapted to guide the plough, to wield the blacksmith's sledge, to delve in the mine, nor to encounter the toil and peril of the mariner. It is true, that among savages they are the drudges of the tribe, that in some countries of Europe they labor in the fields, and that, during the existence of slavery in our land, they were subjected to severe agricultural toil; but in these

cases the labor of a woman is considered less valuable than that of a man, and the effect of such employments always has been to degrade them morally and intellectually, impairing their personal charms, their delicate tastes and their attractive manners.

It will probably be admitted by all, that in quickness of perception and delicacy of taste, women are superior to men, and in order that the equality which we claim may be preserved, there must be some countervailing advantages possessed by the sterner sex. These will probably be found, not only in greater physical strength, but in a stronger will, and a nervous system that will longer sustain intense intellectual exertion.

It was formerly supposed that women were not able to engage successfully in intellectual pursuits, but modern experience has shown that in many departments of literature and science they can attain to eminence; and when the time shall come that they can enjoy all the advantages of position and education which are enjoyed by men, we may reasonably conclude that their success will be commensurate with their opportunities.

The elevation of woman to a dignified position in society is one of the surest evidences of a high civilization, for it shows that the law of love which Christianity teaches has gained the ascendancy over the law of violence or brute force which prevail among barbarians.

There can be no doubt that an increase in

the variety of employments by which women may earn a livelihood would not only conduce to their comfort and independence, but to the intellectual and moral improvement of the race; and it is one of the most encouraging signs of the times that such a change is now taking place with a prospect of its further extension. One of the most remarkable instances of this change in professional business and in public sentiment, is the admission of women into the rank of medical practitioners, and the establishment of colleges to prepare them for this highly responsible vocation.

The publication noticed in the opening paragraph of this article shows that there are among the male physicians some who regard this movement with disapprobation, and the Reply of Ann Preston proves that she is fully competent to maintain her ground in the field of argument.

The resolution adopted by the Philadelphia County Medical Society is here subjoined:

"Resolved, That, in conformity with what they believe to be due to the profession, the community in general and the female portion of it in particular, the members of this Society cannot offer any encouragement to women becoming practitioners of medicine, nor, on these grounds, can they consent to meet in consultation such practitioners."

The ground assumed in the Preamble and alluded to in the Resolution are briefly but fairly stated in the "Reply" from which the following passages are selected:

"Although shrinking from all controversy, and seeking the quiet path of duty, the time has come when fidelity to a great cause seems to demand that I should speak for myself and for the women with whom I am associated in this movement, and give a reason for the course we are pursuing.

The 'very grave objections to women taking on themselves the heavy duties and responsibilities of the profession' appear to be based, in the *first* place, upon the assumption that they do not possess the 'ability to bear up under the bodily and mental strain to which they would be unceasingly subjected in this new vocation'; in the *second*, upon the presumed incompatibility of professional practice with the best home influence of the woman and the duties of the mother; in the *third* place, upon the collision and practical difficulties that might arise if different members of the same family should employ two physicians—a man and a woman; and *lastly*, the objections are made upon the ground of the equivocal effect of medical consultations upon the modesty and delicacy of feeling of those who may thus meet; and also upon the fact, that 'in no other country but our own is a body of women authorized to engage in the general practice of medicine.'

In regard to the *first* difficulty, few words

need be expended. Pausing merely to allude to the fact, that in barbarous communities woman is pre-eminently the laborious drudge, and that in civilized society she is the nurse, keeping her unceasing vigils, not only by the cradle of infancy, but by every bed of sickness and suffering, with a power of sustained endurance that man does not even claim to possess; that her life is as long, and her power of surmounting its painful vicissitudes not inferior to his, we come to the open, undeniable fact that women *do* practice medicine, that they are able 'to bear up under the bodily and mental strain' that this practice imposes, and that 'natural obstacles' have not obstructed their way.

There are in this city women who have been engaged in the practice of medicine a dozen years, who to day have more vigor and power of endurance than they possessed in the beginning of their career; and the fact of 'their delicate organization and predominance of the nervous system,' combined with their 'trained self-command,' is the very reason that, in some cases, their counsel has been preferred to that of the more robust man.

The *second* objection, bearing upon the home influence of woman, has certainly another side.

Probably more than half the women of this city and country are under the stern necessity of supporting themselves by their own exertions. Some mothers leave their young children day by day and go out to labor, in order to be able to bring them bread at night; others sew away their strength for the pittance which barely keeps famine from their doors, and exhausted with their labors, they are indeed not 'in a fit frame of mind to interchange endearments with their beloved little ones'; nor can they, even with the price of life itself, surround them with the home influences and comforts needful to their healthful and harmonious development.

If the woman who has studied medicine should be surrounded by a family of young children, we should surely regard it as a misfortune, if the same overpowering necessity should compel her to follow an active practice during the period that these heavy maternal claims were pressing upon her; although even then her duties would be less exhausting, and her time less continuously occupied than are hers who supports her family by sewing or washing.

But although the mother may not actively exercise her profession, the knowledge of preventive medicine which she possesses will surely aid her in training her children in accordance with the hygienic rules which are now so sadly neglected in families, and will not detract from that pure, sweet, 'home influence' which is the safeguard of the happiness and integrity of society.

We know of quite a number of medical women, who, in consequence of the remunerations of their practice, have been able to make themselves the centers of happy-homes, which otherwise they could not have done; and some of these, in their thankings for the daily interests and enjoyments of their lives, count it among their deepest blessings that they have been enabled to pursue a course which so richly satisfies their *womanly* sympathies and affections, as well as gives scope to their intellectual cravings and power.

The *third* objection, in regard to collisions and 'heart-burnings,' could scarcely apply to high-toned physicians who know what belongs to the proprieties of their position. The danger would seem to be equally imminent if the medical advisers were both of the same sex, and yet we all know it is quite common in this city for more than one practitioner to attend the different members of the same family—one being preferred for his supposed skill in one class of cases, another for his superior reputation in another class; and we have yet to learn that injurious results follow this proximity of practitioners.

The natural tendency would seem to be, to foster care and research; and if mutual observation of the results of treatment should occasionally suggest improved methods to either party, and break up old, sluggish routine, the profession and the community will surely be gainers by this mutual stimulus.

The objection upon the ground of the invasion of delicacy in examining questions of disease and treatment is indeed an astonishing one to come from a body of scientific and right-minded physicians. Who are the patients treated by these men? Often women—the sensitive and refined. The whole nature of the malady must be investigated and the means of recovery enforced. If, as frequently happens, to save the shrinking sensitiveness of the young woman, some tender, experienced mother or elder friend informs the physician of the symptoms, and conveys to the patient his conclusions, she, for the time, performs the part of the attending physician in reference to the consulting one; yet who will dare assert that her womanly modesty is compromised, or that 'the delicate reserve with which' a man 'is accustomed to address woman in the sick-room' is injuriously affected by this necessary and humane intervention?

Among the motives which have contributed to the support of this movement, that of shielding the sensibilities of shrinking women has not been the least. Men opposed to the medical education of women have, in some cases, changed their views when the subject has been brought home to their feelings in the person of some beloved member of their own families,

and they have appreciated the mental suffering which the dread of medical investigation has caused. Physicians, too,—the father, husband, and brother,—have asked our counsel in the cases of those dearest to them; and they have asked it because we are women, and as such, they believed we might elicit the cause of suffering, and apply the means of relief, as they had not been successful in doing.

We shall scarcely be charged with presumption in supposing that our instincts may be as pure, our intuitions as clear, our sense of what is right and fitting for ourselves as reliable, as are those of the men who condemn our course.

We are sustained by the approval and sympathy of the best men and women,—by the moral sentiment of the general community. We feel, and society feels, that we are not usurping the place of men, but taking a position in the broad field of medicine which appropriately belongs to women; and that we shall enlarge the sphere of professional usefulness, and contribute to the knowledge which shall bless the race.

The names of those who support our Hospital and College are largely the names of those of whom Philadelphia is justly proud, as representatives of her intelligence, respectability, and moral worth.

That we have not had the *facilities* for acquiring medical information is a charge that, it seems to us, should hardly come from those who have systematically closed hospitals and colleges against our applications for admission, and who have endeavored to prevent the members of their fraternity from assisting us in our struggle for knowledge.

That we have stemmed this tide of opposition, and found opportunities for obtaining medical instruction—some in other cities and across the ocean, some by persevering and long-continued efforts in various ways at home; that we have found noble men in the profession to assist us, and that we have been able to found hospitals and open various channels for practical education, *is due to the inherent vitality of our cause*, and its strong hold upon the sympathies and convictions of the community.

That we have not yet all the facilities for instruction that are needed, we are fully aware.

That 'there are female graduates who are a disgrace to the medical profession,' we also know too well: for the sake of humanity we would that we could truly add, that the graduates who disgrace the profession are found *only* among women!

From the nature of the relation of physicians to society, not more than one man in hundreds follows a medicine as a profession, and the proportion of women, under the most favoring circumstances, will probably not be greater; but the systematic training, and the knowledge of physi-

ological functions and hygienic conditions involved in a thorough medical education for the few, will, we believe, be reflected in many homes, and be one of the means of radically changing that mistaken plan of education, and those destructive social customs and habits, which are now undermining the health, and darkening the lives of so many of the women of this country.

If it be true that 'in no other country but our own is a body of women authorized to engage in the general practice of medicine,' the fact is no more an argument against its propriety than is the fact that in no other country are the rights of the people so acknowledged and secured, an argument against the propriety of republican institutions.

We regard this movement as belonging to the advancing civilization of the age—as the inevitable result of that progressive spirit which is unfolding human capabilities in many directions, and which has perceived that it is the condition of the highest health and happiness for woman, that she, also, should exercise the powers with which she has been endowed in accordance with her own convictions and feelings, and in harmony with her nature and organization.

That our position is womanly—that this work is established in the fitness of things and in the necessities of society, and that the movement belongs to the 'revolutions which never go backward,' we have no shadow of doubt.

For us it is the post of restful duty—the place assigned to us, as we believe, in the order of Providence, and we can do no other than maintain it.

But on behalf of a little band of true-hearted young women who are just entering the profession, and from whose pathway we fain would see impediments and annoyances removed, we must protest, in the sacred name of our common humanity, against the injustice which places difficulties in our way,—not because we are ignorant, or pretentious, or incompetent, or unmindful of the code of medical or Christian ethics, but because we are women."

This modest, concise and cogent argument needs no addition to render it conclusive, and I trust that the enterprising and talented women who have embarked in a movement so important to their sex, and so beneficial to society, will be encouraged to persevere in their laudable efforts.

Since the foregoing remarks were written, I have read, in the Medical and Surgical Reporter, dated "July 6, 1867," a communication from J. W. Sherry, in which he notices Ann Preston's "Reply," and propounds to her twelve questions in relation to the practice of medicine by women. Some of his questions are not proper for him to ask, nor for her to answer.

I have never understood that women, edu-

cated for the medical profession, have avowed any intention to treat male patients in all kinds of disease, and assuredly they would shrink from some of the cases he mentions. If his moral sense is shocked by such medical practice by women as he has imagined, it would seem that he ought to see the propriety of transferring to educated, skilful woman, a part of the practice hitherto performed by men.

There are, doubtless, numerous cases of delicate, sensitive women, who have suffered long with painful disease, rather than call in the aid of a physician, because no other practitioners than men were accessible. In such cases fatal delays have occurred that will now be avoided by the professional services of women, skilful in the healing art.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting of Friends, held 16th of 9th month at Wapsnonoc, near West Liberty, Iowa.

I have often felt it a privilege to have the opportunity of reading accounts of Friends' meetings as they are held in course, in the various parts of our extended country. Feeling thus, I have been drawn to write briefly of the very interesting meeting which has just been held in this beautiful prairie country. The meeting of Ministers and Elders was held on Seventh-day, the 14th inst., and was a season of favor, the members being united in judgment and travail for the welfare of the church.

On First-day morning the attendance was very large, many not being able to obtain seats within the house. In the afternoon a religious meeting was appointed for children and youth by a Friend in the ministry among us, whose interest in the little folks is very great. The precious children preserved excellent order and attention throughout the services of the occasion.

In both Monthly Meetings constituting this Quarterly Meeting, First-day schools are sustained.

On Second-day the General Quarterly Meeting was held, and was very fully attended. Notwithstanding the presence of several Ministers, we sat in profound silence for nearly an hour, when a brief testimony was borne to the all-sufficiency of the inner light, after which vocal thanksgivings were offered to the Author of all our sure mercies. Under an all-pervading and solemnizing sense of Divine Goodness and Love, the shutters were closed, and the meeting proceeded to the transaction of business. The state of Society was entered upon with interest, and several representatives were appointed to attend Baltimore Yearly Meeting. The subject of visiting the scattered flock in this western land was weightily considered, and a committee of Men and Women Friends was appointed to

enter upon the service, and to visit the Meetings for Discipline, and render such advice and assistance as they may be enabled.

The subject of the entire equality of Men's and Women's Meetings in the administration of Discipline was weightily considered, and the subject was referred to the Yearly Meeting for further consideration. **JESSE HOLMES.**

West Liberty, Iowa, 9th mo. 20th, 1867.

From "Talks with my Pupils."

RELATIONS WITH SERVANTS.

In connection with our relations with the poor, it may not be out of place to speak of those which we should hold to servants. As young ladies, you may have some responsibilities in regard to them—as married women, you must have some of them in your care and keeping, on whom you, in your turn, will be dependent for very important services to yourself. Here, again, as in every other department of human life, a mode of proceeding based upon truly Christian principles is the only right, and, therefore, the only successful mode. Let those who serve you see that you take a real, friendly interest in them, as your fellow-creatures, as belonging to the great human family; that you care for their comfort; that you are sorry for their trials and misfortunes, their pains and their sicknesses; that you are willing, in all emergencies, to aid them with your counsel; in short, that they are embraced within the circle of your sympathies, instead of being regarded as mere soulless machines, contrived for your benefit, which have no sensitiveness, and can bear any amount of hard usage and indifference. Be patient with their failings, their infirmities, their shortcomings. Is it not often true that we demand a more thorough performance of duty from our servants than from ourselves; and that we blame them for faults occasionally committed, that we are ourselves habitually guilty of? For instance, I have known one whose besetting sin it was to forget, all the day through, things that ought to be remembered, bring tears to the eyes of a sensitive girl, in waiting at dinner, by a stern reproof administered, because, when he came to it later than the rest of the family, she forgot to put a hot plate before him. If there were a being in the world so free from infirmity, so secure against any shortcoming in duty, that his conduct never called for the exercise of patience and forbearance on the part of others, such an one perhaps would have a right to demand a perfect performance of it to himself from all connected with him; but he would be the last to do so, and would be far more tolerant of human infirmity wherever found, than those who are all the time exhibiting it in their own persons.

Much that is trying in servants often proceeds from mere narrow-mindedness; they can see

only as those see who walk in a dark night with a lantern, which throws the light a short distance straight before them, so that they are quite blind to any thing bearing on their course that should induce them to alter it. In such cases you must condescend, if condescension it be, to reason with them, and endeavor to enlighten them.

Being generally children in knowledge, they should be treated, in some respects, as we treat children—much of whose wrong-doing comes from thoughtlessness, and confused indefinite perceptions of right and wrong. We make allowance for the sick, the lame, and the blind, forbearing to require from them that for which their peculiar condition unfits them. We should make equal allowance for moral and intellectual infirmities, and, therefore, not expect a proper use of reason in one who has never been led to use her reasoning powers—habitual self-control in one never trained in the proper government of her temper—nor broad and comprehensive views of duty in those who are necessarily narrow minded through a want of that enlargement, which can come only from education. I had in my service many years an excellent woman, so perfectly faithful and reliable, so unflinching in her routine of duties, that she perpetually reminded me of the following stanza in a hymn which I learned when I was a little child:

"So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day,
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way."

Yet her extreme narrowness of mind, showing itself in a great jealousy of the slightest addition to her regular work, as well as in other ways, abated considerably, not from her value, but from my enjoyment of her. It really prevented the proper expansion of her heart, which was a very good heart. She had a peevish disposition, and although habitually her manners were very respectful, this peevishness occasionally, though rarely, would be indulged to impertinence.

On such occasions it was my habit to wait until she had returned to better temper, sometimes until the following day, and then set the matter quietly before her in its true light. One clause of the Lord's Prayer always occurs to me, when such occasions of duty arise; "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." If our Heavenly Father were to deal with us summarily, what disaster and destruction would come upon us! Sometimes occasions occur when apology is due from the mistress. Is it ever made? Yes, I knew one instance, which I have never forgotten. A relative of mine, a woman of excellent and truly religious character, had also some infirmities of temper. One day she administered a harsh, severe reproof to her cook, a member,

I think, of the same church as herself, which, as she afterwards discovered or remembered, was quite undeserved. The next day she confessed her fault, and asked forgiveness. The good servant's eyes filled with tears as she said: "This makes me think of what my minister told us, that in Heaven there will be no ladies and gentlemen, but all will be brethren!"

A harsh, abrupt, unkind treatment of servants is often the result of bad temper on the part of the employers, unchecked by Christian principle.

No person of real refinement will indulge in coarseness of any sort. She will be deterred by self-respect, if not by consideration to others.

Servants, and the class to which they belong, have often nice discrimination in character and manners. They distinguish between what is false and what is genuine—what is real, and what pretended—what is vulgar, and what refined. In order that they may render you faithful and willing service, you must secure, first of all, their respect, by your character, and their affection, by kind and friendly treatment. You must manifest, in your dealings with them, the justice, the truth, the good temper, the fidelity to principle, which you wish them to practice towards you; and show yourself as much devoted to their interests, as you wish they should be to yours. When, in spite of all your efforts, they are wayward or unfaithful, bear with them as patiently as possible, remembering the condition on which we are permitted to ask forgiveness of God for our transgressions; and remembering, too, how much better we ought to be than they, on account of our greater advantages.

Every house has its atmosphere, favorable or unfavorable to the growth of the "fruits of the spirit," love, joy, peace, etc., and the same is true of each member of the family—and it is the resort of good spirits or evil spirits, according to the nature of this atmosphere. I have seen a stout, capable, energetic girl, of a temper very strong, and a little defiant, kept spell-bound, as it were, by the magic of the soft silvery voice, and the quiet, sweet ways of a mistress who, nevertheless, required, in her gentle manner, a very strict and thorough performance of duty on her part. A girl who lived a long time in the service of "the uncle" remarked, years afterwards, "Norah and I used to say, that always after he had passed through the kitchen, and spoken to us, we could do our work a great deal better, and it did not tire us at all."

That "a low voice is an excellent thing in woman" is not among the least of the wise utterances of the great poet-philosopher. It is related of Miss Dix that, in one of the many prisons whose doors she has unbarred, like an angel, for the deliverance of the wretched insane confined in them, a maniac was of so dangerous

a character that, although he was strongly fettered, she was warned not to go very near him. She sat down at a little distance from him, and while he was screaming, as was his wont all the day long, she began to read, in a low voice, some portions of Scripture. He stopped, listened, and, when she ceased, said, "Read me some more; it does me good!" The low sweet voice, however, to be effective, must be natural—the genuine music of the heart.

One source of injustice towards servants, and consequent disagreement with them, is the failure to recognize in them certain feelings and certain wants, corresponding with our own.

They, as well as we, have need of some freedom, some variety, some gratification of their social nature. It is therefore wrong and unreasonable to keep them always at their post, and debar them from intercourse with their friends and acquaintances—though this, of course, must be restrained within reasonable limits. I hope it is no longer necessary, at the present day, to insist upon proper provision for their personal comfort, in well-ventilated, well-appointed bedrooms, convenient kitchens, and every facility for rendering work easier and lighter.

One important topic still occurs to me, in connection with servants, viz., the treatment of those who are detected in crime. I beseech you, commit not yourselves the greater crime—whatever theirs may be—of bringing them to public justice for any first offence, or for any offence of small magnitude. The following pleasant anecdote is related of the Colonial Governor Winthrop. During a very hard winter, he was told that a certain poor man was in the habit of taking wood from his pile every night.

He replied, "Send him to me, I'll cure him of stealing." When the man was brought, he said to him, "Friend, the winter is very severe, and I dare say you have no wood for your family. Help yourself at my pile, until the cold weather is over." Then, when the man had gone out, he asked, "Now, have I not cured him of stealing?"

Something better this, than sending him to pine in jail, to have his spirit broken by disgrace, or corrupted by evil companionship.

A servant girl once attempted, as I have every reason to believe, to poison me. She was half crazed with shame and anger, at being detected in stealing, after having for years borne an excellent character for honesty. Our relation to her was of a peculiar character, and she was retained in the house some weeks after the occurrence. During that time it happened that she saw me one day in great distress, when I was alone in my own room; and with an evident desire to do something for me, expressive of her pity, she brought me a cup of tea, which I drank without hesitation, for she was now "clothed

and in her right mind." Anger is said to be temporary madness; so, also, is often the impulse that leads to a single act of crime.

POWER OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

There is one department of Christian evidence to which no skill or industry of the champion of revealed truth can do justice—one also with which the sceptic is little disposed to meddle. It is that which is spread before us in the noiseless and almost entirely unrecorded lives of thousands of the faithful followers of Christ. Ambitious of no distinction; intent only on the Master's service; pursuing the even tenor of their way in the discharge of common duties, their lives are ennobled, and sometimes become heroic, through the lofty purity of their aims, and the singleness of their devotion to life's great end. No theory of infidel philosophy can account for them. The attempt to explain them by means of enthusiasm or fanaticism is an insult to common sense.

Cowper has graphically portrayed the lot of one who may be taken as the representative of the class of which we speak:

"Perhaps the self-approving, haughty world,
That, as she sweeps him with her rustling silks,
Scarce deigns to notice him; or, if she sees,
Deems him a cypher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest to the prayers he makes,
When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And thinks on her that thinks not on herself."

—*Boston Recorder.*

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 5.

Bonn on the Rhine, 7th month 29, 1866.

We arrived at this place late last evening, from Cologne, (or Coln, as it is spelled here,) and find ourselves this morning in an imposing looking hotel called the "Chateau du Rhine," strange and foreign enough in its internal arrangements and customs, but situated close on the banks of this lovely river; and as our chambers are on the right side of the house, and furnished with famously large windows, we have been revelling in the glorious prospect they command. Our eyes rest upon a long vista of mountain and river scenery, most charming to behold, but quite impossible to describe. Our own Hudson comes nearer to it than anything I know of, only that here every hill is heaped up full of romance and classic interest; and, besides, various other remains of the strength and glory of the past. "The Castled Craig of Drachenfels," "frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine," promising us from a distance much enjoyment in a nearer and more perfect view to-morrow.

There could scarcely be a greater contrast than between our surroundings now and those of a week ago; and we now fully realize that we are in a foreign land, and among a strange—a very strange—people. The hurly burly and confusion of tongues at the railroad depot is especially bewildering, as connected with the different currencies of the countries through which we pass. We have now on hand £. s. d., Francs, and Centimes, and Sous, Thalers, and Silber-groschens. I hope there will be no further change for a while. I suppose, after we reach Switzerland, we shall return again to the French coinage, which will seem quite home-like, as will also their manners and customs, after the outlandishness and incomprehensibility of Deutschland.

We were forcibly struck upon crossing the channel and travelling in France with the great difference in the state of vegetation in the two countries, for while we observed, just before reaching Dover, that the grain fields had scarcely changed color, as soon as we left Calais it seemed as though we might have advanced a month; and in the neighborhood of Brussels harvest was at its height, presenting a most animating and beautiful spectacle, for the whole country through which the railroad passes is one vast extended and perfectly level plain, with not a fence to be seen for miles; and as wheat and oats appear to be the staple products, the whole country was like one vast harvest field. The different farms are defined by rows of trees closely planted and trimmed to the bare trunk up to the height of twenty or thirty feet, when they are allowed to branch out a little, but still regularly pruned. After the lovely landscape gardening of England, this was certainly rather monotonous, but pleased us, because it was so very different from what we had been surrounded by so long.

Our ride from Brussels to Cologne was extremely novel and pleasant, and the transition from Belgian France to Deutschland seemed, as we were whirled along in the cars, very sudden; and it was very amusing to note the changes in manners, and appearance, and language, as we proceeded. In a few hours we were transported from "La Belle France," with all her brightness, and joyousness, and beauty, into the very midst of sober, plodding Germany, and soon found ourselves at the Ernst Hotel. Next morning we visited the Cathedral, the foundation stone of which was laid in 1248, by Archbishop Conrad, of Hochstadt, and were shown through it by several officials, who pointed out to us the magnificent decorations of this wonderful structure, and the numerous relics of value which it contains; and it was truly a remarkable exhibition. The Cathedral probably never will be completed, though they are professedly still at work at it. The princi-

pal tower has not reached one-third of its projected height. The interior is very splendid, the roof of the nave being 160 feet high, the length 500 feet, and the intended height the same. On the top of the unfinished tower is the crane, used there, 600 years ago, for raising the stone for the building. This was removed some years since, but a terrific thunder storm ensuing, the populace received it as a judgment, and in their alarm the huge thing was restored to its position. It does not add to the beauty of the tower, but presents a very novel appearance. We ascended to the top, where we had a fine view of the city and surrounding country, and of the exterior of the church, being taken round along several very narrow passages and galleries, and in among the huge masses of ornamental carving on the outside, in a way that could not fail to rub in the impression of the grandeur and magnificence of the structure, even in its present unfinished condition. Behind the High Altar is a room where we were shown a shrine containing the skulls of the three wise men of the East, who came to offer their gifts to the infant Jesus. It is a large casket, probably five feet long and four wide, composed entirely of silver and gold, and ornamented with 1404 precious stones—among which is a topaz, as large as a goose egg, and many others of great value—the whole estimated at 240,000 pounds sterling. Through a golden grating are seen the skulls, each encircled with a diamond crown, as if in mockery of death, and the name of each underneath in sparkling rubies. Altogether it is very gorgeous, and I should think a pretty fair specimen of Catholic devotion to their sacred relics. There are numerous other churches in Cologne. The Church is St. Ursula is probably as great a curiosity in its time as we shall soon see again. St. Ursula was a "noble maiden of Brittany," who, a great many hundred years ago, in returning from a pious pilgrimage to Jerusalem, was, with all her train, (11,000 virgins,) cruelly massacred, on this very spot; and in commemoration of the event, this church was erected, and therein are contained all the bones of the "holy saint" and her maidens. One room is lined throughout with skulls, enclosed in costly cases. In addition to the contents of this room, the walls of the main body of the church are entirely lined with the bones of the 11,000, which are exposed to view through iron gratings. We were also shown several huge cases, apparently made of solid masonry, said to be filled with them. A ghastly charnel house indeed it seemed, notwithstanding all the gold and jewels that were mixed up with these remains to dazzle the eyes of the credulous and ignorant multitude.

We had been told that Cologne was famous for its dirt, but, from our own observation, we

think the place has been slandered, as it certainly does not equal, in this respect, some of the Scottish towns we have visited. At one of the stations we saw a woman manufacturing lace, and we were interested in watching her handiwork. She told us she had learned when but six years old, and had been practising ever since. Making a small collar took her ten days, and she would sell it to a passer by for less than a dollar.

At Cologne we received our first introduction to some of the German customs; for instance, when we seated ourselves at the breakfast table, where were only one other lady and gentleman, the gentleman was smoking and the lady sitting by, and eating her breakfast with perfect composure; and at dinner, immediately as the meal was concluded, candles were placed at intervals along the table, and the cigars were soon puffing away in fine style.

(To be continued.)

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 12, 1867.

THE LATE BRITISH MINISTER.—The sudden death of the late British Envoy to the United States, "Sir Frederic W. A. Bruce," which occurred in Boston on the 19th of Ninth month, 1867, has caused deep regret not only in the diplomatic circles, but this feeling is shared by many who had marked his courteous and pacific character. He is represented as having possessed rare abilities, not only in conversation, but in business, and as a diplomatist he was highly esteemed. He was greatly instrumental in restoring a friendly feeling between this country and Great Britain. Men of opposite political views equally admired his firm integrity and honorable bearing.

The success which attended him during his active but comparatively short life, is attributed to his "dignified independence of all extremes and his neutrality among extremists."

He was the son of Lord Elgin, and claimed, as his ancestry, the royal family of Bruce, which, in the middle ages, was the most powerful of the great Scottish families. His two brothers also achieved distinction in various ways. One of them, known as General Bruce, accompanied the Prince of Wales, as his tutor, to this country, and made a favorable impression.

Sir Frederic received a liberal education at Oxford, and was subsequently admitted to the bar. His first employment in the diplomatic

service was as an attaché to Lord Ashburton's mission to the United States in 1842, when the northern boundary of this country was settled. "Subsequently he was Lieut. Governor of Newfoundland, which post he held for a year. From 1847 to 1851 he was employed in various capacities in South America and in Egypt."

In 1855 he went to China with his brother, Lord Elgin, where he was actively employed for some years, and afterwards was sent as envoy to Japan. In 1865 he was appointed to succeed Lord Lyons as English minister to this country. He arrived here in April of that year, and preparations were made for his presentation to President Lincoln, but they were prevented by the assassination of the latter, and several days elapsed before his reception by A. Johnson.

The intercourse of the deceased with this government has always been of the most agreeable nature, and it will be no easy task for the English Foreign Office to supply his place."

It is remarkable that he should have been prominently employed in the service of his country in Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America.

In China he had not only a large share in opening the commerce of that extensive country, but in thwarting piratical schemes. And it was he who prevented a number of iron steamers, which were built in England, professedly to be sent to China, but really for the Southern cause, from being transferred to rebel agents, to operate, like the Alabama, as privateers on our commerce. He became acquainted with the design, and refused the transfer. He was taken ill at Naragansett Beach, where he had been spending the summer, and went to Boston for medical advice, but died soon after reaching there. He was 53 years old.

His remains were deposited on board the steamship China, with marked respect, to be conveyed to England.

MARRIED, on the 2d of Tenth month, 1867, at the house of John Hall, Hestonville, Pa., with the approbation of Goshen Monthly Meeting, BENJAMIN E. HESTON to LYDIA S. YARNALL, both of Philadelphia.

DIED, on the 24th of Ninth month, 1867, in Monallen Township, Adams County, Penna., MARY COOK, wife of Josiah Cook, in the 62d year of her age; a member of Monallen Monthly Meeting. Thus has passed from time to eternity a worthy and valuable friend.

DIED, at his residence, in Deruyter, Madison Co., New York, on the 24th of Eighth month, 1867, DAVID ADAMS, aged nearly 80 years. He travelled considerable in the exercise of his gift as a minister, and his acquaintance was quite extensive; and it may be a satisfaction to his friends to know that he bore his last illness, which was prolonged, with remarkable patience, and that his close was peaceful.

Also, JAMES ADAMS, at the residence of his father, David Adams, on the 26th of Sixth month, 1867, in the 37th year of his age.

—, on the 20th of Sixth month, 1867, JOSEPH PAXSON, an elder and member of Eastland Meeting, Lancaster County, Penna., in the 88th year of his age.

—, on the 2d of Eighth month last, at her residence in Lancaster County, Penna., SARAH PENNOCK, a member of Drumore Meeting, in the 87th year of her age.

—, on the 5th of Eighth month last, at his residence in Lancaster County, Penna., JESSA CUTLER, a member of Drumore Meeting, in the 86th year of his age.

—, near Baltimore, Md., on the 26th of Ninth month last, WILLIAM WETHERALD, in the 50th year of his age.

—, on the morning of the 1st inst., HANNAH M. SUTTER, wife of Daniel Sutter, and daughter of Sarah and the late Macpherson Saunders, aged 28 years. She was a member of the Monthly Meeting held at Green St., Phila.

—, on the morning of the 5th of Tenth month, 1867, at his residence near Conshohocken, JONATHAN JONES, in his 68th year; a member of Plymouth Preparative and Gwynedd Monthly Meetings, Pa.

—, on the 25th of Ninth month, 1867, in Phila., MARY ALBINA, daughter of Abner and Mary C. Reeder.

—, on the 1st of Tenth month, 1867, in Phila., JACOB STILES, in his 61st year.

The Executive Committee of "Friends' Publication Association" will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, 10th mo. 18th, at 3 o'clock, at the usual place.

LYDIA H. HALL, Clerk.

Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen will meet at Race St. Monthly Meeting Room, on Fourth-day evening, 10th mo. 16th, at 7½ o'clock.

J. M. ELLIS,
ANNE COOPER, } Clerks.

CHEMISTRY IN SCHOOLS.

A teacher in Nottingham, England, writing to the editor of the Chemical News, earnestly recommends, on the strength of his own experience, that Chemistry form one of the branches of regular school education. The boys under his charge, with this enlargement of their studies, did not learn less of languages, while learning more of science. Of course, they take more interest in the experiments than in the explanations. "Chemistry teaches habits of careful observation, patience, caution, neat-handedness and quickness." The applications of this science are of the most diversified kind: they are made in the kitchen and in the laboratory; they are seen in animal and vegetable physiology—in an explanation of the leading symptoms in many diseases; in the study of geology,

mineralogy, meteorology, and in the most minute as well as in the most sublime phenomena. Chemistry deserves to be taught not only in our high schools, but in all our common schools and private academies.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 7.

August 29, 1867.

I believe I have not told you of Heidelberg, which is a university town on the Neckar, consisting of three long streets lying one above another, with irregular crossings. The upper street, on which is the castle, rises halfway up on the highest hill, which, however, towers over the castle as much as the castle towers over the town. You have often seen pictures of the ruins of the castle of the Lords Palatine; but I think a picture gives but a faint idea of the beauty of this ruin, which has suffered from fire and war more than from time. Indeed time has done nothing but beautify it with ivy. It is lovely to look at from the city, and especially from over the Neckar, where is a hilly champaign, covered with vineyards, and there is a street also there of good-looking houses. The true way for a visitor to Heidelberg to do is to go to the Hotel Prince Charles, or the Adler, close under the castle, and not, as we did, to a hotel near the railroad; for the only thing to do in Heidelberg is to go and see the castle, whose very extensive grounds are kept in the most beautiful order, and provided with seats at every pretty point. Weeks could hardly exhaust the variety of this park; and it is an excellent plan to have Baedaker's "Rhine," which is translated into English, and which gives the history of the castle, and plans of it and the garden, and of Heidelberg, too. One day you must go inside, (which requires you to take a guide, for a fee,) and you have also to pay a very small fee (about ten of our cents) to go into Count Graimberg's collection of antiquities, which is kept in one hall of the castle; and I think it is a good plan to see this collection the first thing after reading the history of Heidelberg in Baedaker's "Rhine," for it is full of pictures of the castle at every stage of its beauty, and of portraits of the distinguished people who have lived in it; and there is a cork model of the ruin as it is now. But a few hours is enough, both for the museum and inside of the castle. You must resist taking a guide for the grounds, and wander at your "own sweet will." The most beautiful view of the castle from the grounds is from the terrace, and also under the terrace, where a path leads along by the arches that support the terrace. There I found a painter making a most beautiful picture of the castle, with Dusseldorf exactness of color and finish.

The outside of the castle, in the court-yard,

is decorated with an immense number of stone statues, in a good state of preservation; and in one instance they are peeping out from among ivys. It is charming to sit on the balcony of the castle and look up to where the Neckar joins the Rhine, or in a seat in the English garden, which commands the same view, and which is entered by the gate Frederic V. built in honor of Elizabeth Stuart. By the way, the picture of Frederic in the museum gives the idea of a graceful gentleman; but Elizabeth looks very grim, and as if she might have goaded him on, that she might die a queen.

I believe I will not undertake to tell you of my musings in Heidelberg Castle, upon the misapplication of human power and genius (given to universalize the heights of development man may attain) to the false object of exalting the possessors of power above their fellows. I like to see what triumphs over external nature and natural indolence are possible to man, because my thought flies home to America, and I think of how this same power shall be applied there to level up *all*, instead of to exalt single men above the multitude; how machinery and other results of science shall make the mechanical forces of nature and its brute power do the work which crushed so many men into brute beasts—first to build up these castles, and then to defend them for a few nobles against rival nobles. America, too, shall one day be covered with beautiful architecture and sculpture, which, like Thorwaldsen's Lion, shall honor heroic truth and fidelity, and provoke no hostile cannon to destroy it, but which shall grow hoary with time only.

This castle of Heidelberg quite came up to my childish dreams of European castles; and, on the whole, it had less association of human crime and violence than is usual. I think no one of the castles on the Rhine can be so well worth a careful exploring; no one certainly has such charming grounds. But the castles on the Rhine are most beautiful to look at from the river which I sailed down, on the 22d of August, on a most charming day, with Baedaker's new guide-book in my hand, and a very pleasant and cultivated German lady by my side, who talked English, and knew all the legends of the Rhine, and said that Longfellow's *Hyperion* was the best book that had ever been written about it. I find Longfellow, the poet of America, best known and most popular with Europeans wherever I have gone. I shall not undertake to rival him in describing the steamboat sail from Mayence to Cologne, at both of which places I stopped and passed a night and day, to see their cathedrals. It is well worth while to stop even at Mayence, though the pictures there are not ancient. The life of Christ, in fourteen large pictures, adorns the nave on each side, and in one of the chapels is a very beautiful

Christ carrying the cross. The life of Christ, as I interpreted the pictures, universalising the form from the babyhood to the resurrection, made an admirable series of sermons; but I guess the Protestant visitors will learn more from them than the Catholic worshippers do, whose worship seems to me to be mere prostration and intellectual self annihilation. The cloisters attached to this cathedral are interesting; and there we see the old monument of the Minnesinger, whose songs procured him the cognomen of *Frauenlob*;—and a new monument to him, raised not very long ago at the expense of the ladies of Mayence. It is a bas-relief of a lady putting a wreath on a tomb. There were beautiful windows in Mayence, but the splendor of the windows in Cologne Cathedral have put out of my memory the previously seen.

Cologne Cathedral is not finished. The crane, &c., of the workmen have been seen on one of the towers now for four hundred years; and I saw a man painting on one window. This is a grand interior, and has some beautiful paintings, especially one by the old master Stephan, of the Madonna, with St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins, (of course the canvas does not contain *eleven thousand*, but the crowd looks interminable,) and such innocent faces and magnificent foreheads, especially the Madonna and St. Ursula! We had to pay 15 silver groschen to induce a very much dressed priest, with a mace and kind of crown on his head, to open the closed doors. Stephan was plainly one of the painters who painted, like Fra Angelico, as a sacrament of life; whose impulse was to pour out the waters of life, "without money and without price." Such women's faces as that Madonna's and Ursula's and her companions tell you that nature may be innocent enough to call down the heavens for its protection. Such forms human beings will inhabit when our present ones wither on the tree of our life. Such forms I think human beings were in the Paradisical age; yes, *just such forms*, for they are passive forms of innocence. The age of faith had at its best only recalled the milky innocence of inexperienced but yet devout childhood. It will take an age of faith which is yet to come to delineate the redeemed race which the true Christ shall lead—another church than the Catholic Church has painted. E. P. P.

MENTAL ACTIVITY.

If the water runneth, it holdeth clear, sweet and fresh; but stagnation turneth it into a noisome puddle. If the air be fanned by winds, it is pure and wholesome; but from being shut up it groweth thick and putrid. If metals be employed, they abide smooth and splendid; but lay them up, and they soon contract rust. If the earth is labored with culture, it yieldeth

corn; but, lying neglected, it will be overgrown with bushes and thistles, and the better its soil is, the ranker weeds it will produce. All nature is upheld in its being, order and shape by constant agitation; every creature is incessantly employed in action conformable to its designed use. In like manner, the preservation and improvement of our faculties depend on their constant exercise; to it God hath annexed the best and most desirable reward—success to our undertakings, wealth, honor, wisdom, virtue, salvation—all which, as they flow from God's bounty, and depend on his blessing, so from him they are conveyed to us through our industry, as the ordinary channel and instrument of attaining them.—*Barrow*.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REFLECTIONS.

Solemnly, earnestly, time passes on,
Soon, oh! how soon, will our summer be gone;
Prosperous summer with all of its gain,
Pitiless summer with all of its pain.

Generous summer, with all its glad days,
Gone with their hopes, and their prayers, and their
praise;
Vanished—but where have the sweet moments fled?
Whither so earnestly, silently sped!

They have gone with the bright summer seasons of
old,
With their flowers of crimson, of blue, and of gold;
With their visions and schemings of good and of ill,
That may yet rock the world, if the schemers but
will.

On, on, they have hurried o'er time's ceaseless stream,
With the dear olden days that are so like a dream;
Precious days, summer days, with their burthens of
love,
Precious hearts, whose inheritance now is above.

The dear aged ones who have fallen to rest,
We remember them well, and the days that they
blest;
And the fond, tender parents—how many have gone
Away from our sight, as the summers have flown.

And brothers, and sisters, and children, and youth,
And companions, and friends, whose affections were
truth,
Oh! how many such dear ones, whose presence was
bliss,

Have departed from us during summers like this.

The ripening fruits of the autumn can tell
That nature obeys—and her work is done well;
In the garden, the orchard, the field, and the wood,
All things in their season are perfect and good.

Ah! time moveth silently, solemnly on;
This life, with its labor, how soon it is done;
As the beautiful summer, it fitteth away,
And years that have passed seem the space of a day.

Yes, how like a dream, yet how real at last,
When our season of growing, our earth-life is past;
And shall we be perfect, and will our fruits tell
That our work is done faithfully, earnestly, well.
8th month, 1867. A. H. G.

God's presence constitutes to the renewed
soul a spiritual atmosphere.—*Cpham*.

THE DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

BY M. V. MACDONALD.

They tell me life is waning fast,
 And Death's dark wing unfurled
 Will bear my spirit soon from Earth
 Unto an unknown world.
 I feel, beloved, it must be so,—
 I feel that even now
 His hand is on my fluttering heart,
 His shadow on my brow.
 How shall I leave thee?—how resign
 Thy tenderness and care?
 The pressure of thy clasping hand—
 Thy blessing and thy prayer?
 Together we have tasted joy,
 Together wept in ill,
 And the love that was so bright in bliss
 In grief was brighter still.
 Wilt thou not miss me from thy side
 When twilight's hour has come?
 Will it not seem a desert place—
 The paradise of home?
 Then, gather close, with brooding love,
 Our children round thy knee,
 And wipe, with tenderest hand, the tears
 Which they will shed for me.
 And soothe each little throbbing heart
 That asks for me in vain,
 And say that in the far off heaven
 Their mother lives again.
 Link not my name with thoughts of death,
 But point them to the sky,
 And tell them in the "Better Land"
 They neither weep nor die.
 Go with them to their lonely couch
 At evening's silent close,
 And softly press each pillowed cheek,
 And hush them to repose;
 Or, bid them kneel with clasped hands
 To hush their evening prayer,—
 Thou must unite a father's love
 With all a mother's care.
 A mother's care! a mother's love!
 And must they never know
 How deeply, in her "heart of hearts,"
 A mother's love may glow?
 Will they yet bloom in girlhood fair,
 While she who gave them birth
 Lies all forgotten—far away
 In one lone spot of earth?
 Forgotten? no, beloved one, no!
 Thou wilt remember still
 The being who hath shared thy lot
 Alike in good or ill.
 Thou wilt remember all her love
 With faithful, fond regret;
 And but the faults she could not hide,
 Thy heart will e'er forget.
 And thou wilt come to that lone spot
 Where the green willow waves,
 And lead our children's tiny feet
 Among the quiet graves;
 And read for them the sculptured stone,
 Brief record of my life;
 And say—how faithfully I loved
 As mother and as wife.
 How can I say farewell to thee?
 How mark thy bitter tears?
 Look up, beloved, we only part
 For a few fleeting years.
 They will roll o'er thy darkened path
 Swiftly as shadows flee,
 And in a world of holier love
 Will our blest meeting be.

From the Moravian.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

In the Moravian burying-grounds, those "acres of God" consecrated by the ordinances of religion and by the respect for the mortal remains of fellow human creatures, whom hope, and in many instances a conviction amounting to certainty, places now in the realms of the blessed, many a modest mound covers the dust of the aborigines of this country. Just as they are buried in Christian ground, and by Christian rites, so they lived Christian lives, and died Christian deaths. The records of our church abound with examples of Indian conversion, and Indian docility, industry, and virtue. The missionaries have found innumerable instances of the susceptibility of the Indian to religious teachings, and the civilizing processes. Under their tuition the fierce son of the forest has been content to lay aside his natural promptings to revenge and cruelty, and to become forbearing and peace-loving. They have seen him leave his nomad life, to become the tiller of the soil and the constructor of houses. His unlettered state has frequently by their ministrations become one of culture and education.

And this experience of our missionaries does not stand alone. There are some other experiences to support its teachings and warrant its conclusions. That there should not be more is to be deeply regretted, but the fault lies not with the Indian. It is his white brethren, who have failed in their duty, and by their conduct have throughout more deeply engraved into his nature, the lines of revenge and of barbarism, to which he is prone. The proposition that the Indian may be educated into Christianity and civilization, is also proved by the experience of the Roman Catholic missions. We cannot be accused of any partiality for that powerful but degenerated form of the Christian church. Least of all can we for a moment excuse the animus of the Society of Jesus, which has made a concentered organism of all the gradually growing corruptions and heresies of that church. Yet under the worst systems, good men have lived. Despite false teachings, and sinister perversions of the intellect, God's mercy has often kept the heart open. Compassion, unselfishness, benevolence and a pure life must not be denied to exist, because they are found in company with false tenets. On the contrary, it is a source of joy that while the disastrous results of false doctrines, if carried to their logical effects, must be so wide-reaching and fatal, Heaven still keeps open the hearts of individuals to spiritual instincts, and saves good affections from corresponding ruin. But whether we view the efforts of the Jesuit missionaries as prompted by a Christian benevolence, or by inferior motives,—and there is probably an admixture of both elements,—their results prove the falsity of

the charge that the Indian has but one career, namely, to be destroyed by the effect of his own passions. The Romish missions, too, have presented the spectacle of quiet law-abiding Indians, whose natures have been changed from roving savages to industrious citizens.

Is not the inference plain? Approach the Indian in the spirit of love and of disinterestedness, that is, of Christianity, and you exercise the demons that hold him in possession, and develop seeds of culture lying dormant in his nature, but only waiting to be nurtured by consideration and benevolence,—to grow into blessed and fruitful results.

The Indian has been well called the child of the forest. The term is a happy one, as it not only illustrates his habits, but his characteristic. He is just what nature would make man, if man were left to nature, without exterior help and supernatural assistance. He might be called with even more propriety the *slave* of nature. The first mark of advance in man, is the conquest of nature, and the subjugation of the material world around him;—and in the degree that this superiority obtains, man fulfils his true destiny, and accomplishes his real happiness. But to the Indian, the divine message to subdue the earth, to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow, has not yet come. The sorrows and the joys, the defeats and the triumphs the civilized man feels in this contest, he knows nothing of. The community of interest, the dependence of man upon man, the pleasures of amicable strife, the blessing of labor, and the joys of society, are unknown to him. He lives for himself alone, and satisfied if the necessities of the present are at hand; he knows no maxims of conduct which provided for the future. When nature gives, he takes; when nature withholds, he starves. He vegetates rather than lives. His heart is too cold to fear or to love. His condition would speedily plunge him into ruin, and his race into spontaneous extermination, were not even his passions, in their natural condition, comparatively inert and lifeless like his good affections. He knows of the existence of a God, and of the immortality of the soul, but he reflects not upon the divine attributes, or his own responsibilities.

What is the white man's duty, when he comes into contact with these sons of the forest? They have immortal souls, they are fellow men, and they have priority of possession in the land to which he emigrates. The spirit of the present age recognizes the rights of the weak. To-day we begin to measure ourselves by the figure we will make in the eyes of posterity. We begin to fear the criticism of the wise and good; the lifted finger of duty begins to be heeded, and national interest is seen to coincide with its monitions. The nature of the Indian requires to be supplemented by the superior experience, op-

portunities, and civilization of the white man.—We must come as superiors, and as teachers. Our superiority must be shown by our conduct to consist in what are its essential features and foundation, namely, absolute justice, intelligent consideration, and disinterested benevolence. The duty of the Indian to himself must be enforced by a practical exemplification of the influence of duty over ourselves in all our dealings with them. So only can our civilization find commendation in their eyes. The doctrines of Religion and the teachings of Education will then have a basis to act upon; the wedge will then enter their contracted callous natures,—the product of isolation and indifference—and open their hearts and lives to humanizing influences. The sentiment of honor, which in the Indian rises sometimes almost to the dignity of a virtue, although it is based on personal self-satisfaction, rather than, as it ought to be, on devotion to right, enables him to esteem correctness of dealing, and resent injustice and deception. Without a consistent course of just dealing, he cannot be approached, and without an unselfish benevolence he never can improve. Both united will settle the question of the Indian troubles, in a way which will redound to the credit of the nation, will accord with the immutable principles by which nations and individuals can alone happily progress, and will heal a sore, now suppurating with moral and financial disgrace. It is high time that this government should perceive these truths and act up to them. In dealing with inferior races, the political maxims which inculcate a negative position on the part of government to the governed, which may be entirely correct for men supposed to be able to govern themselves, and blessed with privileges of civilization, do not obtain. A Christian policy must influence all our legislative and executive proceedings, one worthy the age and our opportunities. Government in its relations to the Indians must act on positive principles and become the dispenser of benefits and the guardian of strict justice.

The worst foe to our character as a nation in this respect, are the barbarous theories frequently advanced and held by many on the frontiers, which declare that the only possible solution of these troubles is the extermination of the Indian race. Their existence is declared incompatible with our civilization, and the notion of any reliable peace with them is scouted. It is even declared that prominent senators, relying upon a partial observation of the present state of affairs on the frontiers, have given in their adhesion to this despicable and bloody policy. On the face of it, such an idea is too repulsive to be adopted by any being possessed of common humanity. That the theory is false we have already shown by the numerous entirely reliable instances of the civilization of individuals

and communities adduced in the commencement of these remarks. It is entirely opposed to Christianity, philosophy, and experience, to maintain that because the race is nomad and savage, there is no possibility of change. Let us instance a case taken from the history of the Indian himself in support of our assertions. The story of the Aztecs in Mexico, and their very considerable progress in civilization and the arts, are now pretty well known, from the history of Prescott and the researches of Schoolcraft, Squier, Catherwood, and Tylor. In architecture they equalled the Egyptians and Chaldeans, if they did not surpass them. In metallurgy they had manipulated in profusion with gold, silver, lead, copper, tin and obsidian. They were indefatigable tillers of the soil,—ingenious floriculturalists and gardeners; they invented hieroglyphical characters, and were adepts in astronomy. And who were these Aztecs? When first confronted by the Spaniards they had been seated in Mexico rather less than one hundred and fifty years. Towards the close of the twelfth century of our era, they had immigrated from a spot traditionally known as Atzlan, or the "country of water," most likely the territory inclosed within the angle formed by the junction of the Rio Colorado and Gila at the head of the Gulf of California. By the year 1324 they had reached the table lands of Central America. "We have an indubitable instance, therefore," remarks an Edinburg Reviewer, "of a nomadic horde suddenly suppressing the instincts of their nature, relinquishing the habits of savage life, becoming a permanently settled people, developing a capacity for political organization, raising stupendous piles of brick and stone, continually embellishing innumerable cities, cultivating the arts and sciences, and making such advancement, in astronomy more particularly, as not only to rival but to surpass that which was made by the most enlightened nations of antiquity in Asia and Europe. And all these astounding results are crowded within the limited space of a century and a half!" This Mexican empire had been built upon the ruins of another, from whom they derived much of their civilization,—the Toltecas—who themselves had originally come from the North. When we reflect that all this knowledge and advancement was associated with one of the most abominable of religions, whose altars reeked from sunrise to sunset with the fumes of human gore, the question naturally arises, how incalculably greater would have been the result under the sway of the Christian religion? To the desperadoes and scoundrels who infest the frontiers no answer need be given when they urge the necessity for Indian blood. The regular settler, who sees his hopes blasted and his well-earned acquisitions destroyed by the savage foray, deserves the greatest commiseration and adequate protection, but he is in fact

more the victim of his own government, which has been guilty of a criminal negligence and disregard of Christian duty in its treatment of the native American, than of the inherent incapacity of the latter for the condition of a good neighbor.

Is the Indian not worthy of the interposition of some representative of the wisdom and benevolence of the nation between him and his oppressor? Or is it only when votes can be gained, and a party hue and cry raised, that we can be made to speak in the name of humanity and religion? Unless this Indian question be settled according to the dictates of high principle and philanthropy, such will be the verdict of history, and all the peans of self-glorification we may sing will not save us from being condemned in the minds of good and true men and in the eyes of Heaven. The extermination of the Indian by our instrumentality, should it happen by our faults of commission or omission, would be recorded as a lost opportunity, and a faithlessness to our trust, worthy to be stigmatized throughout all time.

E. C.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

NINTH MONTH.

	1866.	1867.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	11 days.	8 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,...	2 "	0 "
Cloudy, without storms,.....	5 "	13 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	12 "	9 "

30 "	30 "
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TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.

	1866.	1867.
Mean temperature of 9th month per Penna. Hospital,	69.50 deg.	68.21 deg.
Highest do. during month	89.25 "	86.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	50.00 "	45.00 "
Rain during the month,.....	8.70 in.	1.72 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 5 current weeks for 1866 and 4 for 1867.....	1812	1112

Average of the mean temperature of 9th month for the past seventy-eight years	66.15 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1865,.....	72.68 "
Lowest do. do. do. 1840,.....	60.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1866.	1867.
Totals, for the first 6 months of the year,.....	22.47 inch.	30.20 inch.
Seventh month,.....	2.52 "	2.38 "
Eighth month,.....	2.18 "	15.81 "
Ninth month,.....	8.70 "	1.72 "
Totals,	35.87 "	50.11 "

To make a fair comparison of deaths, deduct one

fifth from last year for the extra week, the numbers will then stand 1450 for 1866, and 1112 for 1867. It may also be noticed that, while the mean temperature for the month has been about two degrees above the average for many years, it was less, in all its phases, than the corresponding month of last year.

It will, doubtless, be entirely safe to assert that the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" of Philadelphia goes not back to such a terrific hail storm as visited this city on the 25th of the month.

It commenced about half-past 4 P.M., lasted from ten to twelve minutes, and did immense damage in the breakage of windows on the south side of the streets, as well as numerous skylights, and in some instances valuable merchandise stored under them was ruined from the pouring in of the rain. Large manufacturing buildings in which were many windows suffered terribly. We have heard of one where three thousand lights were broken, costing seven hundred dollars to replace, and another where twelve hundred were demolished. During the height of the storm some of the female operatives fainted from fright. In some instances horses ran away, in their frantic endeavors to escape the furious pelting, and the whole scene was one of awe and grandeur not soon to be forgotten.

One of our "dailies" states that the specimens of hailstones "varied from the size of cherry stones to those that were as large as hen's eggs," and graphically adds:—"If a huge powder-mill had exploded in the heart of the city, or if a hand to hand fight with musketry and grapeshot had taken place in every street, the damage to window glass could scarcely have been greater. There were probably fully a million of panes of glass broken in the city by the storm, involving a loss of not less than two hundred thousand dollars.

As an evidence of the quantity of hail that fell, it may be stated that near noon the next day a conglomerate mass of hailstones, nearly half a peck in bulk, was picked up upon the roof of the Bulletin Building. It is stated that in Reading, Pa., some were picked up measuring eight inches in circumference, and weighing three ounces.

The past few months seem to have been rife with unusual occurrences—extensive fires, severe droughts and destructive floods, (the latter caused by unprecedented rains)—the hail storm just depicted—and the novel phenomena of a water spout, which passed over, and "paused over" New Castle, Delaware, on the 5th of the month at 1.20 P.M., constitute a few of them.

The following account is abbreviated from one published in the Wilmington "Commercial."

It was first observed, as an intelligent eye-witness informs us, opposite the town, on the New Jersey side of the river. From the surface of the water there arose an enormous cone of cloud of from forty to sixty feet in diameter at the base, very dense, very dark. From an overhanging surcharged thunder-cloud in the sky there depended a similar cone, and the apexes of the two met. The sky at the time was not clear, the sun was obscured, but there was no rain falling nor any general shower. The water in the two cones was violently in motion whirling round and round with the greatest rapidity, and making a loud noise. It appeared to be caught up from the river in great volume, and portions which fell back in spray, shone and sparkled brightly, making the whole spectacle most beautiful though terrifying to the beholder.

The spout moved rapidly across the river, taking, perhaps, ten or fifteen minutes to reach this side. It entered the town of New Castle on the upper side, and struck first a frame dwelling on the river bank,

occupied by a colored family. The force of the shock was tremendous, yet the column of water did not envelop the house, but rather brushed against it. The weather-boarding was torn off, every window burst, and the frame studding of the building wrenched out of place. The fence around was torn loose and carried away. After this it passed on, across the lots, towards the shops of John Churnside, tearing up fences and every thing that came in its way; fortunately for him, it passed to the north of his shops, thereby preventing a very heavy loss of property and perhaps life; the edge of the MacIstrom, however, reached some wagons, drills and mowing machines, standing at the end of the shop. A two-horse express wagon was picked up, carried several rods, and after being tossed about in every conceivable manner, was thrown out of the roaring vortex, broken almost to atoms.

A dearborn was drawn in and torn to pieces. A large heavy grain drill was gathered up and set down on the opposite side of the road. Near here a little child was picked up and carried some distance—perhaps a hundred feet—over the fence into a neighboring yard, where it was set down uninjured.

Philada, Tenth mo. 2d, 1867.

J. M. ELLIS.

THE CAT BIRD.

(*Mimus carolinensis*.)

This unfortunate bird is more universally hated and abused than any other bird with which we are acquainted. Every one persecutes him, and nobody likes him. Perhaps this is in some degree owing to his unfortunate name—for we have noticed that cats are universally despised, except by old maids.

The Cat Bird cannot be said to have any song, but he is an excellent imitator of parts of the song of other birds. He has one note, however, which is his own, and it resembles to a great degree the mewing of a cat. He possesses great powers of mimicry, and can imitate some part of the song of almost every bird. Of course the illusion is not so perfect as when the imitation is performed by the Mocking Bird, but still it is excellent.

The food of the Cat Bird consists of all kinds of grubs, caterpillars, and insects of all kinds. Of these he destroys an immense quantity, and rids the farmer of countless myriads of these pests.

The Cat Bird arrives very early in the spring, and at once begins to build his nest. This is generally placed in a low bush or in a hedge, and but little effort is used to conceal it, as it is very easily found. It is composed of grape-vine bark and the fibrous roots of weeds. It is always lined with the latter. The number of eggs is either four or five. They are of a dark emerald green, and measure .95 by .67 inch, on an average.

We do not believe that there is any bird which shows more affection for its young than the Cat Bird. If any one approaches its nest, it immediately sets up a piteous cry, and fluttering before you, implores you, with mute eloquence, to leave its young in peace. If any

young bird falls out of its nest, and commences to chirp for assistance, no matter what species it is, the Cat Bird is among the first on the ground, to see what is the matter. If the eggs of the Brown Thrush be handled, the parent bird will generally desert the nest. This is also the case with most other birds. But with the Cat Bird it is not so. The eggs can be taken out of the nest, handled and examined, and then if they are put back again, the mother bird will at once recommence incubation. By these, and by many other proofs equally touching, does the Cat Bird show its affection for its young. We have been amused listening to this bird trying to imitate the song of other birds. It seems to be blessed with a great amount of patience, for when it appears to be trying to learn some new song, it will repeat the refrain over and over again for an hour or more, during all of which time it will be perched upon one twig or branch. We have noticed that upon rainy days especially he seems to try his vocal powers. This is the more remarkable, as at that time most birds are silent. The warble of the House Wren appears to give him the most trouble to imitate. His throat does not seem formed to execute this, and, as a consequence, he makes a most ridiculous failure.

In conclusion, we desire to recommend this bird to the protection of the farmers. He destroys immense quantities of insects and their larvæ, and does not trouble the fruit much; is he not therefore entitled to your protection?—*Cultivator and Country Gentleman.*

To be free from desire is *money*; to be free from the rage of perpetually buying something new is a certain revenue; to be content with what we possess constitutes the greatest and most certain of riches.—*Cicero.*

When Plato was told that his enemies were making very free use of his name, he quietly replied: "I will endeavor so to live that no one will believe them."

ITEMS.

J. F. Kinney, special commissioner to visit and confer with the Indians in the vicinity of Fort Phil. Kearney, has made a very lengthy report, which entirely dissents from the conclusions in the published report of Gen. Sanborn. He recommends the vigorous exercise of military authority on the part of government, and suggests that the Indians be located in new reservations. He says:

"A reservation is his only ark of safety. As long as he receives your presents and bounty, outside of reservations, he will not adopt industrial habits. Withdraw, then, agents and support from all who so remain, and transfer them to the military department. Subdue the five or six thousand who are now fighting us, and, as here proposed, make the condition of peace a prompt resort to reservations. When this is done they should pass under the charge of the Indian Bureau, and the military have no more control over them.

"My next recommendation is that five Indian dis-

tricts be created, embracing all the Indians in the United States, and that three sub-commissioners be appointed for each district, whose duty it shall be to reside therein. Confer upon them judicial power to hear and determine all complaints between the Indians, their superintendents and agents, with full authority to examine their accounts, and to reject or approve, as they may think best, with an appeal to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

"I also recommend an entire separation of the Indian Bureau from the Interior Department. Our Indian affairs have become of sufficient importance to demand the organization of a separate department for their proper and more efficient administration."

Professor Agassiz's immense collections in Brazil have been in good part opened and arranged. They include 50,000 specimens of fishes, representing over 2200 species, 2000 of which are supposed to be new to science. This collection now exceeds those of the British Museum and Jardin des Plantes united, containing altogether more than 9000 species.

A new telescope has been invented in Paris for the examination of objects situated under water, and it was recently tested on one of the French canals. It is reputed to have enabled the observers to see pencil marks distinctly at a depth of more than five feet. Its practical application will be to the examination of the hulls of ships, without placing them in dock.

In a railroad of five hundred miles in length, the expansion of the rails caused by the heat of summer amounts to nearly a quarter of a mile from the point of contraction in winter. This expansion is all taken up by the joints between the rails.

PROTECTION TO WALLS AND CHIMNEYS.—The decay of marble fronts and other constructions of stone into which lime or magnesia enters as a component, and of the mortar joints in brick chimneys and walls, which in many cities has become so serious a difficulty, is attributed to the continued evolutions of sulphurous and sulphuric acid by the combustion of coal—each ton of the latter being capable of supplying about seventy pounds of oil of vitriol. In addition to the chemical corrosion, a mechanical disintegration is supposed to be produced by the alternating solution of the sulphates formed, and their re-crystallization on the surface and in the pores of the stone. It is stated that this action can be almost entirely prevented by applying to the cleaned surfaces an aqueous solution of super-phosphate of lime, which, acting on the carbonate of lime, produces the unalterable diphosphate of lime. For magnesian limestones baryta may be added. The cost of materials is but trifling, and one gallon of solution will give two coats to three hundred square feet of surface. The strength of the stone, and its resistance to absorption of moisture, are said to be greatly increased by the process—a matter of importance where the freezing of water in the pores of the stone is one cause of decay.

THE RIGHT WHALE.—It is the general belief among whalers that the sperm whale is dying out, the number having decreased so much as to render it difficult to obtain a full cargo. The right whale, however, still maintains its own in the Pacific ocean, only shifting its ground to regions more and more remote. The Northern fleet from New Bedford this year numbers one hundred and two vessels, of which seventy-two are in the Arctic, twenty in the Ochotsk, and ten in the Kodiak ground. Nineteen of the fleet will probably return to San Francisco, in the fall, to recruit, and eighty-three to Honolulu, from which latter point, should the average catch be taken, there will be shipped between 50,000 and 60,000 barrels of oil, and 1,000,000 pounds of whalebone.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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INDIAN AFFAIRS.

BY S. M. JANNERY.

The solicitude expressed by correspondents of the *Friends' Intelligencer*, in relation to the hostilities now being waged between the national forces and the Western Indians, has doubtless been shared by most of the members of our Religious Society, and the inquiry naturally arises—What can be done to arrest the dreadful conflict, and prevent the waste of life?

There is reason to believe that the Congressional Commission, sent out to treat with the Indians, are sincerely desirous to do them justice, and it is greatly to be desired that a treaty of peace may be concluded. Until the Commissioners shall have reported to Congress, there appears to be no active service for the friends of the Indians to perform, but, in the meantime, it would be well for us to examine the subject, and reflect upon the means most likely to prevent the continuance or recurrence of hostilities.

All who have any acquaintance with this subject are aware that it is surrounded with difficulties, growing out of the encroachments and aggressions of the frontier settlers, the making of roads through the Indian territory without their consent, the fraudulent conduct of some government agents in their dealings with the Indians, the sale of ardent spirits, and the consequent corruption of morals.

The treaties by which our government guaranteed to the Indians certain reservations of

territory were doubtless made in good faith, and intended to be observed; but the rapid progress of our settlements towards the Rocky Mountains, and on the Pacific coast, were not then foreseen, nor was it imagined that railroads and telegraphs would so soon be constructed through that vast territory. Where great national interests are concerned, there are few governments—perhaps none—that pay much regard to the convenience, or even to the rights, of subordinate communities, whose interests stand in the way of great public enterprises. The Christian and the philanthropist must lament the perpetration of injustice towards the most ignorant, no less than towards the most enlightened of mankind; but to restrain the movements and prevent the aggressions of a population like that on our Western frontiers—so eager, so adventurous, so grasping,—is probably beyond the power of any government.

The present safety and protection of the Indians depend upon their removal from that portion of the territory through which the railroads are being constructed,—their settlement on lands adapted to grazing and tillage, their relinquishment of hunting as a dependence for food, and their adoption of the habits of civilized life. It is believed by many that they ought to, as soon as possible, abandon their tribal governments, and their mode of holding property in common, that their lands should be divided among the families, and held in fee simple, and a Republican form of government established.

among them. In the Weekly Chronicle, published at Washington, 9th month 14th, there is an interesting editorial on this subject, from which the following passage has been selected :

"The Indians hold a peculiar relation to the American people. They are partly wards of the nation, partly foreign nations within the territorial limits of our country, to whom is assigned a section suited in character and extent to their nomadic habits. This territory is professedly secured to them by treaty. They own it, and are more independent in it than the citizens of our States. Yet it appears that their rights in their territory are systematically invaded; that their hunting grounds are rendered worthless by the cutting of roads through them. The pending difficulties on the Western frontier are ascribed to the building of the Powder River road through Indian territory without the leave of the owners. This road is used for emigrant trains. As long as there are fifty hostile Indians along the route no life will be safe, and the sense of insecurity will render the route practically worthless. As we had no right to make the road without consent of the owners, would it not be better to abandon it entirely than to keep up an expensive and fruitless warfare, which is like fox hunting on our side, and accompanied by frightful murders upon theirs? The new Pacific railroad, now built beyond Omaha, Nebraska, will carry emigrants by a route four hundred miles shorter than the Powder river road, and the facilities thus opened should be suggestive to the commissioners appointed to adjust our Indian difficulties.

There are nearly half a million Indians in our Western territory. Their habits of life have demanded a large extent of country for hunting purposes. As civilization advances their means of living decrease, and they become enraged against the white man. There are wicked and worthless ruffians among the whites who find their account in the ruthless border warfare between the races, and who perpetrate outrages on both sides, ascribing them to either, as suits their purposes. In time this must cease. The progress of the country demands it, and it is essential that we should have a well settled Indian policy administered by a responsible department. The treaties made by Wm. Penn were always respected by both parties, and the peaceful sect of which he was a distinguished member have been traditional friends of the aborigines, and always kindly regarded by them. We have often thought that if the Society of Friends, who so successfully colonized and civilized the Senecas in Western New York, and with such judgment and benevolence managed their affairs with the Government, could be induced to take charge of the subject of colonizing the Indian

territory, and instructing the Indians, they might prepare them for the inevitable future. The Indians must be subjected to the civilizing influences of systematic agriculture and legal government. The Cherokees have made great advances in this direction; what insurmountable obstacles are there in the way of the other tribes? That they are now warlike is true; so, recently, was the whole South. The Indians must cease to be warlike, or cease to be. Ultimately they must be *citizenized* or slaughtered. It is more in harmony with our feelings as a Christian people, and with our duty as guardians of the aboriginal race, to try to civilize them, than to persist in slaughtering them. Beside, the latter game is one in which we are the greatest losers; so there is the selfish consideration of interest also to approve such a course. It is at least worth trying, long and earnestly, as a settled policy of the country, until its utter impracticability is proven.

To accomplish it the Indian Bureau should be made independent of the Interior and War Departments, and its chief officer should have responsibility and power. It is not necessary he should be a member of the Cabinet."

The reference here made to the Society of Friends is worthy of our consideration. If a field of labor is open for us in the Indian territory, and the Lord of the harvest calls us to engage in it, I trust that obedience will not be found wanting.

The fairest pages in American history are those which bear witness to the amicable intercourse and enduring friendship that have always subsisted between the Society of Friends and the Indians. Our predecessors performed long and painful journeys through the wilderness, and spent much labor and treasure in order to impart to their red brethren the blessings of civilization. Not only were they visited by committees, but Friends were employed as agents to reside among them, to instruct them in husbandry and the mechanic arts, and to assist in the education of their children. Their sincere endeavors were productive of much benefit. They were gratefully appreciated by the objects of their bounty, and brought to their own bosoms the consolation that always results from benevolent effort.

Experience teaches that for religious organizations, as well as for the natural body, exercise is essential to health, and a vigorous life always manifests itself by action. Let not our sympathies and our efforts be confined to the narrow circle of our own Society or our own neighborhood, but go forth into the wilderness, and carry consolation to those who are ready to perish. Those among us who are called to go on errands of mercy, or of gospel love, should not hesitate to accept from their brethren the aid that may be needful, and those who are blessed

with abundance should esteem it a privilege to contribute liberally to works of charity. "I have showed you," said the Apostle Paul, to the elders of the Ephesian Church, "how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

THE SCHOOL OF CHRIST.

How exalted the privilege of becoming a disciple in the school of Christ! It is exalted, if we consider the character of the teacher. In the studies of this world, the student in philosophy, science, or literature, will esteem it the highest possible privilege to receive the instructions of the great master in those various departments. The student in philosophy, could he enjoy the instructions of a Newton or of a Bacon, how exalted a privilege would he deem it. The student in geology who would study out the hidden mysteries of our earth's formation, could he go with Hugh Miller through the glens and over the highlands of Scotland, to trace the foot-prints of the Creator as written upon the everlasting rock, would esteem it a glorious and exalted privilege. But, behold! here is One who was present when the foundations of the earth were laid. The student in astronomy, could he have the instructions of a *Galileo* or of a *Laplace*, how exalted a privilege would he consider it! But, behold! here is One that telleth the number of the stars and calleth the name of each. The student in theology, could he enjoy the instructions of a Wesley come down from heaven—could he listen to him as, in terse and expressive language, he discoursed of the doctrines of grace, how he would rejoice in such a glorious privilege! Or, Christian disciple, desirous of becoming instructed in the deep things of God, the hidden mystery of the life of God in the soul of the believer, were I permitted to announce that the sainted Fletcher would come down from heaven, and would from this desk discourse to you this afternoon, with what beating hearts and glad countenances would you come up to the place of assembly! But, behold! a greater than Wesley or Fletcher is here, and thou mayest sit down at His feet and listen to the words of truth and wisdom that fell from His lips, and thus thou mayest feel the throbbing of His heart as it beats in sympathy with thine own.—*Clark.*

DARK HOURS.

To every man there are many dark hours; hours when he feels inclined to abandon his best enterprise; hours when his heart's dearest hopes appear delusive; hours when he feels himself unequal to the burden, when all his aspirations seem worthless. Let no one think that he alone has dark hours. They are the common lot of humanity. They are the touchstone to try whether we are current coin or not.

EXTRACT FROM GEORGE FOX.

George Fox was careful to go forth in gospel missions as he was moved of the Lord, and abundantly testified to the necessity of walking or moving in "the light." See his Address to Friends in the Ministry.

R. H.

"This is the word of the Lord to you all: Every one in the measure of the life, *wait*, that with it all your minds may be guided up to the Father of spirits, to receive power from Him and wisdom, that with it you may be ordered to His glory, to whom be glory forever. All keep in the light and life, that judgeth down that which is contrary to the light and life. So the Lord God Almighty be with you all, and keep your meetings everywhere, being guided by that of God; by that you may see the Lord among you, who lighteth *every* man that cometh into the world, that men who come into the world might believe. . . . All Friends that speak in public, see that it be in the life of God, for that brings to God the fruits of that which shall never wither. . . . So in that wait to receive power, and the Lord God Almighty preserve you in it, whereby you may come to feel the light, that comprehends time and the world and fathoms it, which believes in and gives you victory over the world. Here the power of the Lord is received, which subdues all the contrary, and puts off the garments that will stain and pollute."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

It is cause of congratulation that there is an increasing desire among many of the members of our Religious Society that its borders should be enlarged and its stakes strengthened. Some of the suggestions which have been made in the Intelligencer bearing upon this subject are worthy of thoughtful consideration. It is well for members of the Society to present, from time to time, such suggestions as they may believe adapted to its present condition and calculated to advance its best interests, for it is in this way that every wholesome reform has been effected. When compared with most other religious Societies, we are comparatively small in numbers, but we cannot believe that an organization which has effected so much good in the past, should, after two or three centuries, be swallowed up in the various sects into which Christendom is divided. Nor can this be the case, if its members are true to the great trust committed to their care.

A comparison of the past with the present history of the Society may in some measure account for the apathy which one of your correspondents deploras.

George Fox and his contemporaries were grievously persecuted both by Church and State; they made religion the business of their lives,

and the early records abundantly attest that many of them were instant in season and out of season, not only in resisting encroachments on their religious liberty, but in extending a knowledge of their principles by personal efforts and through the press. They taught diligently to their children what they found to be sufficient for themselves, and when driven by persecution to seek an asylum in the Western world, they seldom built a meeting-house without providing a school-house in the same locality where their children could be instructed under their direction. A large number of men and women among them were engaged in the ministry and travelled extensively in the service, and their powerful appeals were instrumental in gathering thousands to the church. But the times have changed. Persecution for opinion's sake has ceased. The descendants of the persecuted despised Quakers of the early generation have become as a body rich, respectable and ease loving, and though they may be strenuous in outward observances and careful to observe the requirements of the Discipline, it is to be feared there is a general lack of that zeal for the truth which so eminently distinguished the early fathers. The Discipline of the Society has been formed at different periods and adapted to the wants of the generation that formed it; and while the writer would not desire to modify it to meet the weaknesses of its members, yet he believes further changes are needed to adapt it to the present generation. Let any one compare a copy of the Discipline of 100 years ago with our present code, and he will discover how many changes have been made to meet the necessary wants of each generation. Before the alteration of the Discipline of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting on the subject of marriage, it was computed that a large majority of cases that claimed the disciplinary attention of Monthly Meetings were for "outgoings in marriage" and the records of our meetings would probably show that a large number of these offenders against the Discipline lost their right in the Society.

How many in consequence have been scattered, or gathered into other folds, we have no means of ascertaining. These changes in the opinion of the writer have had, and will continue to have, a beneficial effect, and there are other provisions which might be profitably modified.

Take for instance the admission of members. An applicant must first apply to the overseers and when they are satisfied, the case is forwarded to the Monthly Meeting, when another committee is appointed to take charge of the case, and it is often several months before a final report is made.

There can be no doubt that many serious, seeking minds, have been discouraged from making application through a diffidence of their qualifications for membership and an unwilling-

ness to be considered as making a religious profession of which they feel themselves unworthy. In some of the meetings belonging to our Yearly Meeting, a considerable portion of the regular attenders are not in actual membership, while in nearly all there are some, who, if the way were made more easy, would connect themselves with the Society, and the religious interests of both parties would thereby be promoted. By the census of 1863 we are informed that there are within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting 3480 minors, one of whose parents is a member and the children not members. In our last Yearly Meeting, Monthly Meetings were requested, if way should open, to appoint committees to visit and encourage their members, and if the same encouragement could be extended to the two classes alluded to, there is no doubt there would be a considerable increase of membership.

While there is evidently apathy and indifference in many places, and while we may lament the decline of primitive zeal, yet I cannot unite with the discouraging view presented by your correspondent T. H. S., of the present condition and future prospects of our Society. There are evidences of life and energy among its members which, if properly cherished, I have faith to believe will result in much good.

There probably was never more unity of feeling and purpose than now exists in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and its branches, and, so far as I know, it extends to similar bodies in unity with us. The disturbing causes which a few years since produced shyness, and a separation of feeling, have in a great measure been removed, and are succeeded by that regard for the views and feelings of each other which is so necessary to an efficient organization.

The formation of "Friends' Publication Association," for disseminating our principles by tracts and the works of approved authors, will produce, we may hope, a revival of interest, and the establishment of First-day schools, and the recent convention held at Westchester, Penna., of teachers, and others interested in the religious instruction of our children, is a step in the right direction.

It is a significant fact, too, that both of these movements have been inaugurated by the younger members of the Society, who have felt the want of these agencies, and have entered into the work from a sense of duty; and it is equally noticeable that in the proceedings of the First-day School Conference, we are informed that "the younger portion of those who expressed themselves on this interesting subject, very generally deplored the want of co-workers from among those of riper years and fuller experience." The Bible classes and religious conferences which have been formed in various neighborhoods, are also evidences, to my mind, of a

revival of religious interest, and most cordially do I respond to your Editorial in the 28th No., in which these subjects are embraced. I would call attention to the statement of T. H. S. respecting the census of 1829 and 1863. When the first census was taken, the Society was in a state of ferment growing out of the separation, which was then hardly effected, and many of the records were in possession of Orthodox Friends. Under these circumstances, it is not probable entire accuracy was arrived at, and it is quite likely the numbers were over-estimated. The census of 1863 was taken by direction of the Representative Committee, in order that the documents issued by it might be furnished to all the members, and we presume it is generally accurate.

In the census of 1829, Shrewsbury and Rahway Quarterly Meeting is reported as having 685 members, and soon after they were attached to New York Yearly Meeting, and of course are not included in the census of 1863.

In connection with the subject of statistics, I would call attention to the plan pursued by London Yearly Meeting which might be profitably adopted by similar bodies in this country.

The Subordinate Meetings are required to furnish annually a tabular statement, which is forwarded to the Yearly Meeting, in which the following questions are answered. How many particular meetings are there and what are the number of members, and how many habitual attenders not members, and how many marriages, births and deaths, convictions, resignations, reinstatements and disownments? By answering these questions, every Monthly Meeting would annually revise its records, a supervisory care would be exercised over members and attenders, and the objects of a Christian church would, it appears to me, be more fully carried out. P.

10th mo. 6, 1867.

MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.

Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something with everybody, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practice strict temperance, and in your transactions, remember the final account.

"JUDGE NOT THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

There is no denying that the world is full of such judgments as are here forbidden; needless, uncharitable, false, and hypocritical judgments.

How little of our conversation upon the faults of others is in any sense necessary! Most often we go out of our way to introduce it. We want something to talk of, and this comes. No sense of duty actuates us. Our little help is not wanted in branding crimes which society is ashamed of. And as for the smaller faults or follies of our neighbors, if they pass without censure no harm is done. Our judgments are often gratuitous, willing, wanton judgments; passed in idleness and unconcern; prompted by no feeling of duty; far, far worse, therefore, than any dulness, than any silence.

And if needless, then uncharitable too. There can be no charity in taking for our subject one whom we cannot praise and need not blame. But far more than this. Examine the judgments. How full of suspicion! How unwilling to allow merit not patent! How ready to imagine a bad motive, where by the nature of the case, (man being the judge) we cannot see nor know it! How prone to put the worst possible construction, instead of the best! How unwilling to regard any man as actuated by a pure disinterestedness or a lofty principle! The judgments passed in society upon our fellow-men are as uncharitable in their nature as they are needless in their utterance.—C. J. Vaughan.

THE HIDDEN MANNA.

BY H. W. B.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna."

We are incessantly tempted, in this life, to conform our ethical conduct either to our direct or implied physical condition. There is a natural, but not too good a tendency to make the metes and bounds of ethical truth and duty conform to natural law and then to interpret natural law on the side of selfishness. In all the relations of life—in the family, in the neighborhood, in business, in their whole estate—men are strongly inclined, if not to give up right and duty, yet to moderate their ideas of what is right; to take on milder conceptions of duty; to see if the cross cannot be evaded or avoided, or to make it as inconspicuous as possible. That tendency is natural, using the word *natural* in its lowest acceptance.

There is always present, more or less obtrusively, the economic argument in the soul, and we often find ourselves resorting to it to excuse ourselves from adhering to that which is incumbent upon us. When we are irradiated with conceptions of Christian life, when we have heroic ideals, we mean to be absolutely true men; we mean to have an unadulterated faith in God;

we mean to have the utmost sincerity of life; we mean to burn with a courage that shall never know obliquity; we mean to be enterprising, abounding in work. And yet, when we come out of the inspirational hours that sometimes come to us, and enter upon the actual experience of life, we come into the economic and argumentative mood. And the question arises whether it is proper in our circumstances—which are always peculiar—for us to do so and so. And in this mood we are always tempted as much as possible to avoid the cogency and urgency of the reasons which incline us to fulfil our duties, and to argue whether it is best for us, or ours, and for the world about us, to press forward in the path of duty which is opened before us.

Now, I do not undertake to say that these casuistical questions are not a part of our necessity, but I do say that the application of truths and principles requires right judgment and the continuous exercise thereof. It is not half so much trouble to know what the truth is in general as it is to know what the truth is at any particular time, and in its applications to particular phases of experience. And it is at this point, not that we are necessarily deceived, but that we are extremely liable to lean toward a compliance with worldly ways and customs, for the sake of getting along easier; for the sake of having more certain, solid, assured success.

"Man shall not live by bread alone," said the Saviour, when he was himself tempted. And the promise of our text is, Do not comply with evil under any circumstances; do not give way to worldly counsels, where they are distinctly opposite to spiritual counsels; do not consume yourselves with anxieties; do not use your strength needlessly; do not expend it on this thing or that when it might be better spent on something else; do not judge your prosperity by outward signs alone, and you shall have your reward. I will give to every man that means to maintain a godly and pure life—to every such man, whatever may be his trials, whatever may be his perils, and whatever may be his inducements, if he only will overcome his temptations, I will give a hidden support. I will feed him inwardly. As the Israelite had visible manna, so he shall have manna that is invisible, hidden, mystic.

There is nothing that seems more apparent to men of the world than for a man to stand, as it is said, *in his own light*; for a man to give up positive, in many respects, it may be innocent good, for the sake of some notion, some ism, some moral scruple. But yet it has been the experience and the testimony of more than one can count of blessed saints in heaven, and of multitudes that still dwell upon earth, and are engaged in its conflicts, that, no matter how rugged or steep the path may have been, they have

been best fed and best sustained when they have followed Christ the nearest. I will not say that those who follow Christ at all hazards will be best sustained outwardly, (though they will have enough for their outward wants; or, when they do not have this, what is better, they will die); but they will have, in spite of their circumstances, more of those ends for which men strive than they could have attained if they had conformed to the world.

Why do men strive? There is a pleasure in the use of our faculties that makes men industrious and enterprising; that leads them to become engineers, mechanics, labouring men, or scholars. There is pleasure in a life of activity. But mainly men are living for the sake of supplying themselves with a multitude of worldly benefits; that they may have a broader foundation for their family; that they may, if possible, derive more enjoyment from leisure; that they may multiply the sources of their improvement. In other words, various joy, that shall develop the mind, and fill up the heart; the evading of evil, which is a reflex seeking for possible joy—this is that which is the universal spring, the grand motive, of human action; and when you take away from a man the fear of evil and the hope of joy, you paralyze him. No man would be more than a leaf on a stream that had not this fear or this hope.

Now, it is the experience of men, and one of those experiences which we come to slowly and reluctantly, and which dawn upon us only after we have gone through a long course of struggle, that, after all, we find more happiness in the faithful performance of Christian duty at every hazard and sacrifice than we would have found with unobstructed freedom along the course of prosperity.

Let me take the case, for instance, of a man that pursues the most innocent course of life. It is thought of industry that it is good; that it is right; that it is praiseworthy. It is. But little by little man in the course of duty perils himself for others' sake, and begins to undermine his health and strength. And men say, "It is a pity that this man should not have avoided this excessive taxation upon his physical system. There is moderation in all things." But I have taken notice that, when it is moral things, moderation is known to all men; and when it is physical things, moderation is known to nobody. There is a general public sentiment that zeal and fervor for the animal system is all right enough; but that for the moral nature there should be great moderation and self-restraint. And so men look with pity upon a man that has been laid aside from activity by reason of over-exertion in the discharge of the most solemn duties that can be known in the providence of God.

It is hard to stand still enforcedly; and yet

many a man has learned, after the first days of bitterness, that he could reap more joy bedridden than he could on his feet.

It is the royal road to learn of love. Is there anything better than that a man should love his wife, or that a woman should love her husband? Is there anything nobler than the love which they give to their children? Is there any thing that is a more fit emblem of heaven than a Christian family, where conscience, and knowledge, and pure and true love unite all the members of it? And may not a man say, with some reason, "Let us build here three tabernacles, and abide in this paradise of God?" But in the providence of God one child dies, and another child is prostrated with sickness, and alienations come in to disturb the peace of the family circle, and the household is divided and scattered, and the paradise is invaded, and thorns and thistles come up where were blossoms and fruits; and under such circumstances a man is tempted to charge God falsely. And where there has been such temptation, and waste, and sickness, and desolation, and the heart has been burdened with sorrow, and the head has been bowed down with grief, and suffering has written its lines on the face, at last, though for the present these things are not joyous, they begin to bring patience, and inwardness, and hunger for that which the earth cannot supply, and to cause the soul to cry out, "O God, feed me, and give me the manna out of the cloud and darkness." How many persons have come at last to bear witness, "I have learned what I could not have learned if I had been spared from sorrow."

There is nothing that is better, seen from a purely economic point of view, than to build up society by material productions and external wealth. Far be it from me to say a word that undervalues these things. But you know very well that we are dwelling in communities where everything is as uncertain as a shepherd's tent. You build up your fortune, and God takes it down almost as often as the patriarchs did their tents. You are feeding from pasture to pasture. And you are finding that here and there God meets you with overthrow and reverse. And you feel, "To what profit is it that I have served God? What is there for me, whose whole life seems cross-plowed and cross-harrowed?" And you are tempted to complain of the allotments of Providence. But do you suppose a man's life consists in the abundance of the things that he possesses? Is this your estimate of man, that he is a thing to put raiment on? Is it your idea of life to build a treasure-house and put gold in it? Have you never had a conception of the royalty of sonship, and learned to love God and your fellow men? And though all your worldly possessions have been scattered, is there nothing left for you? Are you bankrupt because you have neither sil-

ver nor gold. Why, you have come to that state in which all the holy men on earth were! Prophets, patriarchs, apostles, ministering teachers of God, and the best men that have dwelt upon the face of the earth, had not where to lay their head. Silver and gold had they none. But they had manhood; they had courage; they had the power to sing and pray; they had that which enabled them to influence men for good. And there are many such now a-days. And to them I say, bear this witness among your fellow-men: "God comforts me; he makes my life better than any power on the globe could make it; food which no man can give gives he to me—hidden food, soul manna. And so I am sustained in going through persecutions for righteousness' sake."—*N. Y. Ind.*

POWER OF A GENTLE REBUKE.

A number of passengers were discussing the exciting questions of the day on board a steam-boat on one of our Western rivers. Oaths were frequently heard; and one man, in particular, in almost every sentence used the name of his Maker in a most irreverent manner.

Away from this excited party, but within hearing distance, sat a young lady with her husband and friends. The profanity was noticed by them, and they seemed shocked by its boldness. They could talk, but the timid, shrinking lady could act. "I can bear it no longer," she said, as she left her seat, and glided into the circle of the now loud and angry disputants. Placing her hand on the arm of the one who had shocked her by his oaths, and trembling with emotion, she begged him not to take the name of God in vain; to think how soon he might be called to meet Him in eternity. She said a few more words, and, frightened at her boldness, she burst into tears and left them.

The next day, before the boat reached its destination, the man came to this lady, took her by the hand, thanked her earnestly for her reproof, and said, "I will not forget your kind words; I will try and be a different man, and live for the eternity awaiting me." A few months after, the lady was called from earth. The influence of that open and decided rebuke will only be known when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

Many of us can shudder, and deplore the open wickedness about us, but how many of us have the decision of Christian character to enable us to reprove sin in the right spirit when the opportunity is given us?

THE CHARACTER OF RICHTER is too marked to be easily misunderstood. His prominent traits are tenderness and manliness—qualities which are seldom found united in so high a degree as in him. Over all he sees, over all he

writes, are spread the sunbeams of a cheerful spirit—the light of inexhaustible human love. Every sound of human joy, as human sorrow, finds a deep-resounding echo in his bosom. In every man he loves his humanity only, not his superiority. The avowed object of all his literary labors was to raise up again the down-sunken faith in God, virtue, and immortality, and in an egotistical, revolutionary age, to warm again our sympathies which have now grown cold. Not less boundless is his love for nature—for this outward, beautiful world. In his mind all this became idealised.

This spirit of love was not weakness but strength; it was united in him with great manliness. The sword of his spirit had been forged and beaten by poverty; its temper had been tried by a thirty years war. It was not broken, or even blunted, but rather strengthened and sharpened by the blows it gave and received. And, possessing this noble spirit of humanity, endurance, and self-denial, he made literature his profession, as if he had been divinely commissioned to write.—*Longfellow.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 19, 1867.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.—The Second Meeting of the Lyceum was held on the 8th inst. It was one of great interest, and the attendance was large. Several original, instructive essays were read, one of which, "The Cricket," is published in our present number.

THE FREEDMEN'S APPEAL.—We call attention to the "Appeal," which will be found in another column, from "Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen." During the vacation of the Teachers, we mingled socially with them, and were deeply impressed with the earnest steadfastness with which they devote themselves to the work, regardless of the many privations to which they are subjected. The last Annual Report has been generally circulated, and we hope will be read.

The letters from the Teachers, which are incorporated in it, are full of interest, and give to the reader a correct idea of what has been accomplished through their instrumentality.

MARRIED, at Oak Hill, Phila., Tenth month 10th, 1867, under the care of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, of which the groom is a member, JOSEPH S., son of Joseph S. and Ann C. Lovering, and MARY B., daughter of Daniel C. and Susan S. Cowgill, of Dover, Del.

DIED, at her residence, near Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio, on the morning of the 15th of Ninth mo., 1867, ABIGAIL, wife of Robert Batten, aged about 70 years; an exemplary member of Salem Monthly and Quarterly Meetings.

—, on the evening of the 7th of Tenth month, 1867, TABITHA A., wife of Joshua Clendenon, in her 49th year; a member of Green Street Monthly Meeting.

In the prime of life this Friend has been removed from the midst of an interesting family, to whom she was a faithful wife and mother. Having properly fulfilled her duties here on earth, may she not be entitled to the reward of the righteous—an everlasting home in the Heavenly Kingdom.

—, on the 11th inst., WILLIAM P. PUSEY, in the 76th year of his age; a member of Darby Monthly Meeting, Pa.

—, on the 12th inst., near Attleboro, MARY R. PAXSON, in the 31st year of her age, daughter of Samuel H. Paxson; members of Middletown Monthly Meeting, Pa.

ERRATA.—Page 481, second column, 8th line, for "mockery" read "working." Page 482, second column, 8th line, for "conventionable," read "conventional."

THE PENNA. PEACE SOCIETY

Will hold a Meeting at Friends' Meeting-House, Gwynedd, on First-day afternoon, the 20th inst., at 2 o'clock.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

As it may be interesting to Friends, the following list of First-day Schools is published. Although full reports have not been received, it will be safe to say that nearly or quite 1000 children attend, more or less frequently. Full reports from all schools of this kind is particularly requested, and should be addressed to the care of "EMMOR COMLY, 144 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia."

Reading, Pa.; Green St. Meeting-House, Philadelphia; Germantown, Phila.; Alloway's Creek, N. J.; Salem, N. J.; Goose Creek Meeting-House, Lincoln, Va.; Colored School, Lincoln, Va.; West Branch, Pa.; Kennett Square, Pa.; Baltimore, Md.; Race St. Meeting-House, Phila.; Boston, N. Y.; Gosben, Chester Co., Pa.; West Chester, Pa.; Miami Meeting-House, Ohio; Richmond, Ind.; Mt. Pleasant, Ohio.

The last named is taught by members of both divisions of Friends.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES.

The Committee have appointed the following conferences, in regard to First-day Schools, and invite the attendance of Friends generally.

At Friends' Meeting-house, Lombard St., Baltimore, on Fourth-day evening, Tenth month 30th, at 7½ o'clock, (being Yearly Meeting week.)

At Race St. Meeting-House, Phila., on Seventh-day morning, Eleventh month 2d, at 10½ o'clock.

Communications from absent Friends, and accounts of any First-day Schools amongst Friends, will be acceptable, and may be addressed to Eli M. Lamb, 171 McCulloh St., Baltimore, or to the care of E. Comly, 144 N. Seventh St., Phila.

Reason cannot show itself more reasonably than to leave reasoning on things *above* reason.
—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE CRICKET.

BY J. G. HUNT.

"And with childlike credulous affection,
We behold those tender wings expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land."

We would interest our young readers a little in the habits and structure of the common cricket.

Naturalists call him Acheta, and our species is *not* the same as the English cricket. His social chirp about the house, or in the fields, these pensive autumn afternoons, surely has endeared him to all of us, even if it has not awakened the curiosity to discover how this curious noise is made.

A short walk in the fields, or along some grassy lane, will reveal to us many of these nimble fellows skipping about and perhaps chirping away in all the gladness of summer life. What a merry time they seem to have of it! When other songs cease, and the light fades, and silence creeps over all out-door things, the cricket's shrill chirp is loudest, reminding us that summer is over, and the time of ripe nuts and brown leaves is at hand.

With his strong fore legs and hard jaws the cricket digs holes in the banks, often more than a foot in depth, and into these he escapes for safety, and to pass the winter in a nearly torpid condition. The mother cricket is much larger than the male, and is furnished with an ovipositor, an inch in length, attached to the posterior of her body. This organ is composed of two separable pieces, like the two halves of a tube split longitudinally, but capable of fitting accurately together, and the canal thus formed connects with the egg-duct in the body of the cricket. The ovipositor has a double function; with it the insect pierces holes, in the ground, and along its canal the little oval, greenish eggs glide into these holes, where they remain till hatched by the summer sun. The young cricket resembles the adult in form except that the wings are absent; in his next stage of development these organs are rudimentary, and they acquire full size only when the cricket is mature. He casts off his black corselet during these stages of growth, but from the time he hops from the egg, no bigger than a flea, his garments are made of the same kind of cloth and from the same pattern, only his last suit is the biggest.

We brought home from the fields a handful of these insects, and turned them loose in our Wardian case, for we were very curious to learn how that chirping song was made; and while we write this in the night's still hour, close at our elbow, under the damp foliage of lycopods and the graceful papyrus, our pets are chirping most merrily. They have eaten bread and rice and

ripe fruits, and are happy, and we have found that the cricket, like man, is a very thirsty animal. The sparkling dew-drop is his morning draught, though milk is highly appreciated by our chirping epicures.

Nearly all observers say the cricket makes his peculiar chirp with his wings; this is a mistake. He elevates his *wing-cases* to a certain angle and then rubs them together with a quick lateral motion. That this chirp is solely the result of friction of his wing-cases, we proved beyond a doubt by taking a dead cricket and imitating the movement, when the same sound was produced. These cases are very wonderful organs. The right one overlaps the other, and its inner edge is very thin and elastic, and bent down a little towards its fellow, against which it grates when in motion. Both these cases are highly resonant in character, and penetrated all through with hollow ribs, which branch off in o elegant diamond patterns, especially in the female. Strong muscles play these curious fiddles, and large nerves supply the motive power. We have heard the chirp of the same cricket continue for many hours without intermission, but if the strongest man will hold his empty fist out ten minutes, it will exhaust his strength. Life-long silence, we believe, is imposed upon the female cricket, though probably she is not guilty of loving music.

On the head of the cricket grows two long organs called antennæ, and it is probable the senses of hearing and touch reside in these appendages. In one of these antennæ we counted one hundred and twelve joints, and each joint is a perfect ball and socket capable of motion in all directions. It is very curious to see the cricket deliberately take his fore foot and bend down these long ears into his mouth, and carefully pass every joint over his labial brushes in order to cleanse them. Our merry chirper moreover has three thousand black eyes—we have known persons quite conscious of only two—and every one of these requires frequent sponging with his fore legs. Indeed the cricket uses his legs quite dexterously, for if the egg travels too slowly along its canal, he takes his hind feet and gently helps it along.

Unlike some other subjects, the cricket is worth looking at a little inside. We suffered one to die easily under chloroform, and then cut him open under water. The apertures in his sides for the air to enter his body—more beautiful in pattern than any of our parlor registers—we could see communicating with innumerable tubes which divide like the branches of a tree, and again subdivide, running between and all over every organ, carrying air to all parts of the body. Muscular bands in countless numbers tie this system of tubing to the other organs and to his body. The French naturalist Lyon-

net, it is said, counted four thousand and sixty-one muscles in a caterpillar; we did not count that many in our cricket, but we have evidence that he, and some other insects, possess the power to dilate and contract this entire system of air pipes, thus *ventilating* themselves at will. Are not such creatures to be envied when the thermometer is at 90°? Sidney Smith did not know about crickets, when he conceived the inelegant plan of sitting in his dry-bones to get cool.

The cricket's food is chiefly solid substances, such as plants and fruits; he bites off the delicate cells from these, and possibly picks out the raphides and the crystals for his candies and sweetmeats, and he swallows everything without chewing. He must therefore have a gizzard to grind it fine enough for digestion, and accordingly we find that organ to be a strong muscular sack, armed inside with many rows of hard teeth. Insects that take liquid food have no need of gizzards. The musquito steals his banquet from the thin veins of other animals, or starves, and is without a gizzard—we had almost said he does not deserve so beautiful an organ.

We continued our exploration of the cricket's food-pipe downwards to the stomach proper, and what, is it supposed, did we find? Not candies nor sweetmeats, but *worms*, worms—and enough of them too—of the genus *oxyurus*, called now, we believe, *ascaris*; and although our cricket died easy under chloroform, these active, writhing, glassy parasites were alive and happy. Life and happiness in a cricket's food-pipe! What economy of space and fitness of being are here manifested; but not here only, for all over the earth her visible inhabitants are but a little family compared to the herds that graze within us. If we have said enough to interest our young readers in our subject, it is all we aimed at. Let us now hear what Andrews Norton says of the cricket. We value music for the thoughts it excites within us, or for the sweet emotions it wafts across the chords of our own soul.

"I love, thou little chirping thing,
To hear thy melancholy noise;
Though thou to Fancy's ear may sing
Of summer past and fading joys.
Thou canst not now drink dew from flowers,
Nor sport along the traveller's path,
But, through the winter's weary hours,
Shall warm thee at my lonely hearth.
And when my lamp's decaying beam
But dimly shows the lettered page,
Rich with some ancient poet's dream,
Or wisdom of a prurient age,—
Then will I listen to thy sound,
And, musing o'er the embers pale,
With whitening ashes strewed around,
The forms of memory unveil;
Recall the many colored dreams
That Fancy fondly weaves for youth,

When all the bright illusion seems
The pictured promises of truth;
Perchance observe the fitful light,
And its faint flashes round the room;
And think some pleasures feebly bright
May lighten thus life's varied gloom.
I love the quiet midnight hour,
When Care, and Hope, and Passion-sleep,
And Reason, with untroubled power,
Can her late vigils duly keep;—
I love the night: and sooth to say,
Before the merry birds, that sing
In all the glare and noise of day,
Prefer the cricket's grating wing."

Appeal from the "Association of Friends of Philadelphia for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen."

The time for re-opening our schools having arrived, we again earnestly appeal to Friends for aid to support those schools.

The Third Annual Report will give a detailed account of what has been done with the means furnished.

We feel that our labors among the Freedmen have heretofore been greatly blessed, and although they have now arrived at that condition in which they are able to provide for the most pressing of their bodily wants, they yet need help in the education of their children, and we ask you to unite with us in aiding them to prepare for future usefulness.

We have 16 schools, numbering 1000 pupils, including evening and First-day schools, under the care of faithful and well qualified teachers. These we shall be under the necessity of recalling, unless the funds in our treasury are materially increased; but we want not only to keep up the schools already established, but trust that means will be placed at our disposal to open others in answer to the numerous pressing appeals made to us. Friends have always been esteemed the friend of the colored man, and we trust that they will still continue to aid him. Money to pay teachers is most needed;—donations of books, seeds, toys or clothing will also be acceptable.

We appeal to the clerks or interested Friends in each Preparative or Monthly Meeting to lay the subject before Friends at the close of those meetings, and appoint collecting committees.

H. M. LAING, Treasurer, 30 N. Third St.
Ninth mo. 18, 1867.

GROWING OLD.

They say I am growing old because my hair is silvered, and there are crow's feet upon my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as of yore. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house in which I live. But I am young, younger now than I ever was before.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 8.

ANTWERP, September 1st, 1867.

Years ago in America—thirty years ago—I saw a copy of Rubens' "Crucifixion of Christ" between the thieves, and never before or since have I seen a picture that revealed to me so much of the peculiar mission of painting; and I have now seen the original. This picture, even in a copy—but it was a splendid copy—taught me the secret of bearing pain—taught me that it was given by God to man to lay down his life and to take it up again by an act of faith. Here we have the impenitent thief struggling against the cross with a fierce agony that has torn one of his feet out of the staple that had nailed it, and you perceive that in his fierce resistance every nerve and fibre is quickened to realize the whole capacity of man to suffer in physical pain; the penitent thief has a slight but increasing relief coming over him as he forgets himself in reverent sympathy for the innocent sufferer by his side, whom he has recognized to be the Son of God—which every man may be if he will not stray into a far country; and there is the Christ, who seems not to have struggled, but to have left his body in the hands of his tormentors to do with it as they will, while he has gone into some inward place—into the silence, as you would say—to inquire into the last counsels of God respecting his fellow-creatures. He is dead; he has said, "It is finished," and the dignity of that utterance has closed those lips with an unutterable majesty. One could not bear the intense reality of the suffering of the thieves—especially the impenitent one—if the feelings were not relieved by the sight of this complete triumph over pain, suggested by the figure of Jesus, who did not struggle, but accepted the cup which His Father had given Him. I do not think that the effect on others of the suffering is taken away by believing in the completeness of the triumph. But the completeness of the triumph reveals a law which only faith, utter faith, enables the human being to seize; and utter faith that reaches such truth must come from utter love, from experimentally knowing that the gift of God to man is that absolute communion with Himself, which shall shed all the infirmities of life, or rather transfigure them into powers of beneficence.

There is in the museum at Antwerp an infant Jesus on the lap of his mother, which was the portrait of Rubens' own son, and a picture of intelligent young life such as God only could make; and near this is another crucifixion, representing the last agony. As a friend said to me, "What a sweep of genius to command so perfectly the bliss of childhood and man's extremity!" I should really want a ream of paper before me to follow out or even suggest

the thoughts awakened by Rubens' various pictures of Christ. Their intense reality gives one such a vivid sense of his humanity, and brings him so home to one's conscience, that all one's humanity is awakened. So many of these Catholic pictures give you a *passive* Christ, and the idea of suffering that springs from weakness, before which nature faints; but Rubens' Christ gives the idea of suffering that attends progress only, and which is being continually transmuted into heavenly life.

I remember Dr. Channing used to say in his parish preaching that the sufferings of Christ were looked at wholly in a false way; that people were weakened by having the agonies of the cross depicted till physical terror invaded and overcame the spirit. But the true lesson of the cross was triumphant joy. It revealed that no amount of injury could quench *love*; that on the mount of pain the soul could still forget itself in thought for others; that human nature could rise to the height of divine nature.

What I wish to say respecting Rubens' pictures is this; they should be sought and studied as masterpieces of art. He was prodigious in his power. He was conscious of human nature up to the point of its equality with suffering; he knew therefore how to picture all the suffering of self-sacrifice in all its stages. The "Taking from the Cross" is indeed a work that seems unsurpassable. It approaches nearer to the act of material creation than I could have conceived possible before having seen it. One says especially in remembering it, Do not those limbs feel? are not those forms conscious? do they not breathe? are they not warm? do not those heart strings quiver?

It seems to me the effect of Rubens on Antwerp is visible. The death of Christ is impressed on the whole city; Christ crucified, as large as life, is seen here and there in the streets, in the midst of the business, and people cross themselves and bend the knee as they pass.

But *Christ risen* is not so visible. Rubens went to the tomb and was faithful to the death, but he never saw the *young man who rolled away the stone from the sepulchre* (which could not hold the unquenchable life) and *sat upon it with countenance like lightning and garments white as snow*.

THE FREE CITY OF HAMBURG, September 4th.

There cannot be conceived a greater contrast than that between Antwerp and Hamburg. In Hamburg I have not seen one emblem of the death of Christ. Its churches are without painted windows and walls, but I find here what I have not perceived elsewhere in Europe so energetically developed—the *spirit of Christ risen*.

I am amazed at the riches of the city. It is not displayed in single public buildings,—

though these are handsome—so much as in streets, and streets of private dwelling houses built of stone, four or five stories high, and evidently full of rich and happy people. The streets are wide, and face the basins and the Alster River; or are lined with avenues of noble trees. The poor live also in this kind of houses, only they are old, but were formerly inhabited by rich people. Moreover, I see no wretched poverty. The richer Hamburgers dispense of their superfluity to the poorer, and such plans (plans carried out) for the improvement of the poor, and for their relief, I have not seen elsewhere nor heard of. Riding out through the environs of the city, which are made up of beautiful villas like those of Germantown near Philadelphia and of Brookline near Boston, I observed two immense buildings with beautiful grounds, one of which was built on three sides of a garden. The architecture was fine, and I was told that the buildings contained three stories divided into suits of three rooms, handsomely furnished, and containing all the conveniences for independent and refined living. Both these buildings were occupied by elderly people who had once been rich and were fallen into poverty, and who lived here rent free, and were well supplied with the comforts of life by a Mr. Schreder, who built these houses at an expense of two millions of dollars. He is a rich Hamburg merchant, who inherited and has made money to the amount of fifteen millions. He has ten children, to each of whom he gives a million of dollars, and who very promptly acceded to his proposition of spending the rest for more general objects. He with his wife lives in a pretty place in the vicinity of Hamburg in a very simple way, and they often visit the people whom they have made so comfortable. So much for the private benevolence of one Hamburger.

E. P. P.

EVENING HYMN.

Thou, from whom we never part,
 Thou, whose love is everywhere,
 Thou, who seest every heart,
 Listen to our evening prayer.
 Father! fill our souls with love,
 Love unfailing, full and free,
 Love no injury can move,
 Love that ever rests on thee.
 Heavenly Father! through the night
 Keep us safe from every ill:
 Cheerful as the morning light,
 May we wake to do thy will.

—*Religious Magazine.*

It is with our thoughts as with our flowers—those that are simple in expression, carry their seed with them; those that are double through rich and pomp, charm the mind but produce nothing.

THE ANSWER.

Spare me, dread angel of reproof,
 And let the sunshine weave to-day
 Its gold threads in the warp and woof
 Of life so poor and gray.

Spare me awhile: the flesh is weak.
 These lingering feet, that fain would stay
 Among the flowers, shall some day seek
 The strait and narrow way.

Take off thy ever-watchful eye,
 The awe of thy rebuking frown;
 The dullest slave at times must sigh
 To fling his burdens down;
 To drop his galley's straining oar,
 And press, in summer warmth and calm,
 The lap of some enchanted shore
 Of blossom and of balm.

Grudge not my life its hour of bloom,
 My heart its taste of long desire;
 This day be mine: be those to come
 As duty shall require.

The deep voice answered to my own,
 Smiting my selfish prayers away:
 "To-morrow is with God alone,
 And man hath but to-day.

"Say not thy fond, vain heart within,
 The Father's arms shall still be wide
 When from these pleasant ways of sin
 Thou turn'st at eventide."

"Cast thyself down," the tempter saith,
 "And angels shall thy feet upbear."
 He bids thee make a lie of faith,
 A blasphemy of prayer.

Though God be good and free be Heaven,
 No force divine can love compel;
 And, though the song of sins forgiven
 May sound through lowest hell,

The sweet persuasion of His voice
 Respects thy sanctity of will.
 He giveth day: thou hast thy choice
 To walk in darkness still;

As one who, turning from the light,
 Watches his own gray shadow fall,
 Doubting, upon his path of night,
 If there be day at all!

No word of doom may shut thee out,
 No wind of wrath may downward whirl,
 No swords of fire keep watch about
 Thy open gates of pearl.

A tenderer light than moon or sun,
 Than song of earth a sweeter hymn,
 May shine and sound forever on,
 And then be deaf and dim.

Forever round the Mercy-seat
 The guiding lights of Love shall burn;
 But what if, habit-bound, thy feet
 Shall lack the will to turn?

What if thine eye refuse to see,
 Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fail,
 And thou a willing captive be,
 Thyself thy own dark jail?

O doom beyond the saddest guess,
 As the long years of God unroll
 To make thy dreary selfishness
 The prison of a soul!

To doubt the love that fain would break
 The fetters from thy self-bound limb;
 And dream that God can thee forsake
 As thou forsakest Him!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

FEED THOSE TREES.

Various animals require different kinds of food; so also do the numerous varieties of trees and plants that comprise the vegetable kingdom,—and as the animals thrive by what they feed on, so do the trees flourish by furnishing them with the appropriate elements of fertility. No one would confine an animal and expect it to grow, or even hold its own, without feeding and care; and yet how many purchase fruit trees to plant in neglected, out-of-the-way places, expecting they will grow and bear fruit in due season. The majority who purchase nursery trees will not set them in their gardens, nor on their rich lands, because they would be in the way of the plow, and if they do plow the land where trees are set, they are sure to let the plow run close enough to cut off everything but the body. Dwarf trees are set in turf, where they cannot thrive for want of culture, and cattle are allowed to browse on them in winter. I know more who thus plant than of those who cultivate the tree as a thing of beauty and of profit. A man who thus neglects his trees, expecting they will take care of themselves, is likely to come to his grave before partaking of the fruits his hands have planted. As you would grow a handsome ox, a large cabbage, or field of fine grain, by feeding them, so you can grow your fruit trees, nor will they thrive in any other way.

The writer has a field of several acres devoted to apples, pears and grapes, which is admitted to be equal to any in the State for beauty, vigor and productiveness. The whole are cultivated. No raw or rank manure is put to the ground, but every year or two a compost is made of stable manure, turf and muck, ashes and shell lime, with scrapings and waste of blacksmith shops. When this is well heated and pulverized, a bushel or more is dug in around every pear tree, both standard and dwarf. On this feed they flourish, and are kept healthy. The cause of such loss to the pear orchards is doubtless owing to the excessive forcing by strong unfermented manures. Many have lost half their trees in this way.

I have never lost one by the frozen sap blight, nor the sun-scald. Dwarfs have done as well as standards, and in some cases have rooted above their junction. This is induced by slitting up the bark of the pear stalk at the junction in the ground, at the season of the descent of the sap. This care and labor for the orchard has paid well with me, and "what man has done man may do."—A. L. L., *Granby, Ct.*

—*Cultivator and Country Gentleman.*

It will never do to take it for granted that wrong will right itself. Weeds in a neglected garden, instead of dying out, will grow rampant and choke the good. Evil needs only sufferance to accomplish all its fell designs.

HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL.

A person in New York, who, as a dressmaker, has made money and friends, has written to the *New York Sun*, from her own experience, some hints to young people, who have to select an employment, and make their own way in it. We wish many more persons of experience, of character, who have been successful, and who are actuated by motives of benevolence, would do the same. There is something fresh and useful about living experience, especially where not personal vanity, but the desire to do others good, lies at the basis of the narration. Such information as that may be the means of saving thousands of the young, innocent and energetic from poverty and error. The columns of this paper are studiously and laboriously devoted to the dissemination of all such truths as we can obtain, and are calculated to do good to this large class, upon whom the hopes of this city, and all cities, depend so much. We condense some of the hints from the experience of the lady we have alluded to, and from other sources, for general benefit:

1. Get the best idea of precisely what you want to learn. Some have this very definitely fixed; they want to learn dressmaking or tailoring, or bonnet-making or printing, or drawing and designing, or wood engraving or teaching. Nature and early education, or habit, may have made this clear. But others seek only to earn an independent living. The rough, coarse, easy work of almost all sorts is paid about alike, *i. e.*, the lowest that those who do it can live for. But where skill, energy, and unusual good qualities are required, more will be paid, and to get a clear idea of these qualities, the germ of some one or more of which each one possesses, if only cultivated, is the foundation of good fortune. Many employments pay best at first, because there is no chance to rise by cultivation, or because destructive to health or morals. These are to be most carefully shunned in all their approaches. There are plenty of ways in which young persons can support themselves while learning modes of industry, that, once mastered, will make them independent. But the most perfect health and good, honest associations are above all price.

2. Go to the best place to learn. Make any reasonable sacrifice to get into the best house in the business. "This is not always the largest," adds our lady friend. In too large an establishment the business may be too much cut up into departments. The best is that where the best work is done, where there are fewest tricks, where there is sufficient capital to avoid all make-shifts and mean acts.

3. Use your eyes, head and ears (and tongue, to make inquiry), so as to know not only the particular branch of the business in which you are engaged, but its relations to other branches.

Know it to the *bottom* as to *why* everything is made just so, and what it will bring in the best markets, and who are its chief consumers. The principles and the practice of every art and profession are not easily learned. Employers do not often *like* to teach these things. Often they carefully conceal them for fear of rivals, and often those who are most successful, and have the most knowledge and good will, do not know *how* to teach that which is so complicated. But by cultivating the good will and *easy conversation* of all those around, a thousand things will become plain that the silent plodder never gets an idea of. To secure the respect of employers by *discretion* is a great point.

4. *Aim high.*—To be the most exact, punctual, diligent, is within the reach of all, yet how few attempt superior excellence of this sort! But to use extra skill, and *all* the talents God has given in parts of an employment, in themselves repulsive perhaps, and to use them generously to secure high ends, is the surest road to success. To aim to be the most perfect possible in any manufacture, in any study, in any trade, will show how superior excellence is to be attained beyond the highest present conception, and it is that highest knowledge and practice which will bring all the reward. People are afraid of trouble. "I have always had as much to do as I could, at the best prices from the best class of customers whom I have kept from beginning to end, and among whom I found some of the best and dearest friends of my life." This cannot be done without thought and study. Many lose customers and friends because their ideas get too old to be worked up into use, instead of always growing as they should.

"Let your business be a part of your religion, but not the whole of it." So writes the admirable correspondent to whom we have referred. Pray for the Divine blessing and have faith in the Divine assistance, while faithful. But when disappointments come, as they will to all, feel that there is something higher to which they have led your mind. Be not envious of those who by greater energy, enterprise and sagacity, have prospered more than you, though in many other things they may have seemed to you inferior and much wanting, for it is just and reasonable that energy should be rewarded with wealth; but how much happiness wealth may bring will depend greatly upon the dispositions of mind that have procured it. Honesty, politeness, faith in God and benevolence secure peace and happiness with wealth, or even without it.—*Public Ledger*.

The moment a man gives away to inordinate desire, disquietude and torment take possession of his heart. The proud and the covetous are never at rest; but the humble and poor in spirit possess their souls in the plenitude of peace.—*Kempis*.

THE TURN OF LIFE.

Between the years of forty and sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attack of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has formed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a stand still. But athwart this is a viaduct, called the turn of life, which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then beyond without a boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden, whether it bend or break. Gout and apoplexy are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with a fitter staff, and he may trudge in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "The Turn of Life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk, or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, whilst a careful supply of the props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in.—*The Science of Life, by a Physician*.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

The experiments on the sensitive plant, conducted by M. Bert, have been taken up by M. Ch. Blondeau, who has tested the leaves with the induced galvanic current of Rubnakorff's coil. He submitted three plants to the influence of the electric current. The first was operated on for five minutes; the plant when left to itself seemed prostrated, but after a while (a quarter of an hour), the leaves opened, and it seemed to recover itself. The second was acted on for ten minutes. This specimen was prostrate for an hour, after which it slowly recovered. The third specimen was galvanized for twenty-five minutes, but never recovered, and in twenty-four hours had the appearance of a plant struck by lightning. A fourth plant was etherized, and then exposed to the current. Strange to say, the latter had no effect, and the leaves remained straight and open; thus proving, says M. Blondeau, that the mode of contraction of the leaves of the sensitive plant is in some way allied to the muscular contraction of animals.

A NEW COMMODITY.

Scientific research and intelligent investigation are constantly adding new substances to those already recognized as possessing a mercantile value. Within a few months a new textile has been announced, but a more recent discovery promises practical results not only immediate, but having an important bearing upon various interests. A species of sponge, (not the ordinary sponge of commerce, but grass-sponge, heretofore considered useless,) which grows in exhaustless quantities among the coral formations of the Bahama Islands, on the coast of Mexico and Florida, is ascertained to be exactly suited to a large variety of mechanical purposes, and is destined to enter largely into domestic consumption. It grows in very shallow water, and hence requires no skill or labor for its production.

Although the peculiar properties of this vegetable growth were unknown until within a recent period, vessels are leaving New York and Boston regularly to obtain cargoes; and the substance, as prepared by machinery at the factory in Birmingham, Ct., is in demand for bedding and upholstering purposes far beyond the means now at command for its supply. As a substitute for curled hair and feathers, which were too expensive for any except the opulent classes, it seems complete. Henceforth the poor man can throw away his bed of straw, and at a moderate expense provide himself with a place of rest as soft and luxuriant as those more favored with worldly goods.

The newly discovered sponge grows in a scraggly form among the corals of the sea-shore, and is gathered by natives of the Bahamas, and delivered dry at a certain price per pound, payable in merchandise at the various places of deposit. A schooner belonging to the New York Elastic Sponge Manufacturing Company, left this city lately on her fourth trip; and another, belonging to the American Patent Sponge Company of Boston, left at the same time—the latter company paying a royalty to the former. Each vessel brings from 80,000 to 100,000 lbs., compressed into bales by machinery. To render this substance merchantable, the first process is to put it into what paper manufacturers call a "stuff engine," where it is cut, washed, and freed from calcareous matter and other impurities. It is afterwards passed through a series of rubber rollers, saturated with glycerine, (which preserves its natural elasticity,) and is then seasoned in ovens and baled. A single inch will expand to twelve times its bulk. Thus prepared the sponge is free from all forms of insect life, never packs, and is not liable to decay, and is much softer and more elastic than other materials which it seems destined to displace—at least to a certain extent. One pound is considered equivalent to one and a half or

two of either feathers or hair, and its cost is comparatively small. For carriage upholstery, car seats, church cushions, mattresses, &c., sponge is already in extensive use, and is highly commended.

As a new commodity, furnishing employment for skill and labor, starting new processes in machinery, and especially as affording to all classes additional means of comfort without a corresponding tax upon pecuniary resources, the discovery thus announced possesses not a little commercial importance.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Shipping and Mercantile Gazette* says he saw a practical proof of the truth of the old adage that oil would calm the troubled waters. The event occurred on a voyage from St. Johns, N. F., to Bristol, England. The vessel was loaded with oil and blubber, and, experiencing severe weather, was disabled and thrown on her beam ends. The sea being very heavy, it was suggested that oil would smooth it, and a hogshead was broached in the hold, and the oil pumped into the ocean with the water made by the leaking vessel. The effect was marvelous. The vessel was drifting to leeward, and to windward the sea appeared as though there was a calm, and in spite of a tremendous gale, the sea never broke on board for the eight days the vessel lay to. When the effect was observed, the oil was not spared, and the vessel reached Scilly, though so crippled as not to be worth repairing. If this be true, it must greatly diminish the dangers of whaling, and a few barrels placed on board every other sea-going craft might prove the salvation of some in stormy weather.—*The Press.*

PUGNACITY OF THE WREN.

The burrow of the woodpecker is far too comfortable a dwelling to be neglected by the wren, who allows the woodpecker to proceed with its labors until he thinks the hole is large enough for his purpose, and then assaults the unfortunate burrowers, driving them off to seek another and a less disturbed locality. In one case a pair of woodpeckers began to make a tunnel in an apple tree, and were driven from the spot by a house wren. They then pitched upon a pear tree, completed their burrow, and laid one egg, when they were again attacked by the fiery little bird, and obliged to abandon the locality altogether.—*Homes without Hands.*

Every successful teacher is composed of three component parts—patience, tact, and, lastly, book-learning. It is not what the teacher puts into, or, as is more commonly the case, on to the child that does the work, but what she draws out. And no one has a right to assume the heavy responsibilities of a teacher who has not the ability to develop that rectitude of charac-

ter which will enable a child to do a thing because it is right, and not because men esteem it to be so.

"MARBLED" PAPER.

Few, even of those who are familiar with the name, understand how that species of mottled or brindled paper, so much used for the covers of books, is made to assume its curious appearance. The following information is sent to the Boston Traveller, by a lady who lately visited Harper's great printing establishment, in New York, and "saw how it was done:"

The most remarkable thing to me, after all, was the "marbling process," which I don't believe you know any more about than I did. In Europe it is kept as a great secret. A tank is filled with gum and water, and water colors are thrown upon the surface, first black, then red, blue, or yellow, each spot of color remaining perfectly distinct, but changing its form as it is displaced by the next one.

Then a comb, or rake, is drawn along the surface. These are of various degrees of fineness, and a great variety of patterns can be given. The "comb pattern" is now most used. As a special compliment to his inquisitive lady visitor, the man made a pattern called the "peacock's tail," really very handsome and elaborate. The sheets are laid lightly on the top, and when taken off retain the impression. They are then dried and afterward burnished.

"THE PATH OF THE JUST IS AS THE SHINING LIGHT."

Thus the Christian's path breaks out of obscurity; the darkness is past and the true light now shineth. His religion is not only real, but apparent, and as it need not, and should not be hid, so it will not and cannot be hid. There will be the work of faith, and the labor of love, and the patience of hope, and the fruit of the Spirit. Pity will get into the eye; meekness will smile in the features; the law of kindness will dwell upon the tongue. They that were in darkness will show themselves, and in a thousand ways their light will shine before men.

ITEMS.

THE COMMISSION created in England to examine the subject of Ritualism have reported to the Queen that they have made an impartial examination of the matter; that they do not regard vestments as essential, as "they give grave offence to many;" that they consider it expedient "to restrain in the public services of the United Church of England and Ireland all variations in respect of vestures from that which has long been the established usage of the said United Church, and think that this may be best secured by providing aggrieved parishioners with an easy and effectual process for complaint and redress." They say, however, that they are not yet prepared to recommend the best mode of giving effect to the conclusions of their report, but will consider this matter, and make a future communication upon it.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION from Fifth month 1st to Ninth month 10th, received \$1,500,000 as fees from visitors for admission tickets. It is stated that \$300,000 more will be required to cover the expenses, and that this will be collected before the exposition closes at the end of this month.

ENGRAVING is a surprising art, and it is announced that to such a wonderful extent has the engraving of test objects for microscopes been carried, that a Prussian artist has engraved lines upon glass so close together that upwards of eighty thousand would go in the space of an inch. Several series of these lines were engraved upon one slip of glass. By these the defining power of any object-glass could be ascertained. As test objects they are equal to, and even rival, many natural objects which have hitherto been employed for this purpose. The delicate lines are not more than one one-hundredth-thousandth part of an inch apart.

CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—The grubs or larvæ of a kind of long legged fly, belonging to the *tipula* family and found in the forests of Northern Europe, are without feet, and unable, consequently, to move far from one locality. They occur in vast numbers in certain places, and when desirous of changing their abode, they attach themselves to each other by means of a glutinous secretion, so as to form a living cord many feet in length, and one or two inches in thickness. In one instance the column was more than thirty yards long, although the grubs themselves measure less than half an inch each. The column crawls slowly along at a snail's pace, but moves steadily along to its goal. If an intermediate portion be removed, the remaining fragments, if undisturbed, reunite, and if the head and tail of the procession be brought together a circle is formed, which keeps going round and round, sometimes for days, before it is broken and progress can be resumed. It is probable that the resemblance to a serpent may have the effect of preventing attacks upon the column by other animals.

The remains of a gentleman lost on a glacier fifteen years ago have recently been discovered. In 1852 the Syndic of Gressonay fell into a crevasse on the Aventina glacier (under the Brethorn, on the Italian side) so deep that, though men were let down by ropes, they were unable to reach his body. A few weeks ago the landlord of the little inn at the head of the Val d'Ayas, into which the Aventina glacier descends, found these remains on the surface of the ice, and they were brought down for burial by a large party of the inhabitants. The bones were broken into fragments by the pressure of the ice. Strange to say, however, the unfortunate man's telescope was found almost uninjured.

TO MEASURE A TREE.—Farmers and mechanics wishing to cut a piece of timber of a certain length proceed to the woods and select a tree that would suit, but are not certain whether the length can be got out. How shall this be ascertained without felling the tree? The exact length of any tree, or part of a tree, height of a house or other object, can be ascertained by a simple principle of trigonometry being brought into practice. It is the following: two sides of a right-angled triangle being equal, the third side will also be equal to the others; suppose a stick of timber, thirty feet in length, is required; measure thirty feet from the tree in a straight line, on level ground, drive a stake into the ground till the top just reaches to your eyes, lie down on your back with the feet against the stake; now, if looking over the top of the stake, the point on the tree that ranges in a straight line with your eyes will be thirty feet from the ground.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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*Copy of a Letter written by Elizabeth Webb, in
1712, to Anthony William Boehm, Chaplain
to George, Prince of Denmark, with his An-
suer.*

Worthy Friend:—My sincere love is to thee
in truth, and for the truth that dwells in thee.
Dear friend, the kind respect thou showed me
when at London hath left an obligation on my
mind towards thee, and I have something to
communicate in the openings of Divine love, on
which I must desire thy favorable construction,
I being almost a stranger to thee; and, there-
fore, thou art not well acquainted with the sin-
cerity and plainness of my heart. But what I
have to write hath lived on my mind these
several weeks, in that pure, innocent love in
which is the communion of saints. I have no
learned method to communicate any thing in,
either by word or writing, but plainly and sim-
ply as the spirit dictates it; and being the
weaker vessel, too, had need to be excused. I
shall not write any thing from notions and
speculations, as at a distance. I look on them
as unsafe, and I know they are many times
unsound; but shall write to thee a small part
of what I have gone through, and what my
soul has tasted of the good word of life, which
is near, that we may have fellowship together
in God, the Father of our spirits, whom my soul
hath known both in mercy and judgment, to
the purification of my heart, so far that I can
say to his praise that I don't see him by or
through peculiar forms, sect or party impres-

sions, or any such thing. No, my dear friend,
I never sought after the Lord in these ways,
nor for any of those ends; but I sought after
him in my young years for salvation; and I
still seek him for the perfect restoration of my
soul in him; but I have nothing of my own to
boast of, unless it be weaknesses and infirmities;
but let me rejoice in the Cross of Christ, by
which I am crucified to the world in a good
measure, and the world to me; and I can truly
say I die daily; and as touching the fondness
of education, complexion, conversation, these
things have cast no mist before my eyes. I
can see, own and love the image of my Lord
and Saviour in any sort of complexion or edu-
cation, if the soul hath been educated in the
heavenly university or school of Christ. But
thou knowest we cannot see God in, or have
fellowship with, all sorts of conversations; for
the conversation of the wicked is as if there
was no God. God is not in all their thoughts,
and such do not desire the image of meek,
humble Jesus, nor his counsel, and will follow
none of his precepts, nor his self-denying exam-
ple, while they are here. Thou well observest
"that sin, self-love, self-will, &c., contract the
soul into a very narrow compass; but the love
of God breaks down all such walls of selfish-
ness, whereby the soul is hedged in and re-
strained from universal love and benignity."
All this is very true, but thou knowest all will
not receive our love as it is in Jesus; or else
there are those who have felt the flowings of

the love and compassion of Him that would not the death of a sinner, but had rather that all would return to him, repent and live. I am a witness of the Lord, that the sheddings abroad of his love over the inhabitants of this nation hath been like showers of rain in the spring time. I remember well my telling a Friend in London that I felt the extendings of the love of God so to flow to the people, as I walked in the streets of the city, that I could freely have published the salvation of God, which is near, and his righteousness, which is ready to be revealed in the public places of concourse. But the Friend said he hoped it would not be required of me. This I mention, that if thou can believe me, I can assure thee there is no want of universal love in the hearts of several who are unknown to the world, and hardly known to their own brethren; and no wonder, either; for, as Eli of old did not know the inward exercise of Hannah, and the prophet Elijah thought he had been left alone, until the Lord told him that he had seven thousand in Israel, and the prophet Samuel, when he looked out with the eye of reason on the goodness of the stature of Eliab, said, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before me," &c.—so now, unless the Lord is pleased to reveal things to us, or we have some spiritual acquaintance, we may mistake. But blessed be the name of our most gracious God, who is the same that ever he was, he sees not as man sees; for man looks at the outward appearance, but the Lord looks at the heart.

I take great notice of thy Christian love and good advice in thy second letter, and do accept it very heartily. I can assure thee that my labor is not to gather people into a formality; but I labor as the Lord enables me, to gather souls to Christ, who is able to make the deceitful hearts of the children of men plain, honest, clean; and when the mind is clean, the outside will be clean also. But I freely acknowledge that the glory of the true church—the mystical body, or bride of Christ, which is made up of souls that are entered into covenant with the Lord, which love and serve him forever,—her glory is within, and her clothing is of wrought gold and the curious needle-work of virgins; wisdom is upon her, for she having been stripped of all her old rags or garments of righteousness and unrighteousness, and having been washed in pure water, her bridegroom having anointed her with the holy oil—Christ Jesus—the holy unction of his spirit, and he is clothing her with righteousness, and she depending on him for her daily bread,—so she is not eating her own bread nor wearing her own apparel; for she cannot be content with only bearing his name; but she longs to be made more and more a partaker of his Divine nature; and the love of the Lord hath been and still is so largely extended to her which hath drawn her love so

to him that she is wholly subject to him. He ruleth in love and she obeys in love; and this makes all things easy. She hath no will of her own, but the will of the Lord is her will in all things. All his commands are pleasant to her, because she delights to wait on him, and to serve in his presence; and she had rather be deprived of all outward enjoyments than to be deprived of the enjoyment of his favor. Her conversation is adorned with humility and meekness. Her steps are comely in the eyes of her beloved. All her children are taught of the Lord, established in righteousness, and great is their peace. And my soul may say, to the praise and glory of God, that no greater comfort can be enjoyed on this side of the grave than to be a child or member of this church.

And now, my dear friend, it is on my mind to give thee a short account of the dealings of the Lord with me in my young years; how he brought my soul through fire and water. For what end this hath lived in my mind I know not, unless it be for spiritual communion. But when my soul is lowest and nearest to the Lord, in the simplicity of truth, then is my heart opened and filled with Divine love. In this thing I desire thee to appraise it inwardly when thou art retired, and not to judge of it before thou hast gone through it, and then judge freely, as thou pleasest.

I was baptized and educated in the way of the Church of England. I went to school to a minister thereof, and loved and honored him greatly; and he showed me great tenderness and respect. And in those days I looked on the ministers to be like angels, that brought the glad tidings of salvation to the children of men; but when I was about 14 years of age, I went to live at a Knight's house, who kept a chaplain that used to pray in the house with the family twice a day; and I observed his conversation, and saw it was vain, which I thought ought not to be so. Then I was troubled in my mind, and began to think on my latter end, and also on eternity, and I had no assurance of salvation or a state of happiness, if it should please the Lord to send the messenger of death to call me away. So the fear of the Lord laid hold of my mind, and I began to search the Scriptures. And I found that they testified that the wicked should be turned "into hell, and all those that forget God." And I saw that both priests and people did forget God as soon as they came off their knees or from their devotion. And I was much afraid of Hell, and wanted a place of assurance in the Kingdom of Heaven. Then I began to think of the great promises made for me in my baptism, as they called it, whereby they said I was "made a member of Christ," a child of God, &c.; and that I should renounce

the devil, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh ; and I should keep God's holy will and commandments." I thought, indeed, that was the way to obtain a place in the Kingdom of Heaven ; but I had not power to do what I ought to do, nor to forsake what I ought to forsake ; for I was very proud, vain and airy. But as I was thus inwardly exercised and outwardly searching the Scriptures, my understanding was more and more opened, so that I understood several things. I read and took notice that the ministers of Christ, which he qualified and sent forth to preach, were to do it freely ; for Christ said, "freely ye have received, freely give," and those that did run when the Lord never sent them, "should not profit the people at all." And many such things opened in my mind, which I used to ponder in my heart, with the promises to the flock, in the 34th of Ezekiel, where the Lord promised "to bind up that which was broken, and strengthen that which was sick," &c. ; these and such like portions of Scripture were very comfortable to me ; for I was sick of my sins, and my heart was broken many times before the Lord. I thought, oh, that I had lived in the days of Christ ! I would surely have been one of those that followed him ; and I grieved because the Jews crucified him. So I loved Christ in the outward appearance, and could have said as Peter did, "Far be it from the Lord to suffer," but I did not know that he was near me by his Holy Spirit, though I was convinced that the hireling shepherds were not the ministers of Christ, by the testimonies of the prophets and of Christ himself, who said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." So I left going to hear them, and walked alone, though I went so long till a fear fell on me in the worship house ; and I thought it was just upon me, if I was made an example of.

(To be continued.)

Pluck that beautiful flower ; look at it a long time. Become conscious that it is the expression of a beautiful thought of some mind. This is the magic key that will unlock the reason of all nature. All the flowers are thoughts realized. Pass from the flowers to the trees. The rounded maple, the graceful elm, the straight poplar, the bending willow, every tree is the thought of some kind. Pass from trees to the mountains. How mighty these realized thoughts ! Look at the sea. What an undivided thought ! Ponder the whole earth. A world of some creating mind. Gaze at the stars. Thoughts line the firmament. How great, how wise, how lovely, how potent, how incomprehensible the spirit whose thoughts are thus put forth ! "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech,

and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." He that built all things is God. We walk upon and in the midst of his realized thoughts. How carefully and lovingly toward him should we walk !

From "Doing and Suffering."

HILDA, OR THE THWARTED WISH.

AN INSTRUCTIVE ALLEGORY.

The young Hilda had long been confined to a couch of wearisome pain and sickness, but health now began once more to glow in her cheek, and on one of the first warm mornings of spring, her light step bounded again over the moss-grown walks of her favorite wood. A clear rivulet flowed through the wood, and its little waves danced in the laughing sunshine. Hilda watched with delight the sparkling fish, now glancing through the sunny waters, now hiding themselves amid the cool, green river weeds. A light breeze passed over the wood, and played amid the tender green leaves of spring ; and the little birds flew gayly from bough to bough, and carolled their sweet, wild songs. "Happy, happy creatures," cried Hilda, "how sweet are the joys of freedom ; and I, too, am now free." And she bounded along with a lighter, firmer step, as though she would shake off the heavy load which had pressed on her young life.

At this moment, a man entered the wood, leading by the hand a lovely boy. The child felt all the bright, glad power of spring, and the merry peals of his laughter mingled with the song of the birds. The flowers of the thicket soon caught his eye, and he would fain have twined for himself a garland in the wood ; but his father held his hand, nor would he suffer him to leave him for a moment.

Then Hilda's heart was grieved. "The fishes of the stream," said she, "and the little birds among the branches, follow their own wild will, and rejoice in blessed freedom ; and this sweet child, so lovelier far than they, walks sad and downcast, his buoyant joy all dashed, and methinks I hear him weep."

Her eye followed the child and his father through the winding valley. The wild flowers were soon forgotten, for the path grew rough and stony. In an instant the child clung to his father's arm, and Hilda saw him safe folded to his bosom. They approached the moorland ; but the child felt not its keen wind, for his father's cloak was wrapped around him, and he was borne safely and gently over every dangerous pass.

Hilda now no more regretted for him the sports of the happy woodland creatures. "There is joy," she cried, "in wild freedom, but a deeper, holier joy in confiding, clinging love ; and this is the picture of the child."

"I, too," thought she, "am a child;" and a tear of self-reproach fell from her eye, as she thought how often she had repulsed the unseen Hand that guided her. "How often, when my Father has held me back," said she, "have I begged Him to leave me alone!" "Alone, oh Father," she exclaimed, "forgive thy wayward child, and hearken not to her foolish prayer; let her rather feel the sternest grasp of thy earnest, faithful love." Then peace was breathed into her soul, and in its inmost depths sounded the sweet words of promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

If Hilda's steps were less buoyant on her return, her heart was more full of peace. Her prayer was heard. The hour of sorrow was near, and the grasp of love grew stern, yet was she not left alone; and in the conscious presence of chastening love, she found a tearful joy, for which no freedom could have made amends.

From "The Penns and Peningtons."

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

The tutor whom Isaac Penington had heretofore employed to teach his three eldest children English being unable to give them instruction in Latin, another had to be looked for. He who succeeded as teacher at the Grange was Thomas Ellwood, already introduced as the youthful friend of Gulielma Springett; and who with his father, as before related, had visited the Peningtons on their settlement in Buckinghamshire. As he continued to be tutor to the children and an honored inmate of the family for the seven following years, his personal history during that period is much interwoven with theirs. It becomes an interesting element in the social and religious life at Chalfont, and we must therefore glance at his antecedents.

Ellwood's father was an estated gentleman of honorable descent, whose property and family residence were at Crowell, about three miles eastward from Thame, in Oxfordshire. Thame Park was the abode of Lord Wenman, whom he speaks of as his relative, and a person of great honor and virtue—at whose table he was always received as a welcome guest. Ellwood says, "I have cause to think I should have received from this Lord some advantageous preferment, had I not been called into the service of the best and highest Lord, and thereby lost the favor of all my friends, relations, and acquaintances of this world."

Thomas was the youngest of the family, and only about two or three years old when they all removed to London as a place of greater safety, on the commencement of the civil war. It was during the years which intervened before their return, that this amiable boy became the playmate of Lady Springett's lovely little daughter. He tells us, in his interesting fragment of au-

tobiography, that till he was about fifteen years of age his health was so delicate and his stature so small, that fears were entertained lest he should prove a dwarf. But about that time his constitution and physical vigor underwent a change which banished all such fears. From being a small, delicately knit, refined lad, he afterwards became a vigorous, middle sized young man, delighting in athletic sports, but ever averse to what was coarse or vulgar in mind or manners. He relates the following characteristic incident which occurred at that period:—

"My father being in the commission of the peace, and going to a petty sessions at Watlington, I waited on him thither. When we came near the town, the coachman, seeing a nearer and easier way than the common road, through a corn field, and that it was wide enough for the wheels to run without damaging the corn, turned down there. This being observed by a husbandman who was at plough not far off, he ran to us, and stopping the coach, poured forth complaints in none of the best language for driving over the corn. My father mildly answered him, that if there was an offence committed, he must rather impute it to his servant than to himself, since he neither directed him to drive that way, nor knew which way he drove. Yet added, that he was going to such an inn in the town, whither if he came he would make him full satisfaction for whatever damage he had sustained thereby. And so on we went, the man venting his discontent in angry accents as he went back. At the town, upon inquiry, we understood that it was a way very often used without damage, being broad enough; but it was not the common road, which lay not far from it, and was also good enough, wherefore my father bid his man drive home that way.

"It was late in the evening when we returned, and very dark; this quarrelsome man, who had troubled himself and us in the morning, having gotten another lusty fellow like himself to assist him, waylaid us in the night, expecting we should return the way we went. But when they found we did not, but took the common way, angry that they were disappointed, and loath to lose their purpose, they coasted over to us in the dark, and laying hold on the horses' bridles, stopped them from going on. My father, asking the coachman the reason that he went not forward, was answered that there were two men at the horses' heads who held them back. Whereupon my father, opening the boot, stepped out, and I followed close at his heels.

"Going to the place where the men stood, he demanded of them the reason of this assault; they said we were upon the corn. We knew we were not on the corn, but on the common way, and so we told them; but they said they were resolved they would not let us go on any farther, but would make us go back again. My

father endeavored by gentle reasoning to persuade them to forbear, and not run themselves farther into danger of the law; but they rather derided him for it. Seeing therefore fair means would not work upon them, he spoke more roughly, charging them to deliver their clubs (for each of them had a great club in his hand, somewhat like those called quarter-staves;) thereupon they, laughing, told him they did not bring them thither for that end. Whereupon my father, turning his head to me, said:—“Tom, disarm them.” I stood ready at his elbow, waiting for the word of command; for being naturally of a bold spirit, full of youthful heat, and that fully aroused by the sense I had of the abuse and the insolent behaviour of those rude fellows, my blood began to boil, and my fingers itched, as the saying is, to be dealing with them. Wherefore, immediately stepping boldly forward to lay hold on the staff of him that was nearest to me, I said, “Sirrah, deliver your weapon.” He thereupon raised his club, which was big enough to have knocked down an ox, intending no doubt to knock me down with it, as probably he would have done, had I not, in the twinkling of an eye, whipped out my rapier, and made a pass upon him. I could not have failed running him through up to the hilt had he stood his ground; but the sudden and unexpected sight of my bright blade, glistening in the dark night, did so amaze and terrify the man, that, slipping aside, he avoided my thrust; and, letting his staff sink, betook himself to his heels for safety; which his companion seeing fled also. I followed the former as fast as I could, but fear gave him wings, and made him swiftly fly; for although I was accounted very nimble, I could not overtake him, which made me think he took shelter in some bushes, which he knew where to find, though I did not. Meanwhile the coachman, who had sufficiently the outside of a man, excused himself for not intermeddling, under pretence that he durst not leave his horses, and so left me to shift for myself. I had gone so far beyond my knowledge that I understood not which way to turn, till by hallooing and by being halloved to again I was directed where to find my company.

“We had easy means to find who these men were, the principal of them having been at the inn during the day-time, and both quarrelled with the coachman and threatened to be even with him when he went back; but since they came off so badly in their attempt, my father thought it better not to know them than to oblige himself to prosecute them.

“At that time, and for a good while after, I had no regret upon my mind for what I had done, or had designed to do, in this case; but went on resolved to kill, if I could, any man that should make the like attempt, or put any affront upon us; and for that reason I seldom

went afterwards upon those public services without a loaded pistol in my pocket. But when it pleased the Lord in His infinite goodness to call me out of the spirit and ways of the world, and give me the knowledge of His saving Truth, whereby the actions of my forepast life were set in order before me, a sort of horror seized upon me when I had considered how near I had been to staining my hands with human blood. And whensoever afterwards I went that way, and indeed as often since as the matter has come into my remembrance, my soul has blessed the Lord for my deliverance; and thanksgiving and praises have arisen in my heart, as they do now, to Him who preserved and withheld me from shedding man's blood.

“About this time my dear and honored mother, who was indeed a woman of singular worth and virtue, departed this life; having a little time before heard of the death of her eldest son, who had fallen under the displeasure of my father, for refusing to resign his interest in an estate which my father sold. Thereupon my brother desired that he might have leave to travel, in hopes that time and absence might work reconciliation. He went into Ireland with a person powerful there in those times, by whose means he was quickly preferred to a place of trust and profit, but lived not long to enjoy it.”

All the circumstances above related had taken place before Thomas Ellwood's first visit to the Peningtons at the Chalfont Grange. About a year elapsed between the first and the second visit of the Ellwoods, when the addresses of Edward Burrough and James Nayler made so deep an impression on Thomas's mind. That impression did not wear off on his return home; but it determined him to see more of the Friends. He says, “I had a desire to go to another meeting of the Quakers; and bid my father's man to inquire if there were any in the country thereabouts. He told me he had heard at Isaac Penington's that there was to be a meeting at High Wycombe on Thursday next. Thither therefore I went, though it was seven miles from me. And that I might be rather thought to go out a-coursing than to a meeting, I let my greyhound run by my horse's side.” That meeting and what he heard there, he tells us acted like the clinching of a nail, confirming and fixing the good principles that had before sunk so deeply. Light burst in upon his mind, letting him see his inward state and condition towards God. His whole desires, feelings, and trains of religious thought in the succeeding weeks underwent a change. He observes:—“Now I saw that, although I had been in a great degree preserved from the common immoralities and gross pollutions of the world, yet the spirit of the world had hitherto ruled in me, and had led me into pride, flattery, vanity, and

superfluity. I found there were many plants growing in me which were not of the Heavenly Father's planting; and that all of these, of whatsoever kind or sort they were, or how specious soever they might appear, must be plucked up."

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

'What does T. H. S. mean by saying "we should endeavor to modify, revise and conduct the exercises of our meetings so as to render them attractive and inviting to our members"?'

Though the Editorial in the Intelligencer of Tenth month 5th answers his remarks, may I also be permitted to say a few words in reply?

Does T. H. S. want to introduce into our meetings an "exercise" that would in truth be a form?

The letter killeth; the spirit alone maketh alive.

Nothing can arouse the lethargic among us but an individual faithfulness. The older I grow, the more impressed I am with the form that pervades the so-called churches around us. Surely our friend must have forgotten that to have been trained in the faith of Friends was indeed a high privilege. Can aught under heaven be more elevating, more ennobling, than to meet in the silence of all flesh, and in spirit and in truth ask for clean hearts and right spirits? And none ask in vain.

It is because I am weak and faithless myself that I know well the irksome feeling in meeting to which T. H. S. alludes; and full well do I know where the fault lies. Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find. Find what? Do not our hearts whisper, that peace of mind that passes all understanding,—that joy which will satisfy the soul? R.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 6.

HEIDELBURG, 8th mo., 1866.

At length we are at the end of our voyage up the "beautiful Rhine," and feel totally unable to express our still increasing admiration and the delight it has afforded us, as day after day we have stopped to explore some ruined castle or picturesque mountain more charming than the last. We now find a fitting climax in the magnificent old castle of Heidelberg, said to be the most extensive and grandest of all the ruins in Germany, if not in Europe. We spent most of yesterday wandering around it, but have not yet seen one half of its beauties. In coming here from Bonn, our first "stage" was an hour's sail to Königswinter, a lovely, picturesque little village at the foot of the Drachenfels, where we were soon to be seen mounted on donkeys and on our way up the mountain. We had an amusing ride; and as there was no

danger except in imagination, we had the full enjoyment of the frequent glimpses of the beautiful landscape, which, when we reached the top, burst upon us in its whole and perfect-splendor, combining an accumulation and variety of loveliness such as no country but Rhineland could produce. The "majestic river of legends," lined on either side by rocks and mountains, all bristling with picturesque and poetic ruins and interspersed with vine-clad hills or fertile valleys, formed "a tout ensemble" that would require a Byron to describe, while the ruined castle, whence all this was seen, added a crowning glory to the whole. Our excursion here occupied two or three hours, and after a lunch we proceeded up the river to Remagen, where were some old and interesting churches to visit. One of more recent date was also to be seen; and as we trudged up the steep hills on which it stood, we passed a series of shrines, in all fourteen, each containing a representation of some event in the life of Jesus. A couple of holy monks started to ascend the hill before us, and as they came to one of these shrines, they knelt reverently for some minutes before it, repeating their orisons, and then passed on to the next. This land of the Rhine is full of Catholicism and its symbols, and we see everywhere shrines and crucifixes and holy emblems, and in every church we enter are devotees, kneeling before the altars, or whispering their confessions in the ear of their holy Fathers. From Remagen we had a charming sail of 8½ hours along the most beautiful portion of this beautiful river to Coblenz opposite the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, and next morning had a most interesting visit to this stupendous and wonderful stronghold, besides enjoying another prospect equal almost to that from the Drachenfels, and with the added beauty of the "Blue Moselle" pouring in its tributary waters, just 400 feet below us; and we watched the two streams, gliding along, side by side, united, yet distinct in color, as far as the eye could reach. After descending the hill, we still had time for a visit to the oldest church we had yet seen, (it is said to be 1000 years old,) and for a walk through the town, quaint and foreign enough, with its very narrow streets and high, queer, picturesque houses; and we saw here more of the national dress than we had seen elsewhere. The caps, especially, were peculiar and various, and the young maidens were distinguished by a singular ornament, somewhat resembling a large paper-folder, stuck through the back of the hair; this is laid aside after marriage. We took to our boat again at 6½ for Capellan, half an hour farther, where we found entrance into a nice, quiet, clean German cottage, and enjoyed the finest possible coffee, chocolate and delicious waffles; and next morning, took another donkey excursion up to the

castle of Stoltzenfels, a very beautiful royal residence belonging to the Queen Dowager of Prussia, and where Queen Victoria was entertained in 1815. We were taken through most of the apartments, after putting on large, soft slippers to prevent our scratching the floors. They struck us as particularly comfortable, notwithstanding their grandeur. Again we reached the boat at 1 o'clock, and continued on for 3½ hours through the same picturesque beauties to St. Goan. Here we walked up to the ruined castle of Rheinfels, on a rocky hill, about half a mile from the hotel. Found it a most interesting ruin, commanding delightful views from various points; and our guide took us through strange dark passages, over fearful looking broken staircases, and showed us some terrible dungeons, 20 or 30 feet deep, into which in olden time prisoners were lowered by ropes—such places as we never dreamed of seeing here, amid all these beauties. We spent an hour examining all these wonderful and novel things, and returned to our hotel to supper. Next morning we were rowed across the river to the village of St. Goarhausen; then a splendid drive of three or four miles brought us to the ruin of Rheisenberg, which we rummaged around much as the last, and back to the village in time for the boat again to Bingen, two hours. The castles and ruins seemed to thicken as we proceeded and the hills to grow, if possible, still steeper, and all terraced from top to bottom with vineyards, and presenting a most singular appearance. One night here, and again took boat, and after several unimportant stops we reached Mannheim at 8 o'clock in the evening, drove at once to the depot for Heidelberg, and arrived at our destination about 11. We are delightfully situated under the brow of the magnificent ruin, and have already been enjoying it.

(To be continued.)

"Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." James i. 22.

An old hermit once came to one of the ancient fathers of the church and asked him to teach him one of the Psalms, upon which he began to read the 39th Psalm: "I said I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue; I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me." Hold! said the hermit, as he was proceeding to read farther, this is enough for one lesson; I will have to study this for some time; when I have learned to practice this I will come again. Six months having elapsed without his calling, the father went to him and asked why he had not called again. He replied, "I have not yet learned to govern my tongue."

Pride can be as insolent in rags as in purple and fine linen.

THE LADY WHO DOES HER OWN WORK.

In this country our democratic institutions have removed the superincumbent pressure which in the Old World confines the servants to a regular orbit. They come here feeling that this somehow is a land of liberty, and with very dim and confused notions of what liberty is. They are, for the most part, untrained Irish peasantry, and the wonder is that, with all the unreasoning heats and prejudices of the Celtic blood, there should be the measure of comfort and success there is in our domestic arrangements. But so long as things are so, there will be constant changes and interruptions in every domestic establishment, and constantly recurring interregnums, when the mistress must put her own hand to the work, whether the hand be a trained or an untrained one. As matters now are, the young housekeeper takes life at the hardest. She has very little strength,—no experience to teach her how to save her strength. She knows nothing experimentally of the simplest processes necessary to keep her family comfortably fed and clothed, and she has a way of looking at all these things which makes them particularly hard and distasteful to her. She does not escape being obliged to do housework at intervals, but she does it in a weak, blundering, confused way, that makes it twice as hard and disagreeable as it need be. Now, what I have to say is, that if every young woman learned to do housework and cultivated her practical faculties in early life, she would, in the first place, be much more likely to keep her servants, and, in the second place, if she lost them temporarily, would avoid all that wear and tear of the nervous system which comes from constant ill success in those departments on which family health and temper mainly depend. This is one of the peculiarities of our American life which requires a peculiar training. Why not face it sensibly?

The second thing I have to say is, that our land is now full of motorpathic institutions, to which women are sent at great expense to have hired operators stretch and exercise their inactive muscles. They lie for hours to have their feet twiggged, their arms flexed, and all the different muscles of the body worked for them, because they are so flaccid and torpid that the powers of life do not go on. Would it not be quite as cheerful and less expensive a process if young girls from early life developed the muscles in sweeping, dusting, ironing, rubbing furniture, and all the multiplied domestic processes which our grandmothers knew of? A woman who did all these, and diversified the intervals with spinning on the great and little wheel, never came to need the gymnastics of Dio Lewis or of the Swedish motorpathists, which really are a necessity now. Does it not seem poor economy to pay servants for letting our muscles grow feeble, and then to pay operators to

exercise them for us? I will venture to say that our grandmothers in a week went over every movement that any gymnast has invented, and went over them to some productive purpose, too.

Lastly, my paper will not have been in vain, if those ladies who have learned and practiced the invaluable accomplishment of doing their own work will know their own happiness and dignity, and properly value their great acquisition, even though it may have been forced upon them by circumstances.—*House and Home Papers*, by *Harriet Beecher Stowe*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TENTH MONTH 26, 1867.

THE PUBLIC MORALS AND THE PRESS.—

An exchange paper uses this caption to direct attention to the practice of public journals giving elaborate and sensational descriptions of races, pugilistic combats, and other immoral amusements, until one might suppose that "the American people were the most 'sporting' population in the civilized world." The subject presented by the writer is worthy, we think, the serious consideration of editors who may feel obliged to give the *news*, whatever this may be. He does not believe that the people are plunged so low that they demand this kind of mental nutriment from their newspapers, for themselves or families. Although great demoralization may prevail in the mixed population in our great cities and their suburbs, yet the American people are generally practical, laborious and frugal, and appreciate the importance of the cultivation of steady habits, and the virtues of domestic life. The press is justly esteemed a "mighty engine" for good or evil; and it certainly is responsible, if, by narrating exciting but demoralizing scenes, these should increase. In this way they are forced upon the notice of thousands of young men at their quiet homes in the interior towns and villages, and we know not how far their tastes may be poisoned by it. Should there not be an earnest remonstrance against this pernicious practice? We do not mean to give a false coloring to the "Public Morals," but if the gross crimes which are perpetrated be noticed at all, let it be in a condemnatory manner. Tens of thousands of dollars, it is said, are now expended annually by the daily papers of our city for news which the public

would be better without, and which is often telegraphed at great expense, with effort at graphic representation and sensational effect.

In connection with the press we will notice another prolific source of unwholesome mental food. By far the largest editions of works now published are those of fiction. It is estimated that three-fourths, if not nine-tenths of the volumes issued by our largest publishing houses are of this character. A modern writer says, "There is hardly a great crime committed but that the manner of it, or the details, or sometimes the whole conception, has been suggested by some novel or play, or tale read in a newspaper, and that the power of fiction is more and more apparent."

He represents it as one of the greatest social forces of the day, from the influence of which no family can entirely escape. He also justly remarks "that those who dwell in such a world of fiction, that all the prose details of daily life, in fact, become uninteresting, no matter how pure and elevated the world into which they thus withdraw themselves, by sapping the reasoning powers and rendering the mind impatient of control and discipline, do an evil not easily corrected." In the words of Channing—No imagination can conceive of the greatness of the gift of a rational and moral existence. Genius, intellect, taste and sensibility, must be brought under the influence of the spirit of Truth, or they will never know and never make known their real glory and immortal power. The human mind will become more various, piercing and all-comprehending; more capable of understanding and expressing the solemn and the sportive, the terrible and the beautiful, the profound and the tender, in proportion as it shall be illumined and penetrated by the true knowledge of God.

We have received from John Pennington & Son, No. 127 S. 7th St., Philadelphia, a copy of a work entitled the "Penns and Penningtons of the Seventeenth Century," by Maria Webb, author of "The Fells of Swarthmore Hall," which it is our pleasure to notice. From the cursory view which we have taken of its contents, we think it cannot fail to interest those who have been taught to reverence the name of Penn, and who have regarded Isaac Pennington and Thomas Ellwood with scarcely

less deference. The style of the book will recommend it to the general reader. It contains 430 pages, and is embellished with a number of engravings. In this number will be found an extract giving a sketch of Thomas Ellwood's Life.

MARRIED, on Fifth-day, the 10th inst., at Hopewell Meeting-house, Frederick Co., Va., ALBERT CHANDLER, of Sandy Spring, Montgomery Co., Md., to SARAH ANN BRANSON, of Frederick Co., Va.

DIED, on the 22d of Third month, 1867, in Albany, N. Y., FREDERICK S. PEASE, in the 63d year of his age. He was a man of singular and constant uprightness and purity, tender in his affections, unhesitating in his generous sacrifices for all within the circle of his kind attentions, and of remarkable fidelity to conscience. He became a member of Albany Monthly Meeting of Friends in middle life, and from that time until his death was one of its most sincere, humble and valued members. His occasional ministrations were the pure and unaffected utterances of a Christian spirit, and brought comfort and strength to those to whom they were addressed.

—, at his residence in Willistown, Chester Co., Pa., on the morning of the 13th of Tenth month, 1867, THOMAS COX, in his 78th year; an active member of Goshen Monthly Meeting. Though for many years a constant sufferer from a painful disease, he retained the powers of his mind until the close. His interest in the affairs of the Church remained unabated, and in a recent conversation he expressed great satisfaction with signs, as he thought, of a renewed interest felt in his beloved Society. Always a friend to education, he was particularly solicitous for the guarded instruction of Friends' children, saying that "he never regretted contributing of his moderate means for educational and meeting purposes." The hospitalities of his house will long be remembered, and his grandchildren, when grown to mature years, will look back upon grandfather's home as a sunny spot in the memory of their childhood. Thinking upon his long and useful life, we were forcibly reminded of the Scriptural passage, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

—, at Saratoga, N. Y., on the 9th of 2d mo., 1867, RESE, widow of Job Wright, aged 77 years; a member of Saratoga Monthly Meeting.

—, at Saratoga, N. Y., on the 4th of First month, 1867, HANNAH M., widow of James Shepherd, aged 79 years and 4 months; sister of the above, and a member of the same Monthly Meeting. A faithful wife and devoted mother; she obeyed the injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Although an invalid for the last ten years of her life, and several times seeming to those around her as passing away, yet when a little strength was again given her, she would forget her own feebleness, and devote herself to the comfort of those around her, especially to that of her invalid daughter. Having done her day's work in the daytime, her close was peaceful and happy.

—, at Saratoga, N. Y., on the 30th of Third mo., 1867, ALICE, daughter of the late James and Hannah M. Shepherd; also a member of Saratoga Monthly Meeting. Seldom has an all-wise Providence permitted such protracted suffering as this dear, departed one experienced, having been an invalid the past twenty-five years. Afflicted with a complication of diseases, her physical sufferings were at

times most acute, confining her to her room,—much of the time to her bed; and at one time for several months she was rendered entirely helpless by general paralysis. But nearly all this period her mental powers remained clear, so that she took an interest in passing events, and retained her social feelings in a remarkable degree, enjoying the society of her friends as when in health. That her Heavenly Father was with her to sustain and comfort, was evident from the patience and fortitude with which she endured all her afflictions; and now that He has seen meet to take her home, her friends may rejoice rather than mourn, having the assurance that she has found that rest which she so long desired.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Eleventh month 1st, at 3 o'clock.

LYDIA H. HALL, Clerk.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Lecture by Caleb S. Hallowell, on Third-day evening, Tenth month 29th, at 7½ o'clock.

NOTICE—CHANGE OF HOUR, ETC.

The Secretaries of "Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen" were requested to notify Friends generally that its meetings will take place on the *third Fourth-day evenings only* of each month, at eight o'clock, and *always* in Race St. Monthly Meeting Room, without alternating with Green St., as heretofore.

The Education Committee will meet on the same evenings, at the same place, half an hour earlier.

J. M. ELLIS,
ANNE COOPER, } Secretaries.

FIRST DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES.

The committee have appointed the following conferences in regard to First-day Schools, and invite the attendance of Friends generally.

At Friends' Meeting-House, Lombard St., Baltimore, on Fourth-day evening, 30th of Tenth month, at 7½ o'clock, (being Yearly Meeting week.)

POSTPONEMENT.—The First-day School Conference at Race St. Meeting-House, Philadelphia, is postponed to Seventh-day morning, 9th of Eleventh month, at 10½ o'clock.

Communications from absent Friends, and accounts of any First-day schools among Friends, will be acceptable, and may be addressed to Eli M. Lamb, 171 McCulloh St., Baltimore, or to the care of E. Comly, 144 N. Seventh St., Philadelphia.

From "Talks with my Pupils."

MANNERS.

BY ELIZABETH SEDGWICK.

So much upon this subject must be indirectly suggested by what I say on nearly every other upon which I write to you, that I hesitate whether to make it a distinct theme. On the whole, however, I believe it is better to do so.

I do not think that people in general are aware of the importance of pleasing, agreeable manners. The difference between two households, in the one of which they are found and in the other not, is as that between two gardens, in one of which the flowers have no odor, while in the other, fragrance is everywhere diffused; or, as between a gloomy, silent cavern, and a bower of evergreen made joyous by singing

birds. They are therefore a means of happiness. As a means of influence, too, they should receive direct culture, which, in this view indeed, becomes of moral obligation.

No doubt, in all countries, certain customs arise from what convenience and refinement require, and are essentially right and proper on that account; but this is true only of a portion of them, as the different observances of different countries prove—and with all these diversities, there will probably be found some general agreement on what is most truly essential—as is true in systems of religion. The core, the root, the living principle, the essence of good manners, such as are not dependent on any code, as of every thing else good, must be found in the heart; and their most comprehensive definition is, in a nation of Christians, Christian courtesy. The best are the natural, genuine expression of a heart filled to overflowing with love and good-will towards the whole human race, with a desire to avoid giving pain, and to add in every way to the stock of human happiness. A person possessed with this desire will manifest it in the tone of his voice, in the gracious beaming of his eye, in the friendly grasp of his hand. He can never omit the thousand little attentions to the comfort and pleasure of others that he may have an opportunity to bestow. He will be in no danger of encroaching upon them in any way unreasonably, of making any undue claims on them, of infringing any of their rights, of seeking his own advantage to their loss or inconvenience. He will be always considerate, always kind—always delicate and unobtrusive. It is this kind of courtesy that may be always sincere. It being once asked in a party where the “uncle” was, some one replied, “Ascertain who is the dullest and most uninteresting woman in the room, and you will find him at her side.” In devoting himself to those whom he was sure others would neglect, he was guilty of no insincerity. A motive of true kindness brought him to them. And if such a motive were always a governing principle in the intercourse of society, the vexed question, how truth is always to be reconciled with courtesy, would be forever settled. One might honestly profess a willingness and pleasure in doing that which otherwise would be tedious and disagreeable, and make use of expressions which would otherwise be untrue. We may be glad to see visitors for their sakes, whom we should not much desire on our own account. At the same time, lest we may fall into the habit, naturally and easily adopted, of using strong expressions, such as convey more feeling than exists at all, or certainly more than is habitual, whatever the enthusiasm of the moment may be, it is well to guard against them, even in our honest intercourse with our fellow-men; and

form the habit of expressing ourselves more by action than by profession.

If our Christian gentleman receives ill treatment or insult from others, he shows himself the true Christian gentleman still—not bringing himself to their level by quarrelling or railing, according to the old barbarous system of “eye for eye,” and “tooth for tooth.” He cannot, under any circumstances, be a heathen.

This motive of self-respect for abstaining, under provocation, from the indulgence of high temper and angry words, I have found useful, when a higher one failed, to enforce upon young people; and upon the ignorant, and therefore narrow-minded, such as constitute a large majority of servants and laboring people, and not a very small proportion of the so-called cultivated classes.

Manners, in a few instances, are the direct product of nature, perfect in kind, and needing no improvement. Generally, however, like every other high attainment, they need direct cultivation, and a child cannot be too carefully trained in this respect. The silent music of sweet and gentle manners requires, first of all, the cultivation of reverence—a beautiful sentiment, essential to the uplifting of man above a low, grovelling condition. Full of significance are the analogies of nature, by which almost every subject connected with the soul, or with life, is illustrated. I think it is Cicero who said that, whereas all other animals have their heads prone, so that their eyes look upon the ground, man is made erect, so that he can see the heavens. We behold high above us the magnificent firmament, and our thoughts are carried farther still—to Him who created it. How miserable and hopeless our condition would be, if we had nothing higher than ourselves to look up to. We should end by crawling in the dust and mire of earth. Let your child, then, look up to those who are above him in years and in knowledge, and give them the respect due on that account. Especially let this respect be evinced towards his benefactors, his parents, and those who are intrusted with his education. Let him rise up in the presence of the aged, and pay respect to the hoary head. Those parents greatly wrong their children, who allow them to be guilty of any want of respect toward themselves, in word or action. The least offence of this kind should be treated in the most serious manner, and as one not easily to be overlooked. Rob your child's soul of reverence, and you rob it of a jewel—essential to its full lustre and richness. There is no need, in order to insure it, to keep him at a distance from you. Only be careful, that the nearer he approaches you, the more he discovers in you that is worthy of reverence. Those who most truly serve God, and most nearly resemble him, live nearest to him.

Next to reverence, cultivate thoughtfulness

or consideration for others. Many in whom good manners are not a spontaneous growth, would acquire them by this means alone, who, from a want of it, are perfectly unconscious how many opportunities they lose, daily, hourly, almost momentarily, of making themselves acceptable and agreeable to those with whom they associate—and in how many ways they give offence, and render themselves disagreeable. To be well mannered, one must be unselfish—so that, on this account, as well as because they are a means of influence, the cultivation of good manners is a moral duty. It is a very charming mode, applicable even to a very young child, of beginning the life-long process essential to our proper growth, development, and progress, viz., living out of ourselves, and for others. This consideration must be enforced by kindness. The law of love must be inculcated—"line upon line" and "precept upon precept"—until it becomes written on the heart, and dwells ever upon the lips.

THE MANAGEMENT OF IRON AND STEEL.

The house of Appleton, of New York, have just published two little works, each of which contains its own moral, and one of them a great moral lesson for every citizen of Pennsylvania. One of these books is the authentic account of the discovery of gold in California, by Edward E. Dunbar. The other is on the Management of Steel, a subject on the right understanding of which depends much of the future wealth of our State. Nowhere else, perhaps, in the civilized portions of the globe are such vast quantities of iron, limestone, coal and wood brought together so handily for cheap working. A pound of iron may be worth a few cents, but an ounce of steel, wrought into main springs for watches, becomes worth about two thousand dollars in gold, and when wrought into the hair springs, it is worth eight thousand dollars per ounce. What is the value of gold, worth \$20 or \$25 per ounce, compared with this?

We have the foundation of all this wealth within ourselves. We need only the skilled labor to develop it, and there is here, in Mr. Ede's little book on the Management of Steel, much that we need to know. It is a practical work by a practical man, without technicalities, yet putting clearly and compactly together just those facts in regard to iron and steel that every mechanic should know. Young mechanics will find it an inestimable treasure to understand all about hardening steel, and if all young apprentices would make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the management of the materials on which they work, and the tools which they use, especially in making iron and steel, not only would they soon become skilled workmen, but the advancement of the sciences would be greatly hastened. "The inventions which be

come publicly known are few in comparison with those which spring up in the minds of ingenious mechanics and perish with the hour that gave them birth, through the want of a better knowledge of the properties of materials."

It is worthy of remark that iron is almost the only metal whose combinations with oxygen are not of a noxious nature to the human system. Iron strengthens the muscular system. Iron is used in three states—cast iron, wrought iron and steel. Extracted from the bowels of the earth, the first process is, or used to be, to roast it, in order to expel the water, sulphur, arsenic, &c., but now, by the hot blast, this is mostly dispensed with, and the iron ore is put into the furnace with fuel and with lime, melted and cast into pigs at once. In this there is a great difference, owing both to the fuel, the metal and the management. There are three qualities of pig iron; No. 1 is most highly carbonized, No. 2 less, and 3 least.

Wrought iron is decarbonized. It is remelted, puddled, squeezed, hammered, rolled, and thus decarbonized; it is known as bar or wrought iron. But of this there are all sorts of different qualities. Steel, as is well known, is a compound of iron and carbon, and is formed either by heating wrought iron in contact with carbon, or sometimes now by depriving cast iron of all its impurities except a small portion of its carbon. This last is M. Bessemer's process. He can produce a steel of any degree of hardness direct from cast iron, without the intermediate puddling. By a blast of cold air upon the molten cast iron he ignites the carbon contained in it, and decarbonizes it to any extent he desires, consuming the whole, and then adding the required quantity by an after process. From one to two per cent. of carbon is added to the pure iron in converting it into steel.

But it is when we come to the hardening and tempering of steel that room for the greatest skill, anxiety and judgment are found. If the proper steel has not been chosen, and afterwards properly heated through all the stages, or if correct principles are not adhered to, all may prove futile. Of course, it is well known that the way to harden steel is by heating and then suddenly cooling it. But why it does this in the case of steel and not of iron is not so easily explained. It is done, perhaps, by the crystallization of the carbon—certainly by a new arrangement of the particles. But then an unequal contraction of the parts in cooling brings the danger of breakage, cracks and flaws. Hardening with and without mercury or saline liquids, the use of prussiate of potash, animal charcoal, and the toughening of steel in oil, are all subjects that require to be practically understood by our mechanics, as well as theoretically by our tool manufacturers and workers in iron. The great thing is for our young men to begin

to work and think together—no one doubting that many new practical improvements are to be and will be made—and yet being careful not to fancy that all deviations from old and long-established ways of working in iron and steel are necessarily improvements.—*Public Ledger.*

CHANGE.

What matter how the night behaved?
 What matter how the north wind raved?
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
 O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
 As was my sire's that winter day.
 How strange it seems, with so much gone
 Of life and love, to still live on!
 Ah, brother! only I and thou
 Are left of all that circle now—
 The dear home faces whereupon
 That fitful firelight paled and shone.
 Henceforward, listen as we will,
 The voices of that hearth are still;
 Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
 Those lighted faces smile no more.
 We tread the paths their feet have worn,
 We sit beneath their orchard trees,
 We hear, like them, the hum of bees
 And rustle of the bladed corn;
 We turn the pages that they read,
 Their written words we linger o'er,
 But in the sun they cast no shade,
 No voice is heard, no sign is made,
 No step is on the conscious floor!
 Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
 (Since He who knows our need is just,)
 That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
 Alas for him who never sees
 The stars shine through his cypress trees!
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
 Nor looks to see the breaking day
 Across the mournful marbles play!
 Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
 That Life is ever lord of Death,
 And Love can never lose its own.

From Whittier's "Snow-Bound."

THE PURE IN HEART.

(A Simile.)

BY L. J. K. GIFFORD.

The fabric, soiled from daily wear,
 Grows clean within the housemaid's hand;
 Each mark of time she takes with care
 From seam and gusset, hem and band.
 But still the stubborn stains appear,
 When all her handiwork is done;
 But says, "For this I need not fear;
 I've but to place it in the sun."
 With faith she spreads it wide, and lo!
 The chemistry of golden beam
 Doth white this fabric as the snow,
 And make it pure as angel's dream.
 "But," says the housemaid, in her pride,
 "Unless my work had been well done,
 The impure fabric had but dried
 And never whitened in the sun."
 So with our lives 'tis ours to keep
 Them clean of every act impure;
 With finest brush of art to sweep
 The very dust from off the floor.

And lo! the Sun of Righteousness
 Into our waiting souls will stream,
 To brighten, beautify, and bless,
 And whiten to our purest dream.

From "The Press."

THE HAGUE, HOLLAND, Aug. 11, 1867.

A country as flat and fruitful as the richest American prairie is that known as Holland or the Netherlands, and no spot of earth is stranger or more instructive. After the lovely lakes and frozen mountains of Switzerland, and the ancient architecture of the grape-covered shores of the Rhine, there was something startling in the contrast presented by a vast table land, not inaptly styled, because absolutely recovered from, "the bottom of the sea." I have now traversed a large part of this curious domain, and find it an object of manifold and increasing interest. You pass for hundreds of miles over a territory without a fence, and yet the fields are carefully divided by narrow canals, which, while draining them of their superfluous moisture, at the same time protect them as successfully as a strong barrier of stone. These wonderful expanses are singularly fertile; and he who prefers to peruse the present and to forecast the future of a people by the works of their own labor, will be deeply impressed by these and the other greater proofs of human energy which abound in Holland. For Holland is a monument of patient industry and unflagging perseverance; and it is difficult to decide, as we read its history, whether it is most deserving of praise for its resistance to the tyranny of the elements or to the cruelty of man. Its people have not only conquered an empire from the sea, and for centuries successfully combated the ever-nerving efforts of Old Ocean to recover the treasures she has lost, but they have made the very winds their slaves. Others employ the multiplied modern agencies of steam, but the Hollanders, for five hundred years, have adopted the windmill to grind their corn, to saw their timber, to crush the rape-seed for oil, to beat hemp, and to drain the soil by exhausting the water from the land and pouring it into the great canals and rivers. As a great writer observes: "It might be supposed that the absence of those elevations which afford shelter to other countries, would leave Holland at the mercy of every blast that blows. So far is this from being the case, that not a breath of air is allowed to pass without paying toll by turning a windmill." And I cannot describe to you the appearance of hundreds of these odd machines, moving their huge shadows all over the landscape at the same time. They are so much cheaper than steam for all purposes, that notwithstanding the mighty progress of that revolutionary discovery, they are still in universal use in this country. I have counted fifty in view at one time. They are much larger

than in America. A single "sail," or fan, is often one hundred and twenty feet long, and the under part of the structures from which they wave their banner like wings are generally comfortable dwellings. So that it may be said, if the country Swiss live in their barns and next door to their stables, the country Hollanders live in their windmills. There are several thousand windmills in this country, the annual cost of which is three millions of dollars. In fact, "the laws of nature seem to be reversed in Holland." The whole nation stands upon the most unstable foundation; and but for the great dykes that surround it like mighty fortresses, it would be swept back into the ocean from whence it came; and it is confidently asserted that if human care were removed for only six months, the waves would regain their ancient dominion. Most of the whole country lies far below the level of the sea. The lowest part of it is twenty-four feet below high-water mark, and when the tide is driven by the wind it is thirty feet. "In no other country do the keels of the ships float above the chimneys, and nowhere else does the frog, croaking from among the bulrushes, look down upon the swallow on the house-top." The mighty dykes erected to keep out the ever-threatening and encroaching billows, are marvels of human toil and skill; and as the rivers and inland lakes, nearly all of them direct tributaries to or estuaries of the sea itself, are as dangerous as the ocean, the expense and trouble are incessant and immense. These dykes are built upon long piles driven far into the porous soil, forming the base upon which rests a heavy substratum of clay—the whole foundation being from 120 to 150 feet in width; and the front is thatched with a kind of wicker-work of interwoven willow twigs; the interstices filled with puddled clay to render it compact, while the base is often neatly faced with masonry. A fine road runs along the top, and rows of trees give it a picturesque effect. These indispensable barriers are terribly expensive, and impose a heavy tax on the people. The sum annually expended to keep them in repair and to regulate the level of the water, to prevent the cities and farms from being submerged, is *three millions of dollars*—a burden not to be envied when we reflect that it is collected from a population not larger than that of Pennsylvania, and is only a portion of the price they pay for the mere privilege of living. It excites novel sensations to see three millions of any human beings living, as it were, under the water, and only protected from inundation by their own unsleeping vigilance. Watchmen are stationed along these lines of artificial defence against the assailing sea during the winter season, when "the broad ocean leans against the land," and when the immense volume of water cannot find ready passage through the narrow channel at

Dover and falls back upon the coast of Holland and threatens to engulf the whole country.

These canals not only divide the interior country, serving the treble purpose of drains and fences—not only carry the produce from the farms into the rivers and the sea, but pass through the chief cities. It was very odd to see how they took the place of streets in Rotterdam and Amsterdam. Imagine Broad Street, in Philadelphia, or Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, with a sluggish stream running through the middle even to the curbs, and the tall houses on both sides reflected in the water, and these again crossed by other similar thoroughfares, with huge ships loading and unloading at the very door-steps, and you have some idea of the business centers of these Dutch cities. Now and then, when a solid causeway traverses the line a beautiful bridge relieves the perspective. The shouts of the laborers and boat-hands, many of whom are women, the bustle on the narrow footpaths, the outlandish dresses and curious caps of the peasant-girls, broad frilled and pinned close to their faces with gilded jewelry, and the great wooden shoes of both sexes, young and old, created a scene that looked more like fancy than reality to my American eyes. Although Holland labors under many great natural disadvantages, her windmills save the cost of coal and steam engines, and her canals save the expense of horses. Instead of loading great wagons on the fields and hauling the crops away, boats of considerable tonnage are pulled into the canals that divide and subdivide the plantations, then filled with the ripe grain or ready hay, and thence sailed to the nearest warehouse or country town for storage or sale. The cities of Holland which it has been my good fortune to see, the Hague, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam, are prosperous and full of attractions. The Hague, at which I am now writing (three miles from the German Ocean), where the King resides, is one of the best built cities in Europe. Its streets are wide, well-paved, and scrupulously clean, its public buildings imposing, and the private houses of its wealthy citizens, many of them of brick, very like the best style of residences in old Pennsylvania towns like Lancaster, York, Reading, Easton, and Harrisburg. The seaside resort of Schevingen, fifteen minutes ride from the city, is a favorite rendezvous of the Dutch gentry, but has a hard, bare, and inhospitable look. As I stood on the beach and watched the beer-drinkers at their little tables, and listened to the band in a wooden pagoda, I thought of the happier crowds at Cape May, Newport, Long Branch, Atlantic City, and other ocean cities in my own dear country. The absence of vegetation made the contrast stronger as I recollected the glorious verdure and splendid country seats adjoining these resorts in

America. Rotterdam is larger than the Hague, and ships of the largest class, laden with merchandise from foreign lands, pass into the very heart of the town. Amsterdam, the commercial capital, is eminently cosmopolitan, abounding in Dutch characteristics, yet trading with all parts of the world, and rewards the most careful observation. Its population is estimated at 260,000, and when you are told that this great city—palaces, houses, factories, canals, sluices—is built upon piles, you will agree with Erasmus, who wrote after seeing it in the sixteenth century, that he had reached a place whose inhabitants, like crows, lived in the tops of the trees. In walking through the city, which contains more canals than streets, I was greatly impressed by the thrift and prosperity of the people; and as I saw its liquid avenues reflecting princely castles, gorgeous shops, theatres, mansions, and squares, it was almost impossible to realize that the foundation of all this solid grandeur was once the quivering floor of the "treacherous deep."

J. W. F.

"Except ye be converted and become as little children."—Pride and self-righteousness are no infant sins; and while every mountain must be brought down, every valley must be exalted—all low and despairing thoughts, so dishonorable to God, must be eradicated, that these low places, to carry on the metaphor, may be filled up with the "unsearchable riches of Christ."—*Blunt.*

MONT CENIS SUMMIT RAILWAY.

The progress of science, applied to the mechanic arts, is well illustrated in the fact that since the great railroad tunnel under Mont Cenis, between France and Italy, was begun, trains are able to climb up the steep grades of the Alps, to a height of twelve or thirteen thousand feet, and descend again on the other side with celerity and safety. Indeed, if the tunnel had not advanced so far already, it may be questioned whether it would now be undertaken at all. On the 21st of August this new road was formally opened. A locomotive and two carriages crossed the summit of Mont Cenis and went over the whole length of forty-eight miles, while the boring of the tunnel was going on underneath. The peculiarity of the system adopted is in placing a central double-headed rail on its side, in the middle of the way, and about fourteen inches above the other rails. To match and grasp this, there are four horizontal driving wheels on the engine, under the control of the engine-driver. These can be made to grasp the central rail so as to apply the whole power of the engine in enabling the train to climb up or go down steep grades without slipping, especially as the cars also have four horizontal wheels and brakes upon the central rail. The grades are from one foot in thirty to one foot in twelve,

and yet with a pressure of not more than eighty pounds to the square inch, clutching the rail the train moved up with the greatest apparent ease. The descent to Susa was by a series of the sharpest curves and steepest grades; the view through the clear air was magnificent, extending over the plains of Italy for thirty miles, and awakening the greatest enthusiasm as, by zig-zag lines, the travellers went up and then down these most thoroughly known of all the mountains of the world, which Hannibal, two thousand years ago, and Napoleon in modern times, made their fame in crossing. It should be remembered that this road was begun and carried through within quite a short time. It was regarded at first as a mere temporary line until the mountains should be pierced. It is the second triumph of engineering in carrying railroads over or through the Alps. In working the tunnel the drills are operated by condensed air, carried by iron pipes, which at the same time supplies fresh air to the workmen; the air being condensed by the falling water power on the sides of the Alps. That is one great application of science to art; while this central rail, clutched by horizontal wheels, although well known in this country twenty years ago, is now first applied on a great scale, and is a matter of great practical importance. It is not supposed this newly-opened line will ever be closed again, but passengers will probably be able to take their choice between a short run for seven miles underground, through the dark tunnel, and a ride for between forty and fifty miles amid the most magnificent scenery of the world. It is by no means clear, even, which route will be least exposed to dangers. There will always be danger from glaciers, thaws, and falling ice, snow and rocks upon the track outside, while the dangers from the falling in of the sides and top of the tunnel will give an unpleasant feeling to the underground route. But we have noticed this newly opened pathway among the mountains, and amid the clouds, from the conviction that it will be found of extensive interest among railroad men employed among those high grades we now have, and the higher ones to be encountered in crossing our own continent.—*Public Ledger.*

MAN MADE TO WORK.

Did God ever make a body which he encumbered with idle members? Never. What part, what member of this frame, moulded of clay, yet so fearfully and wonderfully made, does not work—was not made for working? The eye is made to see, the ear to hear, the tongue to speak, the legs to walk, the hands to grasp, the lungs to breathe, the brain to think, the busy heart—the first to live, the last to die—a clock that needs no winding to beat, and, beating, sends its blood through all the throbbing

arteries. Let all, or even some, of these members cease to work, I die instantly.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

There is an old legend which says that the wild geese in their migrations, before they came to Mount Taurus, alighted, and each one took a pebble in its mouth, so that they would have to fly across without making a noise, that the eagles, which infested that region, might not hear and fall upon them and devour them. So should the Christian put a seal upon his lips, that he speak not foolishly and unadvisedly, lest he give the adversary an occasion to destroy him.

THE HORSE—HIS MEMORY AND SAGACITY.

An aged and venerable friend, residing in one of the cities on our Eastern seaboard, a gentleman of character and worth, once related to me the following anecdote of the horse, illustrating, in a remarkable manner, the sagacity and memory of this animal.

At the close of the revolutionary war, when everything was unsettled and in disorder, an acquaintance residing on the Boston road, some thirty or forty miles from New York, lost a valuable young horse, stolen from his stable in the night. Great search and inquiry were made for him, but no tidings of him could be heard, and no trace of him could ever be discovered.

Almost six full years had now elapsed, and the recollection even, of the lost animal, had nearly faded from the mind. At this period a gentleman from the East, in the course of business, was travelling on horseback on this road, on his way to Philadelphia. When within four or five miles of a village on the road, the traveler was overtaken by a respectable looking gentleman on horseback, a resident of the village, returning home from a short business ride. Riding along side by side they soon engaged in a pleasant desultory conversation. The gentleman was immediately struck with the appearance of the traveler's horse. And every glance of the eye cast toward him, seemed to excite an interest and curiosity to look at him again, and to revive a recollection of something he had seen before, and soon established in his mind the impression that for all the world he looked like the horse he had lost some six years ago. This soon became so irresistibly fixed in his mind, that he remarked to the traveler:

"You have a fine horse."

"Yes," he replied, "an exceedingly valuable and excellent animal."

"What is his age?"

"Well, I suppose him to be about ten or eleven years old."

"You did not raise him, then?"

"No; I purchased him of a stranger, a traveler, nearly six years since."

"Do you reside in this part of the country?"

"No, I reside in the Bay State, and am on my way to Philadelphia, on business. How far is it to New York?"

"Well, sir, I really regret to interrupt you, or put you to inconvenience, but I am constrained to say, I believe you have in your possession a horse that I must claim."

The traveler looked with surprise and amazement, and replied:

"What do you mean?"

"I believe the horse you are on, in truth, belongs to me. Five years ago, the past autumn, a valuable young horse was stolen from my stable. Great search was made for him, but no tidings of him ever came to hand. In color, appearance and movement, it seems to me he was the exact counterpart of the horse you are on. It would be hardly possible, I think, for two to be so near alike. But my horse was an uncommonly intelligent, sagacious animal. And I will make a proposition to you that will place the matter in such a position that the result will be conclusive and satisfactory, I think, to both of us. We are now within a mile of my residence, which is on the road in the centre of the village before us. When we arrive at my house, your horse shall be tied to the east post in front of my door—the horse I am on to the west post. After standing a short time, the bridle of your horse shall be taken off, and if he does not go to a pair of bars on the west side of the house, and pass over, and go round to the east side of the barn, and pull out a pin, and open the middle stable door and enter, I will not claim him. If he does, I will furnish you conclusive evidence that he was bred by me, but never sold—that he was stolen from me just at the conclusion of the war; about the very time you say you purchased him."

The traveler assented to the trial. The horse was hitched to the post as proposed—stood a few minutes—the bridle was then taken off—he raised his head—pricked up his ears—looked up the street, then down the street, several times—then deliberately and slowly walked past the house and over the bars, and to the stable-door, as described, and with teeth and lip drew out the pin, and opened the door, and entered into his old stall. We hardly need to add, he was recognized by his neighbors, who fully attested to the facts stated by the claimant, and that the traveler lost his title to the horse.—*Late Paper.*

TEACH THE CHILDREN.

The celebrated Gerson, although Chancellor of the University of Paris, and the theological leader of the reformatory councils of Pisa and Constance in the early part of the fifteenth century, felt that he had a greater work to do. After taking a prominent part in all the leading

questions of the age, he retired to a convent at Lyons, and found his chief delight in the instruction of little children, saying that it was with little children that the reformation of the church should commence. And on his death-bed, he sent for the little ones that they might pray for him.

EGGS BY WEIGHT.

A dozen of eggs is a little more definite quantity than a dozen of potatoes, but still a very indefinite quantity. A dozen of eggs from little, scrawny, ill-kept chickens, sell for the same price as a dozen from large, well-kept fowls, while the difference between them is as great as the disparity between the hen that laid them. Purchasers in the market take their chances for big and little, and each gets a fair average. But it is not so with producers, and here is where the injustice occurs. The man who raises choice fowls and keeps them in good condition, sells large, rich eggs for the same price per dozen that is paid for others one-third smaller. This operates as a discouragement to raising good hens, and as a premium on poor ones.

A writer in the *Canada Farmer* insists that eggs should be sold by the pound, as well as meat and butter, and gives the difference in the average weight of a dozen of eggs from different breeds of fowls, as follows:

Common fowls,	1 lb 6 oz.
Spanish,	1 lb 9½ oz.
Gray Dorking,	1 lb 10 oz.
Gray Dorking and Brahma	1 lb 14 oz.
Gray Dorking and Cochin	1 lb 15½ oz.

These are the differences in the average weight from different breeds. Should we compare the poorest specimens of the poorest breeds with the best specimens of the best, we would find a difference of fully one-half, and yet all are sold at the same price. We buy and sell nothing at so loose an adjustment of quantity to price as eggs, except when we buy wood by the load. Even apples and peaches, when sold by number, have the price adjusted to the size. But big or little, an egg is an egg.—*Wisconsin Farmer*.

ITEMS.

A PIECE OF FLEXIBLE STONE has lately been placed on exhibition at a geological institution at Southampton, England. This stone is two feet long, seven inches wide, and more than one inch in thickness, having the appearance of rough sandstone, which bends with a slight pressure like a piece of India-rubber. This interesting piece of geology has been placed in a glass case constructed for it, fitted with a lever, by touching the key of which on the outside of the case the flexibility of the stone is shown. It was obtained from Delhi, India. In its natural position the stone is said to run in thin layers in the soil in which it is found, but is so rare in India that it finds a place in the museums at Calcutta. There is a similar stone, but not so wide as the one under notice, in the British Museum, and another in the Museum of the School of Mines; but specimens are very rarely to be met with. Although the stone

has a gritty appearance, it is said that no grit or dust is thrown off by the motion given to it when under pressure.

SILK CULTURE promises to be an important part of the future industry of California. Silk worms have been bred in California regularly since 1860, and the weather having been favorable, the increase has been rapid, and next year the production will, it is expected, reach as high as 15,000,000 cocoons. It is said that the average of European cocoons in quality and quantity of fibre is considerably surpassed by the California cocoons.

In New York, an experiment was recently made near the harbor with a new electric light, with which the inventor claims to be able to light up the city with a single lamp more completely than the gas companies do. The light on exhibition last evening was so bright as to be painful to the naked eye, and cast bright gleams all over the bay.

QUANTITY OF HEAT EMITTED BY THE SUN.—Balan sums the results of experiments made by some of the greatest living physicists in this direction, as follows:—The heat of the sun that reaches the earth would be sufficient, if evenly distributed, and if there were neither clouds nor atmosphere to intercept part of it, to melt in a year a coat of ice of 30 metres (nearly a hundred feet) in thickness. The mechanical calculation of this force is expressed in kilogrammetres; that is to say, the force necessary to lift a weight of kilogram (over 2 lbs.) to a height of one metre or about 39 inches. The supply of heat from the sun in one minute, if it could be used for making steam, and that steam could be made to work without loss of power, would raise to the height of one metre a weight of 900,000,000,000,000,000 kilograms; that is, the number 9, followed by seventeen naughts. As only a small portion of the heat emitted by the sun reaches us, to get the value in work of the whole of the heat emitted, the above enormous figure must be multiplied by two thousand millions. It becomes, then, 1,800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, or 18, followed by twenty-six naughts.

THE GREATER PART of the ice used on the Pacific coast is obtained from an ice cave in the northern part of Oregon. This cave is said to furnish a never failing supply. The ice remains in a perfect condition throughout the entire year, and the cave is situated on a stream known as the White Salmon, which empties into the Columbia River, on the Washington Territory side. The entrance to this icy chamber is near the base of Mount Adams, which stands twenty miles from the Columbia, and whose melting snows constitute the waters of the White Salmon. The dimensions of this cave are vast, extending many miles under the snowy mountain, and the scenery inside is grand. The ice is found in columns formed by water falling from above, and congealing as it falls. These columns are cut out in blocks and conveyed on pack animals to the Columbia River, and from thence are shipped to all the markets on the coast.

IN THE SUCCESSFUL planting of orchards a great deal is said to depend upon the manner in which the trees are set out, and if, when taken up for this purpose, the trees were marked on the north side, so that when set in the ground again that side would be presented to the north, their natural position, a larger proportion, it is said, would live, as a violation of this law of nature is the cause of many transplanted trees dying. If the north side be exposed to the south the heat of the sun is too great for that side of the tree to bear, and, therefore, it dries up and decays.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohn, *New York*.
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*
William H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
James Baynes, *Baltimore, Md.*

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Copy of a Letter written by Elizabeth Webb, in 1712, to Anthony William Boehm, Chaplain to George, Prince of Denmark, with his Answer.

(Continued from page 531.)

When I was about 15 years old, it pleased God to send the spirit of grace and supplication into my heart, by which I prayed continually unto the Lord. As oft as my natural breath did come and go, there was a divine breathing in my soul; and my forms of prayer went from me, for I had no life in them, except that prayer which Jesus Christ taught his disciples. I have always had a reverent esteem for that, when I was in a state to pray. But I found that the spirit made intercession in me for me, according to the present wants and necessities of my soul; and I remember one expression that used to run through my mind very often was this: "Oh, Lord, preserve me in thy fear and in thy truth!" and, "Oh, Lord, show me thy way, and make known thy mind and will to me!" and I thought I was ready to answer it. I much desired to know the people of God, for my soul cried, "Oh, Lord, where dost thou, where dost thou feed thy flock? Why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?" Oh, the drawing cords of divine love! Thou didst draw my soul with longings and breathings after the knowledge of the only true God, and of Jesus Christ, &c. Then there was no condemnation; the sins of ignorance the Lord winked at. But then He

called me to repentance, and to forsake my pride and vain company, which was a great cross to the will of the flesh; but I took it up for several months; and while I did so my soul had great peace and divine comfort; so that many times the enjoyment of the divine love was more to me than my natural food, or any outward thing. I remember when the family used to ask me why I did not come to meat; I used to think I had meat to eat, which they knew not of; and in those times of retirement I had manifestations of sufferings, that I should go through; and I had a sight of several things, which I have met with since. And in those times, when I walked alone, I was convinced that the Quaker principles were the truth; and that their ministry was the true ministry. But I dwelt then far from any of them; only thus. It had happened, when I was about 12 years old, I had been at a meeting or two, and the doctrine of one man that preached there proved (as the wise man terms it) "like bread cast upon the waters" to me, for it was found many days after. The sound of his voice seemed to be in my mind when I was alone; and some of his words came fresh into my remembrance; and the voice of the words suited with the spirit, which, at that time, had the exercise of my mind; and I met with a little book of theirs, and the doctrine therein contained suited with the doctrine of the apostles; so, I was convinced in my mind; but I did not join with them then, for by that time flesh and

blood began to be very uneasy, under the yoke of retirement. And it began to groan for liberty. I was now about 16 years old, and the subtle enemy lay near me, and he did not want instruments; so, I was persuaded by reasoning with the flesh, the words of Satan, that, as I was young, I might take a little more pleasure, and might serve God when I was older. So, I let go my exercise of watching and praying, and left off retirement, and let my love go out to visible objects; and pride and vanity grew up again, and the divine, meek, sweet, living spirit withdrew; and I could not find it again when I pleased, although I did seek it sometimes, for I could have been pleased with the sweet comforts of his love, though I did not like to bear the daily cross, and because I was convinced it was the Quaker principle; for I believed that people did enjoy the sweetness of divine love at their meetings; I, therefore, went sometimes a great way to a meeting to seek for divine refreshment there; but to no purpose, for I was like a dry stick that had no sap or virtue, unto which rain and sunshine, summer and winter, were all alike. Thus it was with me for about three years. Oh, the remembrance of that misspent time, and the tribulation that came on me afterwards for my disobedience, is never to be forgotten by me. So, when I was about 19 years of age, it pleased the Almighty to send his quickening spirit again into my heart, and his light shined in my mind, and all my transgressions were set in order before me, and I was made deeply sensible of my great loss. Then, oh then! the vials of the wrath of an offended Father were poured out on the transgressing nature in my soul that had joined with it. Oh, then, I cried, "Woe is me, I am undone! I have slain the babe of grace! I have crucified the lord of life and glory to myself afresh;" although I had not put him to open shame; for I had been preserved in moral honesty, in all respects, to that degree, that I durst not tell a lie or speak an ill word; and I could be entrusted in any place with any thing; and this would be in my mind many times, that if I was not faithful in the outward mammon, I should not be entrusted with the heavenly treasure. But, notwithstanding all my righteousness, he whose eye penetrates all hearts found me so guilty that I found there was no mercy for me. Oh, that testimony I found to be very sure, viz.: "Except your righteousness exceed that of the scribes and pharisees, there is no admittance into the kingdom of heaven," (nor to see the favor of God). But after many days and nights of sorrow and great anguish, having no soul to speak to, it came into my mind to give up my soul into the hand of God; and I said, "Oh, Lord, if I perish it shall be at the gates of thy mercy, for if thou cast me to hell I can-

not help myself; therefore, I will give up myself, my life, and all, into thy holy hand; do thy pleasure by me; thy judgments are just, for I have slighted thy sweet love, and have slain the babe of grace," &c. And as I sank down into death, and owned and submitted to the judgments of God, my heart was broken, which, before, was hard; and it pleased my merciful Father to cause his divine, sweet love to spring up again in my hard, dry, and barren soul, as a spring of living water; and the compassionate bowels of a tender Saviour my soul felt, and I had a living hope raised in my mind, and yet greater afflictions came after. So I may say by experience, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life." And, indeed, I have cause to believe that there are none but such as are made willing to be stripped of all that belong to self or the old man, and so become as a little child, that rightly or truly enter in at the strait gate; and I do find by experience that "no vulturous eye, or venomous beast, or lofty lion's whelp, can look into or tread in this holy, narrow way," although it is our king's highway. Oh, the longings of my soul, that all might consider it. But to proceed: Then I thought all was well, the worst is now over, and I am taken again into the favor of God; and so I was led into an elevation of joy, but all inwardly in silence; and in a few days my soul was led into a wilderness, where I met with such trials and temptations as it is beyond my capacity to set forth, as it was; but when I retired after the joy abated, to look for some solid comfort, my beloved, my soul's comforter, had withdrawn himself and was gone; and my soul was left in a waste howling wilderness, where there was no way, no guide, no light, that I could see; but thick darkness, such as might be felt, indeed; for the horror of it was such that when it was evening I wished it was morning, and when it was morning I wished for evening. The Lord was near, but I knew it not. He had allured my soul into the wilderness, and there he pleaded with me by his fiery law and righteous judgments. The day of the Lord came upon me, which burnt as an oven in my bosom, till all pride and vanity was burnt up. All my former delights and joys were gone; my old heavens were passed away, as a scroll that is rolled together; and my earthly heart did burn within me, as with fire, and I had as much exercise in my mind of anguish and horror, as I could bear for several months, and not one drop of divine comfort. I could compare my heart to nothing, unless it was a fire coal or hot iron. No brokenness of heart or tenderness of spirit at all, though I cried to God continually in the deep distress of my soul, yet not one tear that I could issue from my eyes could prevail. The days of sorrow and nights of anguish that I went through

no tongue can utter, or heart perceive, which hath not gone through the like! I could have wished I had been some other creature, that I might not have known such anguish and sorrow, for I thought all other creatures were in their proper place; but my troubles were much aggravated by the strong oppositions and temptations of Satan, who was very unwilling to loose his subject. So he raised all his forces, and made use of all his armors which he had in the house; and I found him to be a strong man, armed indeed; for he would not suffer me to enter into resignation, but would have me to look into the mysteries that appertain to salvation with an eye of carnal reason, and because I could not comprehend in my rational understanding, he caused me to question the truth of all things that are left on record in the Scriptures of Truth; and would have persuaded me to sit down in the Jews opinion concerning Christ; and many other baits and resting places he laid before me, but my soul hungered after the true bread, the bread of life, that came from God out of heaven, (which Christ testified of in John vi., from the 27th verse to the end,) which I had felt near, and my soul had tasted of. Although the devil tormented me with his temptations, my soul could not feed on them, but cried continually, "Thy presence, O Lord, or else I die. Oh, let me feel thy saving arm, or else I perish." And, "O Lord, give me faith!" Thus was my soul exercised in earnest supplication unto God, night and day, and yet I went about my outward business, and made my complaint unto none but to God only. All my faith which I had before, while I was in disobedience, proved like the building on a sandy foundation. All the comfort which I used to have in reading the Scriptures was taken away, and I durst not read for some time, because it added to condemnation. So I was left to depend upon God alone, who caused me to feel a little help, sometimes like a little glimmering of light underneath my troubles, which caused some stay in my mind; and if it had not been so, I had fallen into despair; but I much desired to be brought through my troubles the right way, and not to shake them off and get over them. I had not freedom to make known my condition to any person, for I used to think if the Lord did not help me, in vain was the help of man. And I have since seen that it was well I did not, upon several accounts, for I might have come to a loss, if I had done so; for it was the will of the Lord to humble, and to burn up, and throw down, all that which might be imputed to man or self; that I might know the work or building of God to be raised from the foundation by his own power (where none of man's buildings were) that all the glory might be given to him alone, for we are very apt to

say in effect, "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ," as if Christ was divided; but the Lord will not give "his glory to another, nor his praise to graven images." So, as thou well observed, "the chief thing we ought to do is to make people sensible of their corruptions, and to direct them to the word nigh, and to be good examples to them."

(To be continued.)

"Honoring all men" is reaching that of God in every man, for that brings to seek the honor of God.—*George Fox.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

The following is, I believe, a correct copy of an original letter from that eminent minister of the Gospel, Job Scott, now in my possession, which accidentally or providentially fell into the hands of a careful person, who, though not in membership with us, has preserved it as a valuable relic.

A. J. P.

NEW YORK, 13th of 3d mo., 1790.

Dear Friend, Jas. Brinhurst:—Under a fresh sense of thy kindness divers ways, I think it my place to inform thee, that after leaving Byberry, I attended Monthly Meeting at Wrightstown; then had a meeting at Kingwood, next at Joseph Moore's, then again at Kingwood, last First-day. Second-day, rode to Hardwick; at meeting there on Third-day. Fourth-day, rode to Mendon; at meeting there on Fifth day, and yesterday rode here in tolerable health. Had satisfaction and relief in the several meetings, and feel clear of the Jerseys, Pennsylvania, and the more Southern States. I look back with awfulness on the path of my painful pilgrimage for the year past, as well as the rest of my life; and though I am a poor frail worm of the dust, and have not always been so strictly watchful as I might have been, yet I have a most unshaken and soul-consolating evidence that holy help has always been near, and many times marvellously so. Oh! may I ever adore that high and holy Name, which has again and again been my strong tower and rock of defence, and henceforward, as long as I live, walk worthy of the vocation to which he has called me. I often marvelled at his making use of me at all in so great a work; but he will send by the hands of whom he will send, and has a right to bring his servants under the most indispensable necessity to go on his errands. Had not this been the case, I had not left dear New England; but I staid there till I durst stay no longer, and I now go thither again. Yea, gladly I go, feeling relieved of a weight which I felt for some time before I left home, and repeatedly since, on the journey which I perhaps can convey but little idea of by words. Had I been more perfectly given up at some particular trying moments, and more thoroughly watchful and attentive to

Truth's opening and preserving influence, I believe it would have been to my additional satisfaction now on my return; but, on the whole, I have great cause for thanksgiving and praise, having been abundantly and repeatedly confirmed that He that has called us is holy, and not only calleth us to the perfecting of holiness in his pure fear, but will infallibly abilitate thereunto as we look unto and rely rightly upon him. Many, it is true, are the conflicts and besetments which attend the race we run; but if ever we fail of preservation and victory, it is because the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away. Oh! my soul, trust in the Lord forever, for thou livingly knowest that in him, and him alone, is never-failing strength.

Great is the love I feel towards many in your city and country. Mention me to such as thou thinkest proper, not forgetting thy dear wife and family, thy brother Joseph and afflicted sister, if living, and particularly my two Newport friends at thy son John's. I did intend to have seen them again, but could not well see how to do it. Let them be assured it was not owing to want of good-will; no, truly. I feel more than a little of that to them both, and wish their substantial improvement and settlement in the best things; also I desire to hear from them as frequently as may be convenient. I found dear Isaac Everett here; he is here now, but I believe has some thought of being at Spring Meeting. He is pretty well, and bravely relieved in mind, having left New England with peace in his own bosom, the reward of faithful attention to divine manifestation.

I acknowledge thy kindness in sending thy son and lad with my man to Byberry, and in the offer of Jonathan's going on with me. I thought it not best to detain him, though his kind willingness to accompany me was truly acceptable. I wish his everlasting welfare, as also that of all the rest of the children, and servants too; and desire my love and good will to be mentioned to all the servants, male and female, black and white. They have all souls immortal as our own, and must be happy or miserable forever, therefore ought to be seriously engaged to love God and serve him faithfully all the days of their lives.

If any letters have come to thy hand for me, I desire thee to be so kind as to forward them back to me, and shall be glad of a line from thee. Please to mention my love to our dear women friends from Ireland; in whose hands that the Lord's work may prosper, is the sincere desire of thy and their sincere friend,

JOB SCOTT.

Your friends attending Congress* are attentive to the trust with them reposed. I hope

* On the subject of slavery, as appears in his published letter of same date to his wife.

they may be patiently persevering and not faint, fully believing a sure reward will attend their faithful labors, and in the end, however long, find a sure success. I don't know that their prospects of much sudden success are sufficient to animate to any great exertions, but am apt to think their diligence and attention proceed rather from a deep felt sense of duty, and a trust that bread cast on the waters swims not away, but will be gathered, though it should not be till after many days. As far as I now see, I may go hence on Second-day, and perhaps pretty directly home. May I not be too much pleased with the thoughts of happiness in the delightful company of a much loved wife and tender offspring, but rather seek wisdom and ability rightly to nurture and train these last in a way the most favorable toward their receiving and submitting in early life to the heart humbling power of truth. This is the desire of my heart at this time on their account.

EXTRACT.

I have loved to read the Scriptures from my childhood up to the present hour. Some of the earliest religious impressions that memory can recall, accompanied the perusal of the experience of the righteous, that is there recorded. I recur now to an incident connected with my earliest religious convictions, so memorable to me, that it will be lasting as life itself, in which my mind in the infancy of experience was led to feel and admire the truth of some of these Scripture declarations. I had learned to repeat that beautiful prayer which Jesus taught his disciples, and often to open my lips with the language, "Our Father who art in heaven." In the spirit of inquiry natural to children, I was led on one of those occasions of retirement, that I had been taught was necessary to effectual prayer, to put this question to myself: What good can it do me to repeat these words, or how shall I be benefitted by the use of this prayer? I was seeking after truth, and in the silence that followed the inquiry, my understanding was addressed by a language like this: The value of thy prayer depends upon the spirit in which it is made. Oh, the impressions of that hour have followed me through life, and I shall carry the remembrance thereof with me to the grave; and I wish I could carry to others the convictions I have received myself, that however much we may read the Scriptures, or repeat the declarations of good men that we find there recorded, they can be of no value to us, only as we are brought into a state of mind in which we can make these declarations our own. Then only can we say with truth, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven."—*Extract from John Jackson's Sermons.*

Form "The Penns and Peningtons."

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

(Continued from page 534.)

The new spiritual birth and awakened perceptions that now arose in his soul brought with them both comfort and true earnestness of desire to be conformed to the will of God in all things. Conflicts and trials succeeded, but strength was given adequate to the necessity on every occasion. An enlightened conscience, pointing in the gospel to the words of the Lord Jesus Himself, made it clear to him that the Friends were right in maintaining that the follower of Christ must live a life of truthfulness—must make it the great object of his life to be true to God, true to his fellow-man, and true to the convictions of his own conscience in all things; that God required from His children and would help them to maintain truth in heart, in word, and in deed; and that no one who is not governed by the Spirit of Truth and truthfulness, is pleasing God and serving Him aright. Then came the pinch in the application of this strict truthfulness to the current manners, popular language, and complimentary titles which prevailed in the world. The Friends had taken a decided stand against whatever they deemed untruthful in each of these, and young Ellwood, after examining every point, believed in his heart that the stand they had made was a right one; and thus believing, he acted upon it. So also he united with their views in giving up those things that he regarded as springing from a degree of human pride and vanity that should not be countenanced. Expensive personal decoration was discarded; gold rings, gold lace, and all such ornaments were cast off, and in language and manners the Quaker mode of using no merely complimentary titles was adopted by him.

The ceremonious uncovering of the head and bowing of the knee were seriously regarded by the Friends as marks of veneration that should not be offered to any mortal, but should be considered as due to God alone, and observed in prayerful approaches to Him. We cannot wonder that, viewing these observances in this light, no earthly consideration could induce them to comply with the fashionable usages. In these respects, also, Ellwood united with and adopted the principles and practice of the Quakers. He thus describes meeting with some of his former acquaintances after he had made that change, on an occasion when sent by his father to Oxford, with a message to his brother magistrates who sat on the bench during the sessions:—

"I went directly to the hall where the sessions were held, and had been but a very little while there before a knot of my old acquaintances e-pying me, came to me. One of these was a scholar in his gown, another a surgeon of that city (Oxford), both my schoolfellows and

fellow-boarders at Thame school, and the third a country gentleman with whom I had long been very familiar. When they were come up to me, they all saluted me after the usual manner, putting off their hats and bowing, saying, 'Your humble servant,' sir, expecting, no doubt, in return, the same from me. But when they saw me stand still, not moving my cap nor bowing my knee in a way of congee to them, they were amazed, and looked first one upon another, then upon me, and then one upon another again for a while, without a word speaking. At length the surgeon, a brisk young man, who stood nearest to me, clapping his hand in a familiar way upon my shoulder, and smiling on me said, 'What, Tom! a Quaker?' to which I readily and cheerfully answered, 'Yes, a Quaker.' And as the words passed out of my mouth, I felt joy springing in my heart; for I rejoiced that I had not been drawn out by them into any compliance; and that I had strength and boldness given me to confess myself to be one of that despised people."

In that age men when dressed generally wore their hats in the house as well as out of doors, only removing them on occasions of ceremony. Young Ellwood had not only hats and caps taken from him, one after another, till all he possessed were gone, but also every means of procuring others. To this his father had recourse in order to put it out of his power ever to appear covered in his presence—when he found that other and most cruel treatment which he had recourse to was unavailing. But do or say what he would to his son, he found him immovable in this, though he still acted towards him with filial deference in everything, but what appeared to him as encroaching on the honor due to God. The courage manifested in his earlier days in disarming the ruffian who attacked his father's carriage, was not now exercised in defending himself; that would have been impossible, without exasperating one whom he most gladly would, if in conscience he could, have appeased. All his courage was now exercised in patient endurance of personal abuse from his father, having entered the service, and under the teaching of Him who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again."

Several months followed without in any degree reconciling the father to the changes that had taken place in the son, when to the joy of the latter their friends from Chalfont came to pay them a visit at Crowell; which Ellwood speaks of thus:—

"At length it pleased the Lord to move Isaac Penington and his wife to make a visit to my father, and see how it fared with me: and very welcome they were to me, whatever they were to him, to whom I doubt not they would have been more welcome had it not been for me. They tarried with us all night, and much dis-

course they had with my father, both about the principles of Truth in general, and in relation to me in particular, which I was not privy to; but one thing which I afterwards heard of was this: when my father and we were at their house some months before, Mary Penington in some discourse there had told him how hardly her husband's father, Alderman Penington, had dealt with him about his hat; which my father, little then thinking that it would, and so soon too, be his own case, did very much censure the Alderman for. He spared not liberally to blame him for it; wondering that so wise a man as he was should take notice of so trivial a thing as the taking off or keeping on of a hat. This gave her a handle to take hold of him by. And having had an ancient acquaintance with him, and he having always had a high opinion of and respect for her, she, who was a woman of great wisdom, of ready speech, and of a well-resolved spirit, did press so close upon him with this home argument, that he was utterly at a loss how to defend himself.

"After dinner next day, when they were ready to return home, she desired of my father that, since my company was so little acceptable to him, he would give me leave to go and spend some time with them, where I should be sure of a welcome. He was very unwilling I should go, and made many objections, all which she removed so clearly by her answers, that, not judging what further excuse to allege, he at length left it to me, and I soon turned the scale for going.

"We were come to the coach side before this was concluded on, and I was ready to step in, when one of my sisters privately put my father in mind that I had no hat on. That somewhat startled him, for he did not think it fit that I should go from home so far, and to stay abroad, without a hat. Wherefore he whispered her to fetch me a hat, and he entertained them with some discourse in the meantime. But as soon as he saw the hat coming he would not stay till it came, lest I should put it on before him; therefore, breaking off the discourse, he abruptly took his leave of them.

"I had not one penny of money about me, nor indeed elsewhere; for my father as soon as he saw that I would be a Quaker, took from me both what money I had, and everything else of value that would have made money—as silver buttons, rings, etc., pretending that he would keep them for me till I came to myself again. But as I had no money, being among my friends, I had no need of any, nor ever honed after it; though upon one particular occasion I had like to have wanted it."

That occasion is worth noting for more than its quaint details. It brings before us one of the characteristic enactments of the Commonwealth; suggesting the different views on the

Sabbath question that prevailed between the Puritan and the Quaker of the seventeenth century. We find nearly the same difference prevailing between the Presbyterians and the Friends of our own time, though it may be the chasm between the two in this day is scarcely so wide as formerly. Perhaps the Presbyterians do not now regard the Sunday as occupying exactly the same ground as the Jewish Sabbath. The Friends, however, still hold that the first day of the week, though most necessary as a day of rest from usual labor, has no Christian warrant for being kept as the Jews were ordered to keep their Sabbath. They believe that both the corporal and mental constitution of man require such rest. They also believe that on such a day of repose from toil, religious worship and religious instruction should be especially attended to. But they do not hold that the first day of the week is any more holy, in the Jewish sense, than any other day.

The occasion above alluded to occurred in 1660, a few weeks prior to the restoration of Charles the Second. "I had been at Reading," Ellwood says, "and set out from thence on the first day of the week, in the morning, intending to reach (as in point of time, I well might) to Isaac Penington's, where the meeting was to be that day; but when I came to Maidenhead, I was stopped by the watchman laying hold on the horse's bridle, and telling me I must go with him to the constable for travelling on Sunday. Accordingly I suffered him to lead my horse to the constable's door. When we got there, the constable told me I must go before the warden, who was the chief officer of the town; and he bid the watchman bring me on, himself walking before.

"Being come to the warden's door, the constable knocked, and desired to speak with Mr. Warden. He thereupon quickly coming to the door, the constable said: 'Sir, I have brought a man here to you, whom the watch took riding through the town. The warden began to examine me, asking whence I came, and whither I was going. I told him I came from Reading, and was going to Chalfont. He asked why I travelled on that day. I told him I did not know it would give offence to ride or to walk on that day, so long as I did not drive any carriage or horses laden with burdens. 'Why,' said he, 'if your business was urgent, did you not take a pass from the mayor of Reading?' 'Because,' I replied, 'I did not know nor think I should have needed one.' 'Well,' said he, 'I will not talk with you now—it is time to go to church—but I will examine you further anon;' and, turning to the constable, 'Have him to an inn, and bring him before me after dinner.'

"The naming of an inn put me in mind that such public-houses were places of expense, and

I knew I had no money to defray it, wherefore I said to the warden: 'Before thou sendest me to an inn; which may occasion some expense, I think it needful to acquaint thee that I have no money.' At that the warden stared, and turning quickly upon me said, 'How! no money! How can that be? you don't look like a man that has no money.' 'However I look,' said I, 'I tell thee the truth, that I have no money, and I tell it to forwarn thee that thou mayest not bring any charge upon the town.' 'I wonder,' said he, 'what art you have got that you can travel without money; you can do more, I assure you, than I can.'

"I making no answer, he went on and said, 'Well, well! but if you have no money, you have a good horse under you, and we can distrain him for the charge.' 'But,' said I, 'the horse is not mine!' 'No! but you have a good coat on your back, and I hope that is your own.' 'But it is not,' said I, 'for I borrowed both the horse and the great coat.' With that the warden, holding up his hands, smiling, said, 'Bless me! I never met such a man as you are before! What! were you set out by the parish?' Then, turning to the constable, he said, 'Have him to The Greyhound, and bid the people be civil to him.' Accordingly to The Greyhound I was led, my horse put up, and I put into a large room, and some account given of me, I suppose, to the people of the house.

"This was new work to me, and what the issue would be I could not foresee; but being left there alone I sat down, and retired in spirit to the Lord, in whom alone was my strength and safety; and of Him I begged support, even that He would be pleased to give me wisdom, and right words to answer the warden, when I should come to be examined before him again.

(To be continued.)

A FEW WORDS FOR FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

The numerous communications which have of late appeared in the *Intelligencer* concerning the spiritual well-being of our Society, have awakened many similar serious thoughts in my mind; and I sincerely believe the sounding of these alarms (which are not to be regarded as idle tales), are the forerunners of a change for the better.

That the Society has not the zeal and spirituality of old, I must reluctantly confess; and I believe no reflecting mind will deny that the causes of this are the subject of many communications; but the remedy, and who shall apply it, seems to be more hidden, and therefore less spoken of. Now, I think if individuals would examine themselves, and each one find out the condition of his own soul, and how he stood before God—what advanced him, and what retarded him in the Divine life—and then acted accordingly, the Society would be but a short time in shaking herself from the

dust of the earth, and in putting on the garments more becoming the daughter of Zion. But if it is the will of God to have a Fox or a Joshua, or many of them, to lead on the people, I believe he is now preparing them, for the interest manifested in many places among the younger people is too plain to be disregarded; and this I cannot but view as the work of the spirit in preparing the coming generation for the rebuilding of the temple which has so nearly fallen down. And I think these valiant young people should receive more encouragement to prepare themselves fully, that they may go forth boldly in the work.

Beginning with Jesus Christ and his apostles up to the present time, we invariably find that reforms have been generally brought about through the instrumentality of young men called of God for the service, which has shown that it is not length of years, but faithfulness, which is required; and so I believe it is at this present time; and that from the North and the South, the East and the West, will arise those whom we will be glad to acknowledge as instruments of deliverance. Therefore I desire that we quench not the spirit in these young people, and that we despise not their youth nor their prophesying, even though they sometimes slip with their tongues, though not from their heart; for such things as this all are liable to—but from them they can rise again.

Finally, I wish us not to be discouraged, nor look too much on the dark side, but rather encourage our brother, and excite ourselves to more ardent efforts in attaining the great end of our existence, in advancing the kingdom of heaven upon earth, and preparing for futurity.

10th month 20th, 1867.

S.

TRUE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Did a holy life consist of one or two noble deeds—some signal specimens of doing, or enduring, or suffering—we might account for the failure, and reckon it small dishonor to turn back in such a conflict. But a holy life is made up of small things. It is the little things of the hour, and not the great things of the age, that fill up a life like that of Paul and John, like that of Rutherford, or Brainerd, or Martyn. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act of martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam, "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not the waters of torrent, noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life.

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence or indecision, of sloven-

liness or cowardice, little equivocations or aberrations from high integrity, little touches of shabbiness and meanness, little exhibitions of worldliness and gayety, little indifferences to the feelings or wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper, or crossness, or selfishness, or vanity; the avoidance of such *little* things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life. And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour in public transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangements; to little words, and looks, and tones; little self-denials, and self-restraints, and self-forgetfulness; little plans of quiet kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; to punctuality and method, and true aim, in the ordering of each day—these are the active developments of a holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed.

What makes yon green hill so beautiful? Not the outstanding peak or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of slender grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great save that which is built up of great things, will find little in Bible characters to admire or copy.

—*Dr. Bonar.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.
BRIDAL PRESENTS.
BY L. HICKS.

Generosity is one of the finest feelings of human nature, and one that we should cultivate with most assiduous care. We should give attention not only to the time and manner, but to the method of giving, following the oft-repeated advice, recorded in the Scriptures, of not letting our right hand know what our left hand doeth. And we are advised to give freely, hoping and looking for nothing in return but inward reward and peace, that ever follows well doing. Those blessed with means often esteem it a luxury to give of the good things of this life to those who require them.

A practice is prevalent among the opulent and fashionable in this country, which has made inroads into our Society, of making costly presents to those of their friends who are about to be married. I would not for one moment deter any one from any act of generosity, but I claim the consideration of all serious minds to the question, Are the ostentatious presentment and the succeeding public display of wedding presents in accordance with the simplicity of our profession? Is the gift made by the promptings of a noble and generous nature, or is it done through the tyranny of fashion, the kind feelings of our nature having nothing to do with it? Is it not probable that many of these bridal presents are given in accordance with custom when the giver can ill afford the expense? If we wish to present some token of

our esteem, would it not be better to give some article the use and sight of which would often bring the kindness of the donor to remembrance, instead of costly articles of show, the charge of which is a trouble and expense?

And again, I would ask, Are there not more suitable periods than the wedding day to give these tokens of esteem? And is it consistent with our profession to make a museum and show of the bridal presents, thereby destroying that delicacy and simplicity that ever attends the generosity that springs from the heart? Why should any one desire to have his gifts heralded to the world, and made a common stock of gossip for the neighborhood? Does it not engender a selfish expectation that the gifts made will be returned by similar presents should like circumstances occur? And are not those who do not follow this fashion sometimes branded as niggardly and mean?

We would keep the spirit of generosity sacred, and surround it by every safeguard of privacy and simplicity, watching over our actions lest the desire of praise and the esteem of men do not prompt our doings; and not only the right hand know, but the world may know and see how kind and generous we are; and if so, where will be our reward?

10th mo., 1867.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 2, 1867.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION.—

The principle of love and unity is perhaps no less valued by us, than by some of our friends who have feared that the "Intelligencer" has been guilty of an impropriety in giving publicity to a variety of views upon the present condition of the Society of Friends. We believe that "Truth never loses ground by inquiry," and that we do not deviate from the Christian path in regarding with brotherly kindness and charity the expression of a sincere concern for the vital interests of the Society, even though we may differ in sentiment with the writer, as to the causes of apparent deficiencies and the remedies proposed for their removal. We are increasingly impressed with the exalted character of the principles professed by Friends, and with the liberty and equality which they inspire; and we also believe, that a more faithful advocacy of them is essential to the growth of the spiritual body. There are different gifts and different labors apportioned by the same spirit; and if a warning voice be heard in another portion of the vineyard from

that in which we are engaged, is it not well to heed it sufficiently to inquire what it portends?

Uniformity of opinion is too often regarded as essential to Christian unity. Not only in the varied castes of mind, but in the different growths of spiritual experience, there is much that calls for forbearance and charity. The apostle was no doubt aware of a similar condition in the church in his day when he said, "We, then, that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." He also testified that "the kingdom of God" is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit." If humility is the clothing of the mind, even those who may have attained to the stature of manhood, may sometimes be instructed by the little child. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." Our views in relation to this subject are so clearly expressed by "a country correspondent" of the "British Friend" that we make the following extract. In allusion to the great diversity of sentiment which must necessarily exist in a Society like ours, the author says that "the only class of writing which feels to me as of a really 'doubtful tendency,' is that which does not bear evidence of sincerity, or that which aims at producing effects on the mind analagous to that of stimulants on the body—what is called 'sensational,' in which much must be included that is meant to be religious." "The free expression of sincere conviction in a calm and thoughtful spirit must be productive of benefit both to author and reader independent of the soundness of the conclusions arrived at.

"However much some may regret the tendencies of religious thought in the present day, time is gone by when any successful person can be made to restrain its perfect liberty. We do not believe in forbidden knowledge; and if it must be intended to use to the utmost the powers that have been bestowed. The farther he extends his research in any direction, whether natural or spiritual, the more he will, if he learns aright, become conscious of the presence of the infinites. As he will be able to say with Isaiah, 'The heavens are higher than the earth, the ways are higher than man's ways, the thoughts are higher than man's thoughts.'

edge must lead to true knowledge. There are no intenser and those who feel that they have been set free from the views in which the babe is enveloped, than the similes of life in the presence of all, and under the wing."

This seems to be a version and childish sentiment to be known. It is but one language.

The recent States Circuit Court in Maryland, in a case to a colored man, was read with interest as to the

The case was a journey or a case did not.

to have been executed under the law of Maryland relating to negro apprentices, with those required by the law of Maryland in indentures for white persons, the variance is manifest.

The petitioner under this indenture is not entitled to any education—a white apprentice must be taught reading, writing and arithmetic. The petitioner is liable to be assigned and transferred at the will of the master to any person in the same county—the white apprentice is not thus liable. The authority of the master over the petitioner is described in the law as a property and interest; no such description is applied to authority over a white apprentice.

It is unnecessary to mention other particulars. Such is the case, and I regret that I have been obliged to consider it without the benefit of any argument in support of the claim of the respondent to the writ; but I have considered it with care, and an earnest desire to reach right conclusions. For the present, I shall restrict myself to a brief statement of these conclusions, without going into the grounds of them. The time does not allow more. The following propositions, then, seem to me to be sound law, and they decide the case:

First—The first clause of the thirteenth amendment of the Constitution of the United States interdicts slavery and involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, and establishes freedom as the constitutional right of all persons in the United States.

Second—The alleged apprenticeship in the present case is involuntary servitude, within the meaning of these words in the amendment.

Third—If this were otherwise, the indenture set forth in the return does not contain important provisions for the security and benefit of the apprentice, which are required by the laws of Maryland in indentures of white apprentices, and is therefore in contravention of that clause of the first section of the Civil Rights law, enacted by Congress on April 9th, 1866.

Fourth—This law having been enacted under the second clause of the thirteenth amendment, in the enforcement of the first clause of the amendment, is constitutional, and applies to all conditions prohibited yet, whether originating in transactions before or since its enactment.

Fifth—Colored persons, equally with whites, are citizens of the United States.

The petitioner must be discharged from restraint by the respondent.

MARRIED, at Friends' Meeting-house, Goose Creek, Va., on the 22d of Ninth month, 1867, THOMAS TAYLOR to MARY PIGGOTT.

—, at the same meeting, on the same day, BARCLAY EYRE, of Bucks Co., Pa., to EMMA TAYLOR, daughter of Henry S. Taylor, deceased.

—, at Chappaqua, N. Y., on the 16th of Tenth month, 1867, by Friends' ceremony, JESSE H. SUT-

TON, of Mt. Kisco, to PHEBE F. HAVILAND, of Chappaqua, N. Y.

DIED, on the 7th of Tenth month, 1867, at the house of John Bedell, West Vienna, Oneida Co., N. Y., DEBORAH POWELL, aged 80 years. She was a worthy member of Verona Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 23d of Tenth month, 1867, in 23d Ward, Philadelphia, PRISCILLA ROBERTS, in the 80th year of her age.

—, at Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., on the 16th of Tenth mo., 1867, MICHAEL H. JENKS, aged 72 years.

—, at the residence of Theodore Hibberd, on the 12th of Tenth month, 1867, LYDIA HUGHES, aged 73 years; a member of Pipe Creek Monthly and Particular Meetings.

—, on the 20th of Tenth month, 1867, at the residence of her mother, in Philadelphia, Pa., JANE, daughter of Mary and the late John Hillborn, in her 43d year; a member of Byberry Monthly Meeting, Pa.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Third-day evening, Eleventh mo. 5th, at 7½ o'clock, Dr. J. Gibbons Hunt will exhibit the Stereopticon. Eleventh month 12th, John J. White will lecture.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. X.

The educational labors of "*Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen*," for the present season have commenced, and, it must be confessed, under some discouragements. It is feared the idea is too prevalent that the time has arrived for the Freedmen to be *self-supporting*; that, *extreme* physical suffering having ceased to exist, or, existing to only a limited extent, they should be able to take care of themselves; and that, being positively *free*, their education is but a secondary matter.

It may be well to say that the Association has done everything in its power to encourage this self-supporting idea, by the introduction of industrial pursuits wherever practicable; has taught them to aspire after it, and, in many instances, with marked success. But the many hindrances to the consummation of this desirable object must be kept in view; they have not yet passed through the transition state, with all their old habits clinging to them, and with outside surroundings tending to degrade rather than elevate; added to which is the fact that in many localities the old impositions and oppressions are even now but feebly checked by legal enactments, either only partially enforced, or set aside altogether.

Should the educational efforts of *Northern Societies* be abandoned at this particular crisis, what would be the condition of the *Freedmen*? Pitiable indeed! Not only would their ignorance be taken advantage of, but they would be deprived of the influence the presence of their teachers has exercised on the community, and which has, doubtless, heretofore been a great protection to them. Just such "watchmen on the wall" their oppressors fear, and the value

of the numerous schools scattered over the South by Friends and others may be partially estimated, not only by the *results* which have been attained, but by the appreciation of the *Freedmen's Bureau* of these efforts.

Shall the closing of these schools be permitted? The verdict is in the hands of the friends of the oppressed. They *must be* closed, unless early substantial pecuniary aid is forthcoming. Our Association is now working on *faith*, having but one month's salary for our teachers in the treasury. The want of means has already compelled the closing of four schools, but it is hoped the "*Appeal*" recently forwarded to various Monthly and Preparative Meetings will arouse Friends to the importance of continuing this work with even renewed energy, and be followed by appropriate *tangible* responses from every quarter. Let us not be disappointed.

Our teachers now in the field, and their respective locations, are as follows:

VIRGINIA SCHOOLS.

Cutharine E. Hill, Vienna, Fairfax County.
Mary McBride, Fairfax C. H., "
Sarah M. Ely, Lewinsville, "
Frances E. Gauze, Herndon Station, "
Sarah E. Lloyd, Woodlawn, "
Philena Heald, Falls' Church, "
Mary K. Brosius, Manassas, "
Sarah Ann Steer, Waterford, Loudon County.
Caroline Thomas, Leesburg, "

SOUTH CAROLINA SCHOOLS.

Cornelia Hancock, Mount Pleasant.
Mary A. Taylor, "
Esther Hawkes, "

As these schools have only been in operation this season from the 1st of the present month, our usual statistics cannot be presented until some time next month. We have heard of the safe arrival of two or three of the teachers at their places of destination. A few extracts from a letter received from *Philena Heald* (whose location has been changed) may not be out of place, as showing how thoroughly heart and soul of some of these faithful laborers are enlisted in this good work. The sweet spirit of resignation, combined with a determination to overcome every obstacle, that pervades the letter throughout, is exceedingly gratifying and encouraging.

After detailing her arrival at the dilapidated station platform, with no one to meet or welcome her, with "no sign of life, save one man of rough exterior, in no way connected with the railroad," who kindly answered her inquiries as to what could be done towards conveying her baggage to the village, she adds, "I thanked him kindly, and sat myself down on the steps, as there was no choice of seats or rooms; and as I sat in a strange country in that novel po-

sition, with the blue heaven above me, and the free air around me, there was peace in my soul, and I felt strong and willing; and, though far from friends and home, I felt that *God* was near. A spirit of prayer seemed also there, and it was to me a season of blessing."

She also narrates her deliverance from the difficulties with which she was surrounded, and remarks: "Enough is as good as a feast; and surely it was true in this case. Oh! how good our Heavenly Father is. The winds are tempered to the shorn lamb. He makes the crooked paths straight, the bitter sweet, and turns sorrow into gladness." J. M. E.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th month 21, 1867.

Since the above was prepared for publication, the following has met the eye of the writer, and it is herewith appended as confirmatory of our idea that this is no time to abandon our schools, and that it is vitally important to *increase* rather than decrease their number.

FREEDMEN'S SCHOOLS IN KENTUCKY.

From the report of T. K. Noble, superintendent of freedmen's schools in Kentucky, we gather the following facts: There are in the State 37,000 children between the ages of six and eighteen years. In the month of June there were 96 schools, and 122 teachers, and 5,921 pupils. Fifty buildings have been hired by the bureau for school purposes, and eight new houses have been erected, and several others are in progress, built mainly by the freedmen, with some assistance from the bureau. The report states:

"Gratifying as have been the results of the labors of the year, the work of education is but just begun. Five thousand children are in the schools; but more than thirty thousand are growing up in utter ignorance. How this multitude can be reached is a grave problem. In the cities and larger towns, where there are troops to protect the schools from violence, or public sentiment tolerates their existence—where the freedmen have churches which can be used for school purposes, and are able to do something for the support of the schools—the problem is not difficult; but in the interior, where hostility to the schools is virulent, where the freedmen own no buildings suitable for school purposes, and where the incessant labor of every child is needed to keep the wolf from the door, it is not easy to see how this great problem of their education is to be solved. . . .

The appropriations of the United States Government for this purpose is wholly inadequate. It amounts to less than 70 cents per annum for each child. . . . It is plain, therefore, that if these 30,000 children are to be instructed and fitted for citizens, the expenses of their instruction must for the present be assumed by the benevolence of the North. All the freed-

men can do now is to provide books, fuel, and teachers' board. This they have done in this State during the past year. In my judgment it will not be long before they will be able to educate themselves. They are certainly not able now. If the Christian philanthropy of our country can be made to comprehend the imperative necessity of giving temporary aid, I am sure there will be a cheerful and bountiful response."

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 8.

FREE CITY OF HAMBURGH, Sept. 4th.

There are institutions for the relief of the humbler poor which are worthy of all imitation; a model one is the Rauh Haus. This also originated with one individual, who was not rich, but occupied a little one-story cottage in the vicinity of Hamburgh; his family consisting of himself and his mother. He believed in the reformation of children by means of giving them a genial family life, and took three wretched little boys into his family to make them happy; he taught them the value of property, by giving them gardens to cultivate and handicrafts by which they could earn an honest living. This humble attempt has developed, so successfully, that now the domain is enlarged to a farm of many acres, and comprehends a pond, orchard, trees for ornament, and eighteen brick buildings (one of three stories), which are filled with those who would otherwise have grown up in the worst conditions and have been probably morally ruined. This enlargement has been owing to the benevolence of others joining itself to that of the founder and contributing either the land or the money to purchase it; but the houses have been entirely built, and the whole affair is now supported by the labor of the inmates. They are their own tailors, shoemakers, bricklayers, carpenters, spinners, weavers, farmers and gardeners. They do not produce enough to sell, but sufficient for the support of the establishment. There are several families, twelve constituting a family, and with each resides what is called a house-brother, or a house sister, according as the inmates are male or female. The twelve sleep in one large hall, the bedsteads, mattresses, blankets, and coverlets being made by themselves; they spin the wool and weave it into clothes. Each family has a common parlor and kitchen. One large brick building contains a convenient wash-house and workshops; another is a church with schoolrooms attached. New comers go to each house in turn, so that no house ever has more than one stranger in it. There is a great demand on the institution for the members as workmen elsewhere.

Each family has its individuality, and the peculiarity of the plan is its genial home life. Every birthday is kept with some festivity; and

the birthdays of those who have left (the institution has been in existence thirty years) are always noticed at the church, and some account is given of the present condition and prosperity of the individual. They visit the old homestead and sometimes make donations. I visited this institution on a Sunday, and found the inmates sitting in groups under the trees; some were knitting, others differently employed, as if labor was not profane, but all the more laborious occupations were suspended; several were playing on musical instruments. The school does not limit the education, as boys have gone from there to the universities; the languages, especially English and French, are taught, and every one learns and practices some manual labor. The institution is constantly extending itself; the inmates rise to be teachers and assistants, and are a source of supply to the outside world. A young German girl of above twenty-two (whose home is in Neisse, Silesia, where she supports herself and parents by teaching German and English) was visiting there during the eight weeks of her own summer vacation, (teaching for her board) in order thoroughly to see into and learn the workings of the institution, hoping in future, after the death of her parents, to be employed in some similar way. She very simply expressed that life was not worth living, if besides supporting one's self, one was not doing something for the universal interests of man. She was very religious, and I learned from her that this was an orthodox establishment, and that the religious life was very much cultivated. But they did not seem bigoted, at least they were very genial in their intercourse with the members of the Paulsen Stift, a beneficent institution of Hamburgh, which is founded on the broadest principles of humanity, and whose religious spirit comprehends Jew and Christian, and even those who are members of no church, believing that the banner of universal humanity is the best to act under always.

Since writing the above I have come in contact with some ardent members of the Lutheran Church, who though very much bent on doing good, and who are living, certainly, most disinterested and beneficent lives (seeking and saving those who are lost) are not quite so cordial to the Paulsen Stift as I think the true Christian spirit would dictate, which does not forbid miracles of good to be done by those who do not follow in the train of the *personal* Christ. They thus dishonor the name they love and refuse the teachings of the Spirit that *cannot come* as Jesus saw, till he goes away *personally*, as he said in his last hours: "It is expedient that I go away from you, for unless I go away the comforter cannot come, which is the spirit of Truth, that shall interpret to your minds all things that I have said."

But I must tell you of the Paulsen Stift (Stift means Institution), and this will require me to go back a little into the history of Hamburg. It was not until the year 1819 that the Jews were emancipated in Hamburg; but the city contained a large number of them, who were highly cultivated as well as very rich, and some by their transcendental philosophy were emancipated from prejudice. (I do not mean to say that all who were rich and cultivated were transcendental, but that many were.) I had already ascertained in America, by examining their periodicals, that the Jews of modern time had insensibly partaken of the onward movement of civilization, and were in a wholly different spirit from that which rejected Christ. They had been affected by the spirit which he commended to his Father in the last agony; although they reject his name and misconceive his personal individuality. Thus the tone of their religious journal was as liberal and gentle as that of the conservative Unitarians, who also, though in another way, are limited by still clinging to Him who felt and said, "It is expedient that I should go away," and thus are blinded to the teachings of the Spirit that He said *could not come unless he went away*—a doctrine of no sect of Christians except the Quakers. (And do they always live up to it? Have not some of them gone back from George Fox into the more outward doctrine of reliance for salvation upon the historic personality of Jesus, rather than on the spirit of Christ?) But to go back to the Hamburg Jews. Mrs. Johanne Goldschmidt, mother-in-law of Jenny Lind, was one of these Hamburg Jews, a highly cultivated woman, whose success in the education of her children was so marked, that persons often asked her for her secret. She wrote a book on education, entitled, "A Mother's Sorrows and a Mother's Joys," and published it anonymously. It was read by the distinguished educator Diesterweig, who republished it with a preface of his own; a circumstance that led to an acquaintance and life-long friendship and co-operation with the author. She published another work (also anonymously) which was a correspondence between a Jewess and a noble lady, upon the wrongs inflicted upon the Jews by Christians. This book fell into the hands of the oldest sister of Mrs. Carl Schurz and of Adolph Meyer, who was the originator and benefactor of the zoological gardens of Hamburg, which I will at some future time describe to you. This lady wrote to her Hamburg friends in order to discover the author of this correspondence, for she wished to unite with her in combating this prejudice. The friends met, and one result of their intercourse was the formation of a society for the express purpose of combating prejudices; it was composed of sixteen members—eight Christian and

eight Jewish ladies. Whether this had any effect in bringing about the emancipation of the Jews, I do not know; but when, in 1849, they were emancipated by an act of the Government, the Christian ladies gave a festival to the Jewish ladies, initiating the social emancipation and welcoming them to equal rights with themselves. Mrs. Goldschmidt showed me the badge they wore on the occasion, which was a white satin bow, with three verses written on one streamer, and hands clasped in friendship on the other.

E. P. P.

To the Editors of the Friends' Intelligencer :

The poem here presented for publication in your paper is not only valuable for the truths embodied therein, but a reminiscence of an event ever to be remembered by the participants with grateful and pleasurable emotions.

On Second-day evening, the 30th of Ninth month, most of the teachers employed by our "Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen," with about fifty invited guests, assembled socially at the home in this city of one of our liberal and benevolent members, where truly "a feast of feeling and a flow of soul" were realized by each one privileged to be present.

After partaking with the teachers of the refreshments prepared for the occasion, an hour or two was spent in conversation, each feeling the holy and elevating influence of minds governed and led by motives above all selfish promptings.

A short and appropriate address was given by L. Mott, in which she alluded to the cheerfulness with which each teacher returned to her work, feeling it to be no sacrifice, but a privilege, thus to cheer and elevate the drooping and depressed.

The reading of the following poem closed the interesting entertainment.

E.

GRADATION.

BY DR. G. G. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.
I count these things to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sed
To a purer air and a broader view.
We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered in good and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill we hourly meet.
We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we trust,
When the morning calls to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing in the sordid dust.
Wings for angels, but feet for men!
We must borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is the ladder thrown
 From the weary earth to the sapphire wall;
 But the dreams depart, and the visions fall,
 And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.
 Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round.

BY REQUEST.

*In memory of T. H. L., who departed this life 6th mo.
 29th, 1867.*

As sinks at summer eve the setting sun,
 Mid a rich glory when his course is run,
 So did he gently breathe his life away
 Calm, with bright hope shedding its holy ray
 Over a soul upheld by faith so clear,
 That the grim tyrant claimed no victory there.
 No sting had death for him, God heard his prayer;
 Tho' language failed, the mind was bright and clear.*
 And he had said, I'm ready to leave all,
 "Awaiting but my heavenly Father's call."
 And to the question, how he felt one day—
 Safe, safe, replied he; naught was in his way.
 He knew that death would soon his soul release,
 When he would find his home of rest and peace.
 Then, wherefore mourn him in that glorious sphere.
 Where only purest joy can enter—where
 No sin, no sorrow, no remorseful tear
 Can e'er be known, for Heaven's own bliss is there.
 But for ourselves we mourn, our loss we know
 It glooms the present with a heavy woe.
 It casts a shade each dear memento o'er,
 Which knew him once, will know him now no more.
 Yet Jesus wept—that thought consoles the heart—
 And we must weep thus from the loved to part.
 His worth, his virtues, did sweet incense raise,
 And gave to heaven a daily hymn of praise.
 From the poor man he never turned his ear,
 But gave him aid, and kindly words of cheer;
 His many acts of charity and love
 Were known alone to Him, who, from above,
 Can read the heart of man, and judge aright,
 Whether his alms are pleasing in His sight,
 For blessed is he who lendeth to the Lord;
 God's word is sure; He giveth His reward;
 And we in the sweet thought may be consoled,
 The perfect, upright man, thus to behold.
 His end, — is — peace.

RECENT AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.

All the discoveries show that Africa is possessed of commercial advantages that will sooner or later be improved, and give it the basis of a permanent importance and prosperity. From whatever side it is approached there are found a richness of soil and water privileges, and choice products, sufficient to warrant at length the prospect of a remunerative trade, apart from the horrors of slave-driving, and after that has been wholly rooted out. Many tracts are found, indeed, to be desert and comparatively worthless; but there are also valleys teeming with the richest stores and rivalling in wealth, if not in extent, that of the Amazon. The Niger and its tributaries, in all their course, flow through the richest lands, even now set with cotton and sugar-cane, and promising in the fu-

*T. H. Legget's prayer was that he might retain his mind to the last.

ture the largest returns in those profitable products. Their banks in some places are lined with precious woods; and palm-oil, ivory, rhinoceros horns, indigo, rice, wax, and hides are only a part of the stores that would find their way to other countries in case of the establishment of a regular trade.

This question of the prospects of commerce in that land is intimately connected with its future civilization and Christianization. Trade itself will not convert, but it will open the way for the missionary. Dr. Barth, in his minute descriptions, speaks in the highest terms of the fertility of the country on the Benuwe—the chief eastern branch of the Niger—and of all that section to the south and west of Lake Tsad. Corn and cotton fields abound, magnificent tamarind and tulip trees rise in majestic beauty, and the butter-trees and giant *Asclepias*, with a multitude of other varieties, fill the valleys, while the luxuriant pastures support large herds of milk-white cattle. Birds of every hue fill the air with music; and in many cases the tilled fields, the groups of fowls and domestic herds, great bowls of milk, and dishes of butter and honey, testify to the generosity of the earth, and show that one day that region may rejoice in material wealth and happiness.

DuChailu also, after long journeys in the dense forests of western equatorial Africa—forests of ebony and other valuable timber—would often come out on great prairies pasturing their immense herds of buffalo. Animal and vegetable life fill that region in surprising affluence. And along the Zambesi and its branches, traversed by Dr. Livingstone in his iron steamer, lay valleys filled with cotton and sugar-cane and the indigo plant, while *lignum vitæ*, ebony, and other valuable trees abounded on every side. Captain Speke, also, once beyond the coast line west of Zanzibar, and especially around the Victoria Lake, found a soil of remarkable depth and fertility, ready to repay labor most amply—the natives almost living on its spontaneous productions. Of the country of the Kitangule river, which flows into the lake on the west, Captain Speke says that it is "a perfect garden of plantains." Sweet potatoes, yams, sugar-cane, Indian corn, and rice also abound; and goats, fowls, pigs, sheep, and cows, together with great quantities of wild game, the buffalo, the rhinoceros, and several kinds of antelope—some extremely beautiful—are found on every side.—The same he found to be true in Uganda, a kingdom on the north border of the lake, where he made a long forced stay with King Mtesa.

This varied testimony from all sides assures us that Africa, under proper influences, may at length support in comfort an immense population, and pour its wealth through its rivers into foreign ships, to be amply repaid in the treasures of civilization.

The character of the native population, again, is an important item in the future prospects of that country. Among the great number of tribes there is, of course, a great diversity of character. Position—whether on the coast or in the interior—whether in the north, the south, or directly under the equator—exerts a great influence in this respect. So likewise the exact locality occupied, whether on the borders of a desert tract or in the midst of fertility and abundance, affects the development of the dweller and his mode of life. So, too, the fact whether his district lies in the midst of very fierce and warlike or more peaceable tribes. And, again, whether he belongs to a strong, or a weak and down-trodden clan. And still further, his extraction, whether he is of pure negro, or of mixed negro and Arabic, or some other blood. But in general what may we hope for the native of Africa, or what must we fear for him? Does he belong to a race that will make advances, or die out before civilization? Is he fitted physically for a long and improved course under better influences? And mentally is there ground for any good expectation? What do these researches teach?

To answer briefly these questions, it seems to be true that there is little cause of fear in regard to the native African adapting himself to new circumstances. We see no reason, contrary to the opinion of some, why Africa may not attain to and hold at length a respectable position among the nations. There is a great difference between the condition of migratory savages and that of civilized men. But where there is native force of character, time and favoring circumstances will work the change. The ancestors of the Anglo-Saxon were once wandering, armed with bow and shield, through the thick woods of Germany. And the common opinion that Africa is inhabited only by low, stupid and imbruted tribes, is far from correct. Where Dr. Barth traveled, the population partook largely of the Arabic character. And the quick, supple, ready natives of the Desert and the countries south seemed adapted physically and intellectually for a better state. Indeed, many of them possessed much intelligence; some had traveled extensively, and had good experience in trade and the ways of the world; and strangers coming often among them from Morocco or Egypt, had diffused much knowledge among those tribes. In these parts, indeed, have been found good Arabic scholars. Mohammedanism prevails over all this section, and there is great bigotry. Dr. Barth says that the Vizier of Bornu was willing that Bibles should be brought in to some extent, and bestowed as gifts, but not offered for sale; and the Psalms of David, in an improved Arabic version, were especially desired. This was about sixteen years ago. The American Bible Soci-

ety has now nobly provided for this want. So, too, the Arabic blood is discernible in large measure among the tribes on the East Coast and in the interior. The result is energy and quickness, mingled with softness of temper. Captain Speke met with many noble tribes—strong, well-built, and hardy in person; and though frivolous, indolent and capricious, it was often ascribed to their position, under bad rulers, with no worthy motive in life to stimulate and direct their energies, rather than to any want of natural quickness of mind and intelligence. The Wabuma, in particular, supposed to be the same as the Gallas or Abyssinians, are a powerful and haughty race, and form the ruling class in a large extent of territory, which they seem to have occupied by conquest, to the south and southwest of Abyssinia. The common negro in this section is less intelligent and spirited, but not destitute of good qualities, physical and mental.

Dr. Livingstone finds in the African in his native home no incapacity in either mind or heart. And as to his vitality and power of endurance, it is the testimony of this traveler that "he is nearly as strong physically as the European, and, as a race, is wonderfully persistent among the nations of the earth." Neither the diseases nor the ardent spirits which have proved so fatal in other cases, he says, seem capable of annihilating the negroes. It is truly wonderful, also, what a power they possess of withstanding the crushing influence of servitude and incredible hardship. These facts may point to important events in the future history of that race.

A word upon the forms of government met with in Africa. These have a bearing upon opening the country to civilization. In the north, where Mohammedanism bears sway, the rulers have oriental titles. At Agades, Mr. Barth found the Sultan chosen by the principal chiefs of the neighboring tribes, and by them invested with power, and then brought before the people for their recognition. At Kukawa, in Bornu, Sheik Omar was ruling nominally, his Vizier being ruler in fact.

In the interior, about Victoria Lake, there are kings and courts, and a body of counsellors always attend the royal head. The strictest etiquette is observed, and a slight inadvertency dooms the unfortunate offender, however high his station, to execution. Life and death are in the king's hand, and depend on his wildest and most capricious whims. In other portions of the country the government is chiefly patriarchal,—the various tribes having district chiefs, whose orders are issued by bodies of counsellors to the lower village chiefs, and obedience enforced by fines.

The slave-traffic is an important question in considering the welfare of Africa. It is the

source of untold misery, directly and indirectly. Not only the present pangs of parting, when families are dissevered; not only the horrid butcheries often enacted; not only the life-long wretchedness of multitudes, are to enter into the account; but the terror everywhere diffused through that unhappy country by this infernal practice,—not a moment of rest or a feeling of security to many tribes—no heart to sow, or build, or reap—the approach of every stranger regarded with dread—the miserable beings fleeing for their lives to the hills and thickets, leaving their dwellings to the mercy of passers-by, fearing a worse fate; these things show that slave-hunts must in some way be brought to an end before confidence can arise and peace dwell in that land, and its energies be turned to productive and stable labor.

The origin of these wicked excursions is twofold. On the one hand domestic slavery calls for them. To provide servants for the house and laborers for the field,—this induces the powerful to war on the weak and carry them away captive. Again, these tribes often make raids into the villages of the defenceless, and enslave the dwellers for the purpose of selling them to the Arab traders, who scour the whole country in this inhuman traffic. Or these traders themselves, with a few guns and a handful of men, lurk everywhere ready to seize the youth of the villages and hurry them off to the sea-coast in gangs—half starved, bruised and mangled—and put them on shipboard. Thus have the Spanish West India and South American slave markets been supplied from time immemorial; and thus were British and United States marts once filled.—*African Repository*.

ACCEPTANCE OF ONE'S LOT.

Persevere in earnestly striving to conquer in yourself the annoyance little daily vexations cause you; turn all your attention to this point for the present; feel that at this moment God only requires this of you; do not sow the seeds of good desires in the gardens of others, but cultivate well your own. Do not desire to be what you are not, but rather desire to be *well* what you are; turn your thoughts to perfecting yourself thus, and to bearing the crosses, be they great or small, which you may therein encounter.

NECESSARY RULES OF SLEEP.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep. If the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that, in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died

raving maniacs; thus it is also that those who are starved to death become insane,—the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are three: 1st. Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep. 2d. That time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake; and within a fortnight, Nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself—great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.—*Dr. Forbes Winslow*.

CURE FOR CORNS.

The following recipe is vouched for as a sure cure for corns: "Put the feet for half an hour, two or three successive nights, in a strong solution of soda. The alkali dissolves the indurated outicle, and the corns fall out spontaneously, leaving a small cavity which soon fills." An exchange says: "We know the above remedy for corns to be effectual. We have tried it, and found it acts like magic. But we do not think a strong solution is desirable. We know of a friend who tried the remedy on our recommendation, but he made the solution so strong that with the corns it took off a portion of the skin on the foot. From one to two tablespoonfuls of soda in a small foot-tub of hot water is sufficient to remove the corns, by letting the afflicted member remain in it ten or fifteen minutes.—*Late Paper*."

ITEMS.

THE FIRST VOYAGE across the ocean by a steam vessel was made by the steamer *Savannah*, in 1818. She sailed from New York to Liverpool and thence to St. Petersburg, the entire voyage occupying twenty-six days, and returned in safety. This voyage created a great sensation, and was not imitated for many years afterwards, the first regular trip across the ocean being made by the steamers *Sirius* and *Great Western*, in 1837 and 1838.

The Paris Exposition closed on the 21st inst.

It is feared that there will be great distress among the negro population at the South this winter. They will need winter supplies of clothing and food, but have not the wherewithal to purchase them. The partial failure of the cotton crop, and the decline in price, bring serious embarrassments to those who work for shares.

Recent accounts state that it is highly probable a satisfactory treaty will be made with the Indians.

FIVE HUNDRED MILES of the Union Pacific Railroad track have been laid, and seventeen miles more will carry the road to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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*Copy of a Letter written by Elizabeth Webb, in
1712, to Anthony William Boehm, Chaplain
to George, Prince of Denmark, with his An-
swer.*

(Continued from page 547.)

In the Lord's due time, when he had seen my sufferings of that fiery kind to be sufficient, he was pleased to cause his Divine love to flow in my bosom in an extraordinary manner; and the holy spirit of Divine light and life did overcome my soul; also, the Almighty was pleased to make my simple soul sensible at the time that He did send the spirit of His Son again into my heart, in order that I might die to sin, by bearing the daily cross, and living in self-denial, humility and obedience to God, my heavenly Father, in all things which he should require of me; and then the baptism of the Holy Ghost compared to water, as well as the baptism of fire, my soul came to witness. And the ministration of life, and the axe of God's word, was laid to the root of the evil tree, with the voice of him that preached. Ah, repentance! My soul heard that called for—the mountains to be made low and the valleys to be raised, viz.: the unevenness of my natural temper, that a plain way might be made for the ransomed soul to walk in; and the Lord showed me how John the Baptist came to be accounted the greatest prophet that was born of a woman, viz.: because he was the forerunner of Jesus Christ, and is rightly termed the greatest; and how the least in the kingdom is greater than

he, or, rather, greater than he that is under his ministration only; and how he and his ministration were to decrease; but the ministration of Christ is to increase, whose baptism is with fire and with the Holy Ghost, and who will thoroughly purge his floor. And then I came to witness that it was, indeed, the work of God to believe rightly and truly on him whom God hath sent; and this purifying, saving faith is the gift of God; and the very spring or vital principle of it is divine love. And then I mourned over him whom I had pierced with my unbelief and hardness of heart. Then did I eat my bread with weeping, and mingle my drink with tears. I was between 19 and 20 years of age when these conflicts were on my mind, by which I was brought very humble; and I had entered into solemn covenant with God, that if he would answer my requests, if it were to the laying down of my natural life, I would serve him; but when I was showed to take up the cross in a little thing, I was ready to hearken to the reasoner again, and to be disobedient in the day of small things; for, although I had gone through so much inward exercise, yet I was afraid of displeasing my superiors, (for I was then a servant to a great person;) and now it was showed me that I ought not to give flattering titles to men; and I was inwardly threatened that if I should not be obedient to the Lord's requirements, he would take away his good spirit from me again. Then I was in a strait, for I was afraid of displeas-

ing God, and afraid of displeasing man, till at last I was charged by the Spirit with honoring man above God; for, in my address to the Almighty, I used the plain language; but when I did speak to man or woman, I must speak otherwise, or else they would be offended, and some would argue that God Almighty, being that only One, that therefore the single was proper to him alone; and man being made up of compound matter, the plural language was more proper to him, &c. Oh, the subtle twistings of proud Lucifer, that I have seen and heard, would be large to insert; but, although God Almighty is that only one, yet he is the being of all beings, for in him we live, move, and have our beings; but let the cover be what it would, I had the Scripture on my side, which they called their rules; and I knew that proud man did disdain to receive that language from an inferior, which they gave to the Almighty, so it became a great cross to me; but it was certainly a letting thing in the way of my soul, until I gave up to the Lord's requiring in this small thing.

These things I signify to thee, dear friend, in great simplicity, by which thou may'st see how the Lord hath led some souls out of the vain customs that are in the world, not only in what I have mentioned, but also in many other things; and hath led them in that humble self-denying way which Jesus Christ both taught and practiced, when he was visible among men; and Christ is the true Christian pattern, and his Spirit is their leader. And now I show this to thee in truth and sincerity, because I would not be mistaken by thee, viz: I am a single soul, wholly devoted to the Lord; and so don't plead for a form, as a form, or for form sake; neither do I plead for a people as a people; for we are grown to be a mixed multitude, like the children of Israel, when they were in the wilderness; but this I may say to the praise and glory of God, that the principle which we make profession of is the very truth, viz.: Christ in the male and in the female, the hope of glory; and Christ, thou knowest, is the very way, the truth, and the life; and none comes to the Father but by him. So, there is a remnant, which, like Joshua and Caleb of old, are true to the Lord, who is their spiritual leader, and follow him faithfully; and these stand clear in their testimonies against all dead formalities which are as images, when that vital principle (viz., the divine love,) is withdrawn. And yet, as the spirit of Jesus leads us out of the vain customs and traditions which are in the world, into the plain, humble, meek, self-denying form of life and conversation which Christ walked in while he was visible among men, I could heartily wish that all would follow the leadings of the Spirit herein, that thereby they might confess Christ before men;

but if it please the Almighty to accept of souls without leading them through such fiery trials as he brought me through, or without requiring such things of them as he has of me, far be it from me to judge that such have not known the Lord, or the indwellings of his love, if the fruits of the spirit of Jesus be seen upon them; for every tree is known by its fruit, and to our own Master we must stand or fall. But, dear friend, as thou well observed that "purification is a gradual work," I may say so by experience, for when the old adversary could no longer draw me out into vain talking and foolish jesting, then he perplexed me with vain thoughts, some of which were according to my natural complexion, and some quite contrary; and oh! I cried mightily to the Lord for power over vain thoughts, for they were a great trouble to me; and I stood in great fear, lest one day or other I should fall by the hand of my enemies; but the Lord spake comfortably to my soul, (in his own words left upon record,) "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;" and the Lord gave me an evidence along with it, that my soul was one of the little flock. At another time, when I was very low in my mind, these words sprang with life and virtue, viz.: "Although thou hast lain among the pots, yet will I give unto thee the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." It was wonderfully comfortable to me, when the Holy Ghost did bring a promise unto my remembrance, and gave me an evidence that it was my portion. So, I pondered on this concerning the wings of a dove; and I thought it must needs be the wings of innocence, whereby my soul might ascend unto God by prayer, meditation and divine contemplation; and so I took delight to pray in secret; and I did fast in secret from the secret outgoings of my mind, as well as I could; and my Heavenly Father, which seeth and heareth in secret, himself did reward me openly; for then, when I went to meetings, I did not sit in death and darkness, dryness and barrenness, as I used to do in the times of my disobedience; but I reaped the benefit of the coming of Christ, who said "the thief comes not but to steal, to kill, and to destroy; but I am come that ye might have life, and that more abundantly." Jesus said, "He that loveth father or mother, house or land, or his own life, more than me, he is not worthy of me." Thus it had been with me; and so I missed of reaping the benefit of the end of his coming for several years. But he in mercy being returned, and affording my bowed down soul the enjoyment of his presence, he was pleased to cause his love, which is the true life of the soul, so to abound in my bosom in meetings that my cup did overflow, and I was made to kneel down in the congregation, and confess to the goodness of God;

and pray to him for the continuation of it, as also to pray for power, whereby I might be enabled to walk worthy of so great favors, benefits, and mercies, that I had received at his bountiful hand. And I well remember, after I had made public confession to the goodness of God, my soul was as if it had been in another world. It was so enlightened and enlivened by the Divine love that I was in love with the whole creation of God; and I saw every thing to be good in its place, and it was showed me that things ought to be kept in their proper places—"the swine ought not to be taken into the garden, nor the clean beasts into the closet or bed chamber;" and as it was in the outward, so it ought to be in the new creation. Thus every thing began to preach to me. The very fragrant herbs, and the beautiful innocent flowers, had a speaking voice in them to my soul; and things seemed to have another relish with them than before; yea, the very judgments of God were sweet to my soul; and I was sometimes made to call to others to "come, taste and see how good the Lord is;" and to exhort them to prove the Lord by an obedient, humble, innocent walking before him; and then would they see that he would pour out of his spiritual blessings in so plentiful a manner that there would not be room enough to contain them; but the overflowings would return to Him, who is the fountain, with thanksgiving, &c. And I was made to warn people not to provoke the Lord by disobedience; for, although he bears and suffers long, as he did with the rebellious Israelites in the wilderness, yet such shall know him to be a God of justice and judgment, and will be made to confess to it one day.

(To be continued.)

Anthony Benezet thus writes to Samuel Fothergill: "I may with pleasure say that there continues to be a great shaking amongst our dry bones; the hearts of many among us, especially the youth, are touched with love and zeal for God; may they abide the trial better than I have done, and escape the many snares which the enemy seems to strengthen himself to lay in their way. The world and the flesh allure on the one hand, and when that is in measure overcome, another dangerous snare presents, from a kind of enthusiastic spirit, which I apprehend very much prevails, and often, too often, presents itself amongst the sons of God, even in otherwise honest-hearted ones. A mixed fire, in a great measure proceeding from the passions of the creature being warmed and raised by that which has the appearance of zeal, and even in some, I have feared, from the melody of their own voice, which makes the creature imagine it is on the mount, when its fruits, its spirit, and its brethren's religious sense declare it is not. And this spirit, not being sufficient-

ly leavened by that meekness, diffidence, and doubt which accompanies the true gospel, is impatient of contradiction, and very apt to smite at the honest fellow-servant, when put on re-examining its attainment, prospect, and foundation."

From "The Penns and Peningtons."

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

(Continued from page 534.)

"After some time, having pen, ink, and paper about me, I set myself to write what I thought might be proper, if occasion required, to give to the warden. While I was writing, the master of the house being come home from his worship, sent the tapster to me to invite me to dine with him. I bid him tell his master that I had no money to pay for dinner. He sent the man again to tell me I should be welcome to dine with him, though I had no money. I desired him to tell his master that I was very sensible of his civility and kindness, in so courteously inviting me to his table, but that I had not freedom to eat of his meat unless I could pay for it. So he went on with his dinner, and I with my writing. But before I had finished what I had on my mind to write, the constable came again, bringing with him his fellow constable. This was a brisk genteel young man, a shopkeeper in the town, whose name was Cherry. They saluted me very civilly, and told me they came to take me before the warden. This put an end to my writing, which I put into my pocket and went along with them.

"Being come to the warden, he asked me the same questions he had asked before, to which I gave him the like answers. Then he told me the penalty I had incurred; which he said was either to pay so much money, or lie so many hours in the stocks, and asked me which I would choose. I replied, 'I shall not choose either, and I have already told thee I have no money; though if I had money, I could not so far acknowledge myself an offender as to pay any. But as to lying in the stocks, I am in thy power, to do unto me what it shall please the Lord to suffer thee.'

"When he heard that, he paused awhile, and then told me he considered I was but a young man, and might not perhaps understand the danger I had brought myself into, and therefore he would not exercise the severity the law awarded upon me. In hopes that I would be wiser hereafter, he would pass by this offence and discharge me. Then putting on a countenance of the greatest gravity, he said, 'But, young man, I would have you know that you have not only broken the law of the land, but also the law of God; and therefore you ought to ask of Him forgiveness, for you have highly offended Him.' 'That,' said I, 'I

would most willingly do, if I were sensible I had offended Him by breaking any law of His.' 'Why,' said he 'do you question that?' 'Yes, truly,' said I, 'for I do not know of any law of God that doth forbid me to ride on this day.' 'No! that is strange! Where, I wonder, were you bred! You can read, can't you?' 'Yes,' said I, 'that I can.' 'Don't you then read,' said he, 'the commandment, *Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord; in it thou shalt not do any work.*' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I have read it often, and remember it well. But that command was given to the Jews, not to Christians; and this is not that day; their Sabbath was the seventh day, but this is the first day of the week.' 'How is it,' said he, 'you know the days of the week no better? You need to be better taught.'

"Here the younger constable, whose name was Cherry, interposing said, 'Mr. Warden, the gentleman is right as to that, for this is the first day of the week and not the seventh.' This the old warden took in dudgeon; and looking severely on the constable said, 'What! do you take upon you to teach me? I'll have you know I will not be taught by you.' 'As you please for that, sir,' said the constable, 'but I am sure you are mistaken on this point; for Saturday was the seventh day, and you know yesterday was Saturday.'

"This made the warden hot and testy, and put him so out of patience that I feared it would have come to a downright quarrel betwixt them, for both were confident, and neither would yield. And so earnestly were they engaged in the contest, that there was no room for me to put in a word between them. At length the old man, having talked himself out of wind, stood still awhile, as it were to take breath, and then bethinking of me he turned and said, 'You are discharged, and may take your liberty.' 'But,' said I, 'I desire my horse may be discharged too, else I know not how to go.' 'Aye, aye,' said he, 'you shall have your horse,' and turning to the other constable who had not offended him, he said, 'Go see that his horse be delivered to him.'

"Away thereupon went I with that constable, leaving the old warden and the young constable to compose their difference as they could. Being come to the inn, the constable called for my horse to be brought; which done, I immediately mounted and began to set forward. But the hostler, not knowing the condition of my pocket, said modestly to me, 'Sir, don't you forget to pay for your horse's standing?' 'No, truly,' said I, 'I don't forget it, but I have no money to pay it with, and so I told the warden before he sent him here.' 'Hold your tongue,' said the constable, 'I'll see you paid.' Then, open-

ing the gate, they let me out, the constable wishing me a good journey, and through the town I rode without further molestation; though it was as much the Sabbath, I thought, when I went out, as it was when I came in.

"A secret joy arose in me as I rode away, that I had been preserved from doing or saying anything which might give the adversaries of Truth advantage against it, and against the Friends; and praises sprang up in my thankful heart to the Lord my Preserver. It added not a little to my joy that I felt the Lord near unto me by His witness in my heart to check and warn me; and that my spirit was so far subjected to Him as readily to take warning." With joy and thankful congratulations his friends at Chalfont welcomed his return. They had been anxious about him, knowing he intended to be with them at meeting that day.

. In allusion to the visit he was then making at the Grange, he says, "Great was the love and manifold the kindness which I received from my worthy friends, Isaac and Mary Pennington, while I abode in their family. They were indeed as affectionate parents and tender nurses to me in that time of my religious childhood. For, beside their weighty and seasonable counsels, and exemplary conversations, they furnished me with the means to go to the other meetings of Friends in that country, when the meeting was not in their own house. But that I might not, on the one hand, bear too much on my friends, nor, on the other hand, forget the house of thralldom, after I had staid with them some six or seven weeks, from the time called Easter to that of Whitsuntide, I took my leave of them, and returned home."

Before the close of 1660, both Isaac Pennington and Thomas Ellwood were made prisoners for obeying their conscience. They were confined in separate prisons, the former in that of Aylesbury, the latter in Oxford, for continuing to attend their own religious meetings. This step resulted from the outbreak of the Fifth Monarchy Men, and the discovery of some of their ulterior designs, which doubtless caused uneasiness to the King, though they came from a comparatively small and impotent body. It is plain his alarm was stimulated to the utmost by the dominant party, in order to bring about persecuting enactments throughout the nation, against all who would not conform to the Church of England mode of worship. All, except those attached to the Established Church, were forbidden under severe penalties to assemble together, lest whilst pretending to worship God they should plot against the government. This enactment the Friends did not think it was right to obey. They believed and acted on the belief that they must obey God rather than man, when man's laws were in conflict with those of God. They referred to the

King's solemn pledge, that all should enjoy liberty of conscience; and pleaded, as well they might, for a reasonable discrimination, and not to allow the wild fancies of a small body of fanatics to establish such a system of national tyranny. But their pleadings were all in vain; they were only met with the tender of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, which it was well known they would refuse to take, on the ground of their Lord and Master having commanded his followers to "swear not at all." Then followed their incarceration.

Thomas Ellwood was not imprisoned in the Castle at Oxford with the other Friends, but separately confined in custody of the marshal. Thomas Loe, an Oxford Friend, and one of the prisoners in the Castle, hearing of the circumstance, wrote him a letter, in which he says, "A time of trial God hath permitted to come upon us to try our faith and love to Him, and this will work for the good of them that through faith endure to the end. I believe God will be glorified through our steadfastness in suffering, and His name exalted in the patience of His chosen ones. When I heard that thou wast called into this trial, with the servants of the Most High, to give thy testimony to the Truth of what we have believed, it came into my heart to write to thee. Well, my dear friend, let us live in the counsel of the Lord, and dwell in His strength, which gives power and sufficiency to endure all things for His name sake, and then the blessings of His heavenly kingdom shall be our portion. Oh! dear heart, let us give up all freely unto the will of God, that our God may be glorified by us and we comforted together in the Lord Jesus; which is the desire of my soul, who am thy dear and loving friend in the eternal Truth,

"THOMAS LOE."

"P. S. We are more than forty here, who suffer innocently for the testimony of a good conscience, because we cannot swear, and break Christ's commands. We are all well, and the blessing and presence of God are felt to be with us. Friends here salute thee. Farewell. The power and wisdom of the Lord God be with thee. Amen."

Ellwood speaks thus of the above letter: "Greatly was my spirit refreshed and my heart gladdened at the reading of this consolating letter from my friend; and my soul blessed the Lord for His love and tender goodness to me. But I had cause soon after to redouble my thankful acknowledgment to the Lord my God, who put it into the heart of my dear friend Isaac Penington, also to visit me with some encouraging lines from Aylesbury jail, where he was then a prisoner, and from whence he thus saluted me:—

'Dear Thomas,

'Great hath been the Lord's goodness to

thee, in calling thee out of that path in which thou wast running towards destruction; to give thee a living name and an inheritance among His people, which certainly will be the end of faith in Him and obedience to Him. And let it not be a light thing in thine eyes, that He now accounteth thee worthy to suffer amongst his chosen lambs. Oh! that the spiritual eye and heart may be kept open in thee, which seeth and feeleth the value of these things.

'Aylesbury Jail, 14th of the Twelfth Month, 1680.'

"Though these epistolary visits," says Ellwood, "were very comfortable and confirming to me, and my heart was thankful to the Lord for them, yet I longed after personal conversation with my friends; and it was hard, I thought, that there should be so many faithful servants of God so near me, yet that I should not be permitted to enjoy their company. For though my marshal-keeper was very kind to me, and allowed me the liberty of his house, yet he was not willing I should be seen abroad. Once, and but once, I prevailed on him to let me see my friends in the Castle; and it was on these conditions he consented—that I should not go forth till it was dark, that I should muffle myself up in my cloak, and that I would not stay out late: all which I punctually observed."

The magistrates, who had arranged for young Ellwood being kept apart from the Quaker prisoners in the castle, seem to have been influenced by the hope of his being ultimately induced by such means to give up his connection with the Friends. They could but little appreciate the depth of his convictions when they entertained the thought. His father had been from home when he was made prisoner, and at his intercession on his return he was promptly released. But the Friends in Oxford Castle, and also those in Aylesbury jail, including Isaac Penington, remained in prison for several months.

The reception of Christ is not only indispensable, but free and delightful. Like Zaccheus, we receive Him joyfully. We love His salvation; we rejoice in His name.—*Jay*.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 7.

SISSACH, SWITZERLAND, 8th mo., 1866.

We are at last in Switzerland—the promised land—towards which our journeyings have so long been tending; but, as yet, the most pleasant thing we have found here, has been the delightful package of home letters that welcomed our arrival at Basle, two days ago. . . . And now for a backward glance at our doings since my last, dated Hiedleburg, when I suppose I mentioned our visit to the ruined castle there, said to be the finest in Germany; but we

have been dragging you about among *so many* ruined castles and abbeys, and up so many steep hills to get at them, that I am afraid you must be quite tired; for while *we* have found each one in its turn and in its way interesting and delightful, and always feel fully repaid for the exertion they require, you, on the contrary, have only the recital of our enjoyments. Our visit to Hiedleburg included an afternoon drive to two or three legendary spots in the neighborhood, and a second look at the castle, after which, on the morning of the 6th, we left for Baden Baden, arriving there about 4 o'clock. This is one of the most fashionable watering places on the continent, and is usually crowded, but this season the houses were not full, though there was enough going on to give us a very correct idea of what it might be—plenty of gayety and dissipation left. I hope none of you will be alarmed for our safety, when I tell you that we were for some time in this perhaps the most notorious gambling house in Europe, watching the performances. This "Conversation Haus," as it is called, is the great feature of Baden Baden, and such a curiosity in its way, as, I suppose, is not to be seen elsewhere. It contains several large saloons, sumptuously furnished, in each of which is a large table, and around this table are seated as closely as possible, a number of persons, male and female, intently engaged in playing, and each one holding a small rake or scraper with which to draw in their winnings. The "Bank," as it is called, is in the hands of the company who keep the house, and every one else plays against them. This Bank is placed in the centre of the table, and gentlemen on each side to manage it; and as the other players throw down their gold or silver pieces, they are, after a few moments, either drawn into its voracious maw, or, as is occasionally the case, pushed back to their former possessor with a sufficient addition to tempt him to renew or increase his venture. It was really painful to watch the varying expressions of the eager faces around those terrible tables, as their good or evil fortune predominated; and with all my horror of cards, I somewhat amused the rest of our party by the interest I *showed* in one or two of the *lady* players. I can easily imagine the fearful fascination such a place must possess for a young person, and that one could easily become so familiarized with it as almost to forget its *enormity* and the terrible evils connected with it. I could scarcely believe, as we stood among the gay crowd that surrounded the tables or lounged about the splendid apartments, that it was not all a dream—it did seem so strange to think of our really being here among it all. Next morning, we visited the Pump Room, and each took a glass of goat's milk, which is milked into the tumblers as it is wanted. The pump room is

much handsomer than the one at Bath. The water here is very hot, almost too much so to drink comfortably, but nearly destitute of taste. Its medicinal efficacy is, notwithstanding, considered very great. The country around Baden is perfectly charming, and we took a long and very delightful drive of several hours, including a visit to the ruins of the castle of Ebenstien, where we had a splendid view of the surrounding landscape, and next day walked to the "New Schloss," or new castle, the summer residence of the Grand Duke, where we were shown through a number of apartments, all rich and elegant and furnished in the best possible taste,—we thought more so than any we had seen. In one of the large window recesses, our guide touched a spring, upon which the floor opened in the centre, and, flying up, disclosed a winding staircase, which we descended to the story below, under the present castle, where are the remains of extensive Roman baths, afterwards used as prison cells and session rooms for the secret tribunal; also the torture chamber, where we saw the hooks upon which once hung the racks and other implements. The cells were many feet below ground, and the prisoners were let down through a small aperture at the top—the only entrance in those days. In one place we stood on a trap door, above a pit, 190 feet deep, over which the condemned were made to pass, in order to kiss the image of the virgin beyond. As they stepped upon it, it gave way, and they fell into the horrible gulf upon a machine composed of wheels covered with lancets, by which they were torn to pieces. The doors of these subterranean passages are formed of huge masses of stone 10 inches thick, turning on pivots, and the whole horrible machinery of the place, seen, too, as it was by the light of two or three lanterns, was fearful, and we were not sorry when the exhibition came to an end, and could rejoice that we live in an age when such atrocities are no longer practiced.

On the afternoon of the 8th, we found ourselves at Strasburg. After establishing ourselves in comfortable quarters, we started off to see the cathedral—were at first disappointed; however, upon entering, we found we had been somewhat hasty in our judgment, and were willing to accord all due honor to both the design and the execution. In walking back, we noticed a great number of storks flying about and resting upon the peaks of the high-pointed roofs—as many as eight on one house. They build their nests on the tops of chimneys, and we observed one of them from our windows, standing motionless on his nest, during our stay at Strasburg. Next morning, walked to the Church of St. Thomas, where is a celebrated monument to Marshal Saxe, said to have taken 20 years to execute; also the dead bodies of a certain duke and his daughter, which had been

embalmed, and were found in this church in the 16th Century. The duke's face was quite perfect except in color, being almost black; his daughter, aged 14, almost gone, though her silk dress and other clothing were wonderfully preserved. They were of course under glass, and probably an hour's exposure to the air would have caused them to crumble into dust; but it was to us a curious exhibition. After this we took a short drive, and were set down at the cathedral in time to witness the performance of the wonderful clock. It is indeed an astonishing piece of mechanism.

After seeing all the wonders of this clock, we took the cars to Basle, which place we reached about 6 P. M., and found our hotel, one of the best in the place, situated in a little narrow street, just allowing two vehicles to pass, and the houses so high, that we, in one of the upper stories, felt almost like looking down into a well, as we sat at the windows, to gaze on the passing throng. It seemed, too, to be quite the business part of the city, and a little distance up the street we could see an open market place filled with buyers and sellers. It was altogether the most quaint and foreign looking city we have yet seen, and our hotel in some of its arrangements singular enough. There are no front entrances, but we have to pass through a sort of court, whence the steps ascend to the apartments above. These are generally quite comfortable, though differing in style from ours. For instance, we see gorgeously ornamented ceilings and walls, but *no carpets*. Always small single beds, each furnished with a *down* cover, and frequently scarlet blankets. The beds are invariably good, and the linen and towels excellent and abundant. The wash-stands are as high as a bureau, and as we traversed Germany, the basins and pitchers diminished constantly in size until they became literally no larger than a good-sized cream jug and slop bowl; but we could always get plenty of water, so that these little matters were rather amusing than otherwise. From Basle we came on about an hour's ride to Sissach, a quiet little Swiss town, only remarkable for its picturesque situation. This morning our room was thoroughly swabbed all over and the bed linen entirely renewed, though all was freshly put on last evening. It is altogether the most primitive house in all its arrangements that we have been in and reminds me somewhat of our old Pennsylvania Dutch taverns, with its great broad staircases and halls lined with enormous wooden presses. Our chambers are quite comfortable and our meals as much so as we could reasonably expect—though to day we were taken by surprise. Hearing the public dinner was at 12, we ordered ours at 1; but, on going down, we found the table still filled with rough-looking men, drinking and *smoking*. This was

too much, and we requested ours to be served somewhere else, which was done, and we got along very nicely

(To be continued.)

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

No. 2.

A writer over the signature of "R.," in the Intelligencer of Tenth month 26th, asks what is meant by saying, "We should endeavor to modify, revise and conduct the exercises of our meetings so as to render them attractive and inviting to our members." This was originally a quotation by the editors from an article they did not, it seems, feel at liberty to publish in full; and this particular remark appears to have been more widely misunderstood than it would, perhaps, have been had the entire article appeared. The writer regrets exceedingly that he should have been supposed to be advocating the introduction of such changes as R. appears to have in mind. To introduce, as a means of rendering our meetings attractive, "the form that pervades the so called churches around us," as R. remarks, would indeed be to abandon the essential principles of Friends instead of preserving and perpetuating them, which is the sole object in view.

The remarks of R. as to the value of silent meetings are fully united with, and whatever else may be changed or abrogated, they should not be.

Some exceptions have also been taken to my remarks in regard to the decadence of our Society. A reference, however, to my former article will show that they were founded chiefly upon an editorial in the Intelligencer of the 11th of Fifth month last, and the statistics there presented. This is not mentioned from a desire to evade responsibility, but as corroboration of the views expressed. There can be no motive in any one to allude to this very naturally unwelcome subject, except as an incentive to efforts for improvement; and to this end a full and general realization of our condition is essentially necessary. Those who may be acquainted with the situation of some of our country meetings, will probably not think the picture much overdrawn.

Deficiencies in the attendance of our meetings have from time to time called forth urgent appeals and exhortations to greater faithfulness. The subject has been again and again presented in every light of which it would seem to be susceptible, and with great zeal, earnestness and eloquence, but no permanent results have been produced. To depend longer upon this, therefore, as the only means for procuring the attendance of our meetings and the increase of our numbers, and of general life among us, is, as it appears to me, to refuse to do anything.

We do not thrive and prosper as we should, because we are out of harmony with the circumstances, the wants and requirements of the present day; and to bring about such harmony is the task before us. It is a work of self-examination, which, whether in the case of a society or an individual, is always healthful in its tendency. To undertake to particularize and point out defects in our system is a thing of great delicacy. We should not be too self-righteous, however, to admit the possibility of any changes for the better, nor to listen patiently to comments and criticisms with a view to improvement. One thing which presents itself for comment is the timidity which, as it seems to the writer, prevails too generally among Friends in the expression of any views that in any manner contravene the usual routine of thought and custom. We seem wedded to things as they are, without the privilege of saying, or as much as thinking, whether it is best so or not. This is calculated to prevent healthful progress, and to engender and perpetuate lifeless formalism. Why should we be afraid of one another? We are all children of one common Parent, and equal in rights; and it is essential that the mind of each be free to expand and grow on its own account, and contribute its share to the common cause of truth and right. It may be that my view of this subject is an exaggerated one, but even if this be the case, may we not profitably submit ourselves to self-examination on the subject, both individually and collectively.

T. H. S.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 9, 1867.

A SCENE IN BADEN BADEN.—In the "Notes from Foreign Travel" which are presented to our readers this week, is a description of a "notorious gambling house" in Baden Baden.

The picture is not overdrawn. It is given by one who would not allow even the acknowledged "horror of cards" to produce an exaggerated account of the execrable though novel scene. By some the subject may be deemed inappropriate for the pages of our paper, as it is presumed that few, if any, of its readers are addicted to gambling. It is, however, a serious and depressing thought that this "sumptuously furnished" establishment is but a brilliant exhibit of an evil which is indulged in to a great extent in some of our American cities. The little streams through which the poison flows, may in time, if not checked, demand and fill as great a reservoir as is here described. The in-

cient existence of this evil is often manifested in so insidious a manner as to catch the unwary.

There are many, no doubt, who encourage "gift enterprises" without reflecting to what they may tend. They do not regard them, as they doubtless are, as a species of lottery that may lead the successful adventurer to take another step, which will, in its turn, as naturally create a desire for gain, even though it may be at the expense of a friend or brother.

One of the daily papers recently stated that in New England it is not unusual for the cars appropriated to male passengers to be furnished with accommodations for card-playing. It is engaged in, professedly, as merely an amusement for the passing hour; but not unfrequently, in order to "infuse more spirit into the game," a small sum is staked, which is almost invariably lost by the uninitiated and ignorant traveller.

In the State of Pennsylvania there is a law against gambling; therefore, persons who indulge in its more decided forms, enter their haunts in comparative secrecy and at the risk of being arraigned as offenders against the statute. Notwithstanding this, such often entice the innocent and unsuspecting to enter with them these miserable, though outwardly gilded dens, where they not unfrequently suffer the penalty of making "haste to be rich."

We believe it is not common in this country for women to frequent gambling houses, and we hope for the sake of virtue and truth that it never will be. Rather let every mother, daughter and sister do all in their power to preserve those over whom they have an influence from the vortex of folly and crime. Let no one excuse herself under the feeling of helplessness. "Love is its own perennial fount of strength," and, "the might of the river depends not on the quality of the soil through which it passes, but on the inexhaustibleness of the spring from which it proceeds."

REJECTED PIECES.—We often receive communications in which we recognize an honest concern, and which we would willingly publish were the subjects treated with sufficient clearness to give a definite impression, but the views are often so obscured by a multiplicity of words that the meaning is scarcely to be discerned.

This will account to some of our correspondents for the non-appearance of their articles.

MARRIED, on the 21st of Tenth month, 1867, at Richmond, Ind., by Friends' ceremony, **WALTER F. MORGAN**, M. D., of Leavenworth, Kansas, to **ELIZA M. KNOWLES**, M. D., of the former place.

—, on the 10th of Tenth month, 1867, at Brightwood, the residence of the bride's father, within the limits of Little Falls Monthly Meeting, Harford County, Md., in accordance with the order of Friends, **HENRY H. SMITH**, of Loudon County, Va., to **MARY S.**, daughter of Henry Janney.

DIED, on the 19th of Tenth month, 1867, of consumption, **GEORGE HIGGS**, a member of Makefield Monthly Meeting, Pa.

—, on the 2d of Tenth month, of pneumonia, **HIRAM JONES**, in his 67th year.

—, on the 7th of Tenth month, in Concord, **ELLIS YARNALL**, an elder of Concord Monthly Meeting, in the 81st year of his age.

—, on the 21st of Ninth month, **JANE JONES**, in the 37th year of her age. She was the daughter of Amos and Margery Jones, and a member of Makefield Monthly Meeting. Few persons had perhaps lived a more upright life. Her path was not one of gloom, but of cheerfulness. She passed through much suffering and appeared prepared for the change which took place without a "sigh or struggle," and her friends have the consoling assurance that their loss is her eternal gain. She felt she had a testimony to bear against the manner in which some funerals are conducted, and requested that her's should take place from the meeting-house, in order that all might sit down in silence.

—, on Seventh-day, the 2d of Eleventh month, at his residence, Upper Greenwich, N. J., **GEORGE CHAFF**, in his 70th year; a member of Woodbury M. M.

—, on the 2d of Eleventh month, in Philadelphia, **ANNA L.**, wife of Edwin A. Atlee, and daughter of Peter Ihrie, of Easton, Pa.

A Stated Meeting of the Committee of Management of the Library Association of Friends will be held on Fourth-day evening next, the 13th inst., at 7½ o'clock.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

A Conference to promote an interest in First-day Schools will be held at Race Street Meeting-house, Philadelphia, this (Seventh-day) morning, 9th of Eleventh month, at 10½ o'clock, and by adjournment in the afternoon. All who feel interest in this movement are invited.

For Friends' Intelligence.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

As the annual meeting of this corporation approaches, some subjects demand the attention of Friends which it will not be unseasonable to advert to at this time. The question as to whether the school shall be opened next autumn will now have to be met and definitely settled. In view of the large numbers who anticipate sending their children to this school, and the great disappointment and discouragement which delay would occasion to such and to all interested, it may be said that the solution of this question involves, to a certain ex-

tent, the success of the enterprise in all its bearings. The building is now inclosed, and if not delayed for want of means, could be sufficiently completed in the nine months remaining before the opening of the next school year, the plan of instruction has been nearly digested and agreed upon, the Principal of the Preparatory Department and Matron have been appointed, and nothing is needed but sufficient funds to warrant the work being vigorously prosecuted. A very short time will elapse before the Board will have to decide upon the course they will pursue in this matter, and the decision will depend entirely upon the funds subscribed. Will not those who have accumulated more than they need for themselves and families, see to it that this good work be not marred or unnecessarily postponed? Those who have the business chiefly in hand find it very difficult to call personally upon many who would doubtless respond favorably if solicited. Nothing encourages them in their arduous undertaking like liberal subscriptions voluntarily tendered.

A friend has kindly sent us the proceedings of Baltimore Yearly Meeting:

At a Yearly Meeting of Friends, held in Baltimore, for the Western Shore of Maryland, and the adjacent parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, from the 28th of the 10th month to the 31st of the same, inclusive, 1867.

By written reports now received from our several Quarterly Meetings, it appears that the Friends appointed Representatives to this Meeting were present, except four.

Minutes and Certificates for the following named Friends, who are acceptably with us, in attendance from within the limits of other Yearly Meetings, were received from the Meeting of Ministers and Elders, and read, viz.:

Rachel Hicks, a Minister, from Westbury Monthly Meeting, Long Island, N. Y.

Lucretia Mott, a Minister, from Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, Pa.

James Mott, an Elder, from Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, Pa.

Deborah F. Wharton, a Minister, from Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, held at Spruce St., Philadelphia.

John Hunt, a Minister, from Burlington Monthly Meeting, New Jersey.

William Dorsey, a Minister, from Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, Pa.

Joseph Horner, a Minister, from Medford Monthly Meeting, N. J.

Charles Kirk, an Elder, companion to Joseph Horner, from Horsham Monthly Meeting, Pa.

Allen Flitcraft, a Minister, from Piles Grove Monthly Meeting, N. J.

Mary Ann Updegraff, an Elder, from Concord Monthly Meeting, Ohio.

Samuel S. Tomlinson, an Elder, from Short Creek Monthly Meeting, Ohio.

Richard Lundy, an Elder, companion to John Hunt, from Burlington Monthly Meeting, New Jersey.

Cornelius Ratliff, an Elder, and Mary Ratliff, his wife, from White Water Monthly Meeting, Ind.

Reuben Wilson and Sarah Wilson, his wife, Elders, from Fishing Creek Monthly Meeting, Pa.

Joseph Cope and Ruth Cope, his wife, Elders, from Short Creek Monthly Meeting, Ohio.

The following Minutes were subsequently received :

Robert Hatton and Susannah Hatton, his wife, from Green Plain Monthly Meeting, Ohio.

Amos G. Canby and Elizabeth Canby, his wife, from Norwich Monthly Meeting, Canada West.

Benj. Eves and Priscilla Eves, his wife, from Fishing Creek Monthly Meeting, Pa.

Gideon Frost, from Westbury Monthly Meeting, Long Island, N. Y.

Acceptable Epistles from our brethren of New York, Philadelphia, Indiana, Genesee and Ohio Yearly Meetings were received, and read to our edification and comfort, giving evidence of a continued living exercise for the advancement of truth, and the maintenance of our principles and testimonies throughout our organization.

To prepare Essays of Epistles, as way may open therefor, to the several Yearly Meetings with which we correspond, a committee was appointed.

Warrington Quarterly Meeting informs that the Meetings at Warrington and Newberry have been discontinued, except that a meeting for worship is appointed to be held at Warrington, on the second First-day of the 9th month in each year, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon; and that the meeting at Huntingdon is to be discontinued on that day.

The following is contained in the report from Prairie Grove, viz. :

"A concern has been awakened amongst us that, in the exercise of our Christian Discipline, the entire equality of women be recognized, which we submit to the Yearly Meeting."

Upon being read, it was referred for consideration to our next sitting.

The Representatives were directed to confer together at the close of this sitting, and bring forward to our next the names of suitable Friends to serve this meeting as Clerk and Assistant Clerk.

On assembling in the afternoon, Wm. B. Steer, on behalf of the representatives, reported that they had conferred together, and had agreed to propose Benjamin Hallowell for

Clerk, and Levi K. Brown for Assistant Clerk, who, being separately considered by the meeting, were united with, and the Friends named were accordingly appointed to the service for the present year.

The subject brought up in the report from Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting, and referred from the last sitting to this, now claiming the consideration of the meeting, it was the judgment of the Yearly Meeting that the subject be referred to a committee, which was appointed, to unite with a Committee of Women Friends, to give a general revision to our Book of Discipline, and report to this meeting next year the result of their labors.

The following memorial was received from the Meeting for Sufferings, read and approved.

A memorial of Deer Creek Monthly Meeting, concerning our beloved friend DEBORAH MACDONALD, who departed this life on the 16th of 9th month, 1866, in the 73d year of her age.

Believing that the memory of the truly devoted servants of God is blessed to survivors, we feel it our right to give forth the following testimony :

Our dearly beloved friend was the daughter of Robinson and Mary Jones, of the city of Baltimore. Her father died while she was quite young.

In the year 1819 she met with a sad bereavement, in the loss by death of an intimate friend, which produced a great depression of spirits for a time; but being deeply concerned that she might live the life of the righteous, and be useful in her day, she was favored to be enabled to say, "Thy will be done."

Some time after this, she mentioned to a particular friend, that she had been impressed that it would be required of her to appear in the ministry. About this time a ministering friend was visiting families in the city, and she desired of her Heavenly Father that if her impressions were correct, this friend when he came to visit her father's family might be led to speak to her case, which (to her comfort) he did; and although she felt it to be her duty to obey, being diffident, it was a great trial to give up to what was now clearly manifested. She was, however, favored with strength to overcome this weakness, and, with the unity of her friends, was acknowledged as a minister in the year 1831. In the following year she met with a deep trial in the death of her mother, with whom she had lived in great unity.

In the year 1835, she received a minute from her Monthly Meeting to attend Ohio Yearly Meeting, and appoint some meetings on the way, which service was satisfactorily accomplished.

She was married to Hugh MacDonald in the

year 1886, and removed to York County, Pa., within the limits of Deer Creek Monthly Meeting, and obtained a minute from that meeting in 1857 to attend Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and some other meetings as way opened, which visit was accomplished with the unity of friends and the peace of her own mind:

Her health declining, she did not make many distant visits; but, with the unity of her friends, visited families, and occasionally appointed meetings amongst Friends and others, to good satisfaction, and was beloved by all.

Her infirmities of body increasing, she seldom went from home, but continued mostly to attend her own meeting, which was near by, until about a year before her death.

After the close of the last meeting she attended, in which she was much favored in testimony, she remarked, "I have eaten my last supper with my friends." During her confinement at home, (at times under much suffering,) she manifested an abiding concern for the welfare of society, for which she had travailed in living exercise, having a clear sight of the many weaknesses caused by the various departures from the divine principle within, which she declared to be the sure guide of safety in the paths of peace. She often expressed a desire that the precious testimonies we profess might be supported in their purity and ancient simplicity, and frequently had a word of comfort or counsel for the numerous friends who called to see her, and sent messages to some who were absent.

In the midst of severe pain, she was wont at times to request of her Heavenly Father that the cup of suffering might pass from her; yet her mind, stayed upon the rock of ages, would always centre in resignation, and the language of the blessed Jesus fall from her lips, "Not my will, but thine be done."

She lived in unity with her friends and neighbors, and was much beloved by all who knew her. Being free from sectarianism and affable in manners, many of different persuasions were induced to visit her in order to converse or to be informed on subjects of a serious nature; and from her deep religious experience, she was generally enabled to satisfy their inquiring minds.

Her mind remained clear until the last, when her precious spirit was released from the shackles of mortality, having, as we truly believe, fought the good fight and kept the faith. We are comforted in the assurance of her having received the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, hath laid up for all that are faithful.

Read and approved in Deer Creek Monthly Meeting, held 15th of 8th month, 1867, and signed by
ALBERT HOOPES, } Clerks.
JANE WARNER, }

Read in and approved by Nottingham Quar-

terly Meeting, held at East Nottingham, 8th month 30th, 1867, and signed by direction thereof,

LEVI K. BROWN, } Clerks.
MARY C. CUTLER, }

(To be continued.)

From British Friend.

THE BEGGAR BABY.

Pale and weary, strangely old,
Wan with hunger, parched with cold,
Clothed in rags around it rolled,
Was this poor beggar baby.

Careless travellers going by
Walked around, lest, coming nigh,
They might hear the hungry cry
Of this poor beggar baby.

Rich men passed, and thought within,
"Twere well that life had never been,"
As though misfortune were a sin
For a poor beggar baby.

Only the pauper mother smiled,
Only the mother blessed the child,
And murmured love in accents mild
To that poor beggar baby.

But by-and-by *that* baby died,
And they buried it (on the pauper's side
Of the yard)—only the mother cried
For that poor beggar baby;

Who used to cling to her lovely breast,
And kiss her cheek ere it sunk to rest,
Like a little bird in a happy nest—
Poor little beggar baby!

But lo! beyond the pauper tomb,
A wondrous light stole through the gloom,
And voices sang, "In heaven there's room
For that poor beggar baby."

And then in garments white and new,
Upward the rank of angels through,
The radiant, ransomed spirit flew
Of that poor beggar baby.

From Atlantic Monthly.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That was once so full of life,
Ringed with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago;"—
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in a better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
 Shall dim their eyes with tears!
 Where the smile of God is on them
 Through all the summer years!
 I know!—yet my arms are empty,
 That fondly folded seven,
 And the mother heart within me
 Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
 I only shut my eyes,
 And the children are all about me,
 A vision from the skies;
 The babes whose dimpled fingers
 Lost the way to my breast,
 And the beautiful ones, the angels,
 Passed to the world of the blessed.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
 Away on wings of light,
 And again we two are together,
 All alone in the night.
 They tell me his mind is failing,
 But I smile at idle fears;
 He is only back with the children,
 In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
 Fades away in the west,
 And the wee ones, tired of playing,
 Go trooping home to rest,
 My husband calls from his corner,
 "Say, love! have the children come?"
 And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
 "Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

For the Children.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

This is a pleasant and instructive contribution to "Our Young Folks," from the pen of Lucretia P. Hale. It is divided into months. The following extract comprises the Eleventh and Twelfth months:

A German writer divides the botany of children into two classes. First, the *ornamental*. This includes flowers and blossoms, to be looked at and picked. Second, the *useful*. Of the plants belonging to this, two questions are to be asked before anything else: Are their fruits *eatable*? Can they be put to any use for playthings? Now, of course, that plant that could combine all the characteristics of both classes would be the nearest to realizing the childish ideal. And there is none in all the collected world of plants that comes nearer to this ideal than the *nut-tree*—chestnuts, walnuts, shell-barks, hazelnuts, beechnuts, groundnuts, three-cornered nuts, pignuts and pecan—the very names, whether tropical or home-bred, make the infant lips to smack. For, as to flowers and blossoms, we have seen how, in the early spring, they lead forth the ranks—how the horse-chestnut lifts up its richly tinted chandelier of blossoms, and how, in summer, the chestnut hangs out its flowers "like the golden caterpillars of a general's epaulette!"

And then the nuts! open prey for the children; nobody hedges them in! No wonder

they have invented the adjective "nuts-y" for every thing especially delightful and rich in promise. Even into the November days, when the Indian summer glow lingers among the bared trees, there are some brave nutting parties out to contest with the squirrels for the last of the chestnuts.

While we sit munching under the trees, let us think how this food has been stored in these little chests, and ask what has brought it there.

Root and leaf—these have been the workers for this community, tree or shrub. These leaves that the wind is now whirling about us, that gather round the squirrel's winter home, that collect over the roots of the trees, and form a sheltering covering for those plants that die down each year to the ground. Think how kindly their life has been, and they cannot give up their cherishing thoughtfulness even now, though they are but *dead* leaves.

Root and leaf have brought in the food. The leaf, with its breathing vessels, has called up the nourishing sap from the roots—has, too, spread it out on its flat surface to receive the light, and the light has drawn out all that has not been needed for the growth of the plant. And what has been the food of the plant? Did it find in the earth, all ready for it, this white milky, sweet food, that we and the squirrels are enjoying just now? What does it have to fill its chests with? All that the plant wanted was *rain-water*. Its needs are very few. Some simple plants need only air, finding all the moisture they want in the air they breathe. Then, when they die, they leave their decaying stalks and stems to furnish richer food for higher plants.

What it is that the plant wants of the rain water, I will presently tell you. Pure water would not satisfy it, for it contains but two of the three things that the plant *must have*, and the rain-water washes down this third thing out of the air—out of the air into the ground—and the ground holds it ready for the plant—ready for that little seed when it opens—the little seed that has but a little food stored up to nourish it till the root shall appear; the little root which sends out delicate branches, just fitted to drink in every drop of moisture it can find, not coming out in regular order like the branches of the stem; but fine, delicate fibres, called *spongioles*, or *spongelets*, because they drink in so easily all watery matter. If they meet with any thing to obstruct them, they follow along its surface, till they can find a place to insinuate themselves, their slender threads discovering the favorable soil, and gaining a firm hold, delicate as they are. So long as the plant grows above ground, so long do the roots extend and increase under ground, bringing in fresh moisture to supply the demand created above; the

nearer the roots are, the more actively they absorb through their delicate walls, in which the highest possible magnifying power is unable to discover any pores or openings. Many rootlets send out still finer tubes, or *root-hairs*, increasing the number of absorbers.

Early in the growth of the plant its cells lengthen and their walls thicken, forming what is called the *woody fibre*, or *wood-cells*. In *exogenous* plants, or the outside growers, these woody parts collect to form a layer of wood, a ring, around the central cellular part, the *pith*, which is itself surrounded by the *bark*. *Herbaceous* stems die down to the ground each year.

Shrubs and trees form a new growth every year, placing a new layer of wood outside that of the preceding year. It is through this living layer each year that the sap is called up into the *leaves*.

It is the active life of the leaf, its breathing through its open pores, and spreading itself to the light, that helps to call up this nourishing sap. The leaf, too, like the stem, has a woody and cellular part. The woody part forms its skeleton of ribs and veins, that support the leaf while they bring up the ascending sap. The cellular part is the green pulp, which is filled with cells, loosely put together, that hold the green matter, the *chlorophyll*, that gives the color to the leaf. There are usually two layers of cells; those in the upper layer are more closely put together, and are covered with a delicate veil, the *epidermis*, to protect them from the direct rays of the sun, that might evaporate the moisture too quickly. For, should the leaves exhale the liquid food faster than it can be furnished by the roots, the plant would die. It is the lower part of the leaf, withdrawn from the sun's rays, that has the pores by which the leaf may breathe at leisure. These are called the *stomata*, or breathing pores. They are very small, but each leaf has an immense number. In the apple tree, each leaf has not far from one hundred thousand of these openings, or mouths!

And what is the leaf doing with the food, as it spreads itself to light and heat? It changes *inorganic* into organic matter. It turns the mineral matter, on which we animals could not feed, into the vegetable food upon which we can live. With all our cooks, professor Blot at the head, and with all our chemists, professor Liebig and the rest, we could never make good eatable matter out of minerals. Think of a flint soup, or an iron porridge, or a sulphur pudding! It sets one's teeth on edge to think of it!

But the plant knows how to do it; not indeed as necessary to its own vegetation, though it is so necessary for us. The plant might grow without mineral matter. Indeed, in time, as we have seen, it is these earthy parts that

have brought the death of the leaf, that have clogged its pores and prevented its drawing in the necessary moisture. "Alas!" we feel like saying. Yet we see that the tree no longer needs the leaves; for it could not bear to have the winter air and the frosts brought into its community through open pores. In the winter days it could not bear the quick communication with the outer world through its leaves; it is ready now for the quiet time, as we have seen, to form its new flower and leaf buds, which shall be prepared to carry on its new, next summer's life.

The mineral parts, however, have been useful to it; for they have strengthened its woody fibre, making the *heart-wood*, the "heart of oak," giving denseness to it, while around it yearly new layers form of *sap-wood*. It strengthens, too, the stalks of the wheat.

But, for us, consider how useful! All the earthy matter of our bones, and the iron and mineral matter that strengthens and colors our blood, comes from the plants on which we feed, or on which the animals feed, whose flesh we eat.

Our tincture of iron, then, our essence of flint and flavor of salt, are kindly served up for us by these gentle cooks. All summer long, no day is so hot for them but what they set up a little fire in their leaves; for the action that takes place there is more like burning than anything else.

The savory soups they make they send out into their flower-buds to help the growth of the seed. Sometimes, as we have seen, this sun-cooked food is stored up there for another season, and we feed upon it as grain, or sugar, or chestnuts. The ashes from these fires remain, filling the leaf-fibres. The sheep and cattle feed upon them, and we feed upon the grass-fed beef and mutton. But this is not nearly all that the leaf has been about. The root has been drawing up water from the soil, and all the vapor it could find. The leaves, too, have absorbed directly vapor from the atmosphere, which holds, as I have said, two of the three *elements* that are necessary for the fabric of the plant.

You have often played the game of elements—earth, air, fire and water. When you all grow up into little chemists, as you will very soon, as it is such very good fun to dabble in its different mixtures, (it is most as nice as cooking, only you don't have the advantage of eating the good things you make; on the contrary, you get your hands very black, and make large spots all over your clothes, and sometimes burn the end of your nose, if you do not, indeed, have a grand explosion, and break all the windows, and frighten the family generally,) well in those halcyon days you will find that each of these,—earth, fire, air and water—has its

own elements or composing parts, with longer names. For instance, water is composed of *hydrogen* and *oxygen*.

Now the plant needs, I told you, *three* things. Besides hydrogen and oxygen it wants *carbon*. For these magicians of our days, whom we call chemists, have found out what all the vegetable tissues are formed of. They have not yet been able to put together a lily, but they could take it apart. And learned as you will probably grow, after beginning with these papers, I think you will hardly be able to get further; for the chemist, wise as he is, has not been able to get at the principle of *life*, or find what it is that first stirs the germ, and sends the stem up to seek the air, and the root to look for water in the earth.

Now see how these elements that you were first acquainted with—air, fire, water, earth,—have assembled around the little plant to interchange *their* elements for its use. The *air* has blown up a *fire* in the leaf that has drawn up from the *earth* the *water* that is to serve for its food. For the air contains the *carbon* that the vegetable wants. The *elements* of the air are *oxygen* and *nitrogen*, with a very small proportion, however, of *carbonic acid*, which again contains the carbon that the plant needs. It is in a very *small* proportion: for not only *we* do not need it, but it is very injurious to us. Carbonic acid consists of carbon combined with oxygen. Carbon is the same as pure charcoal. Charcoal is the carbon of a vegetable—what is left behind, after heating it, out of contact with the air, so that all hydrogen and oxygen may be driven off, and the pure carbon left. But this is in a solid state and cannot be dissolved in water, which the plant likes to absorb, and cannot reach the plant so; for only liquid air can pass through the walls of its delicate cells.

Now we, that is, all animals, are constantly forming this carbonic acid gas, the carbon from animal bodies uniting with the oxygen of the air. We breathe in oxygen into our lungs; we breathe it out as carbonic acid gas. With every breath we lessen the quantity of oxygen in the air,—so healthful and necessary for animal life,—while we increase the quantity of the carbonic acid in the air, so injurious. Carbonic acid is very poisonous; to breathe the air produced by burning charcoal in a close room would destroy life directly, as you well know. Not *vegetable* life—the plants feed upon it; they take it in through their leaves in every breeze that blows. Then every rain-drop that falls from the clouds and trickles into the ground carries with it a little carbonic acid that it has washed out of the air as it fell. In a rich soil, too, the air contains a larger store of carbonic acid gas than the atmosphere above. Decomposing vegetable matter sends out the

carbonic acid that formed a part of its life, to enrich the pores and crevices of the soil, where the rootlets of new plants are to find their food. And the ponds and streams carry the favorite dish to the water-plants. Thus, what is man's poison is meat for the plants. The component parts of this food—water and carbonic acid—are mineral matters; these are the materials with which the plant builds and feeds itself. In the plant the *inorganic* is changed into *organic* matter. The plants then purify the air for animals. Not only they take in the injurious carbon in the carbonic acid, but they give out its oxygen, taking what is unfit for us, giving us what we need. So long as the herb, shrub and tree are growing, so long are they busy at this work of purifying the air for us. When the light fades away during the night, this work ceases and the plant is in a passive state. The two kingdoms are thus perfectly adapted to each other, and the atmosphere seems to connect them and make them dependent upon each other.

(To be continued.)

THE OCEAN BOTTOM.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures, when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some new sketches of what he saw at the "Silver Bank," near Hayti: "The banks of coral on which my divers were made are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when submerged, with but little obstruction to the sight.

"The bottom of the ocean, in many places, is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns, from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of those more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving reality to the imaginary abode of some water-nymph. In other places the pendants form arch after arch, and, as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through in the deep winding avenues, he finds that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral which had long been buried beneath old ocean's wave. Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if the loftier columns were towers belonging to those stately temples that are now in ruins.

"There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs, and plants in every crevice of the corals where water had deposited the earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every

shade, and entirely different from plants that I am familiar with that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea-fan of immense size, of variegated colors, and the most brilliant hue. The fish which inhabit these "Silver Banks" I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from the symmetrical goby to the globe-like sunfish, from the dulllest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark.

"Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs, some of small size resembled the bull-terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move.

"To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks would, were I enough of a naturalist so to do, require more than my limits allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sunfish, star fish, white shark and blue or shovel-nose shark were often seen.

"There were also fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub; the only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose when in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were the ribbon fish, from four or five inches to three feet in length; their eyes are very large, and protrude like those of a frog.

"Another fish is spotted like a leopard, from three to ten feet in length. They build their houses like beavers, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh from 400 to 500 pounds."

A CURIOUS THOUGHT—IS THE WORLD GROWING LARGER?

Is there not reason to think that this world is daily increasing in size? Is there not an action taking place on its surface analogous to that which occurs in a plastic cell when placed in circumstances favorable for its development? To illustrate this thought: We plant a little acorn, weighing a few grains, in the ground. In the course of time it becomes the large oak, weighing thousands of pounds, and spreading its branches far and wide in every direction. This oak gets its weight and bulk principally from the air we breathe, and remains upon the earth thousands of years, perhaps, and undergoes a great many changes before it is finally restored to the atmosphere, even if this event ever does take place. So animals derive their weight and bulk partly from the air they breathe

into their lungs, and partly from the vegetable productions which they devour.

When animals die, their bodies, it is true, are partly decomposed into gas, and restored to the atmosphere but they are principally seized upon and appropriated by growing vegetables, which in their turn are devoured by other animals. It thus seems to me that the corn, through the agency of its animal and vegetable productions, must be daily increasing at the expense of the atmosphere by which it is surrounded. In other words, the plants and animals of the earth are all the time appropriating to themselves the elements of the atmosphere, and forming out of them new compounds which remain upon the earth an almost indefinite length of time before they are decomposed and restored to the atmosphere. This idea is illustrated in our coal mines. All coal was originally wood, and, like all wood, was formed principally at the expense of the elements of the atmosphere.

This coal has remained upon the earth millions of years, perhaps, and now at length, men, urged on by their necessities, are digging it up, and by burning it, restoring it in the shape of carbonic acid to the atmosphere, from which it originally came. No one, it seems to me, can doubt that the earth is larger now than it was when this coal existed in the form of wood. Although the world may be increasing now, it does not follow that it will continue to increase for all time; sooner or later an equilibrium will be established between the amounts of elementary principles which the earth takes from and restores to the atmosphere. But at present, in my opinion, it is like a growing animal; its absorption exceeds its waste. In a word, our planet is not a full grown earth; it is merely an "earthling."—*Scientific American*.

In Carbondale, Pa., in 1849, I was one day walking along the street with my little son, then about three or four years old. Looking before us a few rods, I saw the sidewalk broken by a deep ditch which had been cut through it for the purpose of laying pipe or something of the sort. Two planks had been laid across the chasm for the convenience of passers by. On seeing it I instantly thought, now I will see what Willie will do when he comes to see it. So we walked on and talked on, and when we were within a few feet of the place, I knew by his sudden start that my boy had then first seen the dangerous place to which we were coming. He was grasping the middle finger of my left hand. Instantly he let go his grasp of me and reached his hand up that *I might grasp him*, as if he had said, "I dare not trust my own strength to hold on to father now, I want father to hold on to me." It was an appeal from his power to mine, a new abandonment of himself to my control, in view of a new danger. I said at the

time, thank God for this lesson of faith taught me by the child, and I know by experience how blessed it is to yield up the soul to God by deeper consecrations when sorrows are multiplied and dangers threaten.—*Methodist Home Journal*.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen acknowledges receipt of the following since Sixth month last.

From City contributions.....	\$340 00
" C. Somers & Son.....	5 00
" Estate of Jos. D. Thurston.....	50 00
" W., Attleboro, Pa.....	1 00
" A Friend, Bucks Co., per E. P. B.....	20 00
" Thos. Woodnut, Richmond, Ind.....	10 00
" Catharine Gue, Fort Dodge, Iowa.....	5 00
" H. B. Dare, Greenwich, N. J.....	5 00
" Sarah C. Park, Camden, N. J.....	10 00
" Martha W. Carman, Camden, N. J.....	10 00
" Friends of Solebury Monthly Meeting..	50 00
" " Ercildoun " " " " " "	68 00
" " Birmingham " " " " " "	81 75
" " Abington " " " " " "	36 25

\$692 00

Also Donations of Clothing from Jacob M. Ellis, E. F. Williams and C. R. Laing, Philada.; Priscilla Roberts, Abington; Two Boxes, unknown; Bag of Books, Makefield; Books, Mary Lawrence; Tracts and British Workman Papers, Richard Cadbury; 150 Bibles and Testaments, Friends' Bible Society; 500 Children's Papers, Anna Wheaton; 25 Testaments, Penna. Bible Society; 500 Little Reapers Monthly, and 150 Testaments, from Baptist Publication Soc.

HENRY M. LAING,

Philada., 10th mo. 31.

30 N. Third St.

ITEMS.

H. J., of West Chester, Pa., sends us the following correction of an item that appeared in our 33d No.:

"TO MEASURE A TREE.—The two sides of a right-angled triangle being equal, the third side will also be equal to the others"—that is, equal to the sum of the others—which cannot be the case. The third side, or hypotenuse, is equal to the square root of the sum of the squares of the other two sides. Again, the stick of timber would be equal to the first distance measured, added to the length of the stake, or, which is the same, added to the distance from the bottom of the stake to the point at which the last observation is made. Therefore, 34 feet is the length of the stick that would be cut by the rule referred to.

A letter from A. S. Herschel leads to the expectation of a shower of meteors this November. Astronomers regard the annual "star shower" as having increased in brilliancy ever since the year 1863, "when a large number of meteors were noticed at Wolverhampton, England, November 15th, and Dr. Schmidt, at Athens, noticed their appearance on the 14th." In 1864 and 1865 about 2000 meteors must have been visible at Greenwich, and last year at least 8000. Of course neither of these approached the grand displays observed by Humboldt, in 1799, in South America, or that in the United States, in 1833. Others, on these grounds, ventured to predict that the next recurrence of the phenomenon would be in 1867, although other astronomers regarded last year, as will be well recollected, as the time when the greatest periodical display was to be looked for.

Calculating from the time when the greatest frequency of meteors was observed at Greenwich on

the night of the 13th to the 14th November, last year, the earth will be in the same position at 6 A. M., Greenwich time, on Thursday morning, the 14th, at which it encountered the first portions of the meteoric stream. At 7.30 A. M., it will cross the medial line, and at 9 it will have passed completely across the place of the stream. In Great Britain, therefore, daylight will prevent the view of most of the spectacle, whatever it may be. But on this side of the Atlantic, and in this city, the maximum of the meteoric display may be at about half-past two o'clock A. M., on Thursday, the 14th. The stream of meteors ought, therefore, to commence at about one o'clock A. M., and continue until four. Allowing one hour difference of time for every fifteen degrees westward, the appearances will be probably at their height at Charleston at 2.10, and be visible in the city of Mexico about midnight. In New York on the other hand, they may be at their height at 2.35, Quebec and Boston, 2.45, Halifax, 3.10. America, therefore, ought to be illuminated by them through the whole night in some part, and it will be very interesting to our astronomers to observe how they keep time, and whether there is any uniformity of appearance in the heavens along the pathway marked out for them.—*Public Ledger*.

General Howard's report, as commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, has been submitted to the Secretary of War. It is long and very interesting. He makes several important recommendations, the chief among which is the discontinuance of the bureau as a separate institution after Seventh month next, when the present law expires. The expenditures for the past year have been about three and a half millions of dollars, and there is a sufficient surplus of unexpended appropriations from last year to carry the bureau through to Seventh month next. By that time Gen. Howard thinks the reconstruction will have so far progressed that it will be safe to withdraw the protection of the bureau, provided its educational features are perpetuated by transfer to some national agency, which will continue them as they have been carried on heretofore.

The following dispatches from the Indian Commission were recently received at Washington.

St. Louis, Nov. 1.

Hon. O. H. Browning, Secretary of the Interior:

Please congratulate the President and the country upon the entire success of the Indian Peace Commission thus far. They concluded a treaty of peace with the Cheyennes of the south on the 25th ult., this being the only tribe that has been at war in that quarter. More than 2,000 Cheyennes were present. The Arapahoes and Cheyennes treated together. We also made a distinct treaty with the Kiowas and Comanches confederated, of which tribes there were present 4,000 to 5,000 souls. Everything passed off satisfactorily. The commission expect to reach Laramie by the 9th of November, where Commissioner Beauvais telegraphs us we will meet the Crow, Sioux, northern Arapahoes, and all the northwestern Indians.

N. G. TAYLOR,

Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and President of the Indian Peace Commission.

St. Louis, Nov. 1, 1867.

O. H. Browning, Secretary of the Interior:

The Indian Peace Commission has this day arrived, in seventy-five hours, from Medicine Lodge Creek. Treaties of peace have been effected with the five tribes south of the Arkansas, and I congratulate you upon the results thus far accomplished. The commission will leave on November 30 for the North Platte and Fort Laramie.

A. S. H. WHITT,

Secretary Indian Peace Commission.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—Joseph S. Coffin, New York.

Henry Haydock, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

William H. Churchman, Indianapolis, Ind.

James Baynes, Baltimore, Md.

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Copy of a Letter written by Elizabeth Webb, in 1712, to Anthony William Boehm, Chaplain to George, Prince of Denmark, with his Answer.

(Continued from page 563.)

Thus, dear friend, I have given a plain and simple, but true account of my qualifications and call into the service which I am concerned in; but it was several years before I came to a fixed state, or even temper of mind; for sometimes clouds would interpose between my soul and the rising sun, and I was brought down as into the furnace oftentimes, and I found by experience that every time my soul was brought down as into the furnace of affliction that it did still come up more clear and bright; and, although the cloud did interpose between me and the rising sun, yet, when the sun of righteousness did arise again, he brought healing as under his wings, and was nearer than before.

Thus I express things in simplicity, as they were represented to me then, in the first manifestation of them in the morning of the day. So I came to love to dwell with judgment, and used often to pray, saying, "Oh Lord, search me and try me, for thou knowest my heart better than I know it; and I pray thee let no deceivableness of unrighteousness lodge therein; but let thy judgments pass on every thing that is contrary to thy pure divine nature." Thus my soul used to breathe to the Lord continually, and hunger and thirst after a more full enjoyment of the presence of God; although

He is a consuming fire to the corrupt nature, yet my soul loved to dwell with him, or else I found that many sorts of corruptions would be endeavoring to spring up again. So I resigned up my mind to the Lord with desires that he would feed me with food convenient for me; and this I can say by experience, that the soul that is born of God doth breathe to him as continually by prayer, as the sucking child when it is born into this world doth draw in and breathe forth the common air. So the child of God doth draw in and breathe forth the breath of life, the Holy Ghost or the breath of the Almighty, which he breathed into man; and although the children in our Father's family are of several ages, growths or statures, both in strength and understanding, yet this I have observed in my travels—that those that live to God do not grow beyond a state of breathing to him while here; and these hunger and thirst after a more full enjoyment of his divine presence, that as every day brings nearer and nearer to the grave, so every day the soul may be brought into a more divine union and communion with God. So it is a certain sign to me of the life and health of a soul, if I find it sweetly breathing unto the Lord, and hungering and thirsting after his righteousness. And it is very evidently seen, and easy to be known, by the conversation of a person or persons, what manner of spirit doth govern them, although many will not believe these things, if they be declared unto them; neither will they

try whether it be so or no; but they are well satisfied with the husk of religion. Oh, poor souls! what will they do when the rudiments and beggarly elements of this world fall off? And all our works must pass through the fire. My very soul mourns for them; but we must press forward and leave them, if they will not arise out of their false rest. Dear friend, as thou well observed, "it is a great help to the soul to know its own corruptions, and from whence it is fallen, that it may know whither to return." These things are very true, and the knowledge of them hath been a great benefit to me, and so I have a knowledge of the servants of the Lord and followers of Jesus in their return home again. The testimonies which are left upon record are as waymarks to the spiritual traveler, and we have a great privilege in and by them; but above all Christ, our holy pattern and heavenly leader, my soul prizeth the knowledge of his footsteps, because I find by daily experience that the spirit of truth, the Comforter, which the Father hath sent, does lead into the footsteps of our forerunner or Captain, who saith, "By this I know that I am true, because I seek not my own honor, but the honor of him that sent me." And oh, saith my soul, that we may follow the leadings of our unerring guide in all things, that he may lead us out of all error and into all truth. And I have good cause to believe that he will bring through all tribulations to the honor of God and our comfort; for the Lord hath brought my soul through many trials, one after another, as he saw meet, some more of which I may give a hint of, viz.: After my inward tribulation was abated, then outward trials began; for there were some who were of no small account, that endeavored with all their might and cunning to hinder the work from prospering in me; and as Saul hunted David, and thought to take away his natural life, so these hunted my soul, and thought to take away its life which it had in God; but all wrought together for my God; and I have often seen, and therefore may say, that the Lord knoweth best what is good for his children, better than we know what is best for ourselves; and so my enemies, instead of driving my soul away from God, they drove me nearer to him, for this trial caused me to prove the spirit, which had the exercise of my mind; and I found it to be the spirit of truth, which the worldly and selfish-minded cannot receive; for I found the nature of it to be holy and harmless, and it led me to love my enemies, pity them and pray for them; and this love was my preservation. And as I gave up in obedience to the operations and requirings of this meek spirit, it ministered such peace to my soul as the world cannot give. But there was a natural faculty in me which would have made me endeavor to please all, and which I found it

very hard for me to be weaned from, so as to stand single to God. But when I did fear man I had nothing but anguish and sorrow. So I used often to walk alone, and pour out my complaint unto the Lord, for my trials were very great for several years; but after a long time, when he had proved my fidelity to him as he saw meet—one day, as I was sitting in a meeting in silence, waiting upon the Lord to know my strength renewed in him, and by him, this portion of Scripture was given to me, viz.: "Comfort ye! comfort ye, my people! saith your God: speak comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her welfare is accomplished; that her iniquity is pardoned, for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." This brought great comfort to my soul, and I treasured it up in my heart; and I made this observation, that from this time the Lord gave my soul (as the Apostle expresses it) a more abundant entrance into the heavenly kingdom or New Jerusalem, whose walls are salvation and gates praise; and then my mind was brought into more stillness, and troublesome thoughts were in a good degree expelled; and my outward enemies grew weary of their work, and failed of their hopes. The praise I freely in great humility offer up and ascribe to the Almighty, whose own work it was to preserve me, for many stronger than I had fallen. So, after I had peace at home every way, I was drawn by the spirit of love to travel in the north of England. I travelled in great fear and humility, and the Lord was with me to his glory and my comfort, and brought me home again in peace. In the year 1697, in the Sixth month, as I was sitting in a meeting at Gloucester, (which was then the place of my abode,) my mind was gathered into perfect stillness for some time, and my spirit was as if it had been carried away into America; and, after it returned, my heart was as if it had been dissolved with the love of God, which flowed over the great ocean, and I was constrained to kneel down and pray for the prosperity of the seed of God in America; and that concern never went out of my mind day nor night, until I went to travel there in the love of God, which is so universal that it reached over sea and land; but when I looked at my concern with an eye of reason, it seemed to be very strange and hard to me, for I knew not the country, nor any creature that dwelt therein; and I reasoned much concerning my own unworthiness, and when I did let in such reasonings, I had nothing but death and darkness, and trouble attended my mind; but when I resigned up my all to the Lord, and gave up in my mind to go, then the divine love did spring in my heart, and my soul was at liberty to worship and serve the Lord, as in the land of the living. Thus I tried and proved the concern several times in

my own breast, till at length these words did run through my mind with authority, viz: "The fearful and unbelieving shall have their portion with hypocrites in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." This brought a dread on my mind. Then I told it to my husband that I had a concern on my mind to go to America, and asked him if he could give me up. He said he hoped it would not be required of me. But I told him it was; yet I should not go without his consent, which seemed a little hard for him at first; but a little while after I was taken with a violent fever, which brought me so weak that all that saw me thought I should not recover; but I thought my day's work was not done; and my chief concern in the time of my sickness was about going to America. But some were troubled that I made it public, because they thought I should die, and people would speak reproachfully of me; and said if I did recover, the ship would sail before I should be fit to go. But I thought if they would but carry me, and lay me down in the ship, I should be well, for the Lord was very gracious to my soul in the time of my sickness, and gave me a promise that his presence should go with me. And then my husband was made very willing to give me up, he said, if it were for seven years, rather than to have me taken from him forever. So, at last, all those difficulties passed over, and I sailed from Bristol in the Ninth month, 1697, with my companion Mary Rodgers. The dangers we were in at sea; and the faith and courage which the Lord gave to my soul, would be too large to relate; for I had such an evidence of my being in my proper place that the fear of death was taken away. Oh, it is good to trust in the Lord, and be obedient unto him, for his mercies endure forever.

(To be continued.)

"Dwell in humility and in the Divine life. Be not self-willed, nor soon angry. Sow no discord. Shine in sobriety of life. Be diligent in service. Preach the principles of Truth as the foundation of your testimony, and rush not into high mysteries, nor enlarge yourselves in questions beyond your measure. When the life is wanting in your ministry, sit down; and strain not beyond your gift. Be tender of each other's testimony. Nourish in others the least buddings forth of life. Watch over the young and tenderly encourage them. Let none who have a call from God be discouraged, nor any of his gifts be quenched. Watch, especially in the wisdom of Truth, over those who travel in the ministry from home. Be of a universal spirit. Keep out of all outward sects and parties, and avoid the old discontented professor's spirit, which is neither valiant in times of suffering, nor contented in times of liberty."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

TRUTH.

"What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,
That learning is too proud to gather up;
But which the poor, and the despised of all,
Seek and obtain, and often find unsought?"

—Cowper.

This pearl is truth. She comes robed in light resplendent; and, in all her beatific beauty, greets the lowly. She seeks out the hidden ones, and decks them with her choicest jewels—jewels her own hands have wrought of workmanship unrivalled. In some byway or hidden lane she meets a poor boy looking for some employment. She says to him; Here is uprightness; take it and set it in thy breast-plate; keep it always in full view. And lo! he goes forth and prospers. The multitude see him in the exchange, and though he makes no display, they admire him, for this precious gem sparkles in his bosom; and, more than all earthly prosperity, heaven smiles upon him, divinity approves, and, as his course is blest, his end is peace.

Truth is everywhere as a guiding star,—a guarding influence; and yet she makes no noise. Her instructions drop like the dew, her admonitions as the gentle rain; they come just in time, exactly suited to the occasion. She accosts the maiden, perhaps when adjusting her wardrobe, and gently says to her, Propriety is one of my first lessons in the catalogue of instructions, and this attended to, all the rest are compassed with ease. See what is fitting and adapted to thy circumstances, and be not influenced by the example of the gay world. As she follows the lessons of truth wherever her steps turn, complacency sits upon her brow, for she has an approving conscience.

Manifold intuitions come unsought, and mark our Heavenly Father's care over us. They come at every period in life, and, if entertained by our reason and judgment, will establish their supremacy.

What is to be known of God is manifest in man. Good is freely communicated; to embrace is to enjoy; to receive is to possess. "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance."

SARAH HUNT.

11th mo. 5, 1867.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

Where men are taught to delight in the beauty of holiness, the beauty of the Lord, they become changed into the same image from glory to glory. When once the heart can say, "Thou art fairer than the sons of men," the transformation into the Divine image has truly begun. And hence the sum of pious longing is expressed in the words, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple."—W. G. Blaikie.

THE CONFERENCE OF FRIENDS AT BALTIMORE ON INDIAN CONCERNS.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

The most noticeable feature in the proceedings connected with the late Yearly Meeting of Friends at Baltimore was the prominence given to the discussion and consideration of Indian affairs. This was in a great measure due to the attendance of delegations from the Meetings for Sufferings or Representative committees of the Yearly Meetings of Philadelphia, New York, Ohio, Indiana and Genesee. The Yearly Meeting of Baltimore has, for a long period, had a standing committee on Indian concerns, which has reported every year, and has, of late years, given special attention to the remnants of the Iroquois or Six Nations, living on reservations in the State of New York.

On Sixth-day evening preceding the Yearly Meeting, that committee met to consider the annual report prepared by its Secretary, Benjamin Hollowell.

The delegations from other Yearly Meetings were present by invitation, but being accredited to the Meeting for Sufferings of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, which had not then assembled, they did not consider themselves incorporated with the committee.

The report then adopted was interesting and encouraging, and has been printed in the Extracts from the Minutes of Baltimore Yearly Meeting.

An animated discussion took place in relation to the present condition of the Indians west of the Mississippi River. The laborious and successful efforts made by our predecessors in the Society of Friends, in securing peace with the Indians and promoting their civilization, were brought into view, and a confident assurance was expressed that a wide door for useful labor among the Western Indians will soon be opened to us.

In former times committees of Friends made long and toilsome journeys through the wilderness to reach the Indians, and they employed as agents, members of the Society, to reside among them, to teach them the arts of civilized life, and to educate their children.

It is said that prominent statesmen in the Federal government have expressed a wish that Friends should be entrusted with the care and civilization of the Indians, and, doubtless, when the way is open and the manifestation of duty clear, some among us will be found qualified and willing to engage in this important field of service.

On Seventh-day evening, the Meeting for Sufferings of Baltimore Yearly Meeting convened, and the delegates from other Yearly Meetings were present. A committee was appointed, in conjunction with the Yearly Meeting's standing

committee on Indian concerns, to meet in conference with the other delegates.

On First-day evening, the conference of delegates met and entered upon the consideration of the subject entrusted to them. An earnest desire was expressed by several that we might be enlightened and guided by Divine wisdom in this matter, and that we might be enabled to do our whole duty in promoting the cause of peace and advancing the civilization of the Indians. The conviction was expressed that the only way to save from extinction the Indians who are now roaming over the vast plains west of the Mississippi, is to induce them by peaceable means to settle on eligible reservations, and there to supply them with herds of cattle, agricultural implements and an abundance of food.

A memorial to the heads of the Departments at Washington and the members of Congress was brought forward and read, which, after some comments expressive of its ability and thoroughness, was referred to a committee.

The committee thus appointed had several meetings in which the subject was deliberately examined. It was concluded to adopt the memorial, after some modification; but, inasmuch as its length would probably prevent it from being read by many members of Congress, a short memorial embracing its prominent points was prepared for presentation to Congress; and in this, reference is made to the accompanying paper for a full exposition of our sentiments.

These memorials being reported to a subsequent meeting of the conference, held in Friends' Meeting-House on Lombard street, gave rise to an interesting discussion, which was listened to by a large audience of both sexes.

The memorials were adopted, and a committee appointed from among the delegates to visit Washington after the assembling of Congress and endeavor to have them presented.

It being understood that Bishop Whipple of the Episcopal Church, who has charge of the Diocese of Minnesota, and who is widely known as the firm friend of the Indians, would visit Baltimore and confer with some members of our committee on Indian concerns, an invitation was extended to Friends to meet at the Lombard street house on Fifth-day evening.

The attendance was large, and a most able and interesting address was delivered by the Bishop.

He stated in substance that, when he was consecrated and sent to Minnesota, he found within his diocese a large body of Indians. Some of his friends among the whites desired him not to go among the natives, alleging that they were wild, barbarous and untamable. He could not feel easy to neglect them, for he had been called "to preach the Gospel to the poor," and these poor Indians he regarded as especial

objects of sympathy, sitting as they were in darkness, and having souls to be saved. He went among them, and feeling kindly toward them, he soon won their confidence and esteem. With the aid of a brother churchman he established among them a mission school. Their wants were attended to and their children instructed.

The Indians learned some of the customs of civilised life, and came to regard the missionaries as their friends. When the dreadful massacre of the whites by the oppressed and exasperated savages took place in Minnesota, the Indians under the care of the Bishop were true and steadfast in their friendship. They risked their lives to save men, women and children from destruction, and evinced the warmest interest in those who had shown them kindness.

The address was listened to with the deepest interest by a crowded audience, and much important information was given, showing the necessity of prompt measures being adopted to save from extinction a people who were once numerous and powerful, but are now impoverished and wasting away.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

The judicious remarks by I. H., on the subject of bridal presents, in last week's Friends' Intelligencer, is worthy of consideration, and if Friends would abandon the practice, it would be a relief to many. M. P.

11th mo. 1, 1867.

From "The Penns and Peningtons."

AN EXTRACT IN RELATION TO ISAAC PENINGTON.

Isaac Penington's religious letters are numerous; some are in print and many still in manuscript. Judgment is required in selecting from them what may be interesting to readers in general of the present day. They are of a peculiar cast, corresponding of course with the mind from which they emanated; and that mind was by no means of a common order. In some of them his individual religious experience may have been sometimes made to an undue extent the standard by which the genuineness of the religious feelings of other minds was tested. It is common for persons of earnest religious minds not duly to recognize that which the Apostle tells us of the diversities of operation through the same spirit. We are all more or less liable to be thus influenced; but some are conscious of the danger, and others are not. The latter will often, even when sincerely desiring to judge charitably and rightly, come to positively erroneous conclusions respecting the religious feelings of those who cannot see as they do.

It is pleasant to know that in life's evening the family at Woodside were suffered to enjoy without molestation the peace and comfort of

their humble home. It was not on what they lost of this world's wealth that the father and mother were then disposed to dwell, but on what they had gained in the sense of Divine approval, and the assurance of the Lord's presence being with them and their children. This added far more to their happiness than all the wealth the world could bestow. In true thankfulness and contentedness they could praise their Heavenly Father's care, which had circled round them amid fierce persecution, and now filled their hearts with love and devout trust in Him.

In the autumn of 1679 both husband and wife went into Kent to Mary Penington's native place; and after visiting the tenants on her estate there, they remained a short time at one of the farms called Goodenstone Court. Just at the time they had fixed to return to Woodside, Isaac Penington took ill. His disease was one of acute suffering, and in a few days the closing scene of earthly life arrived. His soul ascended to its home on high, and his wife tells us her spirit was suffered at that moment to join his, and rejoicingly to see the Heavenly mansion prepared for him.

His remains were interred in the burial-ground belonging to his beloved friends of Chalfont at Jordan's, where a small white headstone now marks the spot, with the name and date, "*Isaac Penington, 1679.*" His age was sixty-three.

Many testimonies were published respecting the Christian life and worth of this good man. I would gladly insert those from his wife, his son John, and William Penn, if space permitted. But as this is not the case, and as his devotion to God, his meekness of spirit, and his Christian character may be gathered from what has already been written, I shall confine myself to an extract from that of Mary Penington:—

"Whilst I keep silent touching thee, oh! thou blessed of the Lord and His people, my heart burneth within me. I must make mention of thee, for thou wast a most pleasant plant of renown, planted by the right hand of the Lord; 'and then tookest deep root downwards, and uprarest upwards.' The dew of heaven fell on thee, and made thee fruitful, and thy fruit was fragrant and most delightful.

"Oh, where shall I begin to recount the Lord's remarkable dealings with thee! He set His love on thee, oh! thou who wert one of the Lord's peculiar choice. Thy very babyish days declared of what stock and lineage thou wert. Thou desiredst 'the sincere milk of the word as a new-born babe,' even in the bud of thy age; and who can declare how thou hadst travelled towards the Holy Land in the very infancy of thy days? Who can tell what thy soul felt in thy travel? Oh the heavenly, bright, living openings that were given thee! God's light shone round about thee. Such a state as

I have never known of in any other, have I heard thee declare of. But this it did please the Lord to withdraw, and leave thee desolate and mourning—weary of the night and of the day—naked and poor in spirit—distressed and bowed down. Thou refusedst to be comforted, because thou couldst not feed on that which was not bread from heaven.

"In that state I married thee; my love was drawn to thee, because I found thou sawest the deceit of all notions. Thou didst remain as one who refused to be comforted by anything that had only the *appearance* of religion, till 'He came to His temple who is Truth and no lie.' For all those shews of religion were very manifest to thee, so that thou wert sick and weary of them all.

"This little testimony to thy hidden life, my dear and precious one, in a day when none of the Lord's gathered people knew thy face, nor were in any measure acquainted with thy many sorrows, have I stammered out, that it might not be forgotten. But now that the day hath broken forth, and that thou wert so eminently gathered into it, and a faithful publisher of it, I leave this other state of thine to be declared by the sons of the morning, who have witnessed the rising of the bright star of righteousness in thee, and its guiding thee to the Saviour, even Jesus, the First and the Last. They, I say, who are strong, and have overcome the evil one, and are fathers in Israel, have declared of thy life in God, and have published it in many testimonies."

"Ah me! he is gone! he that none exceeded in kindness, in tenderness, in love inexpressible to the relation of a wife. Next to the love of God in Christ Jesus to my soul, was his love precious and delightful to me. My bosom one! my guide and counsellor! my pleasant companion! my tender sympathising friend! as near to the sense of my pain, sorrow, grief, and trouble as it was possible! Yes, this great help and benefit is gone; and I, a poor worm, a very little one to him, compassed about with many infirmities, through mercy was enabled to let him go without an unadvised word of discontent or inordinate grief. Nay, further, such was the great kindness the Lord showed me in that hour, that my spirit ascended with him that very moment the spirit left his body, and I saw him safe in his own mansion, and rejoiced with him there. From this sight my spirit returned again, to perform my duty to his outward tabernacle.

"This testimony to Isaac Penington is from the greatest loser of all who had a share in his life,
"MARY PENINGTON."

"Written at my house at Woodside, the 27th of 2d month, 1680, between Twelve and One at night, whilst watching by my sick child."

About four months after the foregoing date

Mary Penington took William and Edward, her two youngest sons, to place them at school at Edmonton. Before leaving home she made her will, and arranged her family affairs, under the impression that her life was not likely to be of long duration. She also wrote a letter during that interval to her grandson Springett Penn, to be given to him after her death, when he had attained an age able to understand it. The letter in question is that from which I have obtained most of the information respecting Sir William Springett which is contained in the earlier pages of this work. It commences as follows:—

"Dear child, "Thou bearing the name of thy worthy grandfather Springett, I felt one day the thing I desired was answered, which was the keeping up his name and memory. He dying before thy mother was born, thou couldst not have the opportunity of her putting thee in remembrance of him. So I am inclined to mention this good man to thee, that thou mayest preserve his memory in thy mind, and have it for a pattern; that, following him as he followed Christ, thou mayest not only continue his name in the family, but, walking in his footsteps, partake of his renown, by being the virtuous offspring of this truly great man."

During the interval in question she added the following record to her own personal narrative:—

"Now the Lord hath seen good to make me a widow, and leave me in a desolate condition as to my guide and companion; but He hath mercifully disentangled me, and I am in a very easy state as to my outward being. I have often desired of the Lord to make way for me, waiting on Him without distraction. Living a life free from cumber, I most thankfully and humbly, in deep sense of His gracious kind dealings, receive the disposing of my lands as from Him. I have cleared great part of the mortgage, and paid most of my bond debts, and I can compass very easily the ground in my hands.

"In this Fourth month, 1680, I have made my will, and disposed of my estate, and have no considerable debt on it, and leave a handsome provision for J. P. and M. P., and the younger ones, to fit them for a decent calling. I have also left provision for my debts and legacies. I call it a comely provision for my children, considering they are provided for out of my lands of inheritance, having nothing of their father's. Though mourning for the loss of my worthy companion, and exercised with the sickness and weakness of my children, in my outward condition and habitation I am to my heart's content. No great family to cumber me; living private, with time to apply my heart to wisdom in the numbering of my days; believing them to be but few, I stand ready to

die. Still I feel that death is the king of fear; and that strength to triumph over him must be given me in the needful time. The Lord must stand by me, to resist that evil one who is often busy when the tabernacle is dissolving.

"Oh! Lord, what quiet, safety, or ease is there in any state but in feeling thy living power? All happiness is in this, and nothing but amazement, sorrow, perplexity and was out of it. Oh! let me be kept by that power, and in it walk with God in His pure fear; and then I matter not how unseason I am, or how little friendship I have in the world. Oh Lord! thou knowest what I have yet to go through, but my hope is in thy mercy to guide and support me; and then I need not be doubtful, nor in concern about what is to come upon me.

"The foregoing I writ before I went to Edmonton, which was in Sixth month, 1680. And as if I were to go thither on purpose to be proved by the Lord, according to what I had before written, and to be exercised by Him in all things that were in my view when I set my house in order, it pleased the Lord, in a week's time after my going there, to visit me with a violent burning fever, beyond what I ever felt. Indeed, it was very tedious. I made my moan in these words, 'Distress! distress!' feeling as if that comprehended sickness, uneasiness, want of rest and comfortable accommodation; it being a school, and so unquiet, with but little attendance, and away from my own home, where I could have had every thing I needed.

"I had scarcely any time in all that illness, that I could have taken even so much as a quarter of an hour for the settling of my affairs. The kindness and mercy of the Lord having put into my heart to consider that it might be as it was with my dear husband, that I should never return home again. These memorable dealings of the Lord with me I now recount this 3d day of Second month, 1681, in a thankful, humble sense of His mercy, being in my bed still unrecovered of that forementioned illness, which commenced eight months since.

"Now it is upon me, in the holy fear of the Lord, to declare to you, my dear children, of what great service it was to me in my sickness, that I had nothing to do but to die when the Lord visited me. The Lord was pleased to assure me I should have a mansion, according to His good pleasure, in His holy habitation. Through this knowledge I was left in a quiet state, out of any feelings of the sting of death; not having the least desire to live, though I did not witness any measure of triumph and joy. I could often say it is enough that I am in peace, and have not a thought day nor night of anything that is to be done in preparation for my going hence.

"After having been fourteen days ill at Edmonton, my fever greatly abated, and in a

month's time from that I came from thence to London in some degree of strength. After being seven weeks there, the Lord brought me home again to my own house. But that night I was smitten again with sickness, of which I remain weak and low to this day.

"27th of 4th mo., 1681.—As I was waiting this morning on the Lord with some of my family, I found an indication in my mind to mention the continuance of my illness to this day, which from the time of being first visited wants not many weeks of a year. In all that time, such has been the goodness of the Lord to me, that, as was said of Job, 'in all this he sinned not, nor charged God foolishly,' so may I say that, through the presence of God's power with me, I have not had a murmuring thought or a complaining mind. This has been my constant frame. It is well I have had no grievous thing to undergo, except these late sore fits of pain so full of anguish. The Lord hath graciously stopped my desires after every pleasant thing. I have not found in my heart to ask of Him to restore me to my former health and strength; that I might have the pleasantness of my natural sleep, or be able to walk about the house, or go abroad in the air, to take a view of the beautiful creation. All that I have desired during this long exercise in reference to my condition hath been some ease in my fits of pain. For this I have earnestly cried to the Lord for directions to some means of help, that I might have the pain removed. But, save in these fits of suffering, I have not asked anything of the Lord concerning life or health. I have waited upon Him with less distraction than when in health, and have many times said within myself, Oh! this is very sweet and easy. He makes my bed in my sickness, and holds my eyes waking to converse with Him.

"Death hath been many times before me, on which occasions I have rather embraced it than shrunk from it; having for the most part found a kind of yielding in my spirit to die. I had all my days a great sense of death, and subjection to the fear of it, till I came to be settled in the Truth; but now the fear of death, that is, the state after death, is removed. Yet there remaineth still a deep sense of the passage; how strait, hard, and difficult it is; even in some cases to those over whom the second death hath no power."

No further records have been discovered respecting Mary Penington, who died on the 18th of Seventh-month, 1682, at Worminghurst, where she was staying with her daughter Guelma Penn. From thence her remains were taken for interment to Jordan's, where they were laid beside those of her husband.

Clothe yourselves with the silk of piety, with the sateen of sanctity, and with the purple of

modesty, and God will come to you. Let not the ornaments upon your backs speak out the vanity of your hearts.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 16, 1867.

EDUCATIONAL.—From the Reports of the "daily press" relative to the proceedings of the Teachers' Institute which assembled at West Chester, Pa., on the 28th of last month, we compile the following account for such of our readers as are interested in the subject of education. The sessions were continued for several days and increased in interest. The names of three hundred and seventy-five teachers were registered, and the audience was large and appreciative.

At the opening of the Institute, the County Superintendent, W. Warren Woodruff, briefly reviewed the history of the cause of education in Pennsylvania, and alluded to the important legislation of last winter which made it obligatory upon the County Superintendent to hold at least one Institute meeting in their respective counties each year.

He reminded the teachers of the responsibility of having under their care 18,000 children, and that in order to perform their work well, they must learn to love it. He considered that the advancement of the intellectual and moral welfare of children depended upon the individual efforts of those to whom was entrusted the responsibility of their training.

Prof. Bailey, Instructor of Elocution in Yale College, Conn., addressed the Institute on the subject of reading. The first requisite for good reading is the use of the natural voice. There are three essentials: you must be *heard*, *understood*, and, if possible, *felt*. The first requires a knowledge of the laws of sound; the second, of the intention or meaning of the author rendered; and the third requires an appreciation of the subject, and its relations to the sympathies of the hearers. He said children can be taught to use their natural voice in the class, if they are impressed that there is nothing in reading that requires any other than the common tones they use when at play or at home telling their parents of the day's lesson or amusements. If this were successfully instilled, the reading classes would become a delight to the teacher.

Prof. Birdsay G. Northrop, of Mass., formerly Secretary of the Board of Education of that State, addressed the meeting on the culture of the sensibilities. There is so much contained in his remarks that we give them very nearly as reported by "The Press."

THE CULTURE OF THE SENSIBILITIES.

Most men are more controlled by the sensibilities than by the intellect; emotion is the celestial fire which lights up every act of man. It is not logic alone that sways men, but logic or fire. It is our sensibilities that, through their cultivation, make men and women powerful to achieve and enjoy. The teacher must exist progressively if he would be successful; he must not get into the ruts.

Curiosity is one of the sensibilities earliest aroused in children. It is to the mind what appetite is to the body; it is the impelling power to the cultivation of genius in the adult; so you must use it in exciting the child to study.

Foremost in importance among the sensibilities are the affections; the intellect attracts a fleeting admiration; the affections not only win but retain love and esteem. Intellect is like an iceberg, unless it is sustained and softened by the affections.

The sensibilities are capable of the highest degree of culture. The will must direct this. The affections are cultivated by the doing of little deeds of kindness to those around us. Those who wait for great opportunities to show their benevolence, seldom grow out of the inherent selfishness of their natures.

The affections should be the subject of early training; then they become not only the greatest ornament of men's lives, but the great source of their growth and happiness. Nothing is cheaper in this world than kindness, and nothing accomplishes more. It is said the lamented Lincoln never lost his temper during his trying term of office—a glorious example to all. Socrates kept silent when angered; this is a good rule for all to obey; by so doing they will escape much misery.

The philanthropist has his reward at every moment of life; his good deeds blossom into fragrance on every side of his daily pathway. Home is the place in which the affections should be assiduously cultivated. The hope of America are the homes of America! The heart will never forget the influences of a home where love was the guiding principle in early days: the child who truly loves a good mother and reverences his father, when he goes out into the world will not, cannot, go far astray. The heart of a devoted mother has been well called the masterpiece of creation.

The spleen of parents and teachers is respon-

sible for much of the unhappiness and errors of their children in after years. Let parents be careful that they make home the happiest spot the children can know or find, and they will not seek unhallowed pleasure in those resorts where sin and crime are first looked upon.

Cultivate the art of conversation among your children. This is too much neglected, as is well attested by the scarcity of good conversationalists in society.

Happiness is one of the aims and objects of a true life; do not restrain your children in their desires to enjoy the happy spirits of youth; it is necessary to their mental, moral, and physical welfare that they have daily recreation. Provide entertainment that you can approve of at home, and help your children enjoy it by joining with them as much as you may.

A love of the beautiful is another one of the sensibilities that should be zealously cultivated, commencing with your children when they can first appreciate the loveliness of a simple flower, a tinted cloud, or the starry skies. A taste for the beautiful, thus instilled, will be a source of happiness and refined enjoyment through life.

The affections were most perfectly cultivated in the character of the great Teacher; indeed they were the fountain whence came the loveliest deeds of His life, the secret of the homage and love which millions of loyal human hearts have given Him through eighteen centuries.

Mary Howe Smith, teacher of Geography and History in the State Normal School at Oswego, N. Y., gave lessons on Geography Teaching. The course she advised was to call attention to the earth as a whole, then its form, size and the relative proportions of land and water must be considered.

"After which, teach of the surface, then the drainage of that surface; this part of the study will serve to illustrate the fact that there is a logical connection between one branch of the subject and nearly all its other parts: thus the surface, by its declination in this or that direction, determines the course of rivers, which in turn decide to some extent the fertility of the soil and the character of the products thereof; and upon these depend, in a measure, the races of men and the kind of animals to be found in these localities.

The speaker enlarged upon the necessity of teaching geography from this starting point; showed how easy it was to lead the pupil to determine the details of this branch of knowledge almost intuitively, by first teaching certain leading principles and laws, and pointing out the logical sequence thereto.

She illustrated her method of teaching primary geography by supposing the institute to be a class of juveniles, the speaker—teacher—

had her pupils name the streets around the hall—school-room—the principal public buildings, and the roads leading to the country. In the meantime she mapped an outline of all these points upon the board; the nearest villages were delineated upon this map. She then went on to explain how the teachers in the country schools would use this plan in mapping the school grounds and the school district. As an individual exercise for each pupil, they should be taught to draught their parents' farms. The next work would be to call their attention to the animals indigenous to their own country, then the products of the soil and the occupations of the inhabitants. In more advanced classes, the causes which decide the industries of the citizens, the kind of domestic animals needed, and why villages have been located where they are found in the country, may be queried after and ascertained. If this plan is pursued to its legitimate results, a thorough knowledge of geography will be attained. As it has been taught in the past, it too often happens that even adults can only think of Russia, for instance, as a *yellow spot* on the map. Such teaching has no real value, because the results are without any practical significance.

In the study of geography pupils must acquire a good knowledge of the value of the units, an inch, a foot, or a mile. The first may be taught on the blackboard; the latter from their walks to and from home. The speaker's present idea of a mile was derived from her memory of such an early lesson. She showed upon the board the manner of teaching the difference between vertical and horizontal lines—her plan of mapping was shown by draughting upon the board the outline of South America—naming each gulf, bay, and cape thereon at the same time, *finishing the whole in one or two minutes*; then as rapidly as before, indicating and naming the islands on the coast, the mountains, lakes, rivers, and towns in the interior. She said this might seem difficult to the uninitiated; but that it was quite easy and practicable was demonstrated by the fact that the instructor's own primary classes in the Normal School in Oswego, N. Y., in the course of eight or ten lessons, given within a period of two weeks, readily acquire the facility of draughting maps as correctly and quickly as she had done, and also at the same moment, naming each geographical feature drawn; more than this, they would immediately discover and name any fault in the teacher's draught, and quickly correct it. She always encouraged her classes to criticise her work; teachers should not fear their pupils' criticism; the speaker always felt complimented thereby, because it proved that her previous labors had not been in vain."

She spoke of the old plan of teaching the productions of a country, and proved it to be

very deficient. A better way was to classify these productions—wheat and corn being the representation of one of the great divisions, and rice and cotton of another. Then teach the general boundaries within which these are grown, and afterwards determine in what particular portions they are best produced.

The vegetation of the North American continent was considered. The eastern part having abundant moisture, also possessed a fine and luxuriant vegetation: the contrary conditions existing in the West in regard to moisture, there was less vegetation. The prairies had a good vegetation.

She had not time to refer to the animals or races of the continent, but would proceed to its political geography, and would confine her remarks to our own United States.

Its position was referred to and the advantages resulting therefrom; next she pointed out the unrivalled advantages which we have from our inland lakes and river systems, and great extent of ocean coast. Our climate was spoken of as deciding, to a certain extent, in connection with the other points named, the occupations of our citizens. She showed how the water-powers on our rivers and our coal regions made one portion a manufacturing region; and why other portions became agricultural in their character. The great mountain regions of the far West were not fitted, with a few exceptions in the fertile valleys, for either of these pursuits, but they were by nature specially adapted to mining.

Commerce was next considered: Our domestic commerce was very large, because of the varied characteristics and products of the different parts thereof. Our foreign commerce grew out of the richness of our soil and the abundance of our staple products, which we exchanged for the luxuries of life from other nations.

The towns and cities were next spoken of, and the causes which led to their location pointed out, it being dependent upon the occupations of the people and the water systems of the country.

The reporter says—"The instruction upon this subject to the Institute has been so popular that the teachers are delighted to know they can have a series of text-books that will enable them thoroughly to acquaint themselves with the plan and introduce it in their school rooms.

Professor Arnold Guyot, of Princeton College, New Jersey, has, with the assistance of Mrs. Smith, (whose services are handsomely acknowledged in the author's preface,) prepared a complete series of geographical books, "Primary," "Common Schools," and "Teachers" editions—together with a splendid set of modern and ancient wall maps, which make a perfect whole. This series is published by

Charles Scribner & Co., New York; the letter press is splendid, and the maps and engravings in the text-books are the finest that have yet been produced in illustration of this important branch of study. Professor Agassiz says of them: "Incomparably superior to anything published."

Every teacher attending the institute will desire to adopt them, so evident is it to them, from Mrs. Smith's instructions, that they contain the principles of the best system of teaching geography.

Other branches of knowledge were interestingly introduced, and will be noticed in a future number.

MARRIED, at Friends' Meeting-house, Richmond, Ind., on the 26th of Ninth month, 1867, CALES ELLIOTT, of West Liberty, Iowa, to MARY, daughter of John Mauleby.

DIED, on the 2d inst., at the residence of his son-in-law Dr. F. Flagg, near Woodbury, N. J., GEORGE CRAFT, in the 69th year of his age; a valued member of Woodbury Monthly Meeting.

—, at his residence in Philadelphia, on the morning of the 27th of Tenth month, 1867, JAMES F. LAYS, in the 32d year of his age. Married only a few short months, and separated from parents, brothers and sisters by an ocean's width, he clung fondly to the one tie he had upon earth, and which he held to be most sacred, until called to his God. Then with calm resignation he rendered up his life "a willing sacrifice to the God who gave it."

—, at his residence, Mount Holly, N. J., on the 16th of Eighth month last, REUBEN S. LAMB, in the 79th year of his age. An approved minister, our deceased friend travelled much in Truth's service, laboring by precept and example to benefit his fellow men. During the last ten years of his life, an insidious disease gradually destroyed his bodily powers, placing him in a state of almost infantile dependence. During this long period of suffering he maintained a quiet and cheerful mind, steadily attending meetings, and evidencing by patience his resignation to the Divine will.

—, on the 27th of Ninth month, 1867, SALLIE F., daughter of Mahlon I. and Frances T. Janney, aged 18 months; a member of Springboro Monthly Meeting, Ohio.

—, on Second-day, 4th of Eleventh month, 1867, at her residence, Darby, Pa., PAULILLA, widow of Abner Davis, in her 79th year.

—, on First day, 10th of Eleventh month, 1867, at Darby, Pa., MARTHA, widow of John Bunting, in her 82d year.

—, at Wilmington, Del., on the evening of Eleventh month 9th, 1867, BENJAMIN FRANK, in his 88th year.

—, on the 12th of Tenth month, 1867, near Atleborough, Bucks Co., Pa., of consumption, MARY R., daughter of Samuel H. and Sarah R. Paxson, in the 31st year of her age; a member of Middletown Monthly Meeting. This dear young woman bore her extreme suffering with a meek and quiet spirit, and often expressed a desire that she might be supported to the end, and that she might be found ready whenever the final summons came. Her desire, we believe, was mercifully granted, and she was fully assured of an acceptance with her Heavenly Father.

DIED, on the 24th of Fourth month, 1864, near Attleborough, Bucks Co., Pa., SALLIE, youngest daughter of Samuel H. and Sarah R. Paxson, in the 13th year of her age; also a member of Middletown Monthly Meeting.

AGENT'S NOTICE.

In writing to persons on business of our own, requesting information or suggesting a reply for our benefit, we should always remember to enclose a postage stamp, or stamped envelope, to meet this expense.

I receive a great many letters relating to business connected with my office. The expense of replies to most of these properly belongs to the different branches of my business; quite a number *do not*.

But I am in receipt of numerous letters of inquiry on various subjects, some of which are entirely foreign to any part of my business; of interest, perhaps, to the writer only. Sometimes—and very properly—provision is made for a reply, but generally not. Some are sent me to forward to persons with whose particular address it is supposed (or perhaps expressed) the writer is unacquainted; some of these require re-mailing. It is unpleasant thus to make allusion to these *seeming trifles*,—but this term, from long use, loses its fitness!

Although I have plenty of business, I am willing still to render my friends such services as my time and ability will admit of; but hereafter, no one need expect me to give attention to letters of the two last named classes, unless they bring with them the necessary accompaniments.

Philada., 11th mo. 7. *EMMON COMLY, Agent.*

FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION FOR THE AID AND EMANCIPATION OF THE FREEDMEN.

The Monthly Meeting of this Association will be held on Fourth-day evening next, Eleventh month 20th, at 7½ o'clock, at Race Street Meeting-House, (Monthly Meeting Room.) Interesting statements may be expected from one who has been among this people.

J. M. ELLIS, }
ANNA COOPER, } *Clerks.*

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Eleventh mo. 19th, Reading of Essays, Declamations, &c., by members.

EXTRACTS FROM BALTIMORE YEARLY MEETING OF MEN FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 571.)

Twenty-ninth of the month and third of the week.—The meeting entered upon the consideration of the state of Society, and proceeded therein through this sitting, that in the afternoon, and part of the sitting on the afternoon of the 30th, under the solemnizing influence of the great Head of the Church, during which many living testimonies were borne, tending to encourage all in a firm trust in the reality and efficiency of the great principles and testimonies held by our religious Society.

The subject of adopting a different mode of appointing members of the Meeting for Sufferings, which was referred to this Meeting from last year, being now brought up for consideration, it was referred to the Committee appointed at a former sitting for the revision of our Book of Discipline.

It being believed that an advantage would arise from having an official correspondent for each of our Quarterly Meetings and Monthly Meetings throughout the Yearly Meeting, each of our Quarterly Meetings is directed to forward, in its report to this Meeting next year, the name of a suitable Friend for a Correspondent for the Quarterly Meeting, and for each of its constituent Monthly Meetings; and thereafter each year, report to the Yearly Meeting any change that may occur in such Correspondents, in order that a correct list may be annually published in our Extracts.

The following report from the Trustees of the Fair Hill Fund was received and read, and it was approved and sanctioned by the Meeting, viz.:

To the Yearly Meeting now sitting:

The Trustees in charge of the Fair Hill Fund report that they have received for interest since last year, the sum of *nine hundred dollars*, which, in addition to the *four hundred dollars* reported to the Yearly Meeting last year, has been paid to the Committee having charge of the education of the children of some of our Friends in Virginia, who have been stripped of their property by the late war, as directed by the Yearly Meeting.

Thirty-first of the month and fifth of the week.

—The Committee appointed at a former sitting to endeavor to embody some of the exercises of the Meeting, now produced the following minutes, which was approved, and directed to be embodied in our printed extracts for the benefit of our absent members, viz.:

The attendance here of delegates from the Meetings for Sufferings—or Representative Committees—of each of the Yearly Meetings with which we correspond, in order to confer with us in relation to Indian affairs, has imparted to the Yearly Meeting a peculiar and unusual interest.

A painful solicitude has been awakened in our minds by the accounts received of the desolating war between the Indians west of the Mississippi and the National forces, and we earnestly desire that such just and humane measures may be pursued as will put an end to the effusion of blood, and secure a lasting peace with that afflicted people.

The warning voices of some of the faithful watchmen on the walls of our Zion were heard very early in our opening sitting, calling our attention to the fundamental principle and foundation stone of our organization—the *light of truth in the soul*, as our all sufficient guide; and renewing the injunctions of that devoted servant of the Most High, “*George Fox*,” “*to mind the light*,” and “*hold all our Meetings in the authority of Truth*,” may we remember that it is not our own work we are engaged in, but

the Lord's work; and, to promote it availingly, we must seek for the qualification that comes from him. It is only under this qualifying influence that we can enter into the field of labor, and bring forth fruit to the glory and honor of the great Husband man.

On considering the condition of our religious Society, and our short-comings in relation to the Christian testimonies we have to bear before the world, the Meeting was baptized into a feeling sense of our great responsibility to the Author of all our blessings. We feel assured there is no less need now than at any former period, for upholding the testimonies of Truth, and that the dedicated followers of the Lamb will always be led in the narrow path of self denial.

In answer to the question, What shall we do to increase the attendance at our meetings? it was shown that nothing can effect this purpose and gather us as a people, but the operations of the Divine spirit in the soul. The animal man must be subject to the spiritual, and the spiritual man to God. Encouragement was held forth to Friends residing in places where our meetings are small and neglected, and where vocal ministry is seldom heard. They may, by watchfulness and obedience, have access to the "true Tabernacle which God hath pitched, and not man," and there they may hear the voice of the Son of God which gives life to the soul.

By this means a living ministry would be found to increase among us, and though in the beginning it is usually in "weakness, and fear, and much trembling," yet by the exercise of the gift, in humility, it grows and affords edification to the church.

The language of George Fox on this subject is worthy of especial notice and remembrance. In one of his epistles he writes: "All my dear friends in the noble seed of God, who have known his power, life and presence among you, let it be your joy to hear or see the springs of life break forth in any, through which ye have all unity in the same feeling, life and power."

The Christian doctrine of regeneration has been held forth amongst us in accordance with the declaration of Jesus, "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven," and the language of Paul, "That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual." The seed of Divine life implanted in man by the Author of our being; if permitted to grow and overshadow the soul, will bring forth fruits to the glory of God and the good of mankind. But, in order that this growth may take place, there is a work required on our part, to keep clear the ground of the heart, and eradicate from it every pernicious plant.

We were earnestly exhorted to exercise towards those who, through weakness or unwatch-

fulness, may have deviated from the path of rectitude, or have failed to comply strictly with the rules of our Discipline, a spirit of restoring love, remembering that it is the object of Christian discipline to restore, rather than to cut off. If we rely only on rules of order to keep our members in the enclosure, we shall find briars and thorns to grow where we expected fruit.

The tenderness and gospel love recommended by Geo. Fox, in dealing with offenders, was revived in our Meeting. He says: "Now concerning Gospel order; though the doctrine of Jesus Christ requireth his people to admonish a brother or sister twice, before they tell the church, yet that limiteth none, so that they shall use no longer forbearance before they tell the church, but that they shall not LESS than twice, admonish their brother or sister before they tell the church. And it is desired of all, that before they publicly complain, they wait in the power of God, to feel if there is no more required of them to their brother or sister, before they expose him or her to the church; let this be weightily considered." "And further, when the church is told, and the party admonished by the church again and again, and he or they remain still insensible and unreconciled, let not final judgment go forth against him or her until every one of the Meeting has cleared his or her conscience, that if anything be upon any, to further visit such transgressor, they may clear themselves, that if possible the party may be reached and saved."

During the several sittings of the Yearly Meeting we have been comforted and refreshed by the evidence of Divine life and love felt among us, for which we are bound to ascribe thanksgiving unto that Eternal Power who rules the universe, and yet condescends to visit his creature man.

The Committee appointed to prepare Essays of Epistles to the several Yearly Meetings with which we correspond, produced one embodying the minute of the exercises of the Meeting, which the Clerk was directed to transcribe, sign on behalf of the Meeting, and forward to the Yearly Meetings of Philadelphia, New York, Genesee, Ohio, and Indiana, respectively.

The Committee continued from last year on the subject of giving aid toward the education of the children of Friends in Virginia who had suffered loss of property from the war, produced the following report, which was satisfactory to the Meeting; and in accordance with the suggestion therein contained, the Committee was released.

The Trustees of the Fair Hill Fund were directed to pay the balance of \$554.84, mentioned therein, to the person to whom it is due. To the Yearly Meeting now sitting:

The Committee continued from last year on

the subject of Schools in Virginia, report that they have attended to the service, and that their expenditure on account of this concern of the Yearly Meeting has amounted to the sum of two hundred and eighteen dollars. The interest from the Fair Hill Fund, paid to us by order of the Yearly Meeting, has discharged nine hundred dollars of the indebtedness incurred last year, leaving, with the expenditures of the present year, a balance due us of five hundred and fifty-four dollars and eighty-four cents, which will be paid out of the next interest money received from the same sources.

The committee are of the judgment that further care of the Yearly Meeting in this concern does not appear to be needed, and therefore ask to be released, if it meets the approval of the Meeting.

The meeting directed our Treasurer to pay the sum of one hundred dollars to Elkanah Fawcett, with which to pay the rent of a house in Winchester, Virginia, in which Friends' meetings are being held since the destruction of their meeting-house during the war.

A concern was weightily spread before this Meeting, in regard to the care of our distant, neglected meetings; and after weighty consideration, it was concluded to refer the subject to Friends appointed to consider what course shall be adopted to give relief to the concern, and if it shall be thought best to appoint a committee of the Yearly Meeting to visit our different meetings, as way opens therefor, to bring forward the names of suitable Friends to constitute such committee.

On assembling in the afternoon, the committee on the Indian concern produced a report,* which was read, and was satisfactory, and the labors of the committee approved and sanctioned.

The committee appointed during this morning's sitting produced the following report, which was approved, and Quarterly Meetings were encouraged to endeavor to act upon the recommendations made, believing, that although those who engage therein may feel weak, help from the true and Eternal Source will be given to all who humbly "ask" and "seek" therefor:

To the Yearly Meeting now sitting:

The Joint Committee of men and women Friends appointed to consider the subject of visiting our distant and neglected meetings, as way may open, report: That we have deliberated upon the subject under a weighty concern to be rightly directed, and have concluded to propose to the Yearly Meeting, that it advise each of our Quarterly Meetings to perform this service within its own borders, by the appointment of suitable committees to visit, in Gospel love, the subordinate meetings and

isolated Friends. And further, that Friends throughout the Yearly Meeting, who feel this concern, be encouraged to apply to their respective Monthly Meetings for minutes of concurrence to co operate with the Quarterly Meeting Committees.

We propose also, that the several Quarterly Meetings be requested to report to our next Yearly Meeting their progress in this service.

With feelings of reverent thankfulness for the mercies and favors still continued to us, and the evidence that has been vouchsafed to us throughout the several sittings of this meeting, that notwithstanding the many deficiencies which exist among us, the great Head of the Church still condescends to favor us, with the smile of His countenance, bestowing the spirit of discernment, and lending a helping hand to perform his work,

The meeting adjourned, to meet again at the usual time next year, if consistent with the Divine Will.

BENJ. HALLOWELL, *Clark*.

ANGELS.

"Oh, messengers of God, are ye beside us?
Fair, loving angels, are ye tarrying nigh
With gentle hands ever outstretched to guide us?"
We ask in childhood, looking to the sky;

Drinking its dazzling depths with eyes unailing,
Unshadowed by the budding April trees,
While a mysterious, sudden hush prevailing,
Seems to hold back the voice of bird and breeze

In watchful awe, and willow blooms, half broken,
Leap from our hands, forgetful of their hold,
Because our souls are listening for some token,
Waiting for some bright presence to unfold

Its glory to our eyes,—in lily vesture,
With silver wings, and dimly shining hair,
Meeting our earnest gaze with loving gesture,
And eyes that long unseen have watched us there.

And on through life, longing for hands to guide us,
Our hearts repeat again, with yearning sigh,
"Oh, messengers of God, are ye beside us?"
Strong, loving angels, are ye tarrying nigh?"

And asking so, we learn the lessons slowly;
Each day's events may be an angel sent
With messages for the trustful heart and lowly,
That hold no idol of self-made intent.

Yea, the daily things our senses greet,
The green bud bursting in the dusky hedge;
The solemn clouds through evening silence fleet
Above some city house top's blackened edge;
The fame of Christian deeds, whereat we wonder,
And hear in them a voice that calls us on;
The sight of means, whereby good deeds we ponder,
Turn by occasion into good deeds done;

A smile unasked, a wayside salutation,
The cloudless brightness of some household face,
By these how often God sends forth salvation,
To souls that faint in their appointed place.

Nor always are they messengers, whose beauty
Is to our gaze revealed without disguise;
They meet us too in form of sternest duty,
Whose guerdon far in the hereafter lies.

* Which will be published next week.

All hours of sorrow, all distress and danger,
The coming of a thousand daily cares,
Aye, death itself may enter as a stranger,
And prove an angel honored unawares!
"English Lyrics."

THE FOUR SEASONS.

BY LUCRETIA F. HALE,

(Continued from page 574.)

Do you think this is a dull lesson and has little to do with the Flora of Plants? Are we not bound to consider, you ask, the beauty of leaves, flowers and fruits, and not tire our heads with thinking of their use?

That little, but very tiresome word *use*,—why did it ever come into the language, except for the purpose of plaguing children? And we elders acknowledge that we are tired of the books that are always trying to instruct children, and pretending that they ought to be useful. A useful child! It calls up the pictures of worn-out children working in factories,—of tired little girls in crowded streets, old before their time, laboring for father and mother, and younger brothers and sisters,—of news boys, never having time to play! No: let a child be a child while it will. Their enjoyments and pleasures are not so wondrous as elder years paint them, out of their fancy or misleading memories of some few gay hours. Do not heap upon them the pains and responsibilities that come with the growth of the reasoning powers.

But as for our joy of the flowers,—it is surely enhanced to think of all the beautiful uses it has. And just at this season, when the year's leaves are floating down the wind, it would seem ungrateful not to think of all the cheerful, unselfish work they have been so gay over all summer long. A child is no less a child when it is cheerful all through a hot day's journey, or unselfishly gives the largest cocoa-nut cake to a younger brother. So it will do us no harm to think a little of the glad gifts these very leaves have brought us. For all these services we have to thank the plants. Not only do they purify the air for animals; they also produce all the food and fabric of animals. Neither the herbivorous nor the carnivorous animals can originate any organic matter. They destroy and decompose it; they take it ready made from plants. And we, men, women and children,—even when we are not Nebuchadnezzars ourselves, and do not directly take in the lettuce and spinach and green peas,—yet accept it in the fabric of the animals we eat. We accept it, as I have said, in our beef and mutton and veal.

When you see the cattle, the sheep, and the calves, you little think how they are cropping up *fat* for you. But the fat of these animals is mostly drawn from the oily and waxy matters in the vegetables that make their food. They take what they need, then breathe out, by way of return to the vegetables, the carbonic acid

and water that these want. What a different food is *ham* from *acorns*! Yet even a pig can bring about the change. What would you do for your sandwiches if he couldn't or wouldn't?

Is it not a happy thing that we do not have to fight with the plants for our food, but that what they want to take we cannot bear, and what we dislike they are willing to feed and flourish upon?

And not only do we enjoy and flourish upon this food, prepared for us by other animals; we too find it stored for us in the many fruits we have been considering. What admirable places are the Autumn Agricultural Fairs to learn this! There you can see the various *chests*, differing one from another, in which our vegetable food is stored,—wheat and squashes, pears, tomatoes and watermelons, side by side.

And how gayly and happily have the leaves done all this! Even when they must drop away and die, they have not put on any color of mourning, but the maple, the sumach—many of the trees—appear then in their gayest and most gorgeous tints.

It is left for some of the little chemists that read this, perhaps, to find out the cause of these bright colors, and why it is that they are more brilliant with us than in other countries. The frost has very little to do with the autumn colors; for often in July or August a single tree among the maples turns scarlet or crimson, while the other trees are still green. The red maple has evidently a fondness for its bright colors, for early in the spring it puts its seed-vessels into deep red; and the little, young yearling maples, as we have seen, hurry to show what family they belong to, by putting their few leaves into gay colors.

It may be the transparency of our atmosphere, says Mr. Emerson, and therefore the greater intensity of the light; that gives the greater glow to our autumnal foliage,—“the same cause which renders a much larger number of stars visible by night, and which clothes our flowering plants with more numerous flowers, and those of richer and deeper tints,—giving somewhat of tropical splendor to our really colder parallels of latitude.” We have no right to consider our autumn days the “saddest of the year.” Not only maples and sumachs, but the oaks, put on their most brilliant colors. There are scarlet oaks and crimson oaks,—spots of color that shine of a cloudy day, and that glow when the sun is out,—yellow chestnut-leaves, many-colored dogwood, and pale ferns. But in the November days these are of the past.

From root to topmost bough, from potato up to chestnut, there is no part of the plant but what some species of herb, shrub, or tree, has somewhere turned it into food for us. A comprehensive botany is, then, this child's botany, with its two classes. What is there that does

not bring us its flowers, or else its fruit to eat, or to make into playthings? Wands for whistles, switches for riding-whips,—to say nothing of birch for the schoolmasters,—outshells for baskets and boats, toys as countless as the fruits. From parts of the root, whole roots, seed, stalk, leaves, come sago, turnips, rice, sugar, tea,—can you make a count of all the stores, and not forget some? And the kindly shelter of the trees for the summer's birds, and the soft shelter of ferns and rushes for lizards and water insects! Stately trees and low grasses are full of their charities. Even low mosses have a great use and purpose. I must copy for you a description of what service the moss is that covers the rocks far up on the mountain-sides. This is what the moss does in Germany, and I can't think that American moss should do less.

"It is the covering of moss on the forest mountains that gives sustenance to the brooks and torrents that flow from them. And through these streams life flows to the plants in the valley, and so to man and beast. This may sound like an exaggeration; but you would not consider it so, if you would for once consent to come with me and submit to a shower of rain in a picturesque ravine in the Harz, or the Schwarzwald forests. I should like to take you to a steep precipice, where you could look over and listen to a forest stream far down, that murmurs softly to us. Here and there is a single white pine, or some tall fir thrusts its roots among the loose blocks on the mountain-side. But all is covered with soft moss,—stone-boulders, roots of trees, and the steep sides of the precipice, where no stone can lie. Then let there come a vigorous mountain shower, penetrating, wetting us to the skin, through and through! Then I would beg you to look around, above, below, and see if, after this drenching shower, there were any marked change. The brook below has scarcely increased. It still rains violently; but as far as you can see over the precipice up which we have climbed, and opposite us, all is as it was before the rain began.

"Now imagine the precipice bare. You would have then seen large masses of earth whirled down by the swollen brooks. Many a tree would have been carried away, too, and in a few years only a bare wall of rock would be left here where the old pine that has served us as shelter from the storm has been growing a hundred years peacefully, to a beautiful, mighty tree. This the moss has done. Other ground-plants gave help, but insignificant in comparison.

"These pretty little plants are mediators between heaven and earth when the rain-torrent comes down, as though by breaking away the forest trees, it would make room for the encumbered streams. The moss softly hushes it up, crying out, 'Gently, gently, boisterer,' and

thrusts itself between the heavy rain and threatened earth, and catches the flood of heaven in its millions of graceful little leaflet hands, and breaks its great power, so that only drop by drop can it come through, and the ground can drink by degrees what it needs; and what is over quietly trickles from stone to stone, under the covering of moss, into the swelling stream.

"And in summer, if the paroling sunbeams fall upon this rocky wall, and the pitch in the bark of the old pine turns liquid, then again it is the moss that flings itself between the sunbeams and the ground, and never lets the consuming glow penetrate into the earth.

"And the wind it tempests, too. If there are no mosses the tempest drives the dry leaves together, and sweeps them down into the valley, and dries up the ground far down. But the mosses catch the needles and whirling leaves as they fall, and hold them fast, and weave themselves up with them to a protecting carpet around the trees.

"Yes, in wooded regions, the mosses are of incalculable worth. And the woods are equally valuable for streams and brooks, and these in turn make life possible. I have seen, in southern Spain, regions of forty miles in extent, where life has become insupportable, because there was no water; and no water, because the countless sierras are bare of trees."

And there are no trees because there was no moss to protect them!

And this little moss forms part of the Flora of the winter. It will make for you a charming study to learn its method of flowering and scattering its seed. A study, not a play, but as charming as a play. For I have tried to tell you "a little about the Flora" of the past year, only to show how much yet remains to be learned of these our beautiful companions. We have seen how they have waited for us, and upon us, in winter and autumn as well as summer and spring. Through the winter they are not even dead or sleeping,—they are always telling us something. And it is better to make a study of all the knowledge they will bring, than to try to make of it a play.

And a *charming* study, too. The boy that has dug over the Latin roots finds in his Virgil and Horace where are the fruits and flowers of his study that at first seemed so tedious. But Gray's "How Plants Grow," "First Lessons," and "Botanical Text Book," make the very first steps in the study of botany charming and delightful.

For this study one does not have to wait for elegantly printed or painted diagrams; but each season illustrates itself, bringing branch and bud, blossom, flower, leaf, fruit, seed, and dead leaves, for beautiful pictures of its own progress. Still linger into November and De-

cumber the brown leaves of the oak around the trees. The outer world has been growing more and more silent. Even the untimely cricket that chirped among the dry November grass is still. The gay harvest of autumn leaves is scattered. Even the yellow pumpkins that staid late in the fields, among the cornstalks, are housed now, and perhaps eaten.

We stop a moment to look at the beautiful and differing shapes of the dead leaves, as they lie before us in the road. They might give us another study, to find the names of all the different forms, and what each different tree bears. But the winter wind swept them away.

The love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. 1 Tim. 6: 10.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

TENTH MONTH.

	1866.	1867.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	8 days.	6 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,	2 "	3 "
Cloudy, without storms,	6 "	9 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	15 "	13 "
	31 "	31 "

TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.

	1866.	1867.
Mean temperature of 10th month per Penna. Hospital,	58.35 deg.	57.65 deg.
Highest do. during month	73.50 "	78.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	40.00 "	41.50 "
Rain during the month,	47.15 in.	4.32 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks for 1866 and 4 for 1867....	1428	913

Average of the mean temperature of 10th month for the past seventy-eight years	54.63 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1793,	64.00 "
Lowest do. do. do. 1827	46.00 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1866.	1867.
Totals, for the first 6 months of the year,	22.47 inch.	30.20 inch.
Seventh month,	2.52 "	2.38 "
Eighth month,	2.18 "	15.81 "
Ninth month,	8.70 "	1.72 "
Tenth month,	4.15 "	4.32 "
Totals,	40.02 "	54.43 "

The month just closed has been a delightful autumn month, with nothing especial to remark in reference to *Temperature*. The total amount of *Rain* compares with last year about as it did last month,

while the decrease in the *Deaths* cannot but be very gratifying.

In reference to these, one of the daily papers thus comments, while referring to one of the weeks of the month just passed:

"Notwithstanding the fact that the weather during a portion of last week was unreasonably and unhealthily warm, Philadelphia enjoyed its usual freedom from epidemic diseases, while the returns of deaths for the week ending on Saturday show a large decrease from the number reported for the corresponding week of 1866. During the period last named 362 occurred; last week there were but 195—a difference of 167, or nearly fifty per cent. In New York, which has a population very little if any exceeding that of Philadelphia, the deaths last week numbered 463—150 per cent. greater than Philadelphia. Our people have great cause to be thankful for the blessings which they enjoy. In the south and southwest, pestilence stalks abroad, and numbers its victims by thousands, and New York, with all its splendid advantages of location, shows a mortality two and a half times as great as that of Philadelphia."

The hail storm recorded in our Review of last month bears no comparison to one described below, which we give just as we find it in one of our newspapers:

"A REMARKABLE HAIL STORM. — A remarkable storm of hail occurred at Florence, Italy, September 25th. One stone was three inches square; another weighed eleven ounces; many consisted of a mass of concentric layers of ice, resembling those of an onion superposed on one another. Others had a flat rough base, from which rose long attenuated crystals of ice two or three inches in length."

Philadelphia, 10th mo. 5th, 1867. J. M. E.

ITEMS.

There is reason to doubt the truth of the report that Dr. David Livingstone, the well-known African traveller and missionary, was murdered in Africa. During this long and perilous period of nearly 30 years, Dr. Livingstone had made himself better acquainted with the people and land of Africa than any other European. He had successfully labored to promote African civilisation by increasing African commerce and industry, and had especially done all he could to abolish the slave trade, though a great obstacle to his success in this was the pecuniary interest of the native chiefs in this nefarious traffic. At the suggestion of Sir Roderick Murchison, the English geologist and geographer, an expedition was lately sent from a British port to ascertain the fate of Dr. Livingstone, reported to have been murdered, while travelling, by some of his own personal attendants. Sir Roderick published strong reasons for discrediting this report, but opinion has hitherto ranged on the other side in England. However, J. S. Moffat, a missionary in Africa and Dr. Livingstone's brother-in-law, has written to London, giving strong reasons for believing that he was still alive. At Zanzibar a report had been received of Dr. L.'s safe passage through a district more hostile than the place where he was said to have been killed.

The control of the colored schools in New Orleans has been transferred by the Freedmen's Bureau to the School Directors of that city.

JERUSALEM is connected by two lines of telegraph with Europe, and by one line with the East Indies. Yet very little ever appears to transpire there that is worth telegraphing.

The death is announced of Worthington Hooker, M. D., Professor in Yale Medical College.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Henry Haydock, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

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James Baynes, Baltimore, Md.

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*Copy of a Letter written by Elizabeth Webb, in
1712, to Anthony William Boehm, Chaplain
to George, Prince of Denmark, with his An-
swer.*

(Concluded from page 579.)

About the middle of the 12th month, 1697, through the good providence of the Almighty, we arrived at Virginia. And as I travelled through the country, from one meeting to another, I observed great numbers of black people, that were in slavery, who were strange people to me; and I wanted to know if the visitation of God were to their souls or not; and I observed their conversations, to see if I could discern any good in them. So after I had travelled about four weeks, as I was in bed one morning in a house in Maryland, and after the sun was up, and did shine into the chamber, I fell into a slumber, and dreamed that I was a servant in a great house, and as I was drawing water at a well, to wash the upper room of the house, (and while I was at the well,) a voice came to me, which bade me go call other servants to help me, and I went presently; but as I was going along in a very pleasant green meadow, a great light shined about me, which exceeded the light of the sun, and I walked in the midst of it; and as I went on in the way, I saw a chariot drawn with horses, coming to meet me, and I was in care, lest the light that shone about me should fright the horses, and cause them to throw down the people which I saw in the chariot: but when I came to them I looked on

them, and knew that they were the servants which I was sent to call; and I saw that they were both white and black people, and I said unto them, Why have you stayed so long? and they said, The buckets were frozen, we could come no sooner. So I was satisfied the call of the Lord was to the black people as well as the white; and I saw the fulfilling of it in part before I returned out of America, with many more remarkable things, which would be tedious here to mention. But O how great is the condescension and goodness of God to poor mankind! It is good to observe the tender dealings of our heavenly Father; for then we may set up our Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us!" And indeed I may say to his praise, it hath been through many straits and difficulties, more than I can number, and they have all wrought together for the good of my soul: and I have cause to believe that every son or daughter that he receives he chastens, tries, and proves; and those that do not bear the chastisements of God, do prove bastards and not sons. I may say as one did of old, it is good for me that I have been afflicted, and it is good to follow the leadings of the Spirit of God, as faithful Abraham did, who was called the friend of God—who did not withhold his only son, when the Lord called for him. And it is my belief, that the Lord will try his chosen ones, as gold is tried; and will yet refine them, as gold is refined. And what if he bring us down yet again into the furnace, (which way it

shall please him,) until we are seven times refined. We shall be the fitter to bear the impression of his image upon us in all our conversation; and that if the day should come wherein none shall buy or sell that have not the mark of the beast, either in the right hand or in the forehead, it is but what hath been told us beforehand. And those that will know an overcoming, it is by the blood of the Lamb, viz.: by abiding in the meek love, and patient suffering Seed, and by the word of their testimony; and that love not their life unto death. We may observe, that those who had not the mark of the beast in their foreheads, if they had it in their right hands, it would do; they could show it if there was occasion to keep off a stroke.

Dear Friend, pardon me for making so bold with thee; for the love of God constrains me. And I do believe that the Lord will show thee yet further what testimony thou must bear for his Name, and what thou must suffer for his sake, if faithful. For trying times will come, and offences will be given and taken; but there is nothing that will offend those that love the Lord Jesus above all; for although many murmured, and were offended with the Lord Jesus, when he told the truth, and that which is of absolute necessity for all to know and witness in themselves, as we read in the 6th of John, in his answer to the Jews; but by that time he had done, many went from him. Then said he to the twelve, "Will ye also go away?" But Peter said, "Whither shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life; and we believe and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." So God hath given to the faithful to believe, yea, and we are sure, that the Spirit of Truth is come, that leads the followers of it into all truth. The more my mind penetrates into it, the more I am like to be swallowed up in admiration of his condescension and goodness through all dispensations; but above all, in the manifestations of Jesus Christ, our holy Pattern and heavenly Leader.

Dear Friend! my heart is full of the goodness of the Lord; but I must stop writing, lest I should be tedious to thee. And indeed reason would render it foolishness or madness for me to write after this manner to one in thy station: but to say the truth, I cannot well help it, so shall commit it to thy judgment, let it be what it will. But this I will assure thee, I have no secret intention. My heart is plain. I mean as I speak, and speak as I think; and find it my safest place so to do, and to keep in humble obedience to the Lord, in whatsoever he requires of me; but I know the wisdom of God appears to be foolishness in the eyes of the wise men of this world; and we know the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, and will prove so in the latter end to these poor

souls that so mightily esteem it. But the souls of the righteous are in the hands of the Lord, and there shall no torment touch them, although, in the light of the wise, both their life and death is taken for misery; but they are in peace.

Dear Friend: I have perused the little book which thou gavest me, and find the doctrine contained therein to be very sound and agreeable to the manifestations and operations of the true Spirit, and agreeable to the true Christian's experience; and the kernel of it very sweet and precious to my mind; and the more because I believe it came through a clean vessel, and the savor of life is in it. So I value it for the sake of the spring, and also for the sake of the preacher; and am heartily glad that the Lord hath raised up such a noble instrument among the wise and mighty of the land. I wish they may walk worthy; but I think not many of the wise, nor yet many of the mighty, do answer the call of humble Jesus, who said, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Now I desire thee, if thou finds anything in thy mind, let me have it. So in the love which is pure, doth my spirit greet thee; and remain thy friend, in true sincerity.

ELIZABETH WEBB.

What follows is his answer.

Dear Friend!—I am heartily glad you are come to town again, that I may have an opportunity of seeing you before you leave England. Your letter has been read, with great satisfaction, both by myself and many of my friends: but I have not been able to recover it out of their hands—some having even desired to transcribe it for their edification: and this is the reason that I did not send you presently an answer, though it had been all along upon my mind to express the satisfaction I had at the reading thereof; and to assure you how welcome news it is to me, whenever I meet a fellow pilgrim to the city, which is adorned with twelve gates, to receive all such as have made up the family of God in this wicked generation, and have been preserved for his peculiar people in all parts and denominations of Christendom, which now go a whoring after the imaginations of their own hearts. I had a mind to have given you my thoughts at large upon your letter, true love being of a universal and ever-flowing nature, and not easily shut up by names, notions, peculiar modes, forms, and hedges of men: and if you should be pleased to correspond with me, even after your return from America, I shall be always ready to answer your kindness, and to make up again wherein I have been wanting at present. And recommending you to the infinite favor and protection of the Lord, I remain, in sincerity,

Your friend and servant,

ANTHONY WM. BOEHM

The following extract from the letters of the late Wm. Grover we republish from the British Friend.

"If I have any great desires, I think one of them is, that the ministry may be increasingly weighty amongst us. Our dear friends in that station are much to be felt for, and I wish that we may be favored with increased qualification to contribute to their help and comfort. How does the desire arise that there may be quite as much in weight as measure. It is a very interesting time in which we live, and I think we are a singularly appointed people. How desirable it is that we may know our place and keep it,—a waiting, solid, self-denying people. Greatly favored we have been, and, we have reason to believe, we shall be, if we keep to our principles: I might say *our principle*,—the Divine light, life and power revealed in the soul. Believing in this with steadfastness, I believe we should often have to be very poor, and sit very low. But I fear to say much on this important and weighty subject. Before I quit it, perhaps I may as well say that I have (particularly of late) thought on the benefit and excellency of quietness and retiredness of mind, and the want of it, in our religious and favored Society, as well as in the world at large. If it were possible to make Friends sufficiently in love with it, what blessed effects might be hoped for from it.

REPORT OF THE INDIAN COMMITTEE.

Read and approved at the late Baltimore Yearly Meeting.

The Standing Committee on the Indian Concern report, that we have continued through the past year to give unremitting attention to the object entrusted to our care, and to render all the assistance that lay in our power to supply the wants and necessities of the Indians as these became known to us.

The condition of the Indians in the State of New York is very gratifying to the Committee. These, it may be again stated, are the remains of the several tribes which once formed the powerful confederation known as the Six Nations; the Senecas, Cayugas, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, and Tuscaroras. They now number less than four thousand.

A letter received by the Committee from Nathaniel T. Strong, an educated Indian, formerly clerk of the Seneca nation, and now a member of their Council, dated the 1st of the present month, gives the following encouraging account of their present condition:

"It is very gratifying to me, and doubtless it is so to all our public men, and to the Seneca people generally, to hear the unabated interest felt by your Society for the welfare of your Red Brethren in Western New York. The services rendered by the Society of Friends to

our fathers cannot be forgotten by their children, for they are now enjoying the benefits. As time recedes, these benefits appear to grow brighter and brighter, and the result every day develops the untold importance which the labors of the Friends have been to us as a people.

"The Seneca people for the past year have enjoyed a degree of good health, which perhaps but few communities in any country have been favored with. Peace, quietness, and brotherly love have been manifested among all classes of the people. There is a prevailing sentiment among us, that all differences of opinions, on all subjects, which have sometimes heretofore marred the kind feelings which naturally should exist one for another, should now be forgotten, and laid aside. I cannot recall the time to mind when such unity and harmony existed among the Senecas as at present.

"It is evident that sobriety and industry are on the increase more and more with our people. The farms are being enlarged and better cultivated, with the prospect of raising grain for a surplus. Houses and barns are being built, and other improvements made, corresponding with their gradually advancing condition.

"Considerable attention is now being given to the rearing of cattle and horses. Indeed, I may say, that all domestic animals are better cared for than formerly. The essential attributes of civilization in all its branches, it may be said, in short, are now in actual progress among your Red Brethren in Western New York.

"The timely aid of your Society in the prolongation of the day schools of the Cattaraugus and Alleghany Reservations for their full winter terms, during last winter, was gratefully received. There is no longer any opposition by any portion of the people to the education of our children: all are doing what they can to have their children to learn to read and write in the English language."

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in his report to Congress for the last year, says, in relation to the New York Indians: "For the most part, these people are industrious and intelligent in the care of their farms, and succeed in making a fair living by their labor. Of many of them, it may be said they are not surpassed by the whites, in the care and diligence with which they pursue their business, or the success which crowns their efforts, as may be seen at the Annual Agricultural Fairs which have been instituted among them.

"These Indians exhibit a great interest in the education of their children, and as their location is such as to give them the benefit of the common school system of the State of New York, they are not slow to avail themselves of the privilege, there being 23 schools among them, containing 872 scholars out of a popula-

tion of 4,000—a larger proportion of scholars to the total population than obtains in most white communities. The health of the people has generally been good during the past year, and notwithstanding the ravages of the small-pox among the Tonawandas, by which 41 persons died, the aggregate number of births in the agency has exceeded the deaths," so that the whole population is increasing.

The Governor of the State of New York, in his last annual message to the Legislature, says: "These Indians in the State of New York, living upon reservations, have steadily increased in population for the last 25 years, without being indebted to immigration for the result. This growth of the aboriginal race is opposed to the theory of their final extinction; and their gradual improvement in intelligence and thrift, even induces the hope, that, whenever they shall have conformed to the usages of civilized people in respect to the marriage relation, they will be prepared to receive their lands now held in common, as individual property, and the principal of their annuities. The motives which incite men to acquire wealth and inheritance for their families would then operate in them with appropriate effect, and they might fitly receive and assume all the privileges and duties of the citizens."

These facts and conclusions are of great significance and interest in the present condition of the Indian question among some of the tribes West of the Mississippi River, and reference will hereafter be made to them in that connection in this report.

The attention of the Committee has been vigilantly and feelingly directed to the melancholy condition of Indian affairs among many of the tribes west of the Mississippi. From every portion of our Western border we hear of Indian wars and massacres, and on the part of the whites, there is a cry for vengeance and extermination.

"The Indians everywhere, with the exception of the tribes within the Indian Territory, are rapidly decreasing in numbers from various causes: by disease; by intemperance; by wars among themselves and with the whites; by the steady and resistless emigration of white men into the Territories of the West, which, confining the Indians to narrower and narrower limits, destroys that game, which, in their normal state, constitutes their principal means of subsistence; and by the irrepressible conflict between a superior and inferior race when brought in presence of each other."*

"We have reached a point in our national history when there appears to be but two alternatives left as to what shall be the future of the

Indian, namely: swift extermination by the sword and famine, or preservation by gradual concentration on territorial reserves and civilization. As now situated, the Indian tribes are in the way of our toiling and enterprising population, and, unprotected, they will soon be inevitably submerged, and buried beneath its confluent surges. Possessing originally the whole continent, they roamed at will among its mountains, valleys, and broad plains, free and untrammelled, the proprietors and lords of them all. But, rapidly our race has relieved them of their vast domain; and the remnants of the ancient Red nations, encircled by the pressing millions of our people, maintain a precarious foothold on their last hunting-grounds. These millions will soon crush them out from the face of the earth, unless the humanity and Christian philanthropy of our enlightened statesmen shall interfere and rescue them."*

Delegations of the Committee have, on different occasions during the past year, visited the Indian Department, Members of the Committees on Indian Affairs of both Houses of Congress, and a number of the influential members of these bodies, in an endeavor to promote the interest of these greatly wronged and suffering people.

The efforts of the Committee have been directed, principally, besides laboring for the restoration of peace, and a kind and just treatment of the Indians by Government, to prevent the return of the Indian Bureau to the War Department, of which it was formerly a branch, and to induce the Government to settle the Indians on reservations, of ample dimensions, to be secured to them forever, where they will be protected, and all their just rights be respected and held inviolate by the National Government.

We fear that the re-transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department would be injurious to the Indians and their interests. Still, a difficulty of no small magnitude exists in the present position of the Indian Bureau, sometimes occasioning a serious conflict of jurisdiction and action between the civil and military authorities, greatly to the disparagement of the interests of the Indians, and involving, as it would appear, the loss of many lives. On mature and deliberate reflection upon the subject, the Committee are of the opinion, that the Indians and their interests should be entirely under the direction and control of one general head, as the Secretary of the Interior, upon whom the responsibility of the correct, humane, and just management of all the affairs connected with them should immediately rest.

In relation to the subject of collecting the Indians upon reservations, it may be again re-

* Report of Senator Doolittle, Chairman of the Joint Special Committee of the two Houses of Congress, dated Jan. 26, 1867, page 3.

* Senate Ex. Doc. No. 13, 40th Congress, 1st Session, page 5.

marked, that they cannot remain as they are. As recently stated by one of their number, "they are fast dwindling away; falling, like the leaves of the forest, to rise no more."* Something must be done. It is argued with much reason, that so large a tract of country as they at present occupy, should not be retained by the Indians as hunting grounds, upon which a precarious subsistence is derived, and thus stand in the way of the progress of civilization, if they can be instructed to obtain a supply, as liberal, and more certain of animal food and other articles of subsistence, on a territory of greatly diminished extent, and at the same time be in a condition much more favorable to secure their civilization and enlightenment. This, it is believed, can be done by the National Government, the natural and enlightened guardians of the Red Race, assigning to them a number of fertile tracts of well-watered country, as *permanent reservations*, to be *solemnly secured to them forever*, and of ample dimensions for the liberal accommodation of the whole number of Indians in all the Western Territories, giving them a good supply of cattle and other stock, farming implements and mechanics' tools, and placing among them suitable, peaceable, enlightened, and conscientious persons to instruct them in agriculture, manufactures, the mechanic arts, and household duties, as well as in all the necessary school learning, and protect them from the intrusion of all other persons. Then, in a little time, instead of the precarious dependence, as at present, upon the buffalo, the deer and the bear in the forest for their subsistence, they would have the ox, the sheep, and the swine in their fields at home, whence they can be at any time procured. This is the present condition of the Indians in Western New York, as has been represented in this report, who, but comparatively a few years ago, gave no more hopeful promise of improvement, or of their present condition, than do now the tribes west of the Mississippi. Here is great ground of encouragement and hope for a brighter future in store for our Red Brethren of the West, if only our "Government will calmly weigh the result of the experiment of kind treatment and fostering care of the Indians in Western New York. There are enough thousands of these Indians to make the experiment of real value; and the more so because they have been and are divided into separate bands—miniature nationalities—encompassed about with destructive influences, in addition to the inherent tendency in small communities to become extinct from the intermarriage of blood relations, and to lose heart from the numerical weakness of their respective communities.

*Enmegabbow, in a letter appended to this report.

"If the New York Indians could live, and pass the crisis, and begin to thrive and to increase in population steadily and permanently, as shown by the reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, by the census returns, and by the message of the Governor of New York, there can be no ground for despairing of like results anywhere where kind treatment and honest regard for their rights can be extended to the Indian race, for a sufficient length of time to give them faith in the permanence of such a policy."*

According to the census of 1850, the whole number of Indians of both sexes, and of all ages, within the limits of the territory of the United States, was 400,764.†

The Census of 1860 gives the Indian population in the States and Territories, not enumerated in the census, and retaining their tribal character, 294,431.‡

The number of Indians in the States and Territories numbered in the census, 36,662.||

Making a total number of Indians in our country in 1860, 331,093, which shows a decrease of the Indian population for the intervening ten years of 69,671, or more than one-fifth of the whole population existing in all the States and Territories of the United States in 1860.§

A change of our Indian policy on the part of the Government is, therefore, demanded by every consideration of humanity, justice, and Christianity, to save this noble race from total extinction; and all experience, observation and reflection, point to the plan that is working so well with the New York Indians, of collecting them on reservations, and surrounding them with the fostering care and protection of the Government, as the true solution of this part of the difficult Indian problem.

The startling events among the Indians west of the Mississippi, and the great number of lives lost both of Indians and whites during the past year, have awakened the attention of most reflecting minds to the Indian question, and the Committee have therefore been induced to present in this report the two prominent points, after peace shall be secured, and a disposition again prevail on the part of the Government to do the Indians justice, to which we think the efforts of Friends and of those who have the true interests of the Indians at heart

* Letter from Asher Wright, the benevolent Missionary who has devoted some thirty years of his life to the interest and welfare of these Indians the Secretary of the Committee.

† Census of 1850, page xciv.

‡ Census of 1860, page 136.

|| *Ib.*, page 135.

§ The Territory recently acc- contains a number of Indi- not been ascertained.

should be directed, in order that the Meeting may express its judgment thereon.

The Committee have received a number of letters of affecting interest from the Indians west of the Mississippi, and the principal contents of one of these from Enmegahbowh, of Minnesota, an Indian, and a Missionary among his people, we think it right to append to the present report, as being calculated, by its touching eloquence, and stirring appeals to our race, to keep alive a feeling in favor of the poor Indian—the Red Man of the forest—in the hearts of our precious young people:

“WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 24th, 1867.

“Dear Sir: I was very sorry to have so short a talk with you in the Indian Department. There are many things that I wanted to say, and make known to you. It always interests us (Indians) whenever we meet with the friends of the Red Man;—especially with the people of him who first shook hands with the Indians on this continent—Wm. Penn, the great and noble man, the Red Man's friend. We know that his descendants are yet living, scattered throughout this great country, who have yet the same mind and the same heart to do the Red Man good.

“I came here with this delegation of my poor people, *partly*, to assist them in making a treaty with this great Government, and *partly*,—which concerns me most dearly,—to forward *my mission work* amongst my own people, on the head waters of the Great Mississippi. *To-day, we feel the pressure* and the rapid march of civilization towards us. The white man, with his rapid speed, is crowding us out of *our own country*, and pointing us towards—appropriate words—the *Setting Sun*.

“As I sit in my poor wigwam, with broken heart, I meditate over the past, and the future. The *past!* Oh! I cannot recall the happy days! They are *gone! gone, forever and ever!* The future! all is dark before me? My path is obscure; my destiny inevitable. I refuse to be comforted, because I am *unpitied and unloved*.

“And now we turn our weeping hearts towards the Christian white man, to wipe away the tears from our eyes, to make strong our broken hearts, and to lighten our paths. Our only hope of salvation in the future, is (to become civilized,) to embrace the Christian religion in hand and in heart, and to pray to the God of the white man.

“*Fifty years ago* our numbers were many. Once we covered this great country. From East to West, and from North to South, was the red man's country and the red man's home. *To-day* we are few in number! We are fast dwindling away: falling like the leaves of the forest, to rise no more.

“My hand trembles, and my heart aches within me, while I stretch my feeble hands towards

the Christian white man, in behalf of my countrymen. I am alone, standing before my dying countrymen. I stand here and there, (they are so scattered.) I am doing all I can, to tell them about the Saviour of the world, who came to save that which was lost. Sabbath after Sabbath, I stand before them, and point them to the Lamb of God, who take away the sins of the world. I am happy to say, that many of our people are now turning their attention to the Christian religion; and many are now earnest, praying Christians. But I cannot reach them more than few in number, they are so scattered in Minnesota. I am the only missionary now living to such vast numbers of my people. I have no one to assist me in the work.

“I now come to explain one reason which brought me down to the white man's country. I brought three of my own children into the State of Minnesota, to go to school among the whites, and be educated for usefulness in the future for their own people. I left them in the hands of good teachers, *but without any means*, trusting the Great Spirit to hear my prayers—that the Great Spirit would give good minds, and good hearts, to those who have the means to help the poor Red Man.

“My desires and wishes also are, and I wanted to speak to the proper authorities for my Christian Indian Brethren, to this effect: That some means may be adopted so that those Indians who have become Christians, and the wild ones, may not be obliged to live together. The *Christian Indians* naturally work hard, till the soil, and provide for their family comforts, pursuing industry, in the hope of gathering the harvest of their labor. The wild ones destroy the property of the industrious Indians. Our fences are destroyed and burned by them. Our little crops are destroyed before they are ripe for harvest. *To sum up the whole, we cannot live with them; it is impossible.*

“When I started from my Christian Brethren, what I intended to do further, was to ask the Government to give us a tract of land, say one or two townships, exclusively for the Christian Indians, or those who may follow in the way of Christianity and civilization. But everything looks dark before us. I do not think I shall venture to do anything of the kind.

“As I return to my country west of the Mississippi, I may venture to stay a few days in Baltimore, but I should feel more at home in the city of Philadelphia; I know *there lies the hearth-stone* of the great and noble man, Wm. Penn, the Red Man's friend.

Your unworthy brother,

JOHN JOHNSON.”

Whose name among his own people is Enmegahbowh.

RENJ. HALLOWELL.

The Committee sent the writer of this letter

\$100 from the Indian fund, to assist in the education of his children, to whom he refers.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the Committee.

BENJ. HALLOWELL, *Secretary.*
Baltimore, 10th mo. 31st, 1867.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer :

I am pleased to see an increasing desire of giving place in your columns to more freedom of thought and expression in maintenance of the principles we advocate; and for myself, I would like to see a continuance of what you have begun. I am well aware of the intricate position in which as Editors you are placed, and know that it is almost impossible for you to please all men in all things; but I trust you will be stimulated to press onward. Our Society being bound by no creed, and led by no forms, has an individual right to think and let think; and in submitting the fruits of our more serious thoughts to others of our persuasion, we should not feel bound to receive them on the one hand, nor hastily to renounce them on the other, and not at all censure the Editors who publish them, but rather prove what is the good and acceptable will of God concerning them; for in thus doing, we may preserve that which is good and cast the bad away. The concerns of the Society's outward state and inward purity should be equally examined and regulated, for both have a considerable influence in advancing or retarding the things which belong unto its peace; and to do so, such a public medium, through which its members can freely speak, is certainly necessary; and I think if the Intelligencer were more devoted to this thing it would be of lasting good. Not for strife, contention and vain arguments, or even questionings and answerings, am I in any way favorable to, but only for the thoughts of those who submit them in the spirit of love and of meekness, desiring only the growth of the body in the knowledge of the Lord and the wisdom of his ways. This is the wish of

11th mo., 1867.

A READER.

LITTLE THINGS.

Great virtues are rare, the occasions for them are very rare, and when they do occur, we are prepared for them; we are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifice; we are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self-complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Little things are unforeseen; they return every moment: they come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offence; they contradict our inclinations perpetually. It is, however, only by fidelity in little things that a true and consistent love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit.—*Fenelon.*

Selected.

Can you drive a man by the letter of a hard creed into a religious life before he feels the spirit which alone can give creeds their life and glory? *Faith* in our own powers becomes the staircase by which we climb to knowledge. Destroy the student's faith in his own abilities, and you cut away the ladder by which he ascends; so not backward but forward moves our religion in the only true path to educate the intellect and heart; but not faith in ourselves so much as in God, for faith in God gives faith in self in that now the source of our supply is no longer human and hence fallible, but divine, and so infallible. Our faith expands the intellect, enlarges the heart, and constantly keeps alive in us the most intense and sublime aspirations after the holy, the pure and the good. You may not be able to philosophize upon your profession or locally trace out all its bearings, but your feeling heart will be more than a match for the cold intellect of the skeptic, and the consciousness of a religious life by faith will become the most blessed truth you ever knew. That religious life does not begin and end in faith; it has its commencement there; and under it the life develops as the plant in the sunshine, and the young vine will soon hang with rich clusters of fruit ready for the gathering hands of God.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother shall meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the coming ages of eternity. The thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, prayerful and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality.

The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the seashore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words or names in the smooth white sand which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth and error which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of earth can wash out, nor death's cold fingers erase, nor the

slow-moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be in her treatment of her child! How prayerful, and how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf, in commending her dear child to her covenant God.—*Phrenological Journal*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 23, 1867.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—(*Continued from page 586.*)—For the information of Teachers who reside in remote districts, and who may wish to obtain information in relation to the most approved methods of imparting instruction, the different plans are given.

Prof. Northrop said nature was the great teacher. Observation should precede reflection. Not books alone educate, but everything which the child sees, hears, and, still more, *does*. The training of the senses is most important in early life. It quickens curiosity, awakens love of knowledge, fondness for study, and interest in school. Give the child things before names—nature before books. I wish to urge, first, the importance of training the senses, and, second, some of the methods of doing this. The importance of the subject was illustrated from the nature of the mind, the perceptive powers most active in childhood; and, secondly, brief sketches of eminent educators—Agassiz, Hugh Miller, President Dwight, Bacon, Ruskin, and others. The study of nature, with the habit of observing it, was presented in its linguistic bearing, its relation to description, to composition, to the poet, orator and writer in every department of literature.

Professor Northrop, in allusion to spelling and reading, said that *these* were the studies for young pupils.

There are two ways to study spelling: to spell it over and over, and to look at the word until it is impressed upon the mind. Of course, the latter is the true method. The deaf learn to spell much easier than the blind, proving that spelling is acquired by sight. He would only give a pupil one trial to spell a word. He would not teach definitions in connection with spelling; the former necessitates logic, spelling does not.

In regard to methods, first and most important, have them *print* words. Blackboards are just as necessary in the primary school as in more advanced. Let them *draw* anything they please—when they tire of *printing*; and above

all, keep them in school only so long as you can keep them happy. Still, friends, we cannot dispense with the spelling book; there is no substitute for words in columns, where the pupils see words as units. Again, in your large schools, you can avail yourselves of the aid of your more advanced pupils to drill the rest in squads. Another method is by writing words for dictation. The Professor then illustrated a method of his own by taking a class of the teachers, and having them spell some words, each one giving rapidly one letter of the word in turn; a good plan to command attention from the class.

He proceeded to name a great many little plans of interesting the pupils, illustrating each of them by forming a "model class" among the teachers.

If he had time he would like to speak of the cultivation of the memory. In what had been said in a previous exercise, he had intended to convey the idea that in childhood the memory grasped and retained *details*; in after years it changes its powers, increases its capacity to take cognizance of philosophical principles, grand and comprehensive truths.

The Professor suggested the plan of interesting his spelling-class, and at the same time cultivating their memory, by having them name all the articles that enter into the structure of a house, the teacher writing the initial letter of the words upon the board. He improvised a class from the Institute members; as a result, they named some forty articles. As a second exercise, he had them name all the *names* of sounds made by the animal world; they named about fifty. This was also an excellent exercise in natural history. This proved a very interesting lesson, and it was evident that it was a good and practical plan for the school-room. The words might be subsequently spelled by the class.

Professor Harding, in introducing the subject of Arithmetic, remarked that in order for a person to be a proficient teacher in any science, he or she must possess such a knowledge of it as would enable them to write out a perfect abstract of the same, were all text-books destroyed.

He classified arithmetical knowledge under a few simple heads. Addition may be called synthesis, and subtraction is really analysis. Multiplication belongs to the former and division to the latter. He had found more difficulty in teaching proportion than any other part of this science. He placed a simple problem upon the blackboard in the form of a proportion, and proceeded to show that by the principles of

ratio such questions could be better solved than by analysis. He then applied it to problems of a compound character, in which his plan seemed to be more acceptable. Professor Northrop thought that the elements of Geometry should not only precede the study of Arithmetic, but that at least a few of the simpler geometrical forms should be taught before the alphabet.

It is a knowledge of practical utility from the very beginning of student life. The Professor improvised a class of the Institute, and proceeded to show them, by practical instruction, how he would teach a primary class the definitions of *vertical* and *horizontal lines*, *angles*, &c., by the lines and corners of the school-room walls. It was evident to all that such an exercise for a juvenile class would be highly beneficial. It would lay the foundation for a future superstructure of knowledge that would ever serve them in the practical duties of life.

He had them name all the things they could see in the room, or think of, that were square, pentagon, hexagon (best example in nature, honey bee's cell), and octagon. The hexagon gives the greatest economy of space, the circle of strength. The angle marked by any quadrant is equal to that of any other quadrant, no matter what the size; this would be easily shown to the class on the blackboard. The class were called upon to name all the articles in Nature which approximated to the shape of a perfect sphere which the instructor held in his hand. These he would write on the board, for the purpose of impressing upon his pupils' minds the relations between them and the book definition of a sphere; in this wise they would never forget what a sphere is like. In the same way the speaker showed how he would teach them what a hemisphere was like. If children were taught from visible, natural forms, the shapes of squares, spheres, ovals, cubes, circles, cones, cylinders, etc. Teachers need not pay a hundred dollars for a set of geometrical forms. They can improvise them in a few moments from the summer fruits, the pear tree, apples, the potato, turnip, and beet bins, with the aid of a jack knife. Try it!

Professor Hoose, of Albion, N. Y., took up the subject of grammar. He dwelt particularly upon the necessity of teaching this, as all other studies, in such a way as to interest the student; teach one thing at a time. He said that to study etymology requires memory; to study syntax calls upon the reason. He appealed to the teachers to cultivate both faculties in their pupils by the best means they could command, in imparting instructions upon these branches of study.

Take a wide view of education; be not satis-

fied with a partial development of a few faculties in your students, but remember it is only by the harmonious culture and growth of all their powers that they are to become truly educated men and women.

Remember that, when you are teaching, the subject to be studied is as a dark cloud to the pupil at first; you are above, in the sunshine of knowledge, and he below, in the darkness; you must place yourself beside him, and accompany him in each onward step, clearing away the mists and difficulties as you go.

The Professor then gave a good illustration of the value of "object teaching" in imparting a knowledge of grammar to beginners, which could not but commend itself to all the teachers present. Sight is a sense easily appealed to in children, and thus they are more easily interested.

He wrote upon the board the following sentence: "A man of ingenuity might offer a thousand objections." Then, by questioning the Institute, he had it analyzed. First, the word "man" was underscored, as the most important one (the subject); next, "might offer" (the verb or predicate); then, "objections" (the object). After which those words which qualified the subject and predicate respectively, were appropriately marked, and connected therewith. He took this simple analysis as a text for some most interesting remarks upon the use of the blackboard in teaching grammar, as well as in nearly all school exercises.

The Professor also wrote upon the board the following combinations: 3 plus 4 equals 7, 3 minus 2 equals 1, 6 by 2 equals 12, and then questioned the Institute as to whether these expressions were sentences, in regard to which there were two opinions among the teachers. He had those who thought them sentences parse them; the result was simply a demonstration that the teachers were unable to decide the matter. The speaker left the matter with them for thought. His object evidently was to show the teachers that they must think more closely and logically in regard to those subjects which they undertake to teach their pupils. The stream cannot rise above its source.

He said he had written the arithmetical combination, $3+4=7$, "because teachers should be able to apply their grammatical knowledge to all kinds and forms of expressions, whether in alphabetical type or not. The class on being questioned again in regard to the expression did not agree: some said it was a simple sentence, some that it was compound. The Professor then diagrammed the sentence, from which it appeared that the sign (+) is equivalent to the words "added to." "Added" is the participle—*adjective*—modifying the nominative (3) in the sentence; "to" governs 4.

Before being able to diagram correctly, the sentence must be thoroughly understood. This is no more general with a sentence than with problems or examples, in the principle of writing results. To illustrate, the Professor asked for the product of 8.5 by 7.5, and was given 56 10, and also 56 5. The answer is as the thought. In this case, is either correct? Close and exact scholarship is the absolute essential; the diagrams—figures—are, when written, nothing but *thought visible*.

Mr. Northrop having previously urged the importance of forming early habits of observation, now dwelt on the methods of this training. Simple lessons should be given to children in color, form, size, measure—linear, superficial, and cubic. While there may be some rare instances of color blindness in all ordinary cases, the eye may be, and ought to be trained in the wide variety and beauty of color. The child's enjoyment of nature, the accuracy of his observations, and his power of description, depend largely on his early discrimination of color.

Our education ought to be more practical. Children should be taught that which they will have occasion to use in the business of life. Lessons in linear, superficial and cubic measure will take very little time, will deeply interest even the youngest, and be of great practical utility. He then gave some lessons in comparison, designed to train children in accurate discrimination. The power to observe points of likeness and unlikeness is the secret of higher culture in language or logic. Taking a common chair and a table, he called on the Institute, as if a class of children, to name first all the points of likeness, and then of unlikeness; so with a willow stick and a wheat straw, and also a lump of sugar and rock salt. The habit of discrimination formed early in comparing such common things will apply to all the higher relations of thought.

In relation to "School Discipline," he spoke of the different motives which must be appealed to in order to govern children.

Be careful how you use reproof and *ridicule* where they may wound, and then harden the sensibilities of your pupils. He named many instances, among them Walter Scott, who, as students, were backward and dull. It was this class that teachers need to magnetize into a love of their study. Teachers should first strive to infuse into their children a *consciousness of power*, ability to master the difficulties that they may meet in their studies. Love of knowledge or "curiosity," love of society, love of friends, love of possession, and love of esteem, were named as elements of power in the hands of teachers, if rightly directed and used, for the government of pupils.

He dwelt particularly upon the necessity of teachers securing the affections of their pupils. This can be done by all teachers who take

proper means to secure the end. It is not necessary to relax your discipline; only to insist upon the observance of your rules in a kind, firm, and *reasonable* manner. The case of William Marcy was referred to as illustrative of the power of kindness in overcoming the stubborn and unruly, and converting them into tractable, teachable, and even loving pupils. Love of happiness in the children's hearts, and the approval of conscience, should be appealed to as motives for good behaviour.

THE YOUNG FRIEND'S MANUAL.—This little book, "containing a statement of some of the doctrines and testimonies of Friends, and of the principles of Truth professed by that Society," by Benjamin Hallowell, has been recently published—price, 75 cents per copy. We can commend it to the notice of Friends as a work calculated to meet a want which has been felt in many places. And we take this occasion to again express gratification at the increasing interest manifested, particularly by our young Friends, to acquaint themselves more fully with the tenets of our Society. From the subscription paper we make the following extract: "Those into whose hands the subscription papers may come will confer a favor by giving Friends in their respective neighborhoods an opportunity to subscribe, and forwarding the subscription list at an early day to T. Ellwood Zell, Nos. 17 and 19 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia, or Eli M. Lamb, Lombard Street, near Eutaw, Baltimore, Md. A person who obtains subscriptions for six copies will receive an additional copy for his kind attention to the matter.

MARRIED, at New Rochelle, N. Y., on Fifth-day, the 14th of Eleventh month, with the approbation of Purchase Monthly Meeting, WILLIAM T. COCK, of Westbury, L. I., to HANNAH F., daughter of the late Benjamin F. Burling, of the former place.

—, on the 14th of Eleventh month, 1867, under the care of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, of which the bride is a member, WATSON M., son of Daniel Trump, a member of Green street Monthly Meeting, and MARGARET L., daughter of David and Mary P. Furman.

—, on the 23d of Tenth month, 1867, at Chatham, N. Y., by Friends' ceremony, JONATHAN R. PHELPS, of Pleasant Hill, Mo., to SARAH M. COFFIN, only daughter of Abigail Coffin, of the former place.

—, on the 14th of Eleventh month, according to the order of the Society of Friends, at the residence of the bride's parents, Harford County, Maryland, JOHN SAUNDERS, Jr., son of the late Macpherson Saunders, of Philadelphia, to ELLIE, daughter of Henry Janney.

DIED, on First-day, 10th of Eleventh month, after a lingering and painful illness, EDWIN COPE, son of Chalkley and Adaline Sparkman, of Philadelphia.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Eleventh mo. 26th, Lecture by Edward Parrish.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

The Annual Meeting of the subscribers to the stock of Swarthmore College will be held on the 3d of Twelfth month next, at 3 o'clock, P. M., at Race street Meeting-house, Philadelphia.

EDWARD PARRISH, } Clerks.
EDITH W. ATLEE, }

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The following contributions have been received:
From a member of Spruce street Mo. Meeting, \$100
" " Buckingham " " 2
" " Philadelphia " " 100

Also, 100 copies John Richardson's Journal, from a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting.

It is hoped that Friends will feel sufficient interest in the objects and aims of this Society to aid it. Contributions, in proportion to their ability, may be handed to any of our agents, or sent to the undersigned.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., Treasurer,
717 Willow street, Philadelphia.

Life never appears vapid to those who fill it up with occupation, nor mean to those who use it well, and whose minds are not diseased. Something for the hands to do—a book in the pocket, or a thought in the brain,—is, in general, a sufficient protection against the former evil, as kindly sympathies and a generous way of thinking are against the latter.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

WATCH MAIN-SPRINGS AND HAIR-SPRINGS.

In the interesting article from "Mr. Ede's" little book, on the management of steel," in the Intelligencer of the 26th ult., the author, in illustrating the great profit of its manufacture, instances watch main-springs and hair springs. He states that an ounce of steel manufactured into the former becomes worth two thousand dollars, and into the latter eight thousand dollars. The error is so egregious as to hardly fail to strike the most superficial reader, and is well calculated to raise grave doubts as to the reliability of the author on other points.

Now, for the facts: Main springs, as received from the manufacturer, average twelve to the ounce. To say nothing of the wholesale cost, we will take the highest retail price. A watchmaker will charge two or three dollars for fitting one in a watch, with a guarantee for twelve months; then, at three dollars each, the ounce of springs gives us the astounding sum of thirty-six dollars against two thousand.

As to hair-springs, I have no means at hand to test their weight, but have no doubt a single main-spring would outweigh many gross of them, and would show a much greater difference between them and hair-springs as to their

relative value, according to weight, than the author has laid them at, and would still be very far below his estimate. C. C.

Wilmington, Del., 11th mo. 3d, 1867.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. XI.

Our last number gave the names and locations of our Teachers. Since then we are in the receipt of a number of very interesting letters from most of them, from which we learn that (with the exception of one, whose school-house is not yet ready for her) all are at their respective posts, not only diligently, but cheerfully fulfilling their duties.

It is believed these schools are looked upon by those who formerly opposed them in their various neighborhoods with much less suspicion than when they were first established, and some of them with decided favor; which speaks volumes for the dignity and firmness of our teachers, from whose letters we give the following extracts:

FRANCES E. GAUZE, at Herndon Station, Va., writes: "I think my pupils have not forgotten much during the long vacation. They all seemed glad to see me; some of them were afraid I would not come back again. My men have got the school-house plastered, which makes it much more comfortable. They are also going to get me a new stove. I received the other day fifteen needle-books for my school. A lady from Philadelphia visiting this part of the country sent them to me. Thou mayest know there were a number of sable faces made brighter by the gift, and we have formed a sewing society. I intend devoting one afternoon in each week to that branch of industry. We have about fifty-pupils in our First-day school. Five of the teachers are colored, and three white. We are much in want of papers for this school."

CAROLINE THOMAS, at Leesburg, Va., opened her school with twenty-five scholars; the next day it increased to thirty-five, and at the close of Tenth month numbered fifty-one.

She remarks: "I do not see that the children have lost much during vacation, notwithstanding they were left almost entirely without books. All seemed very glad to be in school again. Some apply themselves diligently to their studies; others are idle. The latter I intend to discharge, and have my school filled with those who are anxious to obtain an education, and are willing to work for it. I intend opening a night school next month, and shall adopt the same rule there, not to have any scholars who are not anxious to learn."

CATHARINE E. HALL, at Vienna, Va., writes, "It is with pleasure I tell thee how gratified I am with my new home and duties. Twenty-five

of my pupils are between the ages of *five* and *fifteen*, all bright and intelligent children, capable of appreciating the truths I am trying to impart to them. In consequence, perhaps, of a little unwillingness to receive a new teacher after having Mary K. Brosius with them so long, they appeared to regard me for the first few days as an intruder, and conducted themselves accordingly, but by a little management, and a good deal of firmness, I have brought them to acknowledge my authority, and *to love me, too.*"

MARY K. BROSIUS (who was transferred from *Vienna* to *Manassas*) informs that her school-room is not yet ready, and expresses great anxiety to get to her work.

SARAH M. ELY, at *Lewinsville, Va.*, details some of her discouragements and trials, but adds, "The children are bright, and learn well; they seem to enjoy the school-room as much as I do."

Her school is small, which is accounted for by "many of the children being kept at home to help with the corn, and some at a distance have not yet heard of my arrival."

MARY MCBRIDE, at *Fairfax Court House*, states that her school "does not number as many pupils as before vacation, but they are coming in rapidly. I opened with *twenty* scholars, and am sorry you do not intend keeping the school up more than six months longer. The people here are not yet able to sustain schools of their own, and very much regret their inability to do so. I sincerely hope you may be agreeably disappointed regarding the state of your funds at that period. In the course of a year or so, a system of Free Schools will be inaugurated here, and they will need help from some source until then."

CORNELIA HANCOCK writes that the journey of the teachers from Philadelphia to Mount Pleasant, S. C., was made in *less than thirty-seven hours*, and records their feelings of thankfulness for their safe arrival and continued good health; adding, "We found all the school property had been well taken care of during our absence, and it took but a day or two to announce to the children that school would re-open. The call was liberally responded to by the attendance of about *one hundred.*"

"By the third day we could have received a visit from any of our friends, and they would have found us with the same regular routine being gone through with as heretofore. The force of the remark I made last year, that these schools were the most easily reorganized of any I had ever been in, was still more striking this year; the children even remembered their numbers in their classes. They have a great deal of pride, and it is only necessary to tell *one* of them that we expect to have company, and there will be much effort made in the preparation of their lessons. I told them, that while I was in

the North, I had visited schools where they recited their whole lesson without being asked a single question by the teacher; and I asked them to make the effort to prepare them in the same manner, and two classes have accomplished it to my satisfaction.

"I always feel, in being amongst the scholars, that their zeal for an education is sufficient to inspire me with the same earnestness. A subscription paper was handed me a few days since begging for a church for the colored people. I looked over the paper, and saw more than *one hundred dollars* subscribed by the white inhabitants of the place, besides a grant of land on which to erect the building. Considering the impoverished condition of the planters, I thought the contributions liberal, and it certainly showed good feeling, which it is always gratifying to see. I feel that the inhabitants of this place are favorable to this school, and are gradually growing more so."

MARY TAYLOR, also at *Mt. Pleasant, S. C.*, states, "My school numbers about the same as it did before vacation. Every morning at nine o'clock I am treated to the sight of *forty* sable faces presenting themselves as candidates for an education. The third morning, after school opened, every thing was going on so naturally, that I could hardly realize we had been out of school at all,—every lesson prepared from just where we left off in the summer. I promoted nearly all my first class to *Cornelia's* school, and took in some new ones. I think the inhabitants here look more favorably on our schools than they have heretofore done."

SARAH ANN STEER writes from *Waterford, Va.*, "I re-opened school on the first day of Tenth month with *thirty* pupils, which number has increased to *thirty-eight*. All seem glad to get back to school again, and I am surprised they have lost so little during vacation. In this interval the colored people set themselves to work in good earnest to finish the house which is to serve the double purpose of a school-room and church. They had it plastered, the entire expense of which was borne by one man. They then had a church festival, the proceeds of which they devoted to putting in seats and a desk for me. I have the prospect of a full school this winter, though very few of my large pupils have yet returned. I know of several men who have been working all summer, and saving up something for this winter, so they can come to school. We all feel quite proud of our new school-house, and I rejoice to think I shall not be obliged to send any child away because of not having room enough to stand it up, as was frequently the case last winter."

In alluding to the recent election, she remarks, "The colored men of this district came up nobly. Every one voted right, notwithstanding the adverse influences brought to bear upon

him. Every thing passed off quietly on election day, and if there were any anticipating a disturbance, they were disappointed."

From SARAH E. LLOYD, at *Woodlawn, Va.*, and DEBORAH K. SMITH, at *Gum Springs, Va.*, we have only heard through their statistical reports. The former has *twenty-nine* pupils, all of whom *spell*; *twenty-two* read, and *twenty-five* write. The school of the latter has opened small. *Sixteen* of her pupils are between six and sixteen years of age, and yet not one is in the alphabet, while *thirteen* are in arithmetic.

PHILENA HEALD, in an interesting letter from *Falls Church*, remarks, "Though a stranger in a strange land, I feel not the truth of the adage, nor have I for one moment since coming here experienced a lonely feeling. The people are good and kind, and the consciousness of having your sympathy, your friendly interest, and your kind remembrances, are never-failing sources of consolation.

My school is regular, very interesting, and of good size, with a prospect of being still larger; and though I need some of the appliances for classifying my school properly, one can do wonders where there is a will. Some of my pupils are very bright and intelligent, learn very quickly, and enjoy reading intensely. My interest in them increases daily, and I have already learned to love some of the artless ones."

But want of space admonishes us to curtail our quotations. The reports of our Teachers show that, during the Tenth month, the aggregate number under instruction was 379; of whom those who could *Read* numbered 306; those who could *Write* numbered 292; while the number in *Arithmetic* was 242; and though there were between 6 and 16 years, 225, there were learning the alphabet only 41.

J. M. E.

Philada., 11th mo. 21, 1867.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 9.

FREE CITY OF HAMBURG, Sept. 4th, 1867.

At the next meeting of the "Society for Combating Prejudices," after this festival, one of the members moved that they should found an establishment for the education of the poorest classes, and thus originated the Paulsen Stift, which was named after one of the members of the Society, who had been most desirous that there should be a building convenient for all the purposes they had in view. She died before this object was attained; but she expressed in her last moments the desire to see it accomplished. The building is about as large as our largest public-school building in Boston. The lower story is appropriated to a kindergarten; for the very first thing the ladies did was to write to Froebel, who had already published books, and was making a practical attempt at

exemplification of his idea, in Thuringia. He responded with great enthusiasm, and immediately removed to Hamburg, where he opened a model school for the children of the rich, and at the same time lectured to young ladies upon his method of imparting instruction, and drilled them in the manipulations, &c., which constitute the true kindergarten system, and which he thought indispensable in learning to read. The normal classes admitted young girls of all ranks of society. The plan of Froebel comprehended the education of mothers and nurses, as well as of teachers of kindergartens. There are now two kindergartens in Hamburg for the children of the rich, and eight or nine for those of the poor. There are two kinds for the latter: one in which those who are able pay a small sum per week, thus defraying part of the expense, the balance being paid by societies formed for the purpose; the other is wholly charitable, as the crèche of the Paulsen Stift, where laboring women leave their children while they go out to work, the children being fed and made comfortable meanwhile. I went into the kitchen of this Institution and partook of the food prepared there, and can testify to its being savory. It always consists of a soup rich with vegetables, meat and rice, being varied a little each day in its composition; once a week they have a beer soup. The kitchen was presided over by a lady who was once in good circumstances, and who is very lovely and fond of children, enjoying their enjoyments with a freshness that shows how genuine is her benevolence. The teachers waited on the children at table, there being two hundred; the number of dishes to be washed was quite formidable, and I noticed the process was facilitated by machinery. There are five or six teachers, one of whom (the leader) is paid by the Society; the rest are those taught in the normal class from four to eight o'clock every day, in the same manner as Froebel taught his first normal class. The girls educated in the school of the Paulsen Stift are always encouraged to go into the normal class, which was established by the original Society. I visited this class, and was struck with the fidelity with which the pupils learned every manipulation, and with the intelligence which presided over it all; everything was done in the light of Froebel's philosophy of the German heart and mind. The teaching comprehended the English and French languages; a critical knowledge of German grammar, botany, geography, natural history and arithmetic, also the art of telling stories and teaching from pictures. Mrs. Goldschmidt was the first president, but Mrs. Wüsterfelt has that position now, a lady of large fortune, who lives in one of the beautiful villas that adorn the environs of Hamburg, and who is the patron of everything liberal and

humane. It was through her assistance that Kinkel and Carl Schurz escaped to America. While I was in Hamburg, she invited the elder pupils of the Paulsen Stift and the Froebel Union Class to spend an afternoon at her villa, to which entertainment I had an invitation, and it was very pleasant to see how elegantly they behaved. It was a Sunday afternoon, and tea was served in the garden, after which they played games on the grounds. There were none present under fourteen years of age, and their manners were worthy of more refined and fortunate circumstances than their own poor homes had offered; but kindergarten education of the masses would banish vulgarity and coarseness from all ranks of society. Several persons distinguished for their educational eminence or as patrons of education were also invited, and they were much interested to hear of our public-school system and to have it introduced into Hamburg, where it would tell, by comprehending kindergartens as the foundation. The two countries can learn much of each other. I made very happy a certain Dr. Rée, who is director of one of the finest private schools in Hamburg, by telling him about the noble school for colored people in Philadelphia, taught by Mr. Bassett and Miss Jackson, both persons of color. He is a transcendental Jew, and believes that the negro race should be admitted to all the chances of humanity, and rejoices in the political equality which will insure this on every plane of life. I told you that Mrs. Goldschmidt had retired from the presidency of the Paulsen Stift, but it was only to devote herself to a branch of the school which has naturally grown out of it. The normal class, supported by the "Froebel Union," supplies assistants as well as principals to the kindergartens. Each pupil goes into the gardens in the morning to exercise herself in what she has learned; many of these girls, who must get their living, are in great demand as nurses for children; and as soon as they graduate from the normal school, they can go into families in that capacity; and they do so, not only in Hamburg, but else where. Mrs. Goldschmidt told me that there was always a greater demand than supply; and this had suggested to her another idea, which was to have the girls trained to all kinds of domestic services. It was also designed that they should spend a few weeks in a children's hospital as assistant nurses, attending lectures and receiving such instructions as is given there. Each lady of the "Froebel Union" binds herself to take into her own family one of these girls for a month, as an assistant chambermaid or parlor girl, in order that she may learn household ways such as she could not learn in her own poor home. It is the eminent success of this plan which has made her girls in such demand all over Germany and Eng-

land; she thinks there should be a dozen classes of the same kind in Hamburg as well as in other cities. The Society of the "Froebel Union" has to contend with the prejudices against it, caused by the breadth of its foundation.

BERLIN, Sept. 10th, 1867.

I am just on the point of leaving this city, of which I shall have more to say in another letter; but just now I wish to speak of a subject that may interest you as the friends of education. You know that Germany is the headquarters of the science of Geography. Kiefert, the Professor of Geography in the University of Berlin, is the great authority since the death of Carl Ritter, and was even before; his maps are the standard. I have found here an American gentleman of education, who for the last seven or eight years has given all his time to elaborating a school atlas for America, which shall contain the perfection of geographical attainment and the method of teaching geography, founded on the deepest philosophy of memory, which is, that indelible impressions are only made when the eye and the pleasurable activity of the mind conspire. Carl Ritter was not only a great geographer, but he spent his life in making himself a great educator, and was practically engaged in it always. His life, recently written or translated into English by Mr. Gage, and published by Scribner, in New York, ought to be in the hands of every friend of education; and whoever should read that, would need no other recommendation of Mr. Fay's plan than to know that Carl Ritter was counsellor and friend to him, and that his sympathy and approval accompanied the beginning of the work and encouraged Mr. Fay to persevere. Humboldt also examined the plan and the maps. As long as these two great men were alive they inspired Mr. Fay with ardor to overcome all difficulties. Kiefert also has examined every proof and corrected every map, and gives his written testimony to their accuracy.

The plan is, that the students should have the maps before their eyes while the teacher gives the lesson word by word (which they repeat) together with an oral lecture. The advantage this method has over Naylor's chant of topography is, that the mind is not lulled by the chant, but kept wide awake by the conversation, and the eye is informed at the same moment, so that the memory of the eye is associated with that of the ear, and the mind is relieved of that unnatural strain made upon it when the will (rather than the affections and senses) is brought to the aid of the memory. The truth is, that the memory is not aided but hindered by painful efforts of will. There is a deep philosophy suggested by the expression, "learning by heart." The author of this

geography has such an appreciation of the dignity of science that he does not intend to force it into circulation by buying up and destroying others, but wishes it to establish itself on its own merits and take its proper place through intelligent teachers who insist upon having the best means of education. When school atlases were first introduced (I remember the time) the study of geography was made the most delightful in school, because the maps were always before the eyes of the scholar during the recitation of the lesson, and he answered questions directly from them, by which means they were daguerreotyped upon the memory. Now lessons are recited without the maps, and thus the most important advantage of the school atlas is lost. This plan of Mr Fay's will comprehend the first plan, with the additional advantage of placing before the pupil maps so beautiful and prepared with such skill as to give, first, the natural, then the political divisions of geography, so that the eye and mind are alike delighted. E. P. P.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

CHRYSANTHEM.—(White.)

Pale Chrysanthemum! On thy stem
Sittest thou, like Eastern gem.
All thy snow-white petals fair
Clustering in the autumn air.
Snow has come and beat thy leaf;
'Tis bent, as if with weight of grief.
Sill, lifts thy head, as if in hope
That fairer suns may come and ope
Thy unblown buds,—to cheer the eye
Of every traveller passing by.
Pale Chrysanthemum! Lovely flower!
Reared beside a cottage bower,
By the whiteness of thy bloom,
By thy leaflets glad perfume,
Thou canst cast a glory round,
As of prayer, or hymn profound.
Thou art no weakling! Thou hast known
Autumn winds around thee blown.
Strong and pure! Our hearts with thee
Are linked in sweetest sympathy.
Like thee, torn by wintry blast,
Are our poor barks, when thick and fast
Clouds come o'er. Turn we must
To Heavenly sun for hope and trust,
For strength and joy, or else decay,
And drop like autumn leaves away.

Prophetstown, Illinois.

E. A.

THE WAY.

Oh, Father, lead me; guide me in thy way,
And keep me strong against temptation's sway.
Oh, hear my prayer; I only ask that thou
Wilt lead me onward in thy pathway now;
I only ask that thou my prayer wilt hear,
And, looking inward, see that 'tis sincere.
Thou seest the heart, knowing each wish that's there;
Oh, give me what thou wilt of thy kind care,—
Not what I ask, but what thou knowest is best;
Not what I seek, but what thy love can bless.
Oh, Father, as thy child, to thee I come,
Wilt thou not gently lead me to thy home? r. c.

VISIT TO A SALT MINE.

One of the Editors of the Scientific American, who is now in Europe, communicates to that paper the following account of one of his adventures:

"About ten miles above Salzburg, in a deep gorge of the mountains of Bavaria, are the famous salt mines, which have been worked upwards of two hundred years. Wishing to see these mines, a party was made up, and, after a carriage ride of nearly two hours up the valley of the Sa za, which winds around between high mountain peaks, we reached the mines, and, without difficulty, obtained permission to enter. Ladies, as well as gentlemen, are permitted to enter the mines; but before doing so they must put on the breeches. The dress provided consists of trowsers, a coarse blouse, a brigand hat, and a leather apron, strapped about the waist to cover the seat. Ladies thus rigged looked comical in the extreme; but such is their praiseworthy curiosity, they cheerfully submit to the grotesque costume, and, with lantern in hand, they join in the procession, and, behind a trusty guide, enter the main adit, which has the appearance of a receiving tomb. After traversing the adit for nearly half a mile, straight into the mountain, we ascended a flight of 450 stone steps, which brought us to a salt water lake, forty feet deep, all beautifully lighted up. We were ferried across this gloomy Styx in a small boat, and then again entered the adit, and after a short walk we reached the pithole, where we discovered the value of our leather aprons. To enter this pit it was necessary to slide down upon two smooth bars, which resembled a ladder without rounds when placed up the sides of a building. With a lantern in one hand, and a leather gauntlet upon the other, to clasp a rope, the guide slides upon the bars, and the party follow his example; and thus, holding tightly upon the rope and riding pick-a-back, we went down two or three fearful descents until we reached the great salt cavern where the miners were at work. The ascent of the 450 steps, and the descent made upon the leather aprons, brought us again to one of the branch adits, on a level with the main adit, where the party were requested, without respect to sex, to get astride a car, upon which, by our own momentum, we made a rapid railway ride to the place of entrance, the whole tour occupying an hour. Within the mine there is an artificially prepared grotto or chapel, which, when lighted up, shows a most beautiful effect upon the salt crystals, which are arranged in fanciful forms. A stream of fresh water has been introduced into the mines, and the brine is carried in wooden pipes, long distances, where fuel can be obtained abundantly for its evaporation. These conduits are carried along the sides of

precipices, through tunnels, or canals, cut in rocks, and over deep ravines, supported upon pilcs or props, in one instance, as I was informed, a distance of thirty miles."

ITEMS.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* gives the following account of the late meteoric shower.

The periodicity of the shower, its probable reappearance on the morning of the 14th of November, 1867, its path through the solar system, and the probable length, breadth and depth of the stream of meteoric matter, were reasonably well established. Accordingly, the astronomers of the United States and Europe prepared themselves for a new series of observations, and those of the United States were not disappointed. There were scientific watchers at Philadelphia, Haverford College, near Philadelphia; Naval Observatory, Washington; Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Dudley Observatory, N. Y.; Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut; University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, and perhaps at other places. We have to do here with the observers in and near Philadelphia. Mr. Benjamin V. Marsh, of this city, and Professor S. J. Gummere, of Haverford College, were prepared with chronometers and star charts, by means of which they and their assistants could note the time of appearance and lay down the exact path of certain of the meteors, with a view, in connection with other observers, to determining their probable distance from the earth, and the point in space from which the meteors appear to radiate. The meteors, although noticeable before twelve o'clock, became so frequent by four o'clock, that the observers ceased their efforts to time and map them, and only counted. They then increased in frequency until one of Mr. Marsh's assistants counted thirty-nine in a single minute, about half-past four. This, according to the usual method of computation, would make about 195 visible in a single minute around the whole sky at that time, as a single observer can see only about one-fifth of the hemisphere. Professor Gummere says, in a hurried note to Mr. Marsh, that having mapped out a good many paths, and having counted about one thousand previous to four o'clock, he then ceased counting, on account of the frequency of the meteors. At this time he estimated them as appearing at the rate of about three to five every second, or about 180 to 300 a minute.

They continued until daylight, some being very brilliant, and leaving long trains of light, one of which remained visible nearly two minutes. Mr. Marsh's observations began at 11.10 P. M. of the 13th. He timed and mapped the first meteor at 29 minutes 7 seconds past 11 o'clock, mean time, Philadelphia. Between that time and 20 minutes past 2 A. M. he succeeded in timing 64 meteors, and in mapping the exact paths of 36. These all show the point of radiation to be in the centre of the space enclosed by the group of stars popularly known as the "Sickle," in the constellation Leo. Astronomically stated, it is near the star ζ , centre of Leo's sickle, or in right ascension 148 deg., and north declination about 24 deg. This coincides with the radiating point of the shower, as indicated by Professor Twining after the great shower of 1833, and it is vertically over the precise point in space towards which the earth is moving in its orbit at the time. This will doubtless be confirmed by other observers, and thus one important point concerning the track and probable orbit of the great November stream of meteors will be firmly established.

The prevailing belief now is that these meteoric showers are caused by the passage of the earth and its atmosphere through a stream of nebulous or cloudy matter, loosely aggregated, which stream has an orbit reaching in a long ellipse from a perihelion point near the sun, to an aphelion point near the orbit of the planet Uranus. From the length of time—say an hour and a half—taken up by the earth in passing through the denser part of the shower, the thickness of the stream is believed to be about three times the diameter of the earth, or about 30,000 miles. The length of the stream of meteoric matter must be many millions of miles, as it consumes some eight or nine years in passing that part of the earth's orbit which our planet reaches about the 12th to the 15th of November each year. This is held to account for the great difference in the display, in different years, as the earth sometimes passes through the very centre of the stream, as in 1832 and 1833, and at others through the thinner sides of it, as in 1866 and 1867. With respect to the distance of the meteors from the surface of the earth at the time of their appearance, there is at least one satisfactory observation on record. This one was "timed" and its path noted, during the shower of 1866, at Sunderland, England, and Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Glasgow, Scotland. Its altitude was ascertained to have been from 51 to 57 miles, over a spot near Dundee, in Scotland.

Worthington Hooker, whose death was mentioned in our paper last week, was a native of Springfield, and since 1852 Professor of Medical Science at Yale College. The Springfield Republican says that Professor Hooker was a graduate of Yale College in 1825, of Harvard Medical School in 1829, and devoted all his years of active life diligently and successfully to his chosen profession. In it he had attained an eminence fully worthy the position he filled for fifteen years in Yale College, and did much to render his difficult science one of popular use and knowledge. Several valuable works, treating of medicine and chemistry and their practical combinations, came from his pen, and have been extensively used as school text-books.

MOUNT VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION.

Naples, Nov. 14.—Mount Vesuvius, on the east side of the Bay of Naples, is in volcanic action and sending forth a pillar of fire, which has a magnificent effect as seen from the city.

New craters have been formed, and the usual point of issue—in latitude 40.49 north and longitude 14.26 east—is also engaged.

During the past night red-hot stones were ejected in large quantities from the burning mountain.

The surrounding earth is in tremulous motion for a considerable distance; the lava is pouring forth and running down the sides of the mountain in volume and with rapid flow, and the general upheaving from the volcano gives warning of a grand, unusually grand, eruption, from which we may look for very serious consequences, as in former years, of the more remarkable phenomena Vesuvius.

The first eruption of the more serious kind from Mount Vesuvius occurred in the year 79, when the elder Pliny perished, and the then vast cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabig were overwhelmed by the burning torrent and buried in lava and ashes thrown from the crater.

Forty-nine eruptions of Vesuvius occurred from that disastrous period to the year 1850, of which the most celebrated in history took place in the years 472, 1779, 1794, 1819, 1834 and 1839.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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ON OVERCOMING EVIL WITH GOOD.

BY E. M. JANNEY.

The apostolic injunction, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," is applicable to all times and to every station in life. The proper antagonist of evil is goodness, and God himself being the only source of good, it is our duty to apply in prayer to Him for light to enable us to see the evil within us and around us, and for strength to overcome through the Gospel of Christ, which is "the power of God unto salvation."

In the history of Moses, as recorded in the Book of Exodus, we find that he was, in one instance, overcome of evil, but afterwards, through Divine aid, he was enabled to overcome evil with good. The account is very instructive and worthy of our consideration.

We read that "when Moses was grown he went out unto his brethren and looked on their burdens, and he spied an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, one of his brethren. And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand. And when he went out the second day, he beheld two men of the Hebrews strove together; and he said to him that did the wrong, "Wherefore smitest thou thy brother? And he said, Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? intendest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the Egyptian? And Moses feared, and said surely this thing is known."

The result was that Moses fled from his native country and dwelt in Midian.

In this instance, Moses was overcome of evil under the specious guise of goodness. He sympathized with his suffering brethren, he was indignant at the cruelty inflicted on a fellow creature, and these feelings, in themselves noble, were naturally called forth by the scene he witnessed; but he had no right to do evil that good might come—no authority to take the life of the oppressor, and thus avenge one crime by committing another. The fact that he endeavored to conceal the deed, and his subsequent flight on its being discovered, afford sufficient evidence that he was self-condemned for his conduct. And here we may observe, that the slaying of the Egyptian did not promote the deliverance of the Hebrews; the time had not yet come; and it was not by the hand of man that their deliverance was destined to be accomplished.

After Moses had dwelt forty years in the land of Midian, he was called by the Most High into his service, being commissioned to declare His will to Pharaoh and to bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt. On what arm did he rely for the execution of this great purpose? Did he take sword, or spear, or buckler? No; he went with the rod of God in his hand and the word of Divine power in his heart and in his mouth:

In accordance with the ideas then prevailing among the Hebrews, who attributed all events

to the immediate action or command of God, it is said that He hardened Pharaoh's heart. According to our ideas, this was the result of God's providential government, who has so constituted man that disobedience to the Divine law always hardens the heart, or, in other words, renders the conscience less susceptible of Divine impressions. It may therefore be truly said, Pharaoh's heart was hardened, without infringing his free agency, and through the operations of a law impressed by the Creator.

The mercy and long forbearance of the Most High were evinced towards the Egyptians in warning them of impending calamities, in manifesting before their eyes, by fearful signs and wonders, that Omnipotence was pleading with them, and in giving them many respites before He inflicted the last of the plagues, the death of the first-born, which sent a wail of woe throughout the whole land of Egypt. We see, then, that the oppressed Hebrews were delivered by Divine power; for with a high hand and an outstretched arm He brought forth his people.

In the wilderness He gave them, through Moses, a law adapted to their low condition, for they had, during centuries, been in bondage to one of the most superstitious nations of antiquity, and had contracted a proneness to idolatry far removed from the enlightened views of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

The laws of Moses, how imperfect soever they may appear now, when viewed in the light which Christianity has shed over the civilized world, were far superior to any other code then existing. When we contrast the religious system of the Hebrews with those of the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, we are struck with the vast superiority of the former. As the Hebrews were not a highly cultivated people, to what shall we attribute the superiority of their religion, if it be not to Divine inspiration?

The distinctive feature of Judaism was separation. To separate one people from all others, in order to promote purity of morals and to educate them for a higher life. To separate one tribe from all the other tribes of Israel, in order that it might be devoted to the offices of religion and the service of the temple. To set apart one day from all the other days of the week as a Sabbath to be kept holy unto the Lord. This characteristic of the Jewish religion was doubtless adapted to the condition of that people, and to the great purpose of their calling, which was to bear testimony to the unity and spirituality of the Divine Being in the midst of surrounding nations given up to the grossest idolatry.

The law was a schoolmaster to lead them to Christ; and when the fulness of time was come, the more glorious dispensation of the Gospel was proclaimed and exemplified by the Son of God. It is not a system of exclusion, but of

charity and universal love. Its spirit is not separation, but diffusion. It does not set apart one people, but unites all as one brotherhood, having one Father, and actuated by one principle of divine life. It does not set apart an order of priests, but proclaims that all God's people are priests, ordained to offer up "spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." It does not teach that one day is holier than another, but that all days should be sanctified to the Lord and devoted to his service. Its great purpose is to overcome evil with good, and to cast out error by the power of Truth.

The principle of overcoming evil with good was most beautifully and thoroughly exemplified in the life and character of the Messiah. It was indeed the great purpose of his mission to destroy the kingdom of evil and to bring in everlasting righteousness; a work that was then begun in his personal ministry, and which his church was intended to carry forward until "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

It is objected to the lamb like nature of pure Christianity, that it is not adapted to the present condition of the world, which cannot be governed without recourse to physical force.

To this it may be answered, that the great work of reforming the world, and introducing a better system of government, founded on love to God and man, must have had a beginning before it could spread and prevail over the world. That beginning having already been made in the introduction of the gospel dispensation, it will be advanced by the fidelity of the disciples of Christ in each succeeding age, and spreading gradually from nation to nation, the reign of the Prince of Peace may ultimately prevail over all.

To bring forth this blessed consummation without interfering with the free agency of man, on which depends his responsibility, dignity and virtue, is the grand problem which Divine Providence is working out in the government of the world. Never before has there been, in this country, a more general disposition to recognize the hand of God in the affairs of men, than in regard to the momentous events that have transpired within a few years past. While we behold in the dispensations of Providence, the evidences of His power and wisdom who controls the universe—"from seeming evil still educing good,"—shall we not endeavor individually and as a religious Society to perform that part in the great work to which we are called.

He has instruments for various purposes, and dispenses to each the qualifications required for the task assigned.

It appears to me that those who are convinced of the peaceable nature of Christ's kingdom, and the incompatibility of war with his spirit-

ual reign, should feel it a high privilege to follow his blessed example, who, in order to overcome evil with good, laid down his life for the sheep; "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously."

For behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven: and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave neither root nor branch. Mal. 4: 1.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

EMMOR COMLY:

Esteemed Friend.—In examining some old papers recently, I found the following on "Silent Worship," and it occurred to me it would be interesting for the *Intelligencer*, because of its antiquity and style. I regret that I have no means of ascertaining the author.

Truly, thy friend, S. P.

From the "English Review," for December, 1791.

ON SILENT WORSHIP.

Devotion, considered simply in itself, is an intercourse betwixt us and God—betwixt the supreme, self-existent, inconceivable Spirit, which formed and preserves the universe, and that particular spirit with which, for awful reasons, he has animated a portion of matter upon earth, that we call man.

It is a silent act, in which the soul divests itself of outward things, flees into heaven, and pours forth all its wants, wishes, hopes, fears, guilt, or pleasures, into the bosom of an Almighty Friend. Although this devotion in its first stages may be a wearisome or insipid exercise, yet this arises merely from the depravity (weakness) of nature, and of our passions. A little habit will overcome this reluctance. When you have fairly entered upon your journey, the ways of this wisdom will be "ways of pleasantness, and all its paths—peace." True devotion doubtless requires a considerable degree of abstraction from the world. Hence, modern Christians treat it as a vision:—hence, many modern writers have little of its unction. But it glows in the Scriptures; it warms us in the Fathers; it burned in an Austin, and in many others of the persecuted martyrs who now are with God. That we hear but little of it, is not wonderful. It makes no noise in the circle of the learned, or of the elegant. Under a heap of worldly cares, it smother the lovely infant and will not let it breathe. Vanity, pleasure, ambition, will quench the celestial fire; and these, alas! too much the gods of mortals. Ever since the world began, writers have been almost only with shadows of this piety, instead

of its soul and substance. Superstition has placed it in opinions, ceremonies, austerities, pilgrimages, persecutions, an august temple or splendid imagery, which have little connection with sentiment or spirit. Enthusiasm has swelled with unnatural conceptions, and obtruded a spurious offspring on the world, instead of the engaging child of Reason and of Truth, whilst the lukewarm have rested in a few outward duties, which have had no vigor, and as they spring not from the heart, never enter the Temple of the Most High.

Real piety is of a very different and of a much more animated nature. It looks up to God; sees, hears, feels him in every event, in every vicissitude, in all places, in all seasons and upon all occasions. It is theory, vivified by experience; it is faith, substantiated mental enjoyment; it is heaven, transplanted in the human bosom; it is the radiance of divinity, warming and encircling man's spiritual sense, gratified by spiritual service. Without this all ceremonies are ineffectual, books, prayers, sacraments, and meditation but a body without a soul, or a statue without animation.

That man is capable of such union with his Maker, there are many instances to prove. Without having visions of fanatics or the delirious, it may be proved to spring from philosophical causes. Good mind. Bodies can have no souls. When minds are of purity, they have this. This was the bliss of it, and holiness must thus disposed, the self in a manner natural eye as refreshing to it vegetation. when they David felt hart par Paul ex tribulation was c thin was op r

come a temple. Every event and every object will lead your minds to God, and in his greatness and perfections you will insensibly lose the littleness, the glare and tinsel of all human things. If I wished only to set off your persons to the greatest advantage, I would recommend this true, sublime religion. It gives a pleasing serenity to the countenance, and a cheerfulness to the spirits beyond the reach of art or the power of affectation. It communicates a real transport to the mind, which dissipation mimics only for a moment; a sweetness to the disposition, and a lustre to the manners, which all the airs of modern politeness study but in vain. Easy in yourself, it will make you in perfect good humor with the world, and when you are diffusing happiness around you, you will only be dealing out the broken fragments that remain after you have eaten. This devotion, however, though essentially a silent intercourse betwixt the soul and God, yet to creatures, consisting of matter as well as spirit, must be nourished by external forms. It must strike the senses, in order to awaken the imagination.

The moment a man gives way to inordinate desire, disquietude and torment take possession of his heart. The proud and the covetous are never at rest; but the humble and poor in spirit possess their souls in the plenitude of peace.—*Kempis*.

FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE AT WATERFORD, VA.

Friends Meeting house at Waterford, Loudon County, Virginia, known as Fairfax Meeting house, was destroyed by fire on the 8th instant. The roof caught from the burning grass of the grave yard, that was fired by some school boys in order to remove the summer's growth of vegetation.

Of course there was an error on their part, to assume such a work without permission; and they have no doubt suffered a severe penalty of condemnation for the act so thoughtlessly begun, for the wind brought the fire towards the building, and very soon the house was enveloped in flames. The citizens of the village were active to save the house, but so soon as its fate was certain, they exerted themselves with some success to save sash, blinds, and benches. The building bore the date of 1761, and was a large old fashioned stone house, which had undergone thorough repair of floors, windows, and roof, &c., about 10 years ago, and was in excellent order.

To those of us who have been regular attenders of the meetings held there for near a life time, there are many pleasant associations connected with its memory, and the parting with it was much like that of a separation from a loved one of earth. During the one hundred

years and upwards since its erection, there is no account of one meeting having been missed, either on First-day or mid-week, not even during the late-war, when it was used as quarters for southern soldiery. They first came amongst us much prejudiced against Friends, but after acquaintance, they were mostly respectful; there was no wanton destruction of property, and the house was not materially injured.

Since it has been in use as a place of worship, there have been many travelers to visit us in the mission of the Gospel. I can remember many excellent and touching discourses from those who came from various parts of the country, most of whom have passed from works to rewards; but to the remainder, wherever they may be, I have thought this account would be read with interest, which was one inducement to write the notice.

Among these, and the last who visited us before the accident, was our much valued friend D. F. W., of Philadelphia, who was in attendance at the last meeting held, and delivered the last discourse made in the house. It was truly good and encouraging counsel, that no doubt will be remembered by many who were present, the impression remaining that a sweet counsellor and Christian mother had spoken truly to us.

The building had done good service in its long use; and although it was a trial to part with it, and sadness was apparent on almost every countenance, yet when we remember that thousands have worshipped there, many of whom have passed from earth and no doubt are gathered in the presence of our Saviour, say not that it was erected in vain, but that as our fathers built it for their use, and those who might come after them—so now, it is our duty to raise another, that our followers may have extended to them a similar example. It is our purpose to proceed with rebuilding, as fast as the weather will admit, and hope the coming summer will find it replaced with a new and comfortable house of good size and convenience. W.

Waterford, 11th mo. 18, 1867.

LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.

WATERFORD, VA., 11th mo. 10th, 1867. ¶

I write this morning with a heavy heart, knowing you will feel for us, when I tell you that our time-honored meeting-house was burned on the 8th, the day before yesterday.

During the seven months the soldiers were quartered there, we should not have been surprised at any time to have seen it in flames, but it escaped all the perils of war, all the wild weather of a hundred winters, to fall on a serene and lovely day, when scarcely a breath of wind fanned the air: and from so small a cause. Some boys were playing with fire in the graveyard adjoining. The long grass caught, and

spread with rapidity; from the grass to the roof was the work of a moment, when that too caught, and all our efforts to stop its course were in vain.

Our dear invalid cousin was passing the day with us, for the first time since her illness, and we were enjoying her company, when the cry came, "The Quaker meeting-house is on fire." We looked, and there was the dear old house encircled by the devouring element. Men worked, and women ran to assist, but our utmost exertions only sufficed to carry out the stove and our little book-case, some of the benches, and a few of the windows, before the quaint old hipped roof was gone. Then came a fearful crash; part of the wall went down. The east gable still remains, bearing upon it the date of its erection, 1761.

"It stood the storm when waves were rough,
But in a sunny hour fell off."

And well has its work been done. During all these long years it has sheltered us, as our minutes bear record, twice every week without a single omission. The heads which planned and the hands which built had long ago ceased their labors, but the prayers of sincere hearts were still offered as at the beginning. Now that our temple has fallen, is it any wonder that we are cast down and our countenances are sad. It is the place where our parents and grandparents, and the great-grandparents of many among us, were wont to repair to worship their Father and our Father. It is the place where so many servants of the Most High, now gone to their rest, have labored among us. The thrilling tones of Job Scott were heard there, and there Kersey and Hicks have ministered the everlasting word. Stabler and Wetherald, (both members and regular attenders of the Quarterly Meeting) there poured forth their eloquent appeals to enchained audiences, of whom, doubtless, many have become the better for having crossed its threshold. And, still more recently, there was one whose voice was familiar to us all, and whose memory is dear to us all; one, whose fervent petitions, we doubt not, have often ascended to the mercy seat in our behalf; one whom we mourn as a mother in Israel; one whose gentle influence is still felt among us, though she has passed away to join the innumerable company which surrounds the throne of God and the Lamb.

Our dear old meeting-house has been witness to other scenes—strange for so peaceful a place, and foreign to its character. For seven months it was the home of soldiers; and surrounded as we were by the implements and appendages of war, and in the midst of ignorant and misguided men, we sat together, and felt that the Blessed Master condescended to our low estate and met with us, then and there.

Dear friends, we claim your sympathy. We do indeed know that the Holy Spirit dwells not in temples made by hands, but in the hearts of His children wherever they may be: but we are just emerging from the crush of the war, when we were stripped of grain, horses, cattle and harness, and of almost every thing that was movable; and the meeting-house at Winchester having been demolished by the war, our Yearly Meeting has already demands for assistance which precede ours; so that our prospect of rebuilding is not very promising.

This afternoon we met at the School-House near by, and had abundant evidence that the Good Spirit, the Living Word, is not confined to one place nor to temples made with hands.

R. K.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

SCHOOL TEACHING.

What does the teacher require when he commences the school? Silence. What does the Divine Teacher require? Silence. Why? In order that all may listen to his voice and not disturb each other. What is the next requisite? Obedience. Why? For the reason that all will be confusion unless it is enforced, and the pupils would not attend to their studies. These being attended to, all will go on harmoniously, step by step, and we will secure the boon of happiness and peace.

I. H.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES.

BALTIMORE, 10th mo. 30th, 1867.

At a meeting of Friends' First-day School Conference, assembled at the Meeting House, on Lombard Street, in obedience to the call of the Committee appointed at West Chester, Pa.,

Lydia C. Stabler, of Baltimore, was appointed Assistant Clerk, after which the minutes of the West Chester Meeting were approved.

Extracts were read from communications bearing upon the interesting subject for the consideration of which the meeting came together.

The committee appointed at our last meeting "to draft for the information of our absent Friends an address, &c," informed the conference that they had conferred together and had divided themselves into the following sub-committees, viz: to prepare an address, to present statistical information, and to examine and report on books suitable for children, and that said sub-committees after deliberate consideration had agreed to submit

I. THE STATISTICAL REPORT.

The sub-committee on statistics having given the subject its merited consideration, gaining information from all the sources at its command, feel gratified at being able to report as favorable a condition of affairs as appears to them to exist. We have heard of schools in successful

operation in nearly all the Yearly Meetings in the country, and think we have, in communications addressed to us by those directly connected with said schools, abundant evidence of a thorough working interest that cannot fail to produce good fruits for those for whom they work. There is evidently an intense desire among all to find "the best mode of conducting" their schools for the true welfare of those intrusted to their care. Humility and love pervade all the communications received, and each gives abundant evidence of a reliance upon a Higher Power for that strength and guidance without which "we can do no good thing."

We feel pleasure in presenting these gleanings from wide extended fields, in connection with the following statistical report.

We have reports from nineteen (19) First-day schools taught by seventy-seven (77) teachers, forty four (44) of whom are females. These schools number about one thousand and ninety-one (1091) pupils, with an average attendance of about six hundred (600). Of these schools, one was organized in 1859, two in 1860, two in 1862, one in 1863, four in 1865, one in 1866, and eight in 1867, showing that more than one third the whole number have commenced this year. Connected with some of these schools are libraries containing about 600 volumes, which number we anticipate will be largely increased during the next year.

As evidence of the wide-spread interest in this matter we report as now in operation, schools at Reading, Pa., organized 11th mo. 6, 1869; Germantown, Pa., spring, 1860; Green St., Philada., in fall, 1860; Salem, N. J., 1862; West Branch, Pa., West Chester, Pa., 5th mo. 3, 1863; Goshen, Pa., 5th mo. 1865; Baltimore, Md., 11th mo. 1865; Race St., Phila., 11th mo. 5, 1865; Richmond, Ind., 12th mo. 3, 1865; Miami Meeting, Waynesville, Ohio, 5th mo. 1866; Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, spring, 1867; Boston, N. Y., 6th mo. 23, 1867; Alloway's Creek, N. J., 6th mo. 23, 1867; Goose Creek, Va., Kennet Square, Pa., summer, 1867; Valley Meeting, Pa., 7th mo. 1867; Colored School, Lincoln, Va., Chappaqua, N. Y., 10th mo. 20, 1867.

(A First-day school was held at Salem, N. J., more than 50 years ago. A First-day school was organized at West Chester, 11th mo., 1860, but after six or seven months was discontinued.)

The foregoing exhibits we think very clearly the fact that many truly concerned Friends consider First-day schools a necessity. Parents who have themselves been reared without them we find coming forward with their infant and older children, to introduce them to the First-day schools, from which they hope their little ones will receive advantages beyond those of the generation preceding them. We thus, as

briefly as possible, present the condition of our First-day schools at the present time, and hope the vigorous efforts now making may prove useful to society and to humanity generally.

On behalf of the Committee,

ELI M. LAMB,
SAML. E. GRISCOM.

10th mo. 12, 1867.

II. THE REPORT ON BOOKS.

The committee appointed to select suitable books, containing instructive and interesting reading for the children of First-day schools, report that they have spent some time in examining carefully a variety of books issued by different religious societies. As they considered it particularly important that no books having objectionable points of doctrine should be placed in the hands of children, it was necessary that each should be closely scrutinized. It was frequently a source of regret, that the excellent moral lessons embodied in many of the books must be withheld from the young, because in other places, views were promulgated which could not consistently be endorsed by members of the Society of Friends. Among the large number offered by other religious organizations and examined by us, the committee find but 12 which are considered unobjectionable.

Among those issued by different branches of our own Society, we would allude to the very valuable work just published by our friend Benj. Hallowell, entitled, "The Young Friend's Manual, containing a statement of some of the Testimonies and Doctrines of Friends, and the principles of Truth professed by that Society;" as a book of which all First day schools have felt great need, and which cannot but be perused with profit and interest.

The following are offered by the committee.

Scripture Lessons for the little ones, by A. S. P., published by Friends' Publication Association, Philada., and those issued by the Book Association of Friends, Philada., viz:—Biblical History Familiarized by Questions, by Ann A. Townsend; Talks with the Children, parts 1 and 2, by Jane Johnson; The Story of Thos. Ellwood, by A. S. P.; Devotional Poetry for Children, parts 1 and 2, Daily Scriptural Watchword and Gospel Promise, by Jane Johnson; Thoughts for the Children, by Jane Johnson; Treasury of Facts, 6 parts, by Jane Johnson; Familiar Questions on the Queries, by H. E. Stookly; Paper Juveniles and a Fable on Faith. Also, the Children's Friend, a Monthly Magazine for Friends, published by Lydia H. Hall, aided by Esther K. Smedley, of West Chester, Pa. And from other sources, Chloe Lankton, The Lost Shilling. Stamp on it John, Oiled Feather, Mother's Care, George Howard, Under the Wings, Nettie's Acorn Frames, Uncle Downs' Home, Charlie, or the

Bad Habit, Helps over Hard Places for Boys,
Helps over Hard Places for Girls.

On behalf of the Committee,

ANNE CALEY,

MARIA JANE CHANDLER.

10th mo. 12, 1867.

III. REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON ADDRESS.

At a conference of Friends held in West Chester, Pa., on the 13th of 9th month, 1867, to promote an interest in First-day schools, and to consider the best mode of conducting them, it was concluded to appoint a Committee to embody in an Address some of the views and facts presented in relation to this important subject, with the hope that it might awaken an interest among the members of the Religious Society of Friends;—especially those who are parents and heads of families.

It was stated that a number of such schools are at this time in successful operation, and although mostly small in the beginning, they have assumed a highly important and useful character.

Parents having a multiplicity of business cares are too liable to lose sight of the importance of instructing their children in the knowledge of the Scriptures and the Testimonies and Principles of our Religious Society.

It is frequently found that many of our young people are almost entirely ignorant of our fundamental principles, and liable to be drawn away from the simple and beautiful truths of our Christian profession.

The Society of Friends, from its earliest existence, has urged the necessity of a guarded religious education of the children under its care. Every year in our Annual Assemblies we receive accounts of the condition of our members, and these too often exhibit the departure of our youth from the testimonies we profess to hold, and which we so dearly and rightfully cherish. The query arises, Why is it so? If our principles are worth anything to us, they should be held as valuable for our children. Paul declared, "that the grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men." This fact does not excuse parents or guardians from diligently seeking, under Divine direction, to do their part in the heavenly order as instruments in the preparation of the infant mind for the reception of the good seed. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," was the assertion of the wise man ages ago, and experience has attested its truth. We have no right to shelter ourselves from a neglect of this duty, and ought not to expect to escape its consequences under the plea that God is the teacher of His people Himself.

The object of Society organization is for the mutual benefit of the members, and if each mind is brought under the direct teachings of

the Holy Spirit, and becomes obedient to the laws this power reveals, it will experience purification and be able to watch over others for good.

Were the elder and younger members of our Society to meet together on First-day afternoons, and engage for an hour or two in the consideration of such subjects as would enable them more clearly to understand their moral and religious duties, our principles and testimonies would not only be better understood, but an earnest desire would be felt that they be carried out in daily practice.

It is not intended that these schools shall supersede home and family training, but be coadjutors in the work, that the great truths of our Holy profession may be presented in such a manner that the young will be induced to love and embrace them; thus preparing the way for the Heavenly Husbandman, who will in His own time fructify His good seed and cause it to bring forth an abundant harvest.

We ask your earnest co operation in this effort, trusting you will prayerfully consider it and so act as best wisdom may direct.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,

LOUISA J. ROBERTS,
WILLIAM DORSEY.

10th mo. 12, 1867.

These reports having been read, appeared to produce much interest and gratification among those assembled, inasmuch as they presented a public history of what had been done at our First-day schools.

At the close of the reading of the statistical report, we were informed of three additional schools among Friends, two within the limits of Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting, Iowa, and one at Plainfield, Ohio, making in all reported to this time 22 schools, and over 1200 pupils.

Having occupied the evening to a late hour, the meeting adjourned to meet again at the close of the Morning Session of the Yearly Meeting to-morrow.

10TH MO. 31ST.—The Conference again convened. A committee was appointed to report to our next meeting to be held at Rice St., Philadelphia, 11th mo. 9th next, a plan for a permanent organization of the present conference, so that there may be unity of action and freedom of intercourse between our First-day schools throughout the country.

During the sessions of the Conference held at this time, warm encouragement was given in the work, by many Friends present, who reverted to their own early days, in which they had felt the need of something of this kind, occasionally alluding to their experience in schools of other denominations which they had been induced to join, but in which they did not find the nourishment craved.

We heard of some who less firmly grounded

in their own belief, had through these means been drawn into other fields of labor, while we thus lost those who might have been pioneers for the dissemination of our own principles. Examples of each class were given; one a Friend had taught a First-day school for colored persons in Friends' Meeting House, at Alexandria, Va., about 40 years ago. Now he bailed with joy this general movement, believing that a deeper meaning than might at first be perceived lay in the almost simultaneous awakening, resulting, without any concerted action, in such similarity of plan and purpose.

Allusion was made to the objections urged by some, indicating a fear lest erroneous doctrinal matter might be inculcated, but it was asked, "Because any good thing is *liable to abuse*, shall we refrain from endeavors to use it *properly*?" "Shall we close our meeting houses lest doctrines with which we cannot unite be at times held forth?" "Had our living testimonies of peace, love and universal brotherhood, with the guidance of the light within, been held up in this way to our youth during the last 30 years, who can estimate the beneficial results to our Society?"

On the teaching of the *letter* a caution was given by one who, although not wishing to *oppose* the work, would urge those engaged in it to walk carefully. She had felt a jealousy, lest in the zeal of youthful labors our main principles might not be kept always clearly in view; but she was "in a measure acquainted with the interest and feeling of some of the workers," and gave "these suggestions merely as a wholesome caution."

By another Friend, not a teacher, was added encouragement as from one "who had *known* the *hearts* of some engaged in it and who gave them cordial sympathy."

This was followed by the expression of the hope that those who had begun with earnest purpose and from a real concern to disseminate the pure truths of righteousness might *go on*, relying for guidance upon the simple teachings of the Spirit, which will enable them rightly to impart all that has been received.

One of the teachers on behalf of the rest, feeling the cautions above mentioned well meant, expressed her desire to profit by them, adding however a few remarks explanatory of the tendency of their teachings, and calculated to relieve exercised minds.

One who had great confidence in those who had undertaken the work, wished to suggest the propriety of confining the Biblical reading and lessons mostly to the clear and beautiful teachings of the New Testament, but acknowledged himself satisfied with the explanation offered on the part of the teachers.

Feeling renewed strength to go forward in the cause, yet humbly trusting in the guidance of

a Higher Power, the Conference adjourned to meet at Race Street Meeting House, Philada., 11th mo. 9th.

ELI M. LAMB,
LYDIA C. STABLER, } Clerks.

(To be continued.)

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, ELEVENTH MONTH 30, 1867.

MEETINGS FOR WORSHIP AND DISCIPLINE.

—By a communication from W. T. C. we are informed that on First-day afternoon, the 10th inst., a meeting was held at Wilmington, in pursuance with an invitation contained in a Circular addressed by that Monthly Meeting to its members, to consider the subject of the neglect of the younger members of the Society in the attendance of mid-week and disciplinary meetings. A large number of Friends convened, notwithstanding the weather was stormy and unpropitious, and the meeting proved to be one of unusual interest, especially to the young people, whose sympathies became enlisted in the concern. The object of the meeting was stated by T. C. Taylor, Clerk of the Men's Monthly Meeting, by whom also the address was read.

Considerable expression was elicited from both the older and younger members, and it was concluded to hold a meeting on Fourth-day evening of each week, at which the discipline of the Society should be read and considered by sections.

The Friends of Wilmington appear to have adopted a course similar to that which has been pursued by Friends in other parts of the country. The meetings called Disciplinary Meetings, held at Race street, have been thought by many to have had a salutary effect in uniting in fellowship the old and the young, as well as in awakening an interest in the minds of the latter in some of the testimonies particularly valued by our Society. While we with others deplore the laxity which is too prevalent in regard to the attendance of our religious and disciplinary meetings, we think there can be no radical change, without change of purpose. The defect, according to our belief, originates, in too many instances, in suffering the mind to become unduly engrossed with the cares of this life, and the pursuit of riches, which have the effect as presented in the parable of the sower, to choke the good

seed and prevent its yielding fruit, which would strengthen the religious element, and induce a disposition to seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness.

Is it not the case that many who desire Truth are unwilling to part with all that prevents its full reception, and these go on their way, often sorrowing in secret, because of the painful void that naught can fill save the love of the Father? This would act not only as a "refiner with fire," but it breathes into the soul an inspiration by which the angelic anthem of glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men becomes the language of its life.

It may be thought by some that too much stress is laid upon the attendance of meetings. We are conscious that the mere act of going to meeting will avail little, unless the motive be pure and the desire is felt to worship the Father of spirits in spirit and in truth. While we sit not in judgment over our brethren, we cannot but believe where this desire and love for good have the pre eminence in the mind, there will need no stronger incentive to assemble with our friends for the purpose of Divine worship; and in the performance of this, as the apostle calls it, reasonable service, we are convinced there will be found an increase of ability and strength for the fulfilment of our daily duties, however varied these may be. The precious promise is worthy of continual remembrance, that they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; and there is another of equal value—Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them. That the assemblings proposed by our friends of Wilmington, as well as similar ones in other neighborhoods, may have the effect to stir up the pure mind, and put it in remembrance of those things which pertain to an eternal life, is our ardent desire.

MARRIED, with the approbation of Prairie Grove Monthly Meeting of Friends, in the State of Iowa, on the 3d of Tenth month last, ALBERT A. BLACKBURN, late of Centre County, Pa., to MARY S. THOMAS, daughter of Nathan and Asseneth Thomas.

—, on the 31st of Tenth month last, in Friends' Meeting-house at Prairie Grove, in the State of Iowa, WILLIAM H. CANBY to SALLIE S. RUSSELL, daughter of Caleb and Elizabeth Russell.

—, with the approbation of Goshen Monthly Meeting, on the 13th of Eleventh month, 1867, at the residence of Mary G. Pratt, in Marple, Delaware County, Pa., T. DILLWYN DUTTON to LYDIA PRATT, both of Delaware County.

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After a season of solemn silence, the spirit of prayer was recognized in an early communication that we might so dwell under the pervading influence as to secure the Divine blessing upon our proceedings, enabling us to transact the business that may come before us in harmony and condescension.

The isolated situation of many of our scattered members, was feelingly introduced to our notice, who, from various circumstances, were prevented from mingling with us; some of whom, perhaps, had now, with the privation, to lament past neglected privileges. Thus we were admonished to cultivate a spirit which would induce an appreciation of opportunities of meeting together spiritually and socially. The view was forcibly presented, that we were, to some extent, our brother's keeper, inasmuch as we do exert our influence over one another for good or evil by our conduct and conversation.

A sense of responsibility or necessity of being a proper example was tenderly adverted to by a Friend, who acknowledged that the query had arisen in her mind when attending funerals, whether she had at all times been as exact in her deportment as a constant regard for the truth demanded, and that would have acquitted her of all accountability in respect to the deceased. Such an appeal, fraught with so much humility and self-abasement, that others might be edified, is surely calculated to stir up our minds and arouse serious reflections on the past, and incite a disposition to set a guard on our actions and our words. Our young sisters were encouraged to maintain their integrity to the truth, for the time was apprehended to be near when some of them would be called to bear testimony to its excellency.

The manifestation of kind feelings, through the medium of appropriate actions and expressions, was encouraged in the younger members, and they were reminded that true religion was not far off, but near to us, to be practiced as in the life of the holy Jesus, who went about doing good to the souls and bodies of men.

The necessity of a meek and humble spirit for the right prosecution of every good work, was presented to view.

The neglect of the attendance of our religious meetings was shown to be detrimental to a spiritual growth and was conducive of apathy to our best interest; on the contrary, an attention to our religious obligations would be conducive to a strengthening influence that would prove comforting and sustaining in seasons of sore trials and afflictions.

The attention of Friends being directed to our Testimony concerning a hired ministry, the error of the principle was demonstrated and oppression shown to be the result. The young were warned against the seductions of the

learned eloquence attendant on it, and were reminded that the gospel was simple, freely received and to be freely given.

Our young sisters were called upon to consider the ennobling effect of cultivating a state or habit of mind in which the love of God is so felt and appreciated as to exclude all desire for diversions calculated to estrange therefrom.

Our fundamental principle of the internal revelations of the will of God to man, was aptly illustrated and confirmed by the manner in which all the reformers, from Abraham down, perceived the requirements of truth, which was by impressions and convictions made on the mind by God.

The voice of thanksgiving ascended for the bread which had been dispensed amongst us; a petition arose that the aged might witness the light of goodness through the vale of death, and that the middle aged might be supported by the Divine arm under the trials that are permitted to compass their path.

Those whose means are ample were affectionately invited to seek the poor and needy, and to minister of their abundance to such, and to evince their sympathy to all needing it, by genial action; thus, while they are contributing to the comfort of others, they are securing blessings to themselves; but a care was expressed that none should be actuated by motives of popularity.

A concern was expressed that in dealing with offenders, we should adhere very closely to the spirit or disposition of mind suggested by the ninth query; manifesting a feeling that would gather instead of scatter, binding them to the fold instead of driving them far away. If we do not succeed in reclaiming, we shall have the consolation of having done what we could.

Considerable concern was evinced on the subject of the proper school education of our children, in consequence of an apparently lukewarm spirit manifested by so few practical results.

The superiority and excellency of Christian love, as exhibited in its cementing influence, its quality of supporting under adversity, its tendency to gather all to the pure fountain of goodness and rendering our immortal souls, by virtue of its life in our hearts, fit inhabitants of the kingdom of God, was baptizingly preached amongst us.

The strong probability of the present opportunity being the last that would be afforded many now gathered of meeting together again in a state of mutability, was feelingly alluded to, as an incentive to an earnest preparation for the approach of death.

And in conclusion a feeling of gratitude was expressed, by way of supplication to the Great Author of all our blessings, for His continued favor during our Meeting.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

BIRDS AND INSECTS.

"Are not five sparrows sold for threepence, and not one of them is forgotten of God."

Gone are our summer birds, one by one, so silently, we have scarcely been aware of their departure. A lonely robin or cat-bird, or it may be the gentle chipping bird and song sparrow, still linger, tempted by the fine weather; but their melody greets us not in the morning, as in the summer time. We have enjoyed their company, and while noticing their modes of life, especially the kinds of food of which they partake, we have been reminded of the truth of the text above quoted, "None of them are forgotten of our Father." The relation that birds sustain in the economy of the universe is a subject of pleasing contemplation, and gives evidence of the wisdom and goodness of Him that created them. We may first view them as conservators of health, as they assist in purifying the atmosphere, like other animals, by taking into their animal organization the abundant oxygen, and returning the carbon necessary for the food of plants. But we will not dwell on a subject which is or should be familiar to every school boy. The great good they confer as disseminators of seeds should not be overlooked. Many trees and plants, for aught we know, would have remained in their first or primitive localities, had it not been for the agency of birds. In what way would the different berries, and also many of the fruit-bearing trees, have been spread, as we find them, over the land, in the distant woods, by the hedge rows, and in the depths of forests, unless birds had eaten their fruit, and carried the seeds to these distant places. Birds have been shot in the Northern States with grains of rice yet undigested in their crops from the plantations of Carolina or Georgia. The trees that were brought from Europe in the early settlement of the country are profusely scattered in the woods and fields, and the weeds, also imported, which have become a greater nuisance than those natural to our soil, have in part been spread by birds.

But the most important relation birds bear to us is as destroyers of insects. We admit their value to some extent as food and the enjoyment we receive from their cheerful melody; but as insect destroyers, they are essential to our existence. Without them our beautiful country would be a desert. Every green thing would in a few short years be swept off the earth by innumerable insects, unless He who forgets not the sparrows should interpose and employ other agents for their destruction.

Much interest has been awakened in this country in regard to the preservation of birds. Laws have been enacted in several States, making it a penal offence to shoot, during most of the year, any of our small and useful birds.

This is as it should be. In our neighborhood (Westbury, L. I.) there has been a great reformation in regard to gunning. A little more than a quarter of a century ago it was common for both men and boys to spend their First-days in strolling around the fields and through the woods in quest of birds. In consequence of this moral reform, or change in public sentiment, the number of birds has greatly increased. The larva of the May-bug, which is familiarly known as the "Grub," has almost disappeared, while formerly they were so numerous as often to cause the loss of entire crops of corn, and sometimes wheat. Other instances of the diminution of insects since the increase of birds might be given. The immense powers of reproduction, and the instincts with which this portion of the creation is endowed, renders it impossible for men, aided by the birds, to utterly destroy a single species of our insect foes.

We hear occasional complaints from fruit-growers that birds are eating up all the strawberries and cherries, and that they are even robbing us of our nicely-grown luscious grapes. What shall we do in this case? Some would say shoot away till we kill all the robins and cat-birds in the country—aye, and cedar-birds too. It is trying to both faith and patience, after we have nearly ripened our fruit, and our labor and care are being amply rewarded, to have the marauding birds take it. Of two evils we should choose the least. Better have the birds to eat the fruit, than to have the worms destroy both fruit and trees. We can in a great measure protect the fruit, or often employ some method to frighten them away. If we kill them, we may destroy our best friends. The law of supply and demand will operate here in beautiful harmony, for as we cultivate more plants and vegetables for the worms to live on, their numbers will increase; and so, in the same ratio, birds, finding plenty of food, will multiply more rapidly to meet the demand if we do not molest them. There are portions of the country where, at certain seasons, worms and grasshoppers sweep off vegetation as with the besom of destruction. Why have not the birds kept these in check? The reason probably is there is not sufficient food for them through the season, except a week or two when these pests prevail; and birds will not make their home and rear their young where instinct teaches them there will be famine part of the season. When those places cultivate vegetables and fruits extensively, it is probable the small birds will increase in numbers and materially assist in reducing the immense swarms of destructive insects. In long cultivated and productive soils in the eastern States there is no doubt a great increase of birds, since the Indians owned the land; especially the insectivorous birds, which we love to call by the term sociable or home-birds. We

find different tastes in birds, some are only in sectiverous, others will consume a variety of food and will resort to means to satisfy hunger which they would not from choice. Sometimes pieces of leather and other incongruous substances have been found in the stomach of the crow, and the sap-sucker or red headed woodpecker may only eat the sap to prevent him from starving. We have seen the cat-bird, in the midst of his imitative song, take a bite of the blossom of the apple. And our highly prized and most useful Baltimore Oriole is accused, at the West, of being one of the worst depredators on fruit they have. We think there could not have been a sufficient supply of insect food, or they would not have eaten the fruit. We must enter a plea for the robins, too. When they come from their winter quarters at the south, they are no doubt sorely pressed with hunger, and we see them follow the newly turned furrow with keenest gaze, hopping about to find some larva of butterfly or moth. They do not sing much at this time, as there is no respite from labor. But when the bright sun of early summer days has reddened the cherries and put the blush on the strawberry beds, robin has easier times. The little ones, turned out into the world to provide for themselves, seek the easiest method by feeding on the ripening fruits. If there were none of these to be found, perhaps but a small portion of the young birds could find worms enough, as at that season most of those upon which they prey have changed into their perfect state, and are, in the silent hours of the night, laying their eggs on bush or tree for a future generation. We find even here, that they are not roving among the pretty flowers and fluttering over the tree-tops with impunity. Nocturnal birds reduce and keep them in bounds. The night hawk and whippoorwill, with the bats, that are in some respects similar to birds, and the night rovers among our small animals, find in them a choice morsel. We love to watch the pretty goldfinches scraping off with their bills the aphides or plant lice, or note the nimble chickadee hunting the minute insect eggs in the fall and winter, for we know they are working for us as well as for themselves. It was with much interest we stood quietly by a fence one summer day, watching the actions of a Baltimore Oriole busily making a repast from a nest of the tent-caterpillar. He would insert his bill through a rent he had made, take out a fat caterpillar and bite him in two, about two-thirds of his length or below his stomach, eat the fat or vital parts in that region, and lay him on a pile. After singing a little he would take out another.

This bird must have killed a hundred caterpillars. If, as is said of the yellow-billed cuckoo, he fed upon whole insects, few would suffice.

Last summer a person brought a complaint to the Farmer's Club against that most useful bird, the Tyrant Fly-Catcher, or King-Bird, stating that he was very destructive to the bees. He had shot him and brought his crop full of bees in proof of the charge. On examination, they were all drones, and probably not being needed, the bees had driven them out, and the king-bird had done no harm. Long after the bee is dissected it will put out its sting, and it would be impossible for any bird to endure such stabs. Many denounce the crow also as a pest, but if we knew all his good deeds they would over-balance the evil. If the many thousands of bugs, crickets, etc., he eats through the summer, and the herds of grasshoppers he picks up every pleasant day in winter, and also the bushels of weed-seeds which he devours, were reckoned in the account, his credit side would be fair. But we will find with almost all created things, as well as the crow, that good unmixed with what we call evil, does not exist. Unless we study the habits of birds and their usefulness as connected with other animated beings, we may, in ignorance, kill our best friends.

We regard with unceasing pleasure, as we come to understand them, those benignant laws by which this most interesting class of the animal kingdom is governed. No wonder that Jesus, who saw these proofs of Divine providence, should call the attention of his hearers to it as an evidence of his Father's merciful regard. Are ye not of more value than the birds, O ye of little faith? How much more precious are ye in the Divine sight, being gifted with immortal souls, than the short-lived sparrows! The earth is full of the Father's goodness and love, and it would be well for us if we would draw instruction from them, as Jesus, the prophets and the apostles did. The field is as wide as ever from which parables and incidents can be drawn to prove spiritual truths.

Desiring to mingle pleasure with profit, we have given these random sketches, hoping they will invite further thought. And in learning from the things of nature which surround us, we may also view the imprint of the Divine finger upon them, and be incited to labor more diligently and effectually in the service of Him who is ever desiring to bless and make happy His children.

ISAAC HICKS.

11th month 9th, 1867.

TREASURE.

"What I spent, that I had; what I kept, that I lost; what I gave, that I have!"—*Old Epitaph.*

Every coin of earthly treasure
We have lavished upon earth
For our simple worldly pleasure,
May be reckoned something worth:
For spending was not losing,
Though the purchase were but small;
It has perished with the using;
We have had it—that is all!

All the gold we leave behind us
 When we turn to dust again,
 (Though our avarice may blind us)
 We have gathered quite in vain;
 Since we neither can direct it,
 By the winds of fortune tossed,
 Nor in other worlds expect it;
 What we boarded—we have lost.
 But each merciful oblation
 (Seed of pity wisely sown,) which we gave in self-negation
 We may safely call our own.
 Thus of treasure freely given,
 For the future we may hoard,
 For the angels keep, in heaven,
 What is lent unto the Lord.

HEART HYMNS.

Bear the burden of the present,
 Let the morrow bear its own;
 If the morning sky be pleasant,
 Why the coming night bemoan?
 If the darkened heavens lower,
 Wrap thy cloak around thy form;
 Though the tempest rise in power,
 God is mightier than the storm.
 Steadfast hope and faith unshaken
 Animate the trusting breast;
 Step by step the journey's taken
 Nearer to the land of rest.
 All unseen, the Master walketh
 By the toiling servants' side;
 Comfortable words he talketh
 While his hands uphold and guide.
 Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
 Rends thy heart, to him unknown;
 He to-day—and He to-morrow,
 Grace sufficient gives his own.
 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen;
 Long endurance wins the crown;
 When the evening shadows lengthen
 Thou shalt lay the burden down.
 —*Drifted Snow Flakes.*

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

(Continued from page 602.)

The subject chosen by Dr. Franklin Taylor was History.

He said: I rejoice to know that the study of the history of our country has been at last introduced into the public schools of this State. History affords us new power to extend the range of our vision, recalls the past, makes it live again, and elevates us above the present. Like the telescope and microscope, it makes visible that which is distant, as well as that which was unseen before, as though near at hand.

The study of history is much more important in a republic than in a monarchy, for the simple reason that greater responsibility rests upon the citizens of a republic, who select their own rulers. The ignorant man is not necessarily an enemy of his country, but he is liable at any moment to become one.

The history of our nation has its roots in the far distant past. To know it well, we must pre-

viously know the history of our race in the Old World; yet it may be considered as commencing with the discovery of the continent by Columbus. It is necessary in teaching history in the school-room, to select only those portions which are adapted to children. History cultivates the imaginative powers. It is not a picture of the dead past; it is a living reality, and reality has as great charm as romance. Francis Parkman's books, for instance, are models of historical writing in their vivid power to recall the past. And what novelist can compare his own works with those grand histories of Prescott, who, nearly blind, has overcome obstacles few might have conquered?

The colonial history of our country corresponds with the brightest periods of English history; England's power was developed in a wonderful manner under the Tudor reigns, and no period of England's history better deserves our study. Next to the history of our own country that of England claims our earliest attention. It bears the same relation to modern times that that of Greece and Rome do to the past.

How was it that this race should gain possession of this continent? For, in reality, the descendants thereof are to-day the ruling power thereon. We do not possess it all, but we will do it; not the territory—I do not mean that. I mean that *internal growth* which leads us up to a higher plane of development, and gives us the supremacy of the intellect and of the heart. It is not by filibustering that we are to conquer, but by our free schools—by the general culture, intelligence, and goodness of our people. We win by our vigor and our work.

How is it that in looking over this map, (North America,) we find so many different names given to its grand old mountains, its lovely lakes, and splendid rivers? Why do we find all the places along this mighty river, (St. Lawrence,) from the lakes to the sea, bearing the prefix of "Saint" to their names? Why do we find all along our Southern coast a similar class of appellations, while here in Pennsylvania and New York another class still are found? It is an interesting story: Along the line of this St. Lawrence came the French race, guided by the Jesuits—that wonderful line of men, in some respects the best school-teachers the world has ever known—and they gave to every spot the name of some saint endeared to them by the annals of the Catholic Church. Then came the English, who gave us such good old English names as Chester, which we have made West Chester. In their vigor and sturdy power they impressed upon all this fair region the names of their old homes. The speaker referred to the beauty of some of the Indian names, but others were not so beautiful, and being meaningless—to us—were inappropriate.

In the naming of the geographical points of this continent there is a great amount of historical information of a most interesting and valuable character. While we have the names of Germany, France, Wales, and Spain, upon all our maps, the English language is the language of the country. Why is this? The French race had as good a chance as the English to have made this land their own. In 1534 they had already named the St. Lawrence, and they were the earliest to explore the Mississippi river from the Lakes to the Gulf. It would seem that a nation having gained control of these two great rivers, would have ever after controlled the continent.

Here in 1681-2, when William Penn was coming to lay the foundation of this now great Commonwealth, the Jesuits and Franciscans were away out at the head waters of the Mississippi, and tracing it to the Gulf of Mexico.

They had control of the whole northern tier of lakes and their fertile borders.

Dr. Taylor paid a glowing tribute to Columbus, who for eighteen long years besieged the thrones of Europe for the necessary aid to realize the dream of his heart, which was not a dream.

The speaker gave a vivid picture of the seventy long days spent in crossing the Atlantic by this heroic discoverer. He also made a beautiful reference to Hendrick Hudson sailing up the glorious river, which bears his name, in the "Half Moon," and of the brave explorer, Champlain, nearly meeting on the head waters of the beautiful lake—standing face to face, as it were, representing the two races—the English and the French—in their contest for supremacy on this continent.

The reporter expresses his regret that for want of space he was not able to give a fuller report of this interesting address.

At an evening session, Gen. Frazer, President of the Agricultural College of Centre Co., Pa., addressed a crowded audience.

After complimenting the teachers of Chester county for the proof they have given this week of their interest in the cause of education, he announced as his subject: "What sort of knowledge should be taught to the young, and how should it be taught?"

The poets in all ages have been called seers. We need men to enable all to extend their vision. The sweet music in which our best poets dress their thoughts enables them to impress us with truths that would not enter into our hearts and abide with us were they not thus presented.

The object of education is to diminish the misery in the world, lessen the crime, do away with drones, and make men and women happy and useful workers. How shall we arrive at this desirable result?

We can only be guided by the experience of the past. How do we learn to raise plants? By studying what those who have gone before us, in their researches in this direction, have recorded as their best experience. This is equally true in regard to the raising of animals. In order to educate men we must have, first, as teachers, a knowledge of the physical world upon which we live; second, of self, which of course includes a thorough understanding of our mental, moral and physical organization, and lastly, of religion. You cannot dispense with any one of these; each one is absolutely necessary. There is no use to institute comparisons between the relative importance of man's mental and moral faculties.

Few seem to understand the full nature of prayer. Every true worker in any moral and useful employment prays, and prays effectively, when he conscientiously performs the duties of each day as they hourly present themselves. Do not misunderstand me. This is one kind of prayer. Men may pray with earnest words, and be led up higher thereby. When you do pray, be sincere in the act if you would reap the reward.

Men who succeed must learn to methodize the results of their experience; another characteristic of the successful class is that they are law-abiding.

"Self-made men" are *not self-made*; they have been pupils of God. In your education of the young, you must teach them to use their own discriminative powers of mind. Curiosity is the great lever which should be used to lift children gradually up to heights of knowledge and self-reliance. Parents do a great, a terrible wrong, when they repress in their children this God-given desire to learn, which we call curiosity, implanted in the young.

In the government of children we must follow nature in her dictates; the moment you adopt arbitrary measures, unnatural means, you will fail, fail completely, no matter how fondly you delude yourself with the external signs of success.

In teaching the English language, especially to speak it correctly, you can, by criticising every mistake your children make at home, never permitting a single error to pass without correction, attain your end sooner than by the use of the grammar book. This was proved by the experience of the speaker in England and Scotland.

The speaker made some very pointed remarks in regard to the want of appreciation on the part of the public, of the value of the services they expect the teachers they so miserably remunerate to render.

One of his plans, when he was a teacher, to develop the power of language in his pupils, was to have them write a description

of any article they chose, each morning, upon opening school. They soon acquired the facility of performing this exercise in the most creditable and correct manner. If this, or some similar plan of cultivating the descriptive powers of children were employed, there would be more men and women who, if they might not become orators, would be able at any time to speak, in a conversational style, so as to interest instead of tiring their hearers.

He would not use a grammar book until the pupil had mastered all the elements of the science, and then largely, for the purpose of enabling them to classify and systematize the knowledge already attained. This plan he had carried out in giving instruction in arithmetic, algebra and geometry; books were apt to be stumbling blocks in the school room; they lead the pupil to work by rule, rather than to reason from cause to effect, and so arrive at results, which, when thus attained, are remembered.

The speaker alluded to the plan pursued in the college over which he presided. They united text-book culture with a large amount of practical research and investigation in the laboratory and field. He related some interesting reminiscences of Hugh Miller—a townsman of his in Scotland—to a brother of whom he had gone to school. Hugh Miller could not fail to become the good and learned man he was, because he had such an estimable mother, who never spared a single opportunity to teach him in every department where his natural desires and abilities led him to make inquiries. If parents would always endeavor to instill into the minds and hearts of their children a love of the right for its own sake, they would lift the next generation into a happier and more beautiful sphere of moral and mental activity.

From The Sunday School World.

THE BABY'S LESSON.

A HINT TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

I saw a little child learn a lesson the other day in a passenger railway car. Her teachers were unconscious of imparting the lesson, I am sure; nor was the child aware that she was learning anything. Nevertheless, I think the little one will sooner forget all that in later years she learns with laborious effort, than what she that day unconsciously took home to her understanding. She may have had other teachings of the same kind before; doubtless she has had many; but it was so clearly set before her on this occasion, that she could hardly fail to understand it even if it had been quite new to her childish mind. The manner of teaching the lesson was this:

The little one, somewhere about a year and a half old, exquisitely dressed, and a noble, beautiful child as ever rejoiced a father's heart, or blessed a mother's life, sat in the lap of her nurse, her mother on one side of her, and her

grandmother on the other, a sister a few years older standing by the mother's knee. Pretty soon the wee one began to say very plainly and earnestly to the grandmother, (towards whom her face was turned) "Cake, cake." The old lady shook her head, and told her she had none. Not accepting this as any excuse, the cry of "cake, cake," continued. Then the mother leaned over to the child, and said, "Mamma has not got any more cake; it is all gone." This was no sort of comfort, therefore the only course that seemed to the infant to be proper for the occasion was to begin a fretful cry. Whereupon the grandmother said, in a mysterious whisper, "Hush, or that big man over there will take you away." (Another lesson taught here, by the way.)

The whimper was quieted for a moment, but soon broke forth again, with the old refrain of "cake, cake." A doll was handed to her, and a book; but she refused all consolation while the desire of her heart was withheld. At this crisis in affairs, a relative or friend belonging to the same party, who sat on the other side of the car, came to the rescue, and produced a cake from her pocket, handing it over to the mother, who instantly, without saying a word, forwarded it to the child. She seized it with joyful alacrity, ceased her fretful cry, and began to demolish her treasure. She had learned her lesson.

Had she not? Would she not have been a very dull infant, if she had not received the impression clearly upon her mind, that a certain amount of fretfulness and persistent demanding of what she wanted, would surely bring the desired good? Another time, when she wishes for something, which perhaps will be as soon as the cake just obtained is among the things of the past, she will profit by the lesson now learned, and by pursuing the same course, expect the same result. Nor can the little soul, in all its inexperience and ignorance, taking its first outlook upon life, be blamed for drawing this conclusion.

But is there no blame elsewhere? Are those guiltless who teach the little creature a lesson so fraught with future trouble—so fatal to early habits of submission, obedience and self control? That doting grandmother, and loving mother, and fond relative—little do they realize the weary work they are making for themselves or others, if the child lives to grow up, in subduing the self indulgence and ill-temper which such treatment as this tends to foster.

Little children are every hour and every moment learning lessons of life, long before they begin what is called their education. They will learn something; surely it is then a matter of infinite importance to see to it that the lessons are such as will fit them rightly to meet the duties and trials of life when they come to them.

ITEMS.

Congress met on the 21st, a quorum of both houses being present.

At the late Meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, John Jay Smith read a paper entitled, "An evening with the Penn."

The subject was suggested by the lecturer reading in the London *Times* of the death of Granville John Penn, the great-grandson of the founder of this State.

The only remaining relative now is Rev. Thomas Penn, to whom all the estates of the family descend, his brother Granville having died suddenly, leaving no will. The estate is now in the care of the Lord Chancellor, Rev. Thomas Penn having been declared by a commission issued out of chancery incapable of managing it, he having become of late years insane. Some idea of the immense value of the family estate may be gained from the fact that Stoke Park, one of the family country seats, was sold lately for £350,000, or about \$1,750,000.

The lecturer visited the lately deceased Granville John Penn, at Stoke Park, in 1845, and was most kindly and hospitably received.

The name of Admiral Penn is far more familiar to the English than that of William Penn, and it sounds strange to the ear of an American to hear the former's name so often and the latter's so seldom.

In referring to the visit to this country, in 1851, of Granville John Penn, the lecturer stated that Thomas Penn had given the ground upon which the city of Easton is built, it being provided in the deed that a red rose should be given the head of the family yearly, thus securing a small consideration. Some time ago the city government desired to put to other uses the public squares, but could not do so without the consent of the living representative of Penn, and accordingly application was made to Granville John Penn, in 1852, who granted the request.

The deceased was for a long time governor of the Island of Portland, during which time he there built a palace, and named it "Pennsylvania Castle." He also built a mansion called "Solitude," on the west bank of the Schuylkill, which still remains.

Stoke Park was the scene of the poet Gray's "Long Story," and the church and graveyard that inspired his celebrated "Elegy" are in the immediate neighborhood.

At the conclusion of the reading the thanks of the society was tendered to the lecturer, and a printed copy of the paper ordered to be placed among the archives.

The past collegiate year has been one of unexampled liberality toward our higher educational institutions. Our colleges, old and new, have received the donations of their generous friends in such amounts as to inspire them with new vigor, while adding to their means of usefulness. Some idea of the aggregate amount of these benefactions may be gathered from the following table, which we find in the *Yale Courant*, and believe to be trustworthy. In this list no account is made of the amount given, in the way of land grants, to the Agricultural Colleges. The handsome gift of Mr. Cornell was made in 1865, but is given below, as it was not applied until within the last year:

Albion College, Albion, Mich.....	\$25,000
Baldwin University, Berea, Ohio.....	103,000
Beloit College, Beloit, Wis.....	18,000
Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.....	27,000
College of New Jersey, Princeton.....	20,000
Cornell University, N. Y.....	760,000

Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa.....	25,000
Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.....	35,000
Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.....	35,000
Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa.....	100,000
Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.....	94,000
Hanover College, Hanover, Ind.....	25,000
Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.....	400,000
Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.....	35,000
Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.....	90,000
Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis.....	20,000
McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.....	20,000
N. W. Christian University, Indianapolis.....	35,000
Norwich University, Northfield, Vt.....	18,000
Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.....	34,000
Otterbein University, Westerville, Ohio.....	30,000
Rutgers' College, New Brunswick, N. J.....	50,000
Shurtleff College, Upper Alton, Ill.....	80,000
Tufts College, Medford, Mass.....	300,000
University of Mississippi, Oxford, Miss.....	25,000
University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.....	100,000
Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.....	40,000
Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.....	100,000
Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.....	98,000
Western University, Pittsburg, Pa.....	95,000
Yale College, New Haven, Conn.....	206,000

Total of 31 Colleges.....\$3,041,000

The following exhibit of the results of the Freedmen's Saving and Trust Company is its own best commentary. The schedule presented shows the deposits and drafts for the 10th month, at the enumerated depositories. The deposits of savings of negroes for one month, during hard times, it will be seen, foot up to almost three hundred thousand dollars. Since these banks commenced their operations the colored people have deposited in them over ten and a half million dollars, of which more than half a million is yet held to their credit. This official statement of responsible banking-houses is a complete refutation of the loose and general attacks on the capacity of the negroes for freedom and citizenship:

	Deposits.	Drafts.	Due depositors.
Augusta, Ga.,	\$2,019 70	\$1,041 50	\$12,521 85
Baltimore, Md.,	6,493 82	4,393 55	44,728 38
Beaufort, S. C.,	22,342 66	22,259 99	47,666 74
Charleston, S. C.,	36,912 54	32,270 10	49,579 10
Huntsville, Ala.,	1,962 10	772 10	2,811 76
Jacksonville, Fla.,	20,870 81	18,995 28	14,487 30
Louisville, Ky.,	14,406 42	15,940 57	59,924 00
Memphis, Tenn.,	9,609 95	4,442 14	17,391 13
Mobile, Ala.,	4,946 70	7,753 49	29,016 27
Nashville, Tenn.,	12,783 95	7,654 67	26,661 21
Newbern, N. C.,	7,113 36	7,233 24	12,423 82
New Orleans, La.,	5,611 45	2,865 69	53,609 89
New York, N. Y.,	4,481 60	2,967 75	19,086 64
Norfolk, Va.,	18,122 35	16,574 17	34,894 89
Richmond, Va.,	972 98	2,426 24	12,607 62
Savannah, Ga.,	1,234 17	2,205 84	24,660 05
Tallahassee, Fla.,	2,262 02	1,128 50	8,378 07
Vicksburg, Miss.,	10,243 18	3,012 22	13,271 93
Washington, D. C.,	25,489 36	23,652 32	58,464 66
Wilmington, N. C.,	66 00	154 00	2,218 13

Total, : : 207,945 12 177,763 76 534,403 86

Total deposits for the month, : : : \$297,945 12
" drafts " " : : : 177,763 76

Excess of deposits over drafts, : : 30,181 36

Total deposits, : : : : : \$2,617,517 93
Total drafts, : : : : : 2,083,114 07

Balance due depositors, : : : 533,403 86

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXIV.

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AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohn, New York.
Henry Haydock, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.
William H. Churchman, Indianapolis, Ind.
James Baynes, Baltimore, Md.

From "The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall."
Revival of the Conventicle Act.—Letter from J. Rous
to Sarah Fell, telling of Wm. Penn's and Wm.
Meade's imprisonment.—John Stubbs to Margaret
Fox.—Margaret Rous to her Mother.—John Rous
to Margaret Fox.—M. F.'s Release from Prison.—
George Fox and others go to the West Indies

The spirit of persecution was now rampant. The Conventicle Act, which did not suffer more than five persons to meet together for religious purposes, otherwise than according to the established forms, without being liable to the severe penalties, again became a dreadful instrument in the hands of the dominant clergy. One of these set forth, that its provisions were to be "construed most largely and beneficially for the suppressing of conventicles, and for the justification and encouragement of all persons to be employed in the execution thereof." This, taken in connection with the fact that the informer in case of conviction, may give some idea of the temptations it held out to those who were easily corrupted, to aid the prosecutors in their cruel work by any means they could contrive.

Neale, in his "History of the Puritans," says "the Act was executed with such severity that many of the London trading men were removing with their effects to Holland till the King put a stop to it." After alluding to the various contrivances of the Nonconformist ministers to evade the Act, he thus describes the conduct of the Friends under it:—"The behaviour of the Quakers was very extraordinary, and had something in it that looked like the spirit of martyrdom. They met at the same place and hour as in times of liberty, and when the officers came to seize them together to prison; they stayed there till they were dismissed, for they would not petition to be set at liberty, nor pay the fines set upon them, nor so much as the prison fees. When they were discharged they went to their meeting-house again as before; and when the doors were shut by order, they assembled in great numbers in the street before the doors, saying they were not ashamed, nor afraid to own worship God, but in imitation of the prophet Daniel, they would do it the more publicly because they were forbid. Some called this obstinacy, others firmness; but by it they carried their tending against so much resolution."

Neale's description is not quite correct when he says "they went all together to prison," and that they would not petition to be released. None went except those upon whom the officers laid violent hands, and whenever they thought a truthful representation or personal appeal would be of use, they were not slow to petition. It was whilst these persecuting scenes were at

their height, that John Rous wrote to his sister-in-law the following letter :—

John Rous to Sarah Fell.

"WANDSWORTH, 15th of 6th mo. [August], 1670.

"*Dear Sister*,—I received thine of the 11th instant, and do bless the Lord for all your welfare. The enclosed for sister Lower I shall get sent by the next post, and that to my father as soon as I have an opportunity. I have not heard from him since I left him, which was the reason I did not write by last Third-day's post, having come from him but that morning.

"Meetings (generally) yesterday were pretty quiet to what they have been sometimes. I was at Gracious-street meeting, which was in the street, and, as near as I could judge, several thousands at it. But by reason of the multitude of rude people who come mostly to gaze, it was more like a tumult than a solid assembly, which was no small grief to me to see. William Penn was there, and spoke most that was spoken; there were some watchmen with halberts and musketeers who came to take him down while he was speaking; but the multitude crowded so close that they could not get to him. To prevent further disturbance, he promised when the meeting was over to go to them; and so he and one William Meade, who is lately convinced, went to them. They carried them before the Mayor, who committed them for a riot. I hear the Mayor was very rough with William Penn. Thomas Beedle was committed from Horsleydown meeting for speaking there. Many of the Professors' meetings were also broken up, and some committed; but they skulk very much into holes and corners, and when discovered there, fly away.

"I have not much further to add, but that we are all well, and remember our dear love to my mother, thyself, our sister, H. Hall, and our little ones.

"Thy dearly loving Brother,

"J. R."*

The expression "one William Meade" indicates that he who afterwards became Sarah's husband was at that time a stranger to the writer, and probably to her also.

The famous trial of William Penn and William Meade which followed, commenced at the Old Bailey just two weeks after the date of the foregoing letter. Hepworth Dixon, in his life of William Penn, describes this memorable trial; he says:—"Everything considered—the character of the men, the interests at issue, the cause of the proceedings, and the final results—this is perhaps the most important trial that ever took place in England. Penn stood before his judges in this celebrated scene, not so much as a Quaker pleading for the rights of

conscience, as an Englishman contending for the ancient and imprescriptible liberties of his race. The special law on which he was arraigned, he knew very well that he had violated, and intended again and again to violate. His religious friends took the same view of the case; they acknowledged the Conventicle Act to be in force according to the mere forms of jurisprudence, but they contended that it was in direct contradiction to the Divine laws, and therefore not binding. Better versed in his country's history, Penn disputed its legality. He held it to be in equal hostility to the Bible and to the Great Charter."*

Whilst under the Conventicle Act the Friends were taken up and sent to prison in great numbers in the vain attempt to extinguish Quakerism, George Fox was suffering from a very severe and protracted illness, from which most who saw him thought he would never recover. His strength seemed gone, so also his sight and hearing, but his ever active and vigorous mind was still at work. Thus he states:—"I went to the widow Drie's, at Enfield, and there I lay all that winter, warring in spirit with the evil spirits of the world that warred against Truth and Friends. For there were great persecutions at this time; some meeting-houses were plucked down, and many were broken up by soldiers. Sometimes a troop of horse or a company of foot would come and break their swords, carbines, muskets, and pikes, with beating Friends, many of whom they so wounded that their blood lay in the streets. Amongst others that were active in this cruel persecution at London, was my old adversary, Colonel Kirby, who would often inquire for me at the meetings he broke up."

The following letter shows how low he was after his removal to Enfield :—

John Stubbs to Margaret Fox.

"ENFIELD, at Widow Drie's house, }
25th of 8th mo. [October], 1670. }

"Dearly beloved and honored in the Truth,—I am with thy dear husband, who is recovering, I hope. Yesterday in the afternoon I had a fine opportunity to speak my mind to him, being alone with him in his chamber. I told him I expected to have a few lines from thee that night, but it proved otherwise. He bid me write to thee, and his words were these:—"Tell her I have been so ill that I could not write, but now I am better,—blessed be the Lord,—praises be to the Lord!—mind my love to them all." He had better rest last night than formerly. I continue here near him, for I see it is my place, and I have peace in it. He inquires every post for letters, but in few words. If thou please in writing to him thou mayest direct them to me in cover to Henry Salter, at

* From the Beason Collec. i. n.

* Life of Wm. Penn, by W. H. Dixon, page 86.

the Black Lion Inn, Bishop's Gate, or to Edward Mons. I have not much to add at present, but that meetings were pretty peaceable in London the last First-day, and also at Horsleydown.

"Thy servant in the Truth,

"JOHN STUBBS.

"P. S.—He bid me also to tell thee that great has been the tenderness and the care of Friends to him, and nothing wanting. Two or three women sit up every night, and I sometimes. Men Friends formerly sat up, but now two good women Friends constantly. I would be glad to write every week if thou would order me so to do."*

Our next letter is from

Margaret Rous to her Mother, Margaret Fox.

ENFIELD, 14th 9th mo. [November], 1670.

"Dear Mother,—I am now at Elizabeth Drie's with my father, who, blessed be the Lord, is pretty finely, though weakly still, but much more at ease than some time ago. According to outward appearance, his distemper hath been fever and ague, which have now nearly disappeared, only a little chilliness once in twenty-four hours, and it is quickly over. However, he doth not himself look upon it to be any of these things. His body hath been under great suffering, but, blessed be the name of the Most High, there is no likelihood but that in a little time he may recover his strength again; which thou wilt have notice of. So I hope thou wilt not trouble thyself with any fear about his well-doing, for there is no doubt but in the Lord's time he will be as well as ever he hath been. All along he hath made much inquiry after thee, and always on the post-day before letters came. I told him I was about writing to thee, and he bid me remember his dear love, and that he desired the Lord God Almighty would strengthen thee—that thou should be comfortable, and cheerful in the life of Truth which is over all else.

"So with dear and tender love to thee, desiring greatly to hear of thy being eased of thy burden, and with my dear love to my own little ones and to sister, I rest,

"Thy truly loving Daughter,

"M. Rous."†

As the winter passed over, the invalid gradually improved—the return of spring brought with it the return of health. Seeing then that the spirit of persecution had somewhat abated, George Fox resolved to have another appeal made to the King respecting his wife's release from prison. He says:—"I was moved to speak to Martha Fisher and another woman Friend to go to the King about her liberty.

They went in faith in the Lord's power, and the Lord gave them favor with the King, so that he granted a discharge under the broad-seal to clear both her and her estate, after having been seven years a premunired prisoner, the like [of such discharge] was then scarcely to be heard in England."

Thus was her release announced to the prisoner herself:—

John Rous to Margaret Fox.

LONDON, 4th 2d mo. [April], 1671.

"Dear Mother,—According to my intention [mentioned] in my last to sister Sarah, something presenting worth advising I take the opportunity of informing thee by this post. Last Sixth-day the two women Friends took the grant out of the Attorney-General's office, and he gave them his fee, which should have been five pounds, and his clerk took but twenty shillings, whereas his fee was forty. Yesterday they went with it to the King, who signed it in the Council; and Arlington also signed it, but would take no fees—whereas his fees would have been 12 or 20 pounds. Neither would Williamson's man take anything, saying that if any religion be true it is ours. To-morrow it is to pass the signet, and on Sixth-day, the privy seal, and afterwards the broad seal, which may be done on any day. The power of the Lord hath bowed their hearts wonderfully. Blessed be His name for ever!

"My father is now at London, and pretty well; his dear love is to thee and the children. I think he may come down to our house a little time. My wife is well and now at don, and our little boy was well [when he] yesterday.

"I believe when the business that my father will send me down with it. John Salthouse is come to seek employment, his trade in the country; I desire if anything of him that thou would willingly do him all for his brother's sake.

"Mine and my wife's love to thee, our sister

" "

The patent of all duly sent d and local mar delay, the We may joy and which hail me

* From the original in the Shackleton Collection.

† From the original in the Devonshire House Collection.

prison to cross over the sands of the Bay to her own dear home.

"For at that hour the very earth seemed changed
beneath her eye,
A holy beauty rising up to the blue vault of the
sky;
A lovely light on rock and hill, and stream and
woodland lay,
As softly swept o'er sunny sands the waters of the
Bay.
'Thanksgiving to the Lord of life! to Him all
praises be
Who from the hands of evil men hath set his hand-
maid free!
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the
saints of old
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter
told:
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the
stormy wave,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to
save.'"

Children, grand-children, and friends rejoicing with her in the fulness of their hearts, were at Swarthmoor to meet her. However, her stay at home was brief; for the Yearly Meeting of Friends in London being near, her husband wrote asking her to join him there, and informing her also of a prospect he had before him of Gospel labor in the West Indies. She came up at once, accompanying John Rous on his return, and remaining at his house at Kingston-on-Thames with her husband, while preparations were making for this voyage. About four months elapsed from the time of his wife's liberation until George Fox's departure. The party consisted of twelve persons beside himself; three of whom were John Rous, John Stubbs, and William Edmundson from Ireland. They sailed first for Barbadoes, the early home of John Rous, as before stated, and in which island he seems to have had property, and where his father still resided.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A TRIBUTE.

The announcement of the departure of our dear friend Benjamin Ferris has already been made in these columns, but his numerous and widely-extended circle of friends will feel that something more is due to the memory of such a man. A rare and gifted spirit has passed from amongst us, and entered upon the higher life. His wonderful conversational powers adapted themselves with remarkable versatility to all ages and capacities; and all who knew him can recall the many times in which they have seen him the centre of an admiring and listening group, while he poured forth the stores of his abounding treasury for their interest and instruction. He was a connecting link between the present generation and the past, his retentive memory and power of representation enabling him, from an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and illustration, to give life like pictures

of the character and manners of those who had long passed away.

He was a beautiful example of the cheerful Christian, and his high gifts, employed in the right direction, made pleasant and attractive the lessons they conveyed. His able pen was often employed as the earnest advocate of the spirituality of the Christian faith, and in defence of our testimonies; and his essays on these subjects were acknowledged to have unusual force and ability. He filled many positions of usefulness during his long life. His sympathies were enlisted on behalf of the poor Indians, (especially the tribes in the State of New York,) and by advocating their cause with those in authority, he was instrumental in redressing some of their wrongs, and in promoting their welfare and advancement to a higher grade of civilization.

But the most impressive lessons gained from his example were in the last twelve years of his life. When suddenly deprived of the powers that had contributed so largely to his own and others enjoyment, and which had so peculiarly distinguished him, although fully conscious of the loss, he bowed in cheerful acquiescence to the Divine will; and the strong and gifted man, laying down strength and gifts, entered, while on earth, into the heaven of love. Many can bear witness, that however great was the enjoyment of his society in the days of his intellectual power, far greater, in these latter days, was the charm of the sweetness of his spirit, and the love which seemed to embrace the whole human family; and all who came within his influence were made to feel how blessed are they who, in their evening twilight, are permitted to see the arising of the brightness of the future day.

While we deeply feel the absence of one so long loved and honored, we must also rejoice that the burden of weakness and weariness and privation has been laid down, and that he has entered upon the heavenly inheritance of joy unspeakable and full of glory.

We cannot better close this tribute than by quoting his own words, so applicable to himself: Thrice blessed even here, though in life's lowest station,
The Christian who sits at the feet of his Lord;
With joy bears his cross through this scene of probation,
And patiently waits his eternal reward.

A soul without prayer is like a solitary sheep without a shepherd. The tempter sees it and lures it away into his snare. But the soul, in social converse with God, is emptied of everything, is alone with God in the Spirit, at rest and in silence, giving place to God and things divine, from which alone result truth and strength and life and salvation. How precious are such times! How sweet the hour of prayer!

We have been furnished with an interesting account of Fairfax Quarterly Meeting, held at Woodlawn, Va., on the 18th of Eleventh month. Attached is a notice of the burning of Friends' meeting-house at Waterford. The facts are very similar to those which appeared in our paper last week, but the reflections accompanying each statement have an interest of their own, which we think will prevent the repetition from being objectionable.

FRIENDS IN VIRGINIA.

On the 18th of Eleventh month, Fairfax Quarterly Meeting was held, for the first time, at Woodlawn near Mount Vernon in Fairfax County, Virginia. It was formerly held in the Eleventh month at Alexandria, in the Second month at Waterford, in the Fifth month at Hopewell near Winchester, and in the Eighth month at Goose Creek, in Loudon County, but the meeting at Alexandria having greatly declined, while that at Woodlawn has increased, the transfer was deemed necessary, and has given general satisfaction.

The meeting-house has been recently enlarged to double its former capacity, and the congregation having of late received many accessions, chiefly by immigration from the North, there was found to be sufficient accommodations to render the assembling of Friends at that point an occasion of much social enjoyment, as well as a season of spiritual improvement. The meeting of Ministers and Elders being held on Seventh-day, and meetings for public worship on First and Second days, afford the advantages that were thought to be derived, in olden times, from the circular meetings for worship, of which we read in the Journals of Friends.

Most of the Quarterly Meetings belonging to Baltimore Yearly Meeting are held on this plan, and those who have been accustomed to them always look forward to their recurrence with much interest. Like the Feasts of Tabernacles among the Israelites, they are seasons of social reunion that have a tendency to strengthen the bonds of affection, and they often prove to be opportunities of spiritual refreshment.

The Friends at Waterford have sustained great loss in the destruction by fire of the meeting-house, which occurred on Sixth-day the 8th of the Eleventh month.

The fire was communicated to the building by the burning of grass or brush in the graveyard adjacent. It was the act of school-boy, had no thought of injuring the property, failed to give the alarm in time to save

The meeting-house was built of stone, and part of it had stood 106 years, during which time a Friends' meeting has been held in it twice a week. It is the intention of the Friends at Waterford to rebuild

delay, but the pleasant reminiscences with the venerable structure that has been destroyed will be wanting in the new one. There is, to most minds, something associated with the houses in which we have worshipped, and within which have resounded the voices of those who have long since gone to their reward.

During the late war a part of the house at Waterford was occupied for several months by the Southern army. They took possession of it, some of them lived in that house twice a week, for more than 10 years, unwilling to relinquish it, agreed to restrict their use of half of the house, leaving the other half for the purpose of Divine worship, and were compelled to minister to the spiritual ministrations of the G. Gover.

When the Quakers at Waterford in the whole house being expected to vacate for the soldiers. They stowed it away and they meeting

It was a testimony to the ages, souls before him

healthful condition, or keep pace with the times in which we live. It is to stifle popular intelligence, which no body of people can do except to its own loss;—especially a body that discards professionally educated instructors as we do.

Many persons will perhaps not be disposed to concede that Friends are inclined to be prescriptive or intolerant toward one another, but it is a common failing among religious organizations for those high in position, or active in church affairs, to proscribe everything that does not come up to their self-established standard, and we cannot claim entire exemption from it. It was this that produced our separation of 1827, and that has at many other times before and since produced serious difficulties among us; and that has likewise produced schisms in most other religious denominations; and it is one of the greatest evils connected with religious profession.

Among persons associated together as a religious body there must of necessity be a general unity of sentiment; but for one portion of the members to undertake to insist that all others shall, as to mere modes and details, think just as they do, and say nothing to the contrary, and especially to hold that the mere forms and customs of the past are sacred, and not to be changed, nor changes even suggested or talked about, is simply destructive of that liberty in matters of conscience and religion which it was the very object of our Society in its early days to establish and promote, and for which our ancestors labored and suffered so much.

We profess that before the Almighty all of us are equal; that he is no respecter of persons; and that his Divine light hath appeared unto all men. Whence then do any assume to have derived their commission to sit in judgment upon their brethren, and dictate to them what they shall think and say. One is our Father, and all we are brethren, and as such our duty is to dwell together in harmony, love, and humility one toward another; remembering that it is the humble and the meek that are to be guided in judgment and taught the true way. Moreover, we profess to be subject to the inspiration and guidance of a higher power, to whose promptings we all owe obedience. In attempting to restrain freedom of opinion and expression on any subject relating to the doctrines and welfare of our Society, ought we not therefore to be exceedingly careful as to whose work it is that we may be laying violent hands upon?

The writer does not ascribe to any particular class of Friends a disposition to urge and insist upon their own views in opposition to the equal rights of others. It is rather an error to which we are all liable, and doubtless do fall into at times, and against which we not only require the help of one another in the way of gentle

reminder, but frequent and careful self-examination.

What harm can come from the free expression of opinions, even if they should sometimes, or in some particulars, be erroneous? As was remarked by one of our eminent statesmen, "Error of opinion may be safely tolerated when reason is left free to combat it;" and may we not safely rely upon the intelligence and love of truth which prevails among our members to cull the good from the bad in anything that may be said? Instruction may be gathered even from erroneous views. To discriminate between truth and error is a lesson every one must learn; but it is only by contrasting it with error that we can properly learn to know and appreciate the beauty of truth. It is therefore worse than supererogation for any to assume that only what he or she may regard as truth shall be presented to the people.

While the churches around us are based upon a system analogous to monarchy, ours is essentially a system of republicanism; and, as we humbly think, as much superior to the church system, as is the republican system of government to monarchy.

It must be conceded that freedom of expression may be carried to extremes; but with the frankness and cordiality that should ever actuate us one toward another in the correction of each others faults, it will generally be found to carry with it its own sufficient corrective.

T. H. S.

For Friends' Intelligencer.
FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The recent published accounts of those engaged in First-day schools show that, for the past eight years, there has been a steadily increasing interest in the concern, and that now a large number of Friends feel it right weekly to collect the children for their improvement in best things. It is encouraging to find that such laborers have arisen almost simultaneously in different neighborhoods willing to do their part to remedy a want that has long existed among us.

Though parents are the natural guardians of their offspring, and upon them should rest the duty and responsibility of so training the children that their lives may be useful and happy,—and we can scarcely admit an excuse for the nonfulfilment of this obligation,—yet, as there are many counteracting influences that may prevent this desirable result, it is also incumbent upon those associated with them in religious fellowship to aid in the work. Though the Divine Spirit dwells in the temple of every heart, and the light unto each is sufficient, if obeyed, to lead from duty to duty and to mark a plain path through all worldly obstructions, yet we know there are many temptations to

attract, and by ways into which the unwary may wander, and the young and inexperienced need all the care that can be bestowed by judicious parents; and they also need the counsel and encouragement of rightly concerned friends who will take them by the hand and help them over the "hard places" in the journey of life.

Many parents, in view of their responsibility on behalf of their children, like Hannah of old, desire the aid of their friends in the discharge of this important duty. We read that, when she dedicated her child unto the Lord, she sought outward help in guiding his feet in the way of life; and though the prophet heard not the voice that spoke unto little Samuel, yet, from similar experiences, he was able to perceive that the Lord had called the child and to give him right counsel.

As I understand the object of First-day schools, they are not intended for instruction in theological dogmas. Were this the case, there would justly be reason for discouraging their continuance; but as far as I have observed, there is no such view on the part of those engaged in them; on the contrary, I believe the desire is to make the teaching simple and practical; to call the attention of the children to the Divine Spirit in the heart; to inculcate the importance of heeding this inward voice that speaks as never man speaks; by obedience to which they will be enabled to discern between the evil and the good, be strengthened to resist temptation and to follow that which is right.

As aids in this work, they use the Scriptures and other good books, because in them are portrayed the effects of Divine Light upon the mind. The letter killeth, the spirit alone maketh alive. None, I believe, can read the Scriptures prayerfully, and with a desire to be instructed, without realizing that they are one of the means through which living truth is communicated. They bear witness to the truth. They are "not that Light," but only one of the vehicles for its transmission.

It seems to me we may sustain a loss by too entirely rejecting outward instrumentalities. To enable us to walk uprightly through this present life, we need all the helps the Universal Father has placed at our disposal, and doubtless we shall be held accountable for their right improvement.

Not only may these First-day schools be a means of instruction to the children, but they may also be profitable exercises for those who meet with them, for as they unitedly examine the great principles and testimonies that underlie our profession, their hearts may together be touched as with a live coal from off the holy altar, and they may respond, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are all thy ways thou King of Saints."

Philadelphia, 11th mo., 1867.

H.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

The essay on "Bridal Presents," by I. Hicks, in *Friends' Intelligencer*, No. 35, is eminently worthy of the serious consideration of the members of the Society of Friends, and it is to be hoped may check this practice which is making its inroads into our Society; and it would have been a relief to some minds, and might have been productive of good, if the writer had extended his remarks to another practice, that appears to be increasingly popular among Friends, involving the same or even greater inconsistencies. I allude to the celebration of what is called tin, silver and golden weddings. Some of the objections to this practice are, in making the expected presents on these occasions, inducements are held out for some to contribute more than they can afford, rather than subject themselves to an unfavorable comparison with others; and some of the articles presented are not practically valuable, and others are costly and extravagant. But the greatest inconsistency, in my view, is in the display of them, illy according with that humility which we profess to advocate, and which especially becomes those who have been favored to live together fifty years as man and wife, much more than any ostentatious display on such occasions.

If the object is to promote social feelings among relatives and friends, this would be much better attained were they to meet without presents; and presents privately furnished would be more highly appreciated.

There is another subject I desire Friends may examine by the true light. It is that of First-day schools, or, as I think may be more properly called, Sabbath or Sunday schools, as they originated with those who call the first day of the week by those names.* If these schools are designed for the same purpose as our common schools, I think them unnecessary, as six days in the week and a few hours in a day is deemed too much confinement for study. If they are designed for moral or religious instruction through the medium of the Scriptures, to be imparted by the teachers as expounders thereof, I think it entirely inconsistent for Friends, as we believe that nothing short of inspiration can interpret the true meaning of the inspired records; and this is not always at our command, and the historical part can be read and understood without a teacher.

Parents are the proper guardians of their children; and as those who attend day schools are necessarily away from their parents much of the time in the week, it is surely desirable the family should be kept together as much as

* Our Friend is mistaken. The first movement in this city in relation to such schools originated with Friends in the year 1790, and they were called "First-day" or "Sunday schools." Eds.

possible on First-days, that after attending meetings for worship, opportunity should be afforded for the family group to be drawn together, and such means of improvement adopted as concerned parents may believe right. Too much of a disposition is manifested in some parents to place their children under others for education, rather than take the responsibility themselves.

11th mo. 16th, 1867.

T. W.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 7, 1867.

The minutes of Ohio Yearly Meeting, held at Salem from 26th of Eighth month to 29th of the same inclusive, have just come to hand. It would be very desirable to receive from our friends and correspondents early accounts of these annual gatherings, which are always acceptable to a large class of our readers. So long a time has elapsed since Ohio Yearly Meeting was held that the interest in its proceedings is much lessened.

From the minutes we learn that seven Friends from other Yearly Meetings were present with certificates. The Meeting appears to have been introduced into a profitable exercise, but no minutes embracing these exercises are appended to the Extracts.

LABOR FOR WOMEN.—In the new channels which are being opened from time to time for the employment of women we can rejoice, inasmuch as we believe it to be a pressing necessity, in order that many who are now enduring the privations of penury may be relieved from the harrowing thought of whence shall be derived the daily means of subsistence. There is, however, one discouraging feature attending it which we earnestly desire to see remedied,—that is, the comparatively low wages awarded women. We shall not have attained the point which justice demands until there shall be an equality with men in this respect, where the labor and responsibility are the same. It is often said that it costs a woman less than a man to live, but the facts do not justify this remark. Nobody charges her less rent, and she pays as much for coal, groceries and meats, and, sometimes, more in proportion, as she is obliged to buy in small quantities. Her children's

shoes and clothes cost no less, and to her own scanty wardrobe, unprotected feet, and slender diet for want of means, may often be attributed the delicate frame and flushed cheek which betoken feeble health. Our attention has been directed to this subject by reading in "The Press" an article written "By a Boston lady," on "Boston Female Compositors."

She says that two-thirds of the printing done in Boston is set up by women. "They not only set type, but they arrange 'forms' and read 'proof,' correcting and deciphering bad manuscripts with great skill and readiness." That in some of the large publishing houses, the foreman is the only male printer in the establishment,—the printing, press-work, binding and folding, as well as the book-keeping, being all done by women. The most rapid and experienced workers among them receive from eight and a half to ten dollars per week, which at the high prices of everything is a poor remuneration. The writer remarks, it is to be regretted that Massachusetts does not pay her female printers more liberally. They certainly do a man's work, then why not pay them men's wages? The majority of publishers assert that they prefer girls to men as compositors. They are more steady, reliable and quick. But perhaps the strongest motive power lies in the economy of so doing. Day after day these girls go regularly to their work from half past seven in the morning till six in the evening. The sedentary employment of standing at cases, presses, and folders, from year to year, will tell at last on the strongest constitutions. Energies thus employed and exhausted should receive a liberal compensation, so that the need of excessive labor should not long exist. It is said the publishers of Boston grow rich by the system of poorly paying their employés. That the women do not receive more than *half* what a man would rightfully demand. The description of the amount of labor required in the printing of a newspaper may surprise and interest those who have given but little thought to the subject as they have perused the daily journals.

We would recommend those who never witnessed the labor of getting up a newspaper to visit a printing room and see the patience, toil, and practice it requires to produce a presentable sheet.

You mount the long, dirty editorial stairs; pass the almost human presses, that seem instinct with life, so nimbly do the iron fingers pick up the sheets, throwing them off damp and smooth with exact precision. You enter the dusty, window-begrimed compositors' room; there they sit or stand before high desks, on which are placed the cases. Many of those poor, hard working girls look thin and consumptive, with slender waists and emaciated hands. Summer and winter for years many of them have bent over their cases. The slender, blue-veined wrists seem all too delicate to hold the heavy stick with its sixteen lines of leaden words. When full, how cleverly do they remove it to the forms without dropping a single letter or displacing a period!

One can but wonder while watching the little fingers fluttering over the case if they *never* get tired. They must, in spite of habit and years of experience.

You have seen the stick filled and removed to the galley. Now she will distribute, which requires quite as much tact as the other. She holds a huge pile of wet type in her left hand, while the expert lead discolored fingers of the right fly like magic—so swiftly that the eye can scarcely follow them. Tick, tick, the little pieces fall into their separate boxes until they are quite full; then, with her manuscript before her, she proceeds to set up a badly-written article, that would take you an hour to read; an article that may, perhaps, create a profound sensation throughout the land.

You regard her attentively a moment, and then vainly imagine that *you* are capable of doing the same.

"Oh! it is nothing," you say, "to set up type—nothing in the world easier," and the compositress points toward a dusty, unused case, full of rusty, pied type. "Pshaw! it is nothing." You seize a stick; a smiling printer lays a few lines of copy before you. You pick up a letter—you know your letters, of course—but for your life you cannot tell a *p* from a *b*, nor a *q* from either. They are easily distinguished when written, but type, ah! that is another thing. *M's*, *n's* and *u's* are plain, but *a's* and *r's* are puzzling. Some of the letters are so big, and others so little, you begin to find it not so easy as at first imagined.

You at last master two or three lines to your satisfaction. Then there were the punctuation marks; ten to one you never see them when reading, but which, if omitted, you would soon detect. It demands considerable ability to know where and how to place these little "curlikews." Not one-half of the writers punctuate their manuscripts, and, if they do, it is generally incorrect.

You fondly believe your lines are correct, perfect in sheet; they certainly look so to your

eye—you can detect no error. She looks over your shoulder, and smiles doubtfully. She sees at a glance—backwards or upsidedown, it is all one to her—that nearly every letter is wrongside out, or severed completely; that you have "spaced" some words and others you have not; and should your efforts at type-setting appear in the morning's issue, it would read something like this: *efæzbars rähkljionð busjon*. Who would ever dream that you meant simply to say, "Sheridan's reception in Boston?" You innocently remove your bewildering composition, and you have your first taste of printer's "pi." There is nothing left of your labor but a mass of heterogeneous type in a hapless state of confusion. The little leads seem laughing at you and your awkward attempt to control them at first acquaintance, admonishing you that it takes time to become an adept in the business; it is not acquired in an hour, or a day—no, nor a year. It requires more than an ordinary capacity to be a printer. A compositor must be well educated—a good orthographer and grammarian—for they are often obliged to correct many a blundering sentence, unsystematic phrase, and un-Webster-like spelling; sagaciously mastering the horrible pen-strokes of learned men with a clearness and discernment only a printer could possess.

The female compositors are the most refined, sensible, and practically educated of all the women workers in busy, pushing Boston, where they serve in almost every capacity.

Daily the written thoughts of our best and ablest men lie on their cases; the prose and poetry of this and other lands pass continually through their hands—thus, while they labor they obtain knowledge. This very labor, wearing as it is on life and health, improves the mind and educates the poor compositress in a manner more useful, self sustaining, and systematic than that afforded by our fashionable boarding schools.

MARRIED, on the 14th of Eleventh month, 1867, at the house of the bride's father, (Daniel Munlay,) JAMES W. GARRETTSON to LUCY MUNDAY, all of Prairie Grove, Henry Co., Iowa.

—, at Poughkeepsie, at the residence of the bride's mother, on the 19th of Eleventh month, 1867, by Friends' ceremony, ROBERT JACKSON, of the village of Yonkers, to SARAH E. HUMESTONE, of the city of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

DIED, on the 24th of Eleventh month, 1867, ANN GILL, in her 85th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

—, suddenly, on Seventh-day, Eleventh month 23d, 1867, J. FRANKLIN, son of Chalkley and Rachel Holt, aged 13 months.

—, on the 15th of Eleventh month, 1867, THOS. YEAMANS, aged 48 years; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philada., held at Spruce St.

—, on the 18th of Eleventh month, 1867, in Philadelphia, ELLEN R., wife of Stephen H. Brooks, aged 27 years.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, Twelfth month 11th, at 8 o'clock, in the Library Room, Race St. Meeting-house.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk*.

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION FOR THE POOR.

The Annual Meeting will be held this (Seventh-day) evening, Twelfth month 7th, at 7½ o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race St. Meeting-house. A Summary of the operations of the Society last winter will be read, the proposed Charter considered, &c. The attendance of Friends is invited.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Clerk*.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Twelfth month 10th, Lecture by JOS. A. PAXSON.

FIRST DAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES.

(Continued from page 616.)

11th month 9th, 1867.

At a meeting of Friends' First-day School Conference, held in Race street Meeting house, Philadelphia, at this date, the minutes of the last meetings at West Chester and Baltimore were approved, and the Committee appointed at West Chester released.

A school at Greenplain, Ohio, was reported, being the 23d on the list.

To show the increasing interest in this concern, mention was made of the prospect of establishing a school at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., some of those interested in it being now present.

The Committee on Organization were not prepared to report, and suggested their being enlarged from this body, which was approved, and the addition made.

Renewedly strengthened by having in such harmony and fellowship been allowed to proceed thus far in its deliberations, the Conference adjourned to 3 o'clock this afternoon.

On assembling in the afternoon, the Committee on Organization produced a report, which, being duly considered, was united with, as follows:

Plan of Organization.

"Within the limits of each Yearly Meeting there shall be a First-day School organization, having a clerk, an assistant clerk, and a treasurer. Each association shall meet annually at such time and place as may seem expedient. To said associations each school within its limits will report, through representatives, its number of pupils, adults or children, male or female; its number of teachers, male and female; average attendance of pupils and teachers through the preceding year; the number of schools not held, with the reasons for such failures; number of months vacated; number of books in libraries; and any other information, or any recommendations that may seem proper.

"These associations shall send delegates, with reports, to a General Conference, to be held annually at 7 o'clock, P. M., on the Sixth-day preceding Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, at

Race street Meeting-house, said reports to embrace, besides the information sent to each association by its schools, the number of schools within its limits.

"Where no Yearly Meeting association has been formed, any single school or schools shall report to the General Conference.

"The General Conference shall publish annually its proceedings for the benefit of interested absent Friends.

"Each association shall raise a fund for its own, and the needs of the General Conference, in defraying such expenses as may seem necessary, especially for aiding such schools as may be found needing assistance."

The Conference next appointed an Education Committee, whose duty is to examine and prepare materials for First-day Schools, and to have oversight and management of the affairs of this body henceforward to the organization of the General Conference in Fifth month next, as follows: Lydia H. Hall, William Dorsey, Louisa J. Roberts, Benjamin Stratton, (Richmond, Ind.) Ann S. Paschall, Samuel M. Janney, Jane Johnson, William W. Biddle, Harriet E. Stockly, Joseph M. Truman, Jr., Anne Caley, Samuel E. Griscom, Lydia C. Stabler, Eli M. Lamb.

Joseph Powell, 3120 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, was appointed Treasurer of the Conference, and his name added to the Executive Committee.

In the early part of the meeting renewed stimulus was added to the work by information of the cheering effect produced upon a distant school and those interested in it by an account of the late Baltimore Conference given by one of its members.

In favor of a general organization, much expression was elicited, it being clearly understood that this was to embody no effort to mould the schools into one pattern, but simply to link together the separate chains, that our communication may be perfect, and that we may be strengthened by hearing of each other, and be able to extend mutual aid in time of need.

During the sessions, which were of great interest and earnestness, the mode of conducting our schools was again discussed, and many questions asked by those desirous of familiarizing themselves with it.

In answer to a concern expressed that teachers in the same school should fully understand each other, so as to move with unity of purpose, it was stated that the teachers of Baltimore had from nearly the first of their organization held monthly meetings, at which they were expected to report their labors during the past four weeks, thus interesting all in the work of each, allowing them to gain ideas from each other, and opening the way for any suggestions for mutual good.

Information was also given of a similar organization lately formed at Race St., Philada.

In these monthly meetings it was thought better to review the past than to attempt to mark out a future path, considering, as a beautiful feature of our schools, the *individuality* of the teachers, and foreseeing the danger of marring the work by attempting to prescribe their course.

While it was evident that only in preserving this individuality could we hope to work effectually in accordance with the principles of our Society, the teachers were urged to examine thoroughly their own stand-points, and to let their teachings be simple, attempting to impart nothing in which they were not themselves firmly grounded.

Reports of schools in which classes of adults had been formed awakened with many an anxious desire that more of these, no longer children, might enjoy the advantages of thus coming together for mutual good.

Parents and others wishing information were urged to visit the schools, to see the manner of conducting them, and the simplicity of the practical lessons taught therein.

An interesting illustration of this was given by one who had, as a visitor, questioned a little class upon what had been impressed upon them that afternoon from the teaching of the Golden Rule.

The beautiful precepts of the *New Testament* were especially recommended by a concerned Friend, yet the idea was also held forth by others, that while these *principles* can and *should* be incorporated with *all* our lessons, a loss would be sustained by an avoidance of the rich gleanings from other parts of the Bible, the Bible Stories, so called, making frequently great impression upon youthful minds.

Feeling the interest of the morning, but deepened and strengthened by the continuation of the exercises in the afternoon session,—being bound together as one in the common cause, acknowledging that it has been good for us to have been together,—the Conference adjourned.

ELI M. LAMB, }
LYDIA C. STABLER. } *Clerks.*

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Conference was held on the evening of 11th month 9th. William W. Biddle, 1015 Cherry street, Philadelphia, was appointed Clerk. A Committee to select books suitable for children, a Corresponding Committee, and a Committee on Finance, were appointed.

Lydia H. Hall, West Chester, Pa., and Jos. M. Truman, Jr., 717 Willow street, Philadelphia, were appointed Correspondents, to whom communications should be addressed.

Contributions in funds should be forwarded to the Treasurer, Joseph Powell, 3120 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 10.

DRESDEN, Sept. 15th; 1867.

In my hurry to send off my last letter, I find I left out a few of the sheets of my Hamburg journal. I spent the last evening I was there with Dr. and Mrs. Rée; the former is a Jew, and has a superior school for Jews and Christians, having become so entirely transcendental as a Jew as to have insisted on admitting Christians, and thereby helping to abolish the distinction. He is an eminent educator, and has married an English lady. She is a very cultivated and enlightened woman, or she would not have married a Jew, and doubtless she helps his transcendentalism by her own.

With my usual good fortune I also came into relation with the extreme opposite kind of Hamburg society, having met on the Rhine an eminent pastor of the Lutheran church, and a popular writer, Wilhelm Bauer, who, with his charming wife and lovely son, were returning to Hamburg from their summer journey into Switzerland. This lady talked English fluently, as do most of the educated ladies of Hamburg; and she was very genial when she found I was a stranger. We parted at Cologne, where she had landed with me to spend an hour or two at the Cathedral. I afterward passed a day with her in Hamburg, and saw that phase of German life which a pastor's house and family exhibit. I breakfasted in the garden and dined and supped in the parlor, the walls of which, as well as those of Mrs. Bauer's private parlor above and her husband's study, were covered with pictures and with engravings of master-pieces of art; on her table were books of prints from living German artists, among which were pre-eminent *Illustrations of Dante*, which were, in my view, infinitely superior to those of Doré, and rivalled Flaxman; but only as a painter would rival a sculptor, the designs being more elaborate, and the stress of the expression being in the features rather than in the figures. That outlines merely could make *such eyes* was a marvel. I thought I should remember the name of the artist, but I do not. I shall look for the work again at Dresden, however, and I wish I could purchase it. But I am obliged to resist all such temptations. Mrs. Bauer, in her hospitality, took me a drive in the afternoon, and finding I was so much interested in the Schröder Stift, (the institution of which I spoke to you in one of my former letters,) we drove there and made calls upon two of its inmates. I observed that from every window of the Institution house-plants were peeping out; and the well cultivated garden was divided among those of the inmates who wished to take care of their own flowers. One of the suites of rooms at which we called was occupied by the widow of a physician and her maiden sister;

another by a mother and daughter, the latter having some employment in the city. Mrs. B. told me that besides the rent being free, fuel was supplied; and I observed that in every room there was a porcelain stove, which stoves are in use all over Germany and Switzerland, and which make a handsome article of furniture. Mr. Schröder also gives to the inmates from fifty to one hundred marks a year, and they furnish the remainder necessary for their support by engaging in some occupation, as, for instance, the lady who teaches music. There are no servants except those who bring the fuel, and each family does its own cooking. I was told that Mr. Schröder did not confine his bounty to impoverished aristocrats, but gave much to other poor, and to all good objects. He is a Lutheran, and in one part of his building is a chapel containing a splendid picture of Christ, which is over the pulpit, also an organ. The qualifications necessary for entrance into this Institution, are that the applicant shall be a Hamburger by birth, and that he or she shall bring a recommendation from a clergyman and one other person. The whole organization is certainly a lovely expression of Christian courtesy.

Mr. Bauer was not at home at the time of my visit, but I saw his brother, who is also a pastor; the latter expressed great admiration for the American public school system, and owned the works of Horace Mann. I saw a book written by Wilhelm Bauer, comprising a series of biographies, illustrating the religious life of Germany after the War of Freedom, and which I was told was written with great beauty.—Among the lives I saw one of Fichte and of Claudius. I should think it would be a beautiful and popular book to translate into English, for we do not know enough of these modern Germans. I left Hamburg with great regret, having for the first time come in contact with Germans at home. I hope to be the means of introducing into America Mrs. Goldschmidt's plan for training girls for children's nurses and for housemaids, as well as for teachers of kindergartens. There is a crying necessity, I am sure, for some means to be put into operation for making domestic service more agreeable both to employers and employed, by giving the latter some education, and putting them into a more affectionate relation with their employers. Thus will society be levelled up instead of being levelled down, as it too often is now. I hope, too, that kindergarten training may become the foundation in our public school system, taking the children of the poorest from three to six years of age, and securing to their days of innocence, happiness, by turning their activity into channels which will train their bodies, even to the ends of their fingers, and in its turn develop both body and mind. I must remark

before leaving the subject of Hamburg that I am greatly struck with the fine phrenological formation of the children of all classes in Germany. They have noble foreheads quite universally. But I was obliged to tear myself away from Hamburg and its interesting people, who gave me letters to some persons in Berlin; but alas! nearly all were still on their summer tours, and my friend and countrywoman, Mrs. Bancroft, was in Dresden. One of my letters was to Dr. Lette, superintendent of schools in Berlin, and member of the last Parliament, also President of a Society for giving professional education to women. He introduced me to the secretary of this Society, a superior woman, whose name is Hirsch, with whom I visited a Berlin kindergarten for the people. At first the King of Prussia forbade kindergartens as promoting democracy too much, but the government is growing wiser, and taking off many social restraints that endanger rather than guard it. Miss Hirsch said that their Society met with many difficulties, more than in Hamburg, where the people have always felt their social responsibilities in a greater degree, it being a free city. I believe I forgot to tell you that there is a professional school for women in embryo there, the Paulsen Stift allowing two of its rooms to be used for the purpose, by Miss E. Marvedel, in order to make a beginning, while a building expressly for the purpose is being erected through the liberality of some of the rich Hamburgers. At present a few of the older graduates of the Paulsen Stift are engaged, under Miss M.'s direction, in various kinds of needle work and in cutting dresses according to the principles of form, (as is done in America also;) but when the new building is completed, there are to be classes in photography, lithography, wood-engraving, wood-carving, designing, &c. The course is to embrace four years, so that women may have a fair opportunity of competing with men in price, by the actual superiority of their work. Miss Hirsch knows of Elizabeth Blackwell and others who have commenced medical professions in America, and was very much interested to know all I could tell her of what is done by women in America to meet the demands of the age; they envy us our free scope for improvement without their burden of a thousand years of prejudice.

Miss Marvedel is translating, I believe, some of Mrs. Dall's books, and Laboulaye's "Legal Position of Woman from the times of the Romans to the present day," a very important work, so entirely out of print that the author told me he did not know where a single copy was to be found except the one in the Imperial Library in Paris. He said, however, that he believed it was being translated and published in the Victoria Magazine in England. Miss M. spent two years in England to obtain all the

information she could bearing upon this great object; and I hear from a gentleman in Dresden, whose friends live in Hamburg, that the Institution she is founding commands the interest and money of the best citizens of Hamburg, and will succeed. I told you in my last nothing of Berlin, except my meeting with Mr. Fay, and becoming so much interested in his new Geography. I thought it might be well to tell you of that for the benefit of the many institutions for education among your friends, and because I know that in your new College you will wish to have the best preparation in Geography as well as in other studies. Mr. Fay came to Europe as consul to Switzerland, or secretary to one of the legations, and having married a European wife, will probably always remain here.

Berlin is built in the midst of a sandy plain, and is four times the size of Hamburg; but it cannot compare with Hamburg in beauty and cheerfulizing effect. One feels that everything is governmental. The government buildings and all the public buildings, which also seem to belong to the government, are very large, and are ornamented (to a degree that makes sculpture too cheap) with statuary, either allegorical or in honor of military heroes. There are statues in every part of the city inscribed with the names of the kings who had them erected.

E. P. P.

The following extract from the Boston Transcript shows that the formal presentation of Wedding Gifts, in reference to which we have received several communications, is objected to by some who do not profess to place as high an estimate on our cherished testimony to simplicity as we do:

WEDDING PRESENTS.

The sensible article on this subject from the Friends' Intelligencer we published some days since, has been going the rounds, as it evidently hit what many have felt in their hearts and pockets to be a grievance. "Matilda Jane's Sister" writes to the Springfield Republican to suggest a compromise. She and her "Clarence" are to be made one on New Year's Day. She wants to be remembered by her friends, but not as Matilda was; an inventory of whose gifts she recites thus: they consisted of two silver tea sets—how much better if one had been china—nine napkin rings, five pie knives—four iron spoons would have been more useful;—four dozen salt sets; three castors, and other things too numerous to mention, and all in the double, treble, or quadruple style." Now "Matilda's sister" avers that "they" can't afford "such a spread" and don't want all these things. She hints that books—but especially a sewing ma-

chine—would be acceptable. We commend her views to like-minded donors and recipients.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"The Ocean Bottom," which was published recently in the Intelligencer, recalled to mind "The Song of the Sea Shells," by the late Thomas Fisher, of Philadelphia. We think it cannot fail to please a portion of your readers.

THE SONG OF THE SEA SHELLS.

Where the water plants bloom in the fathomless ocean,

O'er regions more wide than the verdure of earth,
Deep down 'neath the broad waves' far-heaving
commotion,

Kind nature allotted the scenes of our birth.

Where'er the blue billow in boundlessness rolls,

Or the moon-lifted tide-swell is pauselessly piling,
From the Icebergs that gleam on the star-lighted
poles,

To the glad Isles of Atlas, perennially smiling

'Neath the path of the Sun, where the coral-rock
grows,

And the last weary surge of the trade-winds repose;

There our tribes are all dwelling in gladness and
pride

'Mid the pastures of ocean, untraversed and wide,

In numbers computeless, and colors that vie

With the blossoms of earth, and the lights of the
sky.

Where the frost-night of winter encrystals the wave,

Where the blazing sun sinks 'mid the flush'd
ocean's smiles,

Where the grampus or dolphin have found them a
grave

'Neath the poles' icy cliffs, or the palm-shaded
isles;

Where the pearls of the Orient in loveliness sleep,

And earth's richest treasures and men's bleaching
bones

Are scattered abroad on the plains of the deep,

Neglected, uprized as the beach-weather'd stones,

Where the brass-sculptured galleys the Argonauts
bore,

Still curve their bold prows half-interr'd in the
sand;

The fleets which have sunk 'neath Charybdis' roar,

And the time-wasted wreck-ribs of every shore,

Which ocean's old rovers have left on the strand;

There our kindred are sporting in joy and in pride,

O'er the pastures of Ocean, so fertile and wide,

In numbers computeless, and colors that vie

With the gems of the earth, and the lights of the
sky.

Where the canvass of commerce has courted the
breeze,

And gallant ships, gay as the clouds of the hour,

Have swept o'er the mountain-wave-waste of the
seas,

While traffic-built cities grew peerless in power—

Where the fleets of dead empires have crowded the
wave,

And navies have reel'd to the cannon's deep roar,

To swell in proud annals the fame of the brave,

On the archives of ages, whose glories are o'er—

Where the nautilus lifts his light sail to the breeze,

Where the mariner sings to the sky-circled wave,

By the rock shelter'd inlets and isles of the seas,

Where the far-fabled sirens enchanted the brave—

There our tribes are all dwelling in gladness and
pride

'Mid the pastures of ocean, so fertile and wide,

In numbers compassless, and colors that vie
 With the blossoms of earth, and the lights of the sky.
 Where'er the wide azure its barriers leaves,
 Where the surf of the summer breeze playfully
 roars,
 Or the far-heaving surge of the storm-fettered waves
 Drifts up ocean's relics on earth's farthest shores—
 There, while glad sunlight fades o'er the ocean's
 white foam,
 And the cool breeze of evening blows fresh on the
 strand,
 The blithe sea-boy, sadd'ning in the thought of his
 home,
 Is gathering gay shells from the billowy sand,
 While he grieves o'er the hard fate which dooms him
 to roam,
 And visits, in visions, his love-lighted land—
 He shall bear them away from the scenes of our
 birth,
 And bright eyes shall value his far gathered shells,
 They shall haply be group'd o'er some bright-glow-
 ing hearth,
 Where affection has woven her home nurtur'd spells,
 Where kindness still welcomes the wand'rer of earth,
 And his heart's fondest day-dream of happiness
 dwells.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

(Continued from page 623.)

At the last meeting of the Institute, Professor Mark Bailey interested the audience, which consisted of about one thousand persons, by reading the parable of the Prodigal Son, the burial of Moses, and a number of other articles. He is highly esteemed as an elocutionist.

A sketch of the Chester County "Teachers' Institute" was given. The first was held in 1853 or '54; and although the movement met with opposition, that feeling had gradually been dispelled by the advantages resulting from these meetings.

To-day [said the speaker] as the result of that beginning, we have the inspiring presence of three hundred and twenty five public school teachers and fifty private instructors at our annual convention. And our improved schools already proved that which the speaker had always maintained, that they should be capable of imparting a thorough and practical education to our children; and also, that their advancement and improvement would not interfere with, but increase the patronage of our more advanced private schools, academies, and colleges.

As you go down to your homes, remember that in teaching you have the immortal interests of your pupils placed in your charge. In educating and training youth, ever bear in mind that the point of entrance to the intellect is through the hearts of your pupils. If, when you go to your schools again, you should find some poor, ragged, dirty boy, who has had neither moral nor intellectual training, but has had no lack of blows and unkind words, await-

ing you at the door, then summon to your aid all the virtues you possess, patience, forbearance, kindness, charity, and your love of humanity, to enable you to fulfil your duty to that poor child; your mission to that boy is of the holiest character. Then say to him that you will love him, if no one else does; that you will care for him, that you will teach him, and thus make him feel that he is of some account in the world. Such treatment will lead him to strive to deserve your good will, and the very effort will elevate him, and feed the little fire you have lighted in his heart until it shall burn and blaze up into power and light that will forever make him forget the darkness and bitterness of the past, and lead him on until, under your loving instruction, he shall grow into a good and useful member of society.

Teachers, is such a result not worth the devotion of your best powers to its accomplishment? It surely is.

Professor Northrop, by request, stepped forward and said: Having attended over one hundred institutes in New England, I can truthfully compliment you upon having the best one I ever saw.

He congratulated the teachers and citizens upon having the right man in the right place as county superintendent. He had also visited the surrounding country, and was delighted with it: he doubted not that the fine appearance of the farms was the result of the fine schools of the county. Farmers' boys, when educated as they may be here, are the promise of the future—the men of to-morrow. They might be like the gnarled oaks of the forest, while the boys of the city resembled the more graceful pine tree, as they had been thus compared; but he had seen the latter snap before the wild winds of New England, while the oaks only bowed to the blast.

I had pointed out to me, in my walk this evening, fine houses belonging to Philadelphians and Baltimoreans; and I believe it is your finely-conducted schools, and their fruits in the community, that thus bring strangers to reside in your beautiful town. You have but to go on improving your schools to make this the banner county of the old Keystone State. Do not look for the full fruition of this gathering of the past week immediately, but be none the less sure that in the future, when those pupils these teachers are now instructing are the men and women of your county, that a glorious harvest will be garnered unto you.

Mrs. Smith being loudly called for, spoke as follows: I am told I have but five minutes in which to say my say, and what can a woman say in that time?

Woman's work is pre-eminently that of teaching, and she need desire none more noble or more powerful. We hear much at the present

time of the equality of woman with man, and of her right to occupy every position, either social or political, which is open to him. There can be between man and woman no question of equality or inequality, any more than between winter and summer. Each has a special work to perform in the economy of nature, and each is especially endowed by Providence for that work. Each is beneficent, noble, and worthy of praise and honor only as each performs worthily that appointed work. Either in the place of the other would be not only unnatural and unhealthful, but unlovely in the extreme.

The sister the wife, the mother, the teacher who brings pure impulses, noble resolves, and exalted culture into her appropriate domestic and social duties, must command from every right-minded person the same sort of homage which waits upon the man who brings these qualities into the service of the State through the opportunities of public life.

The speaker then dwelt upon woman's special fitness for the office of teacher, and the social power that office gives her. She touchingly referred to the many noble women among the ranks of teachers, who were struggling against almost every obstacle, under the most adverse circumstances, yet never yielding, but steadily pressing on to the bright goal before them—the attainment of knowledge and the development of their highest powers. To such all praise was due: their trials would prove their blessing: the speaker could sympathize with them, for it had been her lot to be left an orphan in her early years, and she had struggled on alone in the world, and made circumstances bend themselves to her own will.

A SWEET COMPANIONSHIP.

A recent work, published in England, by Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, contains an interesting account of one whom he designates as the "Half-Hermit of Tregedna," and of whom he says that he has made himself the Rarey of the bird-world, and "has proved, by the happiest illustration, that any one with the law of kindness in his heart, on his tongue, in his eye, and in his hand, may have the most intimate fellowship of these sweet singers, and their best songs from morning till night, without the help of snares or cages.

"What prettier out-door exercise," he asks, "for the kindly dispositions of gentle-spirited children could there be, as a change from lessons of love to their own kind, than this playing of the Rarey among the birds? What a pleasant accentuation it would give to their voices, as a permanent habit, to talk to these birds; to coax them down from their tree-tops, or out of their hidings in the hedges, with little calls and cooings such as children can make! How prettily it would train their hands for

gentle actions in after-life, to put them out with tempting crumbs on the palm toward the little doubting flutterers overhead, eyeing the movement with such keen speculation, as if questioning whether it meant bread or a stone! Let any boy or girl who thinks it can be done, or would know how it can be accomplished, just see how simply the bird friend of Tregedna did it.

"It was all an incident to his benevolent disposition, not a premeditated design. It commenced at the time when he was laying out the grounds of his little dell park. While at work upon the walks and flower beds, and turning up the fresh earth with his spade or rake, several of the little birds would come down from the trees and hop along after him at a little distance, picking up the worms and insects. By walking gently, and looking and speaking kindly when they were near, they came first to regard his approach without fear, then with confidence. They soon learned the sound of his voice, and seemed to understand the meaning of his simple, set words of caressing. Little by little they ventured nearer and nearer, close to his rake and hoe, and fluttered and wrestled and twittered in the contest for a worm or fly, sometimes hopping upon the head of his rake in the excitement. Day by day they became more trustful and tame. They watched him in the morning from the trees near his door, and followed him to his work. New birds joined the company daily, and they all acted as if he had no other intent in raking the ground than to find them a breakfast. As the number increased, he began to carry crusts of bread in the great outside pocket of his coat, and to sprinkle a few crumbs for them on the ground. When his walks were all finished, and he used the spade and rake less frequently, the birds looked for their daily rations of crumbs; and would gather in the tree-tops in the morning and let him know, with their begging voices, that they were waiting for him.

"He called them to breakfast with a whistle, and they would come out of the thick, green leaves of the grove, and patter, twitter, and flutter around and over his feet. Sometimes he would put a piece of bread between his lips, when a bright-eyed little thing would pick it out, like a humming-bird taking honey from a deep flower-bell, without alighting. They became his constant companions. As soon as he stepped from his door, they were on the lookout to give him a merry welcome with their happy voices. They have come to know the sound of his step, his walks, and recreations. Often, when leaning upon his hoe or rake, one of them will alight upon the head of it and turn up a bright eye at his face. Even before he gave up the practice of shooting birds of another feather, one would sometimes hop upon the gilt guard of the lock, and peer around upon the

brass trigger with a look of wonder which he interpreted aright, and left off killing birds susceptible of the same training.

"He leaves his chamber window open at night, and when he awakes early in the morning he often finds a robin or goldfinch hopping about on the bed-posts, or on the back of a chair close by, trying to say or sing in the best articulation of its speech: 'It is time to get up; come and see the flowers; a dew of pearls is on their leaves, and the sun is above the sea.'"

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

ELEVENTH MONTH.

	1866.	1867.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	6 days.	9 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,...	0 "	1 "
Snow, incl'g very slight falls	2 "	3 "
Cloudy, without storms,.....	6 "	4 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	16 "	13 "
	30 "	30 "

TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.

	1866.	1867.
Mean temperature of 11th month per Penna. Hospital,	48.00 deg.	57.65 deg.
Highest do. during month	69.00 "	78.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	29.50 "	41.50 "
Rain during the month,.....	1.76 in.	4.32 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks for 1866 and 5 for 1867.....	1091	1122

Average of the mean temperature of 11th month for the past seventy-eight years	43.35 deg.
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1849,.....	50.50 "
Lowest do. do. 1793, 1842, 1827	38.00 "

AUTUMN TEMPERATURES.

Mean temperature of the three Autumn mos. of 1866.....	58.61 deg.
Mean do do do do	
months of 1867.....	57.85 "
Average of the Autumn temperature for the past seventy-eight years.....	54.73 "
Highest Autumn mean occurring during that entire period, 1866.....	58.61 "
Lowest do. do. do. 1827	49.33 "

COMPARISON OF RAIN.

	1866.	1867.
Totals for the first 6 months, of the year,.....	22.47 inch.	30.20 inch.
Seventh month,.....	2.52 "	2.38 "
Eighth month,.....	2.18 "	15.81 "
Ninth month,.....	8.70 "	1.72 "
Tenth month.	4.15 "	4.32 "
Eleventh month.....	1.76 "	2.94 "

Totals for eleven months 41.78 " 57.47 "

It will be seen by the above that the temperature of the month just closed has exceeded the average for seventy-eight years past by about $4\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, almost reaching last year, (1866), which was the highest on record during that long period of time; also that the entire Autumn temperature has ex-

ceeded its average by about three degrees, though nearly four behind that of last year. Taken as a whole, we have had a most delightful Fall.

PHILADA., 12th mo. 2, 1867.

J. M. E.

ITEMS.

The following obituary notice, published in the N. Y. Tribune a few weeks since, of one whose labor of love to the destitute children of the Freedmen has closed by the death of her who worked so faithfully and earnestly for their good. I thought as quite a number of our Friends had visited her in New Orleans, the place of her labor, and made her acquaintance last spring while she was here soliciting contributions for the Asylum, it was due to her memory and the Friends that contributed to her work, to publish the within in the Intelligencer.

DEAL, 11th mo., 1867.

W.

In giving place to the notice sent by our friend, we may add that while on her tour north, to which he has alluded, it was our privilege to listen to her earnest and forcible appeals for the orphan children of New Orleans, and we record with sorrow the early departure of this gifted and willing laborer.

MADAME LOUISE DE MORTIE died of yellow fever in New Orleans on the 10th inst., at the early age of thirty-four years. She was born in Norfolk, Virginia, but received her education in Boston. In the autumn of 1862 she began her career as a public reader in Boston. Her rare ability, eloquent rendering of the poets, pleasing manner, and good sense, gained for her some of the leading men and women of the country among her friends. After the proclamation of emancipation, when the freedmen were helpless and friendless, Madame De Mortie went to New Orleans and began her noble mission among the freedmen. She first gave lectures, and employed the proceeds in establishing an asylum for the freed children. Of this asylum she became Matron, and henceforth devoted all her energy and talent to its support. Although urged by her relatives and friends at the North to leave New Orleans until the yellow fever had ceased its ravages, she refused to desert her post. She was buried on the evening of the 11th inst. in the St. Louis Cemetery. Her remains were followed to the grave by the orphan children of the asylum, and many friends.

PEACE WITH THE INDIANS.—A treaty of peace with several of the more important Indian tribes has been announced by General Sherman. Indians will therefore cease to be a lawful prey for whoever chooses to make a mark of one for rifle practice until further orders from the general commanding. The tribes which signed the treaty are the Kiowas, Camanches, Apaches, Cheyennes, and Arrapahoes. One of the papers says this includes every troublesome tribe except "the Kon-trak-tah's, the In-gen-a-geut's, and the Fron-teer-set-tlah's." If the two former of these have not been consulted, it is probable that the treaty will prove hardly more than simply an armistice.—N. Y. Tribune.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S SAFETY, reported some time ago by the Atlantic Cable, was announced on the authority of a letter written to the London Times, by Dr. Roderick I. Murchison, President of the Royal Geographical Society. Dr. Murchison says: "I have this day received a letter from Dr. Kirk at Zanzibar, dated the 28th of September, stating that he has seen a native trader who has just returned from the western side of Lake Tanganyika, and who gave him a detailed account of having seen a white man travelling in that very remote region." The "white man" is supposed to be Dr. Livingstone.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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Henry Haydock, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Benj. Stratton, Richmond, Ind.

William H. Churchman, Indianapolis, Ind.

James Baynes, Baltimore, Md.

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THE PENNS AND PENINGTONS.

From this interesting work by Maria Webb, which we have before alluded to as having been sent us by John Penington & Son, Booksellers, and from which we have made some extracts, we now select the "Childhood and Early Life of Mary Proude, ultimately Penington," with a brief sketch of her first husband, Sir William Springett.

We feel no hesitation in recommending this book as an acquisition to the family library. It can be obtained at 127 S. 7th St. Price \$3.00.

Mary Proude was born about the year 1624, and was the only child of Sir John Proude, a native of Kent, in which county he had valuable landed property. He entered into the military service of the States of Holland under the Prince of Orange, and was one of the officers killed at the siege of Groll in Guelderland. Her mother's death took place either immediately after or shortly before that of her father; so that the little girl was left without either of her parents at the age of three years. She was brought up in a Protestant family, where the ordinances of the Episcopal Church were recognized. Speaking of their habits, she says they were "a kind of loose Protestants, who minded no religion, though they went to their place of worship on First-days, to hear a canonical priest preach in the morning, and read common pray-

ers in the afternoon. They used common prayers in the family, and observed superstitious customs, and tirés, and days of fasting and feasting. At that time, when I was afraid in the night season of such things as spirits walking, and of thieves, I would often say over, as I had been taught, that which is called the Lord's Prayer, hoping by that means to be delivered from the things I feared." She used, as many a child has done, the words of that beautiful comprehensive prayer as a charm to ward off evil, without entering into its spirit, or at all comprehending its meaning. But when she was about eight years of age, and still living with the loose Protestants she speaks of, she heard a sermon preached, the text of which made a more intelligible religious impression on her mind. It was the declaration of the Lord Jesus, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." This, she says, was the first Scriptural text of which she ever took serious notice, and who can imagine what a stay and blessing it proved in keeping alive religious hope in many an hour of discouragement and depression in after years? It appears to have served as a divine anchor, made so secure in that early time that no storm could afterwards entirely unsettle it.

When she was about nine years of age, the little orphan girl, who seems to have been the ward of Sir Edward Partridge, was removed to his residence. He had a large mixed family; for, beside his own immediate household, he

had a sister, Madam Springett, a young widow lady, with her three children and their servants, who boarded in his house. Madam Springett joined her brother's family at meals, but had a private suite of apartments for her own family to retire to. She was a superior woman in every respect, and of her attention and kindness little Mary Proude appears to have largely partaken. She had a daughter Catharine, a little older than Mary, and two sons, William and Herbert. With these children Mary was educated under the roof of Sir Edward Partridge, until the boys were sent to a public school. Toward their uncle's ward the young Springetts, who were noble youths, acted with a chivalrous and most kind consideration, that made them the very best of friends. William was about two years and a half older than Mary. She thus speaks of his early habits :

"He was of a most courteous, affable carriage towards all. He was most ingeniously inclined from a very lad, carving and forming things with his knife or tools ; so industriously active that he rarely ever was idle. For when he could not be employed abroad in shooting at a mark with gun, pistol, crossbow or longbow, or managing his horses, which he brought up and trained himself—teaching them boldness in charging, and all that was needful for service—when he could not, I say, be thus engaged abroad, then he would fence within doors ; or make crossbows, placing the sight with that accurateness as if it had been his trade ; and make bow-strings, or cast bullets for his carbines, and feather his arrows. At other times he would pull his watch to pieces to string it, or to mend any defect ; or take to pieces and mend the house clock. He was a great artist not only in shooting, but in fishing—making lines, and arranging baits and things for the purpose. He was also a great lover of coursing, and he managed his dogs himself. These things I mention to show his ingenuity and his industry in his youth. But his mind did not run into any vanity about such things after it was engaged in religion."

So long as mere childhood lasted, under such care, and with such companionship and bright surroundings, Mary's life must have passed on smoothly and pleasantly. Of the general religious habits and tone of the Partridge's, she says they seemed to be more religious than the other family she had previously lived with. "They would not admit of sports on the first day of the week, calling it the Sabbath ; and they heard two sermons on that day of a priest, who was not loose in his conversation ; he used a form of prayer before his sermon, and read common prayer. When I was about eleven years of age, a maid-servant, who tended on me and the rest of the children, and was zealous in that way, would read Smith's and Preston's

sermons on First-day, between the sermons. I diligently heard her read, and liking not to use the Lord's Prayer only, I got a Prayer-book, and read prayers mornings and nights, according to the days and occasions. About this time my mind was serious about religion, and one day, after we came from the place of public worship, this forementioned maid-servant read one of Preston's sermons on the text, "Pray continually." Much was said of the excellency of prayer—that it distinguished a saint from the world ; for that in many things the world and hypocrites could imitate a saint, but in prayer they could not. This wrought much in my mind all the time she read, and it seemed plain to me that I knew not right prayer ; for what I used as prayer an ungodly man might do by reading it out of a book, and that could not be the prayer which distinguished a saint from a wicked one. As soon as she had done reading, and all gone out of the chamber, I shut the door, and in great distress flung myself on the bed, and oppressively cried out aloud, 'Lord, what is prayer?' At this time I had never heard any, nor of any that prayed otherwise than by reading, or by composing and writing a prayer, which they called a form of prayer. This thing so wrought in me, that, as I remember, the next morning, or very soon after, it came into my mind to write a prayer of my own composing to use in the mornings. So, as soon as I was out of bed, I wrote a prayer, though I then could scarcely join my letters, I had so little a time learned to write. It was something of this nature ; that, as the Lord commanded the Israelites to offer up a morning sacrifice, so I offered up the sacrifice of prayer, and desired to be preserved during that day. The use of this for a little time gave me some ease, and I soon left off using my books ; and as the feelings arose in me, I wrote prayers according to my several occasions."

The time when the circumstances above related marked the experience of this thoughtful little girl, was when the spirit of Puritanism began to be manifested in the churches. The reading of the common prayers of the Church of England Prayer-book, both in public and private worship, was one of the practices to which objection began to be raised by some of the most strictly religious people of that time ; and there were other practices also, in both the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches, to which these Puritans—as they were in ridicule called—objected. Mary Penington thus continues :

"The next prayer I wrote was for an assurance of pardon for my sins. I had heard one preach how God had pardoned David his sins of His free grace ; and as I came from our place of worship, I felt how desirable a thing to be assured of the pardon of one's sins ; so I wrote a pretty large prayer concerning it. I felt that

it coming of grace, though I was unworthy, yet I might receive pardon, and I used earnest expressions about it. A little after this I received some acknowledgments from several persons of the greatness of my memory, and was praised for it. I felt a fear of being puffed up with that praise; so I wrote a prayer of thanks for the gift of memory, and expressed my desires to use it to the Lord, that it might be sanctified to me, and that I might not be puffed up by it. These three prayers I used with some ease of mind for a time, but not long; for I began again to question whether I prayed right or not. I knew not then that any did pray extempore, but it sprung up in my mind that to use words according to the sense I was in of my wants, was true prayer, which I attempted to do, but could not; sometimes kneeling down a long time, but had not a word to say. This wrought great trouble in me, and I had none to reveal myself to, or advise with, but bore a great burthen about it on my mind; till one day, as I was sitting at work in the parlor, a gentleman that was against the superstitious of the times, came in, and, looking sorrowful, said, "It was a sad day." This was soon after Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton were sentenced to have their ears cut, and to be imprisoned. It sunk deep into my spirit, and strong cries were in me for them, and for the innocent people in the nation. It wrought so strongly in me that I could not sit at my work, but left it, and went into a private room, and, shutting the door, kneeled down and poured out my soul to the Lord in a very vehement manner, and was wonderfully melted and eased. I then felt peace and acceptance with the Lord, and was sure that this was prayer, [in spirit and in truth], which I never was in like manner acquainted with before, either in myself, or from any one else."

The persecution and cruel punishment of Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton, which called forth the deep sympathy and the earnest prayers of this young girl, occurred during the year 1637. Neal, in his History of the Puritans, tells us that Prynne was prosecuted for writing a book entitled, *Histriomastrix*, against plays, masques, dancing, etc., and was condemned by the Court of Star Chamber to be degraded from his profession of the law; to be pilloried at Westminster and in Cheapside, at each place to lose an ear; to be fined £5,000; and to suffer perpetual imprisonment. Burton was a parish priest who published two sermons against the late innovations in the church. Bastwick was a physician, who wrote a book entitled, *Eleucis religionis Papistica*. They were all three fined £5,000 each, had their ears cut off, and were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Archbishop Laud was present at the passing of the sentence. Of course such persecution and cruelty had the effect of weakening the attachment

of great numbers to the Establishment, and eventually of causing them to separate from the church which promoted it.

It is evident that during the period of early religious exercise alluded to above, Mary Proude did not open her mind to any person. One would think she might have done so to her friend Madam Springett; but on the subject which chiefly engrossed her feelings, it is probable she perceived that lady felt no special difficulties, such as had taken hold of her mind respecting prayer. Madam Springett, at the period in question, nominally belonged to the Church of England, but had largely given her religious confidence to the Puritan section of the Church, as is evinced by her choosing a Puritan tutor for her sons when she sent them to College.

In relation to her son William, the narrative says, "She sent him to Cambridge, as being accounted more sober than Oxford, and placed him in a Puritan college called St. Catharine's Hall, where was a very sober, tender master of the house, and a grave, sober tutor; for she appointed him one Ellis, who was accounted a Puritan; she having brought him up in his youth, and had used her influence to get him the preferment of a Fellow in that College."

(To be concluded.)

STRENGTH OF MORAL AFFINITIES.

A faith which is true at heart, unites all who possess it by ties so strong that whatever their names and parties, or however strong the winds and waves may seem that blow them asunder for a while, it is really astonishing how much and how nearly they come together again. When a fleet of ships have each a true compass on board, clouds may arise and isolate them from sight of each other, or from land; but they go on and cut their way through the fog truly enough, because each sails by compass, and when the fog lifts, it is found to have steered correctly and to have moved in company with the rest of the fleet. It is so with good men actuated by a common moral and religious principle. They are often much nearer to each other than they can see or feel or know at the time, and all quietly working towards the same point, and with real unity of purpose. They walk by faith, not by sight: so they steer by compass. They may be penetrating a mine or a mountain, working underground, far apart, and from opposite directions; but true to the principles that guide them, they are constantly approaching and will meet in the middle. In our own day the efforts which are being made to bind together sects that have been estranged for centuries, proves nothing so much to the thoughtful mind as the strength and the durability of that love which true religion inspires, latent as at times it may seem. —Public Ledger.

From Friends' Review.

THE LIFE OF GOD IN THE SOUL.

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those, the wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein."—ISAIAH xxxv. 8.

Christianity, or the life of God in the soul of man, has always appeared to the unregenerate mind paradoxical and contradictory; ever aggressive yet non-resistant; ever "going forth conquering and to conquer," yet ever despised and trampled upon; ever dying, yet ever living; always burning, yet never consumed; its mysteries and its consolations ever open "to the babe and suckling," yet inaccessible to the "wise and prudent;" its evidences of life never more apparent and vigorous than amid desolation and death; its hopes never more glorious than when all appear to be lost; and finally, its victory never more complete than when nailed to the Cross. Amid these seemingly conflicting truths, the unsanctified mind, in its efforts to reconcile them, hopelessly wanders as in a labyrinth, now traversing this plausible yet devious path, now another still more divergent, till, exhausted by its own futile endeavors, it sinks either in despair or utter disbelief.

The religious history of every mind in search after Truth, though it may present details of trials peculiar to itself, will also furnish so many points of resemblance to that of others, as to leave no doubt, that here as well as elsewhere, like causes have produced like effects; and we invariably find when, after deep though fruitless research carried on in our will, the *Living-Way* has through divine mercy been shown to us, side issues and bye-paths are forsaken, and the heart revels in the glories of its new-found treasure, admiring most of all that it should have lain so long concealed within its reach.

The age in which we are living is confessedly a remarkable one, whether we look at it in a social, religious, or scientific point of view. . . .

The militant Church of Christ in some respects resembles Jerusalem, just prior to its final demolition,—torn with dissensions within its own enclosure; its members perish with hunger—its delegated shepherds, through unfaithfulness and unwatchfulness, fail to extend and to minister to their flocks that spiritual care and sustenance designed by the great Head of the Church. In this condition it offers but a feeble resistance to the powerful, unwearied adversary without the gates. In many places the walls are broken down and levelled to the ground. . . .

Notwithstanding this discouraging aspect of things around us, we freely admit that there are still preserved those who, from sincere convictions, are fearlessly contending for the Truth, and others quietly suffering for it; who, having received mercy themselves, are constrained to

raise up a standard in behalf of the righteousness once delivered to the saints—to sound an alarm in the camp of the professed followers of Christ, and to invite a rally around the ancient, yet ever new and glorious truths of the Gospel, which were, after a long night of apostacy, brought home to the hearts of men, by the preaching and other ministry of such men as Fox, Barclay, Penington and Penn. We can but think that there are still those whose spirits are pressing though the crowd of difficulties surrounding them into the kingdom and paradise of God, and who would invite others into this new and living way, in which they have found victory over some of their soul's enemies, and who sincerely yet reverently believe that, in the Lord's time and way, complete victory shall crown their efforts—a way in which they have found many crosses, but as many crowns, but withal a way of *quietness* and blessed *assurance* forever to them who are faithful to continue therein.

There are many voices in the world crying—"Lo! here is Christ; lo! He is there;" but the injunction, Go ye not after them, is now, as then, of infinite importance, and equally to be obeyed, for the same reason, for "behold the Kingdom of Heaven is within you;" and while we might reasonably anticipate that discordant voices on so grave a question could hardly find place in our Society, yet here also can the disciplined ear discern the feeble bleating of the Lord's flock, invited to partake of pasture where it cannot be found, and finally left to itself to retrace its steps, or to escape to other folds and other shepherds of man's ordaining and appointment.

We do not find it our place to go into extended remarks concerning the causes which have produced this state of things. Much has already been written about "innovations," "breaches of discipline," and "departure from ancient principles;" and yet the "hurt of the daughter of my people is not healed." . . .

We fear deep-seated prejudice has, in some instances, exalted itself into revelation, until some who occupy the position of overseers of the flock and delegated shepherds have insensibly, yet surely, lost their hold upon the affections of their charge, who are left to wander upon the barren mountains of an empty profession, with an idea that beyond the pale of our own Society there is no safety, and I had almost said no salvation, and in it the poor satisfaction to be called the children of Abraham, and that, too, without Abraham's patrimony,—viz., his faith.

To satisfy the cravings of these dear lambs of the flock, some, professedly with good motives, not bold enough to leap the walls of conventional Quakerism, and to persuade others to do so, hope to supply the deficiency through a class

of religious reading, whose manifest tendency is to build up a superficial faith in the great and saving truths of Christianity, thus leading many seeking minds to suppose that a mere historical belief in the coming and death of our Saviour is sufficient to effect the salvation of their souls. The tendency of such views is specious in the extreme. Hence arises from this subtle spirit, as specious as it is active, having its origin in the unsanctified and unredeemed heart of man, deriving its strength and support from its unsubdued and restless nature—the new yet old machinery to rejuvenate and galvanize into active life what they would deem the effete body of Quakerism. From hence also may spring a desire to make our silent meetings, Bible meetings, where the gift of teaching may occupy the place of the ministry, where wordy exhortations deduced from Scripture readings and expoundings may form the rule, and silence the exception.

We by no means intend to discourage the diligent study of the Holy Scriptures, or, on suitable occasions, and in demonstration of the spirit and power in which they were written, their exposition; so far from this, it will be found that when He cometh to rule and reign in our hearts whose right it is, who formerly opened the understanding of His disciples that they might understand the Scriptures, we will prize them far above all other writings, and know our estimation for them to increase just in the ratio of the growth of our love for their Divine author. As we conceive, there exist radical and mischievous errors, as well as inadequate views, respecting the guidance of the Holy Spirit, calculated to mislead and to rob of that true peace and joy in believing to which the humble and dedicated followers of Christ are called, and to throw into disrepute amongst other professing Christians this most distinguishing feature of our doctrines. History is here daily, hourly, repeating itself. The Jews had formed their own opinions as to how Christ should come, but when he came and *dwelt* among them, *reproving* them for their sins and *healing their diseases*, they rejected Him, saying: "*Is He not one of us?*" They expected a wholly different manifestation of the Son of God from what was afforded them. As it was in His outward appearing, so it is now, we fear, in His inward and spiritual appearances, that many among us, who are professedly waiting for the coming of the Messiah who shall show them all things, are ignorantly rejecting Him and His appearances in their hearts—hence no mighty works are done *there*, because of their unbelief.

It is with pain that we thus dwell upon the evidences of spiritual declension. On all sides they are as freely admitted as equally observed. What avails the high standard made by us, unless our actions and life conform thereto? Our

condemnation is the greater, for he that "knew his Lord's will," and did it not, "shall be beaten with many stripes;" "but he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes."

But why do we longer delay? We find our hearts pressing towards the answer of the plaintive query, going forth we believe in the minds of many, "Who shall show us any good?" We have many to tell us of our disease, but who will show us the true remedy? We have many also who cry, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." . . . Where shall we find that holy zeal coupled with chaste fear of offending God, that intense and burning love for Him, His cause, and for each other, which characterized the primitive days of this people; which braved the dungeon, the pillory, and the scaffold; which in their love for the souls of men led them into every clime to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ?

Should we ever expect to make like attainments, we must embark on the same divinely-illuminated path. They were no servile copyists of other men of other days, or even of each other, "except in the matter of faithfulness;" but, having brought men to the feet of Christ, the great exemplar, they were content to leave them there. They found it to be a "way" of living operative faith; a way in which, after having vainly tried others, they found hidden a new and unearthly power to overcome their soul's enemies; a way of joy and true rest; a way in which the rest was at the beginning as well as at the end; for the rest was in the way; for blessed be God, *the way was the rest*.

When these met together for the purpose of worshipping Almighty God, how retired their spirits: how solemn the introversion of their minds: how frequent and how abundant the outpouring of the heavenly oil and wine for their refreshment, whether administered through the instrumentality of anointed servants, or immediately by the hand of the good Shepherd Himself; how unmistakable the unction and baptizing power attending the outward ministry of the word.

We are aware that an idea prevails extensively that the Society of Friends "has had its day;" that, having fulfilled an important evangelical mission in the world, it must disappear, and give place to organizations more suited to the spirit of the age. The founders of Quakerism had no such thought. It was not to establish a sect they preached and labored, but to "turn men everywhere to Christ within, *the hope of glory*;" to convince men of the wonderful truth, that which bringeth salvation is nigh, even in the heart, and that which convicts men of sin is the only power which shall save from sin. And they boldly announced: "If ye believe not that this is He, ye shall die in your

ins." This was a doctrine too comprehensive to be confined to any age, clime or station. It was but the fresh announcement, in a day of deep spiritual declension, of that ever-flowing stream of divine grace proceeding from the inexhaustible ocean of God's love.

In this light they saw with indubitable clearness that the power by which they were moved, and in which they suffered for the testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, should yet break forth in thousands; that the sun of righteousness, which had risen above their mental horizon, would never set again, but would continue to shine until every vestige of sin and superstition should melt away before its rays; "until righteousness should cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

Somebody says, there are two things about which we should never grumble; first, those things which we can prevent; and secondly, those things which we cannot prevent.

EXTRACT.

A man may sincerely honor, advocate and uphold the religion of Christ, on account of its general influence, its beneficial public tendency, its humane and civilizing consequences, without at all subjecting his own temper and life to its laws, or being in any proper sense a subject of the peculiar happiness it imparts. This is perhaps not an unfrequent case. Men need to be made sensible that religion is a personal thing, a matter of personal application and experience. Unless it is so considered, it will scarcely be an object of earnest pursuit, or of fervent, hearty interest, nor can it exert its true and thorough influence on the character. Indeed its desirable influence on the state of society can be gained only through this deep personal devotion to it, of individuals; because none but this is genuine religion, and the genuine only can exhibit the genuine power.

I know of nothing to be more earnestly desired, than that men should cease to look upon religion as designed mainly for others, and should come to regard it as primarily affecting themselves; that they should first and most seriously study its relation to their own hearts, and be above all things anxious about their own characters. This is but a partial and unsatisfactory faith, which is concerned wholly with the state of society in general, and allows him to neglect the discipline of his own affections and the culture of his own spiritual nature. He is but poorly fitted to honor or promote the cause of Christ, who has not first subjected his own soul to his holy government. There are men enough, when Christianity is prevalent and honorable, to lend it their countenance and pay it external homage. We want more thorough, consistent exemplifications of its purity, benevo-

lence and spirituality. These can be found only in men, who love it for its own sake, and because it is "the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation," and not simply because it is respectable in the eyes of the world, and favorable to the decency and order of the commonwealth.

Those are the best Christians who are more careful to reform themselves than to censure others.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 8.

(Continued from page 667.)

INTERLAKEN, 8th month, 1866.

The morning of the 13th found us at Berne, which I believe is remarkable, for retaining more of its national characteristics than any other of the Swiss cities; and if we had failed before to realize that we were in a foreign land, our experience during a twilight walk, under a drizzling rain, through some of the quaintest, the narrowest and the dirtiest streets that can be imagined, left us no room to doubt on that subject; and next morning we were exceedingly interested in observing the picturesque costumes and the (to us) singular arrangement of many things. The public fountains are quite numerous, and fall into very large stone basins, in the middle of the streets; through these basins there flows constantly a stream of pure water, emptying into a trough about three feet wide and one or two deep. It appeared to be a common practice for the women to bring their washing to these fountains and pursue their labor in common. We observed several parties thus occupied, while others were engaged in filling large wooden vessels, each like a flattened cone, three feet long and two wide at the top, which is hooked on their shoulders; thus on their backs they carry it home for domestic uses. Children of six and eight years old are taught to carry burdens on the back or head, baskets of a proportionate size being provided, and we almost always see them, when not otherwise occupied, knitting stockings for winter use. We had a very nice *femme de chaubre* here in Berne, in whom we were quite interested. She showed us her *fete* dress, (which is an heir-loom,) and told us her wages were ten francs or two dollars a month, paid only once in six months; she also said her mother would not allow her to spend all she made upon her dress, but required her to keep part of it until she married, when she would need it more.—We noticed the scrubbing brush she used for the floors, which are all uncarpeted, was fastened under a stone, about a foot square, and five inches thick, and so heavy that I could scarcely move it—thus compelling her to scrub hard, by the mere action of drawing the brush

backward and forward. But she seemed perfectly contented with her lot.

The two days we were in Berne were spent in short walks or drives, and in vain longings for a clear sky, that we might have our first sight of the snow mountains. The Bernese Alps are to be seen here, in fine weather, along their whole extent, and must present a magnificent spectacle. We only had a very partial glimpse, for the clouds were perversely sullen; so we gave the matter up, and after buying some delicious grapes, at twelve cents per pound, we left for Thun, on the morning of the 16th, and there took the boat for the other end of the lake. Our sail of two hours was perfectly charming, and the scenery along the shore so novel and picturesque, and the little villas so almost fairy-like in their exquisite beauty, that it seemed more like a lovely panorama being unrolled before us, than anything associated with the dull realities of this work-a-day world. I thought when in England that the flowers exceeded anything I had seen, but here they are, if possible, still more gorgeous and more abundant. Our Virginia Creeper is to be seen under all possible circumstances trailing its rich and graceful garlands, and ornamenting in the most impartial manner possible the palace and the cottage, the huge mountain precipice and the quiet foot-path through the valley. The houses destitute of this beautiful drapery are the exception, not the rule; and even where it has not a foot of clear ground to grow in, it is often planted close to the house wall and enclosed in a tube or case, until it reaches the second story, when it is let loose over some balcony or support of some kind, and allowed to "wander at its own sweet will," till it covers the whole house. On arriving at the landing, we entered the omnibus for the Jung Frau Hotel, two or three miles distant, and we had at last the pleasure of an unclouded view of this magnificent mountain. After securing a room which commanded the whole glorious view, and satisfying the cravings of nature by a good dinner, we set off on a drive through this superb country, ending in a splendid sunset view of the Jung Frau—a series of sights, the enjoyment of which it is simply impossible for me to estimate. I think a certain wise man (I forget who) once spake of language as being very useful in *concealing* one's thoughts. It certainly seems to me here, to be of very little use in expressing them, or in conveying to another any correct idea of the feelings that such scenes as these awaken. But glorious as these scenes are, they were for a time forgotten, when, after the evening had closed in, we received a large budget of home letters. . . . Now I must tell thee about "our first mountain," for we have actually made the ascent of one, and that, too, of no mean character. On the morning after our arrival

here, we set off at 10½ o'clock for the Schynige Platte, a mountain about 5700 feet high. After a drive of two or three miles, we took horses with a man to each, and proceeded on our mountain path, not generally very steep, but rough, sometimes through dense woods, sometimes along the side of the mountain and over-looking precipices that were perfectly terrific. The views were often fearfully grand; and as we looked down from these immense heights upon the landscape, spread as it were right under our feet, we involuntary shuddered at our dizzy height. At the half-way house we stopped for refreshment, and reached the summit about 2. Here we dined and rested, and enjoyed the glorious and majestic prospect for two hours, and then commenced our downward journey, part of which we performed on foot; the path being slippery and our horses very clumsy animals. We had a splendid day, and reached our hotel by 7½ o'clock, a little stiff but otherwise in good condition. . . .

. . . We are now on the summit of the Faulhorn, nearly 9,000 feet above the ocean, surrounded with snow which fell last night and drifted into our windows quite in heaps. We made the ascension yesterday on horseback from Grindlewald. It was a bright and beautiful summer morning in the lovely valley of Grindlewald when we set out, and we found the route very delightful, and by no means more terrific than others we had passed over. The whole ride occupied four hours—all very enjoyable; and, to add to the romance, when within half an hour of the top, a snow storm commenced and continued until we were safely housed. I had my water-proof, and the others dismounted to warm themselves with the exercise of walking; and we were in first rate condition when we arrived at the shanty (or, more practically, the chalet) on the summit of the mountain. The top of the Faulhorn is said to command one of the finest views in Switzerland, but when we reached it nothing was to be seen but clouds and storms. We have a huge stove in the room below, the pipe of which passes through our chamber, but we feel some hesitation in calling for enough wood to make us comfortable, in this almost inaccessible place. It is wonderful how the poor could have managed to get up material for *building* the house, to say nothing of keeping it supplied with fuel and provender. Before retiring, we were cheered by a splendid moonlight peep at the snowy peaks around us, and closed our eyes in confident expectation of as brilliant a sunrise. I awoke in good time, and feeling the air a little sharp from the crack of the window, rose to close it, when I found it blocked up with snow, which was still falling. So we turned over for another nap. Towards 10 o'clock, when we had finished our coffee and cutlets, the snow had ceased, the clouds over-

head dispersed, and to a *certain extent* all was dazzlingly beautiful; but the vallies still lie shrouded in mists, which are constantly shifting about in the most tantalizing manner imaginable. It is now past 12, and as there is no permanent change for the better, there seems strong indications of our spending another night among the clouds. It is the most "uncanny" sort of abode we have yet been in, and the people look as if they never thought of washing either their faces or floors. Morning. Our patience in braving the discomforts of yesterday has been fully rewarded, and before 5 o'clock this morning the bell was sounded, announcing to the inmates of the shanty that it was worth their while to arise and walk up a small hill, whence a grand view of the mountains and of the lower world by sunrise was to be obtained. We were soon up and dressed (after a fashion) and scrambling up the hill, over the hard frozen ground, watched with delight the gradual revelation of the charming landscape around and beneath us. We were so elevated as to seem almost on a level with the glorious snow mountains that hemmed us in on one side, while, on the other, lakes and vallies and streams and villages lay spread out, in one broad and beautiful picture, bounded only by the distant chain of the Juras, defining the horizon. It was indeed a lovely prospect, and one that is not to be seen in this region of cloud-land, excepting very rarely. Coffee was ready for us when we re-entered the house, and by 7 o'clock we were on our way down the mountain, walking for half an hour and then resuming our saddles. I had a most sensible and cautious little pony, and we had a delightful ride of three hours in the fresh, pure morning air, stopping a few minutes at a cheese maker's cabin for a glass of milk and some bread and cheese, which tasted all the better for our early breakfast.

(To be continued.)

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 14, 1867.

THE LIFE OF GOD IN THE SOUL.—This is the title of an essay over the signature of B., which has recently been published in Friends' Review. We do not know the name of the author, but recognize in the earnest words for the cause of Truth, a concern with which we can sympathize. Extracts that especially interested us will be found in the fore part of this paper.

Amid the many cries of "Lo! here is Christ, or Lo! he is there," it is grateful to discern a call to the divinely illuminated path trodden by

holy men of old, in whom was revealed the light of Christ. The writer clearly defines the object of the founders of Quakerism. It was not "to establish a sect that they preached and labored, but to turn men everywhere to 'Christ within the hope of glory,' to convince men of the wonderful truth, that that which bringeth salvation is nigh even in the heart, and that which convicts men of sin is the only power which shall save from sin." "This," he says, "is a doctrine too comprehensive to be confined to any age, clime or station. It was but the fresh announcement, in a day of deep spiritual declension, of that overflowing stream of divine grace proceeding from the inexhaustible ocean of God's love."

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—"The Reminiscence of a Golden Wedding," by "L," is pleasantly written, but we think unless there is something remarkable attending them, the notice of such occasions is not appropriate to our pages. That this period should be a season of especial interest to relatives and friends is most natural, and calculated to awaken feelings of gratitude that two lives blended in one should have been preserved in harmonious action for fifty years. The modern practice of dividing this space into various celebrations of a kindred character, seems to us, however, to rob it of much of that sacredness and force which should be peculiarly its own.

In the concern for our Society expressed by "F. L." we can unite, and, with him, believe that there are those among the young men who are favored to see that the "honors and friendships" of the world, with the pursuit of riches, have a tendency to choke the "good seed," and produce a state of lukewarmness and indifference in regard to that life which is attainable only through the prevalence of the love of God. We would encourage F. L., and all others who have been aroused to a sense of the deficiencies existing among us, not to dwell unduly upon them. Where this sight is given and made available by obedience to the law written upon the heart, surely the divine blessing will rest. It is individual faithfulness to this law that will enable our Zion to "put on strength" and "shake herself from the dust" which may have gathered upon her garments.

ERRATA.—In the "Review of the Weather, &c.," in the *Intelligencer* of last week, a typographical error of some importance occurred. The "mean temperature of the 11th month" for 1867 should read "47.79 deg.," which will then make the concluding remarks as to contrasts of temperature correct.
Philadelphia, 12th mo. 1st, 1867. J. M. E.

MARRIED, on the 21st of Eleventh month, 1867, at the residence of John Alston, near Middletown, Del., under the care of Camden Monthly Meeting, WILLIAM PENN NORRIS, of Kent Co., Md., to MARY ANNIE WILSON, daughter of the late Robert Wilson.

—, on the 26th of Eleventh month, 1867, by Friends' ceremony, at the house of Wm. B. Webb, in this city, RICHARD T. TURNER, JR., to MARTHA E. BIRCH, both of Kent Co., Md.

—, on the morning of 28th of Eleventh month, 1867, according to the order of the Society of Friends, MAHLON K. PAIST and HARRIET P., daughter of Sarah J. and the late Reuben Webb, both members of Green St. Monthly Meeting.

DIED, at his residence in Springboro, Ohio, on the 14th of Ninth month, 1867, JESSE WOOD, in the 74th year of his age; a member of Springboro Monthly Meeting.

—, near West Liberty, Iowa, on the 20th of Tenth month, 1867, of typhoid fever, ELLA MAX, second daughter of Isaac H. and Rebecca K. Nichols, in the 11th year of her age. And on the 30th of Eleventh month, 1867, of typhoid pneumonia, ANNA BELLE, eldest daughter of the same, in the 13th year of her age. Both members of Wapsinonoc Monthly Meeting.

—, at Hardwick, Warren Co., N. J., on First-day, the 24th of Eleventh month, 1867, JAMES WILLSON, aged 70 years and 6 months; a member of Woodbury Monthly Meeting, N. J. He was characterized for great probity, inoffensiveness and hospitality, and commended himself to a large circle of friends for his quiet and peaceable life.

—, on First-day morning, Twelfth month 1st, 1867, MARY K., daughter of Joseph G. and Rebecca P. Henszey, members of Green St. Monthly Meeting, in her 19th year.

—, on the 4th of Twelfth month, 1867, PAULINA, widow of Samuel Myers, in her 76th year; a member of Green St. Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 29th of Eleventh month, 1867, HALLIE H., daughter of Amos W. and Adelia H. Knight, aged 8 months and 1 day.

FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION FOR THE AID AND EMANCIPATION OF THE FREEDMEN,
Will meet on Fourth-day evening, Twelfth month 18th, at 8 o'clock. All interested in this important concern are invited.

J. M. ELLIS,
ANNE COOPER, } Clerks.

NEW BOOKS.

From the Publishers, J. B. Lippincott & Co., we have received a neat volume of 465 pages—octavo—entitled, "Reformers and Martyrs, before and after Luther," by William Hodgson.

In the preface the author specifies his object to be, to lay before the serious reader such a sketch as the scanty materials now extant may permit, of the lives and sentiments of some of the sincere-hearted followers of Christ, from

the ninth century downward. Among them he has not deemed it needful to include those eminent men who were directly concerned in the great revolution which took place in the beginning of the 16th century, as their histories are accessible to the public at large.

From a hasty glimpse at its pages we should judge it contains much to interest those who desire an acquaintance with the noble men of past ages, whose lives are here delineated, such as Claudius of Turin, Peter DeWaldo, John Wycliffe, John Huss and a number of others.

We have also received from G. P. Putnam & Son, 661 Broadway, New York, through J. B. Lippincott & Co., an "Atlas to Fay's great outline of Geography for High Schools and Families, with a Text Book."

"A Geography upon an entirely new principle." We are favorably impressed with the appearance of the Atlas and Text Book, which the author says are incomplete one without the other. "They must be used together, like the blades of a pair of scissors."

We commend this work to the notice of parents and teachers.

Our readers are referred to a comprehensive description of it, by our European correspondent, E. P. P., in No. 38 of this volume.

"Colton's Journal of Geography and Collateral Sciences: a record of Discovery Exploration and Survey." This is the title of a new periodical, issued quarterly at the price of \$1 a year. Address "Journal of Geography, New York." The Publishers state their object to be, to present in a condensed and attractive form matters of interest connected with the Globe we live on, to supply a demand that already exists, and to awaken a more general attention on the part of the public to the study of Geographical Science.

To the subscribers of the first year, they present a copy of a new map—26 by 19 inches in size—of Alaska, the territory recently purchased by our Government from Russia. From the first number, which lies before us, we make extracts in relation to this extensive territory, "equal in area to nearly a fifth of all the United States, previous to the acquisition."

ALASKA.

Whether the country is destined to add to our mineral resources to an important extent has yet to be proved. But judging from anal-

ogy, there can be little doubt of the existence, in the coast region at least, of the same illimitable wealth as that which distinguishes the more southern sections of the same formation. On the Stokine, gold has already been discovered, and miners are at work. The same formation reaches across toward Asia by the Alaska peninsula, and sends a branch toward the Arctic Sea. Copper is known to exist on the Alna and at points on the Pacific coast, and lead has been found on the lower Yukon. Iron is an abounding metal, and has been worked by the Russians, and coal of the best quality for generating steam is found both on the coast and in the interior. Coal is also found in many of the islands. We have thus both the precious and more useful minerals, and indubitably in so extensive a territory all the other minerals will be ultimately discovered.

That the climate is less boreal than the latitude of the country would indicate is well ascertained. The vast neighboring seas and the direction of their currents tend to this modification. On the Pacific coast the temperature is far more equable than in like latitude on the Atlantic, the extremes being less apart. At Sitka, the annual mean is less than at Portland, Me., by four or five degrees. Farther north, of course the climate is more severe, but even along the north shore not altogether beyond endurance. In the interior, at Fort Yukon, the yearly mean is $16^{\circ} 92'$. All the common esculent vegetables are produced on the southern coast. The rains are here abundant, and in some parts almost daily, which tend to keep open the harbors. At the mouths of the Yukon, navigation, however, is free only about a third part of the year. In many places on the mainland "ground ice" is permanent, but does not appear to prevent summer vegetation. In these frozen regions, especially about Kotzebue Sound and the mouths of the Yukon, are found large deposits of fossil ivory similar to that found in Siberia, and a considerable trade has been carried on in this important staple.

Animal life is everywhere. The seas afford the finest fisheries in the world, the rivers are filled with fish, and the woods, valleys, and plains support vast quantities of fur-bearing animals. Cod and halibut abound and have already attracted the attention of fishermen. Whales are numerous in all the seas. The rivers contain salmon, white fish, sturgeon, pike, etc. Seal and otter haunt the islands, and have been scarcely diminished by the Russian hunters through eighty years of occupation. Above Alaska peninsula they have been almost exempt from molestation and are there uncountable. Herds of walrus swarm along the coast of Behring Sea. Among the fur-bearing animals of the interior are named the otter, beaver, mink, ermine, sable, marten, black and Arctic foxes,

wolves, wolverines, lynxes, bears, reindeer, etc., and north of the Yukon the moose. But great as are the numbers and varieties of these animals, the feathered life of the country is still more remarkable. The region between the Rocky Mountains and Behring Strait is the breeding place of myriads of birds that visit lower latitudes during a portion of the year. The winged column that comes up the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains from the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts, and the column that comes up the western face and the Sierra Nevada from the lower latitudes of the Pacific, meet on this spot, feast on the berries that cover the ground, raise their young, and again start at the end of summer on their southern passage. While the stronger forms of life so abound, there is no dearth of insects. There is no scarcity of mosquitoes in the summer and autumn. Hard-winged insects are numerous, and several varieties of butterflies were seen by Lt. Pease hovering over the flowers that are abundant among the long grass and the river banks. Neither snakes nor frogs have been reported on the line of the Yukon.

The Russian inhabitants of Alaska number from 5,000 to 6,000, and are chiefly resident on the island of Baranov, on which the principal station is located. A few are scattered in other quarters, where the late possessors had commercial factories. The indigenous races number according to estimate from 50,000 to 60,000, and consist of several distinct races. The Esquimaux occupy the coast and the lower part of the rivers having their outlets in Behring Sea. Differing greatly from each other in many of their characteristics, they differ still more as a whole from the Esquimaux of the eastern coasts. They live by fishing and hunting the reindeer. The natives of the interior, known to the coast natives as Koh-Yukons and other names, are of a totally different race, and more like the Indians of the lower latitudes. These people differ also from the Esquimaux in their dress and also in their mode of construction—their winter houses being on the surface, while those of the Esquimaux are partly under ground. They live by the chase, and trade occasionally with the British factor at Fort Yukon, and by means of the rivers with the coast natives and Russians, with the latter of whom, however, they have not always been at peace. For this reason the Russians have never ventured far into the interior. On the Pacific coast and islands there are other nations, those of the Kodiak and Aleutian groups being allied to the Esquimaux. The natives of the Sitkan group are allied in language and habits to the tribes of the upper Yukon. By a long contact with the white settlers and sailors visiting the coast, they have become degraded and debauched.

Such is the territory recently acquired by the United States. It is a vast and undoubtedly a valuable possession; and in the hands of a progressive people capable of indefinite development.

AN APPEAL.

The New York Association of Friends for the Relief of Freedmen has been compelled to recall two or three of its teachers on account of the low state of its funds. This is especially lamentable, as the schools are flourishing so well, and as it must be a source of discouragement to both pupils and teachers to find that their efforts toward good fail to arouse sufficient interest and sympathy in us to prompt a continuance of our help.

Much has been done by the various societies engaged in the work, and the colored people have put forth surprising energies in endeavoring to attain to the standard of self-help. That point they have not yet reached, and they must fall hopelessly back into darkness and degrading dependence, if the privileges of education should be withdrawn by their friends at the North, denying them further assistance.

It will probably be but a few years that they will require such help, for the evidences of their rapid improvement and susceptibility of cultivation are everywhere—where schools have been established—very encouraging; but knowing that they cannot yet stand alone, they hopefully entreat us not to leave them.

We are urged to make this appeal to our friends for assistance, by the painful necessity we have been under of relinquishing a school in Maryland, where ignorance had prevailed and the moral atmosphere was very dark, but where, through the blest exertions of one of our teachers, the seeds of enlightenment having been sown, parents and children are now prayerfully pleading for their teacher to return to them.

We know that these people still need upholding, or we would not so anxiously urge the subject again upon the notice of Friends.

Donations may be sent to Samuel Willits, Treasurer, No. 303 Pearl St., New York, or Robert Haydock, Secretary, No. 212 East 12th St.

Signed on behalf of the Executive Committee,

11th mo., 1867. SARAH H. BAKER,
HENRY B. HALLOCK.

Do not affect humility. The moment humility is spoken of by him that has it, that moment it is gone. It is like those delicate things which dissolve the instant they are touched. You must seek out the violet; it does not, like the poppy, thrust itself upon your notice. The moment humility tells you, "I am here," there is an end to it.

Selected.

FOR, BEHOLD, THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU.

Pilgrim, on thy heavenly journey,
Groping, wilder'd, on thy way,
Seek not for the outward landmark;
List not what the blind guides say.

For long years thou hast been seeking
Some new idol, found each day;
All that dazzl'd, all that glisten'd,
Lured thee from the Truth away.

On the outward world relying,
Earthly treasures thou would'st keep;
Titled friends, and lofty honors,
Lull thy higher hopes to sleep.

Not the gentlest winds of heaven
Dare to roughly fan thy brow;
Nor the morning's blessed sunbeam
Tinge thy cheek with ruddy glow.

Yet, with all these outward riches,
Has thy heart no void confess'd—
Whispering, though each wish be granted,
Still, O still, I am not bless'd?

And when happy, careless children
Lure thee with their winning ways,
Thou hast sighed, in vain contrition,
Give me back those golden days.

Had'st thou stoop'd to learn this lesson;
Faithful teachers—they had told—
Thou thy kingdom had'st forsaken,
Thou had'st thy own birthright sold.

Thou art heir to vast possessions;
Up, and boldly claim thine own;
Seize the crown that waits thy wearing—
Leap at once into thy throne.

Look not to some cloudy mansion,
Midst the planets far away;
Trust not to the distant future—
Let thy heaven begin to-day.

When the struggling soul hath conquer'd—
When the path lies far and clear—
When thou art prepar'd for Heaven—
Thou wilt find thy Heaven here.

PRAYER.

BY S. D. ROBERTS.

ALL depth below, all height above,
Beyond all thought, Thou art,
Yet, Father, thine eternal love
Blossoms in every heart.

Invisible to human sight,
By mortal ear unheard,
Yet faith beholds thy holy light,
And truth unseals thy Word.

My loneliness thy presence fill,
Thy calmness soothes my breast,
And resignation to thy will
Bring me thy perfect rest.

Oh, let me lose myself in thee,
And find that life sublime
By which my immortality
May triumph over time.

Hold diligent converse with thy children! have them
Morning and evening round thee, love thou them,
And win their love in the rare, beatific years!

CHEERFULNESS.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come home at night. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not have it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home ever delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and fire-light of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum — *Phila. S. M. Times.*

INFLUENCE OF FORESTS UPON CLIMATE.

The note of alarm has recently been sounded by some of our thoughtful men of science on account of the changes likely to be produced in our climate by the continued destruction of the American forests. That a great alteration has taken place in this respect since the first discovery of America, is appreciated by every one, and that it is not yet completed will be sufficiently evident. When a country is entirely covered with trees, as was the case originally with the eastern portion of North America, rains falling upon its surface, however continued, are taken up and held to a large extent by the soil, which, protected in a great measure from the evaporating influences of the direct rays of the sun, remain moist throughout the year, giving rise to numerous springs and streams of various size, which maintain an equable flow, increased only at times by the surplus rainfall, but never falling below a certain point. A continuous gentle exhalation of moisture from the leaves tempers the heat of summer, and gives rise to frequent showers, which return the water to the soil. Undue and excessive evaporation is prevented by the protection furnished by the foliage against the action of the sun, or the drying influences of high winds.

Suppose, now, the forest to disappear. With the same rainfall, the moisture, instead of being largely absorbed, passes off rapidly from the surface, dried hard by sun or wind. Brooks become creeks, creeks roaring rivers. River beds are filled by foaming torrents, which carry every thing before them, causing incalculable devastation. The surface soil and the banks of the streams are washed away to the sea, filling up river channels in their course, and forming

shoals which diminish the depth of harbors and obstruct navigation. The drainage becoming more or less from the surface—the highest flood may be succeeded in a few days, or, at most, weeks, by the lowest water, both of these extremes previously unknown. Navigable streams become shallow, almost disappearing in mid-summer. No gentle evaporation tempers the sun's rays, which, heating the parched soil, radiate during the nights, which thus become nearly as unendurable as the day. Excessive drouths become common, and the absolute amount of annual rainfall, which, in a temperate climate, is more or less the measure of productiveness, is greatly diminished.

That this is no idle picture can be shown by reference to the experience of many parts of Europe, Asia and America, and, in fact, is familiar to every one. The remedy is a simple one—to restore the trees to all such portions of the country as can be appropriated to this purpose, especially the slopes of hills. This has been done in some of the countries with apparently most marvellous but really to be expected results. Instances can be readily found in the able work of Mr. Marsh on Man and Nature, which has mainly furnished the text of the present article.

A comparison between the practical worthlessness of our beautiful Susquehanna and the utility of the Hudson, is a favorite one on the part of citizens of New York. The Hudson mainly derives its waters from the Adirondac Mountains, which even yet embrace hundreds of miles of original forest. This, however, is gradually disappearing, and before long the completion of several railroads will aid materially in the denudation of the land, by furnishing an outlet to the lumber. Then the change already begun will be accelerated. Terrific floods, from the rapid melting of the snows in the mountains, will devastate the whole course of the rivers running on the lower portions of Albany, Troy and other towns. The old channels will be filled up by debris brought down, and the bed of the river elevated and made to occupy its former valley in high water. For most of the year there may not be water enough above Poughkeepsie to float even a moderate sized steamer. The railroads, even now unable satisfactorily to carry the surplus of freight and passengers, left then by the steamboats, will have to do the whole business, and the floating palaces, the pride of the State, may completely disappear. The only security against this by no means far-fetched picture is for the State to take such measures as shall forever secure the greater portion of the Adirondac region against the further destruction of its forests.—*Ledger.*

Christianity commands us to pass by injuries; policy, to let them pass by us.

CURIOSITIES OF FRENCH GARDENING.

The visitor who passes through the markets of Paris cannot fail to be struck by the size and beauty of the fruits and vegetables displayed. There are huge and perfect pears, a glistening array of salads, enormous heads of snowy cauliflower, and giant stalks of asparagus, which attract attention no less for their size and faultless condition, than for vast quantities, all equally fine and large of their kind. These are due to the wonderful skill and patient industry of the French gardeners, who are unequalled by any others, either here or in Europe, in the art of cultivating market produce. One cause of this superiority is the devotion of the French to specialties. This system obtains as generally among the gardeners as among the men of arts and sciences. An American market farmer or gardener divides his ground into many lots, and plants nearly every variety of truck known to the market. The French gardener gives himself up to the cultivation of a special class or succession of fruits or vegetables, and by long study and practice, by experimenting with various manures, soils, and modes of culture, arrives at the production of a perfect crop of his specialty, season after season, with unerring certainty. He is also much more economical of space and more prodigal of labor than we are; as, in fact, than we need be. He seldom suffers his ground to lie fallow; crop succeeds crop in endless rotation; the cauliflower is set among the melon hills, ready to spread as soon as the melons are gathered. Between the rows of asparagus are planted early potatoes, lettuce, &c., in such a manner as to keep the ground constantly fruitful, and when the weather becomes frosty, and the sun loses a goodly share of its forcing power, large bell glasses are employed, one of which is placed over each plant—especially in the case of the salads—and heat is thus concentrated upon it until its full growth is fairly attained.

The enormous size of the French asparagus is chiefly due to the manner of planting. Instead of setting the plants closely together, as we do, a space of at least six inches square is allowed to each "stool," which enables it to suck a large amount of nutriment from the soil, and become a strong and solid plant. Each stool is also manured repeatedly every season, the soil being carefully scraped away down to the roots, the compost placed around them and the earth put back again.

The French system of cultivating the apple, pear and peach is also peculiar. The trees are all grafted and dwarfed. A strong wire is stretched along in front of each row, about three feet above the ground. Upon this wire a single branch of each tree is trained, and, as soon as well started, this branch is made, by heavy pruning, the only fruit-bearing one on

the tree. The consequence is that the entire strength of the tree goes to the nourishing of the fruit upon this branch, and this fruit becomes large and fair in proportion. This process, by-the-by, is borrowed from the Chinese.

The pear, however, is also largely grown in the pyramidal and other forms, but almost always from dwarfed stock.

In the cultivation of the peach the French gardeners have shown a curious and fanciful skill. Near the town of Montreuil, a few miles only from Paris, there is a large number of gardens, enclosed in whitewashed walls, against the surface of which peach trees are trained in many fanciful forms. One of these is known as the "Napoleon peach." This is a specimen so trained as to figure in very large letters against the wall the name of "Napoleon," a single branch going to the formation of each letter, and the whole surrounded by a wreath composed of two large boughs trained in a circle. There are many other curiosities in French market gardening and pomology, the details of which are too long for the compass of a single article. These or some of them may be spoken of hereafter.—*The Press*.

For Friends' Intelligence.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS.

The *thirty-third* year of the existence of the Library Association of Friends of Philadelphia having arrived, it again becomes the duty of the Committee of Management to present an exhibit of the present condition of the Institution, as well as of what may have been accomplished during the past year.

The use made of the Library may be summed up as follows:

During the *first six* months—viz., from the Tenth month last to the Third month, both inclusive—there were loaned to an aggregate of
876 Females.....2274 books.
509 Males.....1319 "

Making a total of *three thousand five hundred and ninety-three* volumes loaned during that period.

During the last six months—viz., from Fourth month 1st to Tenth month 1st, inclusive—there were loaned to an aggregate of

738 Females.....1533 books.
442 Males.....923 "

Making a total of *two thousand four hundred and fifty-six* volumes loaned during that period. Showing, when combined, that there have been loaned during the year,
3807 volumes on 1609 applications of females,
2242 " 951 " males,
or a circulation of *six thousand and forty-nine* volumes during the past twelve months.

During the same period *four hundred sixteen* volumes have been introduced.

prising *three hundred and sixty one* works, of which *thirty-three* volumes were donations, and *three hundred and six* deposited; making the whole number of books now in the Library, *six thousand six hundred and ninety-eight*, classified as follows:

Abridged and Juvenile.....	1032
Scientific.....	767
Religious.....	1630
Voyages and Travels.....	654
History and Biography.....	1095
Miscellaneous.....	1520

Catalogues of which, completed up to the present time, can be procured of the Librarian, at the low price of twenty-five cents.

We have again been kindly remembered by some of our friends, having received donations, as follows, amongst which is an ancient manuscript volume of minutes of sundry meetings of Friends, viz.:

From Deborah F. Wharton.....	4 vols
" Jane Johnson.....	3 "
" "A Friend".....	1 "
" James L. Peirce, M. D.....	20 "
" Edmund Deacon.....	2 "

In addition to which the library of the late Isaac T. Hopper, deposited by his heirs, (alluded to in a former report) numbers 306 "

From the Annual Report of the Librarian we learn that two hundred and sixty-seven females and one hundred and seventy-three males, making a total of *four hundred and forty* persons, have borrowed books from our Library during the past year, about two hundred and fifty of whom are minors. More than one hundred of these are supposed to be between the ages of ten and fifteen years. He also remarks:—"Good order continues to be observed, and many young persons, who are constant visitors of our room, and borrowers from our shelves, will, I doubt not, in years to come, remember the institution as a pleasant resort for a leisure hour, as well as a valuable aid in their literary and scientific pursuits. Young men, members of our Religious Society, coming to the city to engage in or acquire a knowledge of business, have found at the Library the means of extending a profitable acquaintance amongst our members, and more especially so since the inauguration of the Lyceum meetings, established some time since."

In connection with the interests of the Library, it becomes our pleasant duty to record a slight synopsis of the exercises for the past year of two organizations which are under the partial superintendence of this committee, viz.:

First.—*Friends' Social Lyceum*, which reopened its meetings for the season on the 2d of Tenth month, 1866. During the winter term of 1866 and '67, twenty-eight meetings were held, on Third-day evening of each week, from

the minutes of which the following summary has been compiled:

Number of questions referred.....	54
" original prose essays contributed	16
" poetical.....	5
" lectures.....	20
" debates.....	1
" exhibitions of the stereopticon...	20

The lectures were upon the following subjects, viz. :*

"We feel assured from the evidences before us that, during the past season, the Lyceum has prospered to an extent hitherto unequalled.

"The exercises have been more generally distributed than heretofore, which has given an increased interest and participation on the part of its members; while the number of persons in attendance has been greater than our room could conveniently accommodate.

"The recess for social intercourse, near the middle of each meeting, has been a prominent and valuable feature, extending the acquaintance of our members, and deepening the influence of those possessing the same social and religious views; and we feel that this social element is one destined to work great good in our Society."

Next.—The "*Young Friends' Literary Sociable*," the objects and results of which can probably be as well defined in the language of one of its members as in anything we could say.

"This association was organized in the Ninth month, 1866, by a few young men and women, whose purpose was to form a literary circle, where intellectual improvement would be combined with social communion. The members are all associated with the Religious Society of Friends.

"The meetings during the past year have been profitably spent in the pursuance of the objects in view, and the Association, it is believed, has done its work effectually. About fifty-nine exercises of a varied character have claimed its attention, embracing *Original Essays* in Prose and Poetry, *Readings*, *Debates*, *Recitations*, &c. The members meet once every two weeks in the Library Room, on Second-day evenings, and the exercises are participated in by both sexes alike.

"We believe there is a need in our Religious Society for more associations of this kind, either composed wholly of young persons, or of the old and young meeting together. If every meeting of the Society of Friends had its Lyceum to interest the younger members in its organization, there would doubtless be a widespread influence for good emanating from such associations."

This committee can heartily endorse the

* This list of lectures is omitted here, having been previously published in the *Intelligencer*.

views above expressed, and earnestly recommend the formation of similar associations everywhere. No matter how small the beginning, if the young only receive the proper kind of encouragement and *participation* from those farther advanced in life, good results must follow.

But little remains to be said other than to present the financial condition of the Library.

The Treasurer's account, settled to the 27th inst., makes the following exhibit :

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand at last settlement.....	\$66.96
Received from subscriptions and donations.....	292.50
Fines, and catalogues sold.....	22.61
	<hr/> \$382.07

EXPENDITURES.

Cash paid for new books.....	\$113 06
“ “ rebinding books...	49.05
Librarian's salary.....	135.00
Insurance on books.....	8.25
Commissions for collecting subscriptions.....	26.35
Incidental expenses, including printing and distributing annual reports, notices, &c.,	46.29
	<hr/> \$378.00

Balance due the Association, \$4.07

Believing as we do that the larger proportion of the amount of money donated is contributed by Friends who seldom or never use the Library, we have been led to look a little at the facts, that of those who *do*, about 200 are adults, and that the entire circulation the past year has exceeded 6000 volumes.

Desiring strictly to adhere to the original intention that these advantages should be entirely gratuitous, and continuing to offer them as a *free gift cheerfully bestowed*, we would nevertheless suggest that where there is entire ability so to do, a small contribution from each of these would enable us to provide additional reading matter for their benefit, at the same time that it would enrich the shelves of the Library.

It would be well also to bear in mind that the cost of books at the present time is very much enhanced over the prices of former years, and that, as a consequence, the same expenditure of money purchases a much smaller number of books.

In conclusion, we would earnestly appeal to Friends generally to consider the importance of the subjects herein presented. We believe our Library is neither sufficiently known or properly appreciated; and further, that many Friends, residents of this city, are scarcely aware of its existence, otherwise the number of

our subscribers, and the amount subscribed, would be vastly increased. To all such we would say, *visit it*, and judge for yourselves.

The Library is now open, as heretofore, on *Fourth* and *Seventh-day* evenings, for the accommodation of Friends generally, and on *Seventh-day afternoon* for the *exclusive accommodation of females*. Entrance from Fifteenth Street.

Extract from the Minutes.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

Philadelphia, Tenth month, 1867.

It is the intention of our collector to call on Friends generally. Should any be neglected, they can hand their contributions to John T. Walton, 431 Walnut Street, or to the Librarian, at the Library.

IRON AT \$20,000 PER POUND.

A gentleman visiting the American Watch Company's factory at Waltham, Mass., relates that a small vial, such as homeopathic pills are kept in, was handed to him, which was filled with what seemed to be grains of coarse sand, of the color of blue-tempered steel. On examination under a microscope, they proved to be perfect screws, of which it required 800,000 to make a pound. Microscopic bits of steel, with the points exquisitely polished, were also shown, so small that fifty weighed only a single grain. These were said to be worth \$20,000 per pound. These, as well as every other of the running parts of the watch, are made entirely by machinery, which turns out each different piece exactly like its fellow.

The following is his description of the method of making fine screws: What you do see at a first glance is a thin thread of steel, finer than the most delicate of pins, slowly pushing its way through a little hole in a machine, and being grasped by a tiny tool which runs round it, as if embracing it; and then, presto! change! out comes a knife and cuts off its head. All this is done so quickly, that you have to wait and watch the operation, *after* you know what it is all about, before you can see the process I have described. The bits thus beheaded with a hug, look exactly like little grains of powder. But they are screws. You notice that when you take a microscope and examine them. They are complete—almost. Not quite yet. A girl picks them up, one by one, with a dainty tool, and places them in rows, one in every hole in a flat piece of steel. This little plate, as soon as it is filled, is placed under another machine.

I never had a more convincing proof of the superiority of mechanical over manual labor. For while a good hearty man with a stout bit of shillelah may break half a dozen heads of a day—with fair luck—this machine, without so much as saying, “By yer lave,” comes out of its hole, and runs along each row, quietly splitting the head of each one of them exactly in the

centre. And now the screw is made.—*American Agriculturist*.

Practical Piety.—Religion that does not go with us in our daily vocations, controlling and guiding us, is of little value. We should not make it obtrusive or ill-timed in any of its manifestations, but our hearts should be so thoroughly imbued with the Spirit of Christ, as to cause every action, in its own quiet way, to show forth the foundation principles of our life, and speak a stronger language for the Master, than our direct words. It is in our worldly business, in our every-day life, that our religion is needed, if anywhere, both in its effect on ourselves, and on those with whom we are brought in contact.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The undersigned acknowledges the receipt of the following sums from

A Member of Chesterfield Mo. Meeting, N.J.....	\$100.00
A Woman Friend, Trenton, N.J.....	2.00
" " Philada. Mo. Meeting.....	20.00
A Friend at Bridgton, N. J.....	1.00
Jos. M. Truman, Jr., Treasurer, 717 Willow St., Philadelphia.	

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen received, since 11th month 1st,

From City contributions.....	\$354.00
" Friends of Sadsbury.....	25.00
" " Darby.....	125.00
" " Birmingham.....	34.50
" " Deerfield, Ohio.....	12.00
" " and others of Goshen.....	87.35
" Susan Pusey.....	5.00
" S. S., Fairbury, Ill.....	10.00
" N. Potter, Battle Creek, Mich.....	2.00
" Elisha Wells, Concord, Ohio.....	1.50
" a Friend, Radnor, per J. M. T.....	10.00
" E., Lower Makefield.....	1.00
" Stephen Mosher, West Liberty, Iowa....	13.00

\$680.35

Also donations of two boxes Clothing, from Kennett Aid Association; Seeds, unknown; 5000 Tracts, Hymns, &c., from Friends' Freedmen's Association; Books. J. H. Longstreth, Clothing.

HENRY M. LAING, Treasurer,
PHILADA., 12th mo. 2d. 30 N. Third St.

ITEMS.

CONGRESS.—The President's message was received and read in both Houses of Congress. In the Senate, a motion was adopted to strike out the title "Honorable" wherever it was prefixed to a Senator's name. In the House, the resolution on the impeachment of Andrew Johnson was taken up, and, after much debate, was lost, the vote standing, yeas 57, nays 108. The bill declaring that from and after its passage the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury to make any reduction in the currency by retiring or cancelling United States notes is suspended, was reported back from the Committee of Ways and Means, and, after discussion, passed.

The Atlantic Cable Company on the 4th inst. decided upon the following rates of charge: Five words for address, date and signature, heretofore accepted without charge, but subject to limitation as to the number of letters, will be forwarded irrespective of the number of letters they contain, provided the privilege is not abused.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN AFRICA.—A liberal gentleman in England, who conceals his name, has given \$12,500 for the erection of an edifice for a female boarding-school at Sierra Leone. The English Church Missionary Record says, very truly, that the education of the females must keep pace with that of the males, else disastrous consequences will follow. Africa must be regenerated by Africans themselves. Whatever aid is given to these institutions is so much for the advance of civilization and the entire removal of slavery in Africa.

PROGRESS IN CHINA.—The Chinese government appears to be awakening to the importance of European civilization as well as the Japanese. An important document has been published in Peking—a memorial, addressed by the Minister of State to the Emperor and widow Empress, proposing to create in Peking a college, in combination with a school of languages, in which the young literary Chinamen shall be taught all the modern sciences known among nations with which the Celestial empire has any commerce, and these nations are invited to furnish professors for this new establishment. Then follows the imperial sanction and rules for this college, as well as an important letter, addressed by the counsellors of the university to the Emperor of China, recommending the creation of an European college in Peking. This document is a striking proof of the intelligence of the Orientals, and shows the growing influence of foreigners in China.

SOUTH AMERICAN TELEGRAPHS.—The cable recently laid from Florida to Cuba bids fair to be merely the beginning of a system of wires destined to bring us into telegraphic connection with the whole of South America. A company, entitled the "Spanish-American Intercommunication Telegraph Company," has been chartered with a capital of two and a half millions of dollars, to run a line along the western coast, south from Panama. Valuable concessions have already been made by Peru, and similar favors are expected from Chili, Bolivia, Ecuador and Columbia. How the connection between Cuba and the Isthmus is to be made has not yet been determined; whether direct, or by way of Yucatan on the one side or the chain of the West India Islands on the other. The laying down of some line is of course a mere question of time, at the present rate of progress of such enterprises.

GENERAL HOWARD has said, we understand, that, if the Freedmen's Commission and other associations of the North will continue to raise money and send teachers this year as they did last year, he will be able, when the term of his bureau shall expire, to plant so many schools in the South, and those so thoroughly, that "a pretty fair school system will be insured in every Southern State."

Nor less numerous than the evidences of an ardent and universal desire for education, are the proofs of the capabilities of the race for attaining it. Of the colored children in the schools now established at the South, it is interesting to know, as fixing the degrees of proficiency attained, that about one-seventh were learning the alphabet, three-sevenths could spell and read easy lessons, two-sevenths were advanced readers, one-sixth were studying geography, one-half were studying arithmetic, one-third could write, and one-fiftieth were engaged in studying the *higher branches*. Only one-seventh were over sixteen years of age; and one-fifth of those in attendance on the schools of these agencies paid their tuition regularly.

THE CRANBERRY CROP of the United States this year, it is said, will amount to 300,000 bushels, worth \$1,200,000, and of this amount New Jersey produces one-half.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS—Joseph S. Cohn, *New York.*
Henry Haydock, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*
William H. Churchman, *Indianapolis, Ind.*
James Baynes, *Baltimore, Md.*

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THE PENNS AND PENINGTONS.

(Continued from page 643.)

Relative to her own experience, M. Penington proceeds thus:—"Word having been brought to the house that a neighboring minister, who had been suspended by the bishop for not being subject to their canons, had returned to his people again, and that he was to preach at the same place where he had preached three years before, I desired to go. For this I was reproved by those who had the care of me, as being not fit to leave my parish church. I could not comply with their mind, but felt I must go. When I came I found the minister was, indeed, one of those called Puritans. He prayed fervently, and with much sense of feeling. I felt that his was that sort of prayer which my mind had pressed after, but that I could not come at it in my own will; only had just tasted of it that time I have just mentioned. Now I knew this was true prayer, and I mourned sorely that I still kneeled down morning after morning, and night after night, but had not a word to say. I was exercised with this a great time; I could not go to hear the common prayer that was read in the family at nights, nor could I kneel down when I went to their worship-house. I could but read the Bible, or some other book, whilst the priest read common prayer.

"At length I could neither kneel nor stand up to join with the priest in prayers before the sermon; neither did I care to hear him preach;

but my mind ran after the hearing of the Non-conformist before mentioned. By constraint I went with the family in the morning, but could not be kept from going to hear the Puritan preacher in the afternoon. I went through much suffering to secure this, being forced to go on foot two or three miles, and none permitted to go with me. However, a servant out of compassion would sometimes run after me, lest I should be frightened by going alone. I was very young, but so zealous in this that all their reasonings and threatenings could not keep me back; and in a short time I would not go to hear the parish priest at all, but went, wet or dry, to the other place. I would go in with the family to hear the Scriptures read; but if I did happen to go in before they had done the prayers, I would sit while they kneeled. These things wrought much trouble in the family, and there were none to take my part but two of the maid servants, who were inclined to mind what I said against the reading of their prayers, and so refused to join with them in it. This the governors of the family were much disturbed at, and they made me the subject of their discourse in company, saying that I professed to pray with the spirit, but rejected godly men's prayers; that I was proud, and a schismatic." This was hard enough against a conscientious, tender-spirited girl of seventeen; but we must remember how trying it was to her guardians to see one so young taking such a stand against established forms,

and against what they regarded and had adopted as the right and truly authorized course in family worship.

When to the above was added the suspicion that she went to hear the Puritan preacher, only to obtain more liberty to meet with some young men whose acquaintance she was not likely to form in the house of her guardian, no wonder its injustice hurt her much, and that her sense of delicacy was wounded to the quick. In the family of Sir Edward Partridge she had abundant opportunities of meeting with gay company; and a beautiful young heiress as she was, with the advantages of wealth and educated taste, attracted, as we may well understand, numerous suitors; but from the special attentions thus directed to her she turned coldly away. Her heart was too much absorbed in the great search after truth, and longing for spiritual communion with God, to be moved by such attentions from any one who was not similarly interested. Thus she speaks of her feelings at that time:—

"I minded not those marriages that were propounded to me by vain persons, but having desired of the Lord that I might have one who feared Him, I had a belief, though then I knew none of my own outward rank that was such a one, that the Lord would provide one for me. In this belief I continued, not regarding the reproaches of them that said to me, no gentleman, none but mean persons were of this way, and that I would marry some mean one or other. They were disappointed in that, for the Lord touched the heart of him who was afterwards my husband, and my heart cleaved to him for the Lord's sake."

This was William Springett. During the previous seasons of deep trial through which his uncle's ward had been passing, William had been at Cambridge pursuing his studies there, and afterwards at the Inns of Court studying law. As his uncle, Sir Thomas Springett, was his guardian, it is probable the nephew had his uncle's house as a second home, and had thus been entirely removed from the scene of Mary's trials when they were most bitterly felt; and it doubtless was through the influence of this uncle, who was a steady royalist, that William Springett was knighted by the king, that honor having been conferred on him at a very early age—most probably when he was a law student and under Sir Thomas Springett's immediate care and patronage.

It seems that as soon as William heard through his mother's letters how the case stood with Mary Proude, that he lost no time in hastening home, deserting all the attractions of London, and forsaking the law courts, to which he never returned as a student. As the object of his most cherished affections, he asked Mary to give him the right to protect

and shield her, to which she consented with all her heart; for to her great joy she found, what she scarcely ventured to hope or expect, that his religious feelings, notwithstanding the adverse society to which his London life had been exposed, corresponded very nearly with her own. Hence she says, "My heart cleaved to him for the Lord's sake." They were married a few months after William's return, when Mary was about eighteen and he not yet twenty-one.

The youthful husband, with the utmost zeal, adopted and carried out the same objections to the use of forms of prayer and to other Church of England observances which his young wife had done previously. She says, speaking of that early time, "We scrupled many things then in use among those that were counted honest, good people. We found that songs of praise with us must spring from the same thing as prayer did—the feelings of the heart—and so we could not in that day use any one's song any more than their prayer." And she adds, respecting her husband, "Being so zealous against the use of common prayer and superstitious customs, made him a proverb amongst his intimates and relations. Indeed, he was so sensible of blind superstition concerning what they called their churches, that, to show his abhorrence of their placing holiness in the house, he would give disdainful words about their church timber. When we had a child, he refused to allow the midwife to say her formal prayer, but prayed himself, and gave thanks to the Lord in a very sweet and melting way; which caused great amazement. He never went to the parish church, but went miles away to hear Wilson, the minister I before mentioned; nor would he go to prayers in the house, but prayed morning and evening, with me and his servants; which wrought great discontent in the family, whilst we lodged with his uncle, Sir Edward Partridge. He would not let the parish priest baptize the child, but, when it was eight days old, had it carried in arms to this Wilson, five miles distant. There was great seriousness and solemnity observed in doing this; we then looked upon it as an ordinance of God. Notes were sent to professing people round about, for more than ten miles, to come to seek the Lord at such a time for a blessing upon his ordinances. No person was to hold the child but the father, whom the preacher desired to take it as being the fittest person to have charge of him. It was a great cross and a new business, which caused much gazing and wonderment, for him, a gallant and very young man, in the face of so great an assembly to hold the child in his arms. He received large charge about educating his child, and his duty towards him. He was the first person of quality in this country that refused the common mode, which he did in his zeal

against the formality and superstitions of the times.

"He took the Scotch Covenant against all popery and popish innovations, and was in the English engagement when the fight was at Edge Hill, which happened when his child was about a month old. He had a commission sent him to be colonel of a regiment of foot, and he raised eight hundred men without beat of drum, most of them religious professors' sons. There were near six score volunteers in his own company; himself going a volunteer, taking no pay. He was afterwards made a deputy-lieutenant of the county of Kent, in which position he was zealous and diligent for the cause.

"Within a few days after his regiment was enrolled, there was a rising in the vale of Kent of many thousands; to suppress which, he and his newly gathered, undisciplined soldiers were commanded from their rendezvous at Maidstone. He, having placed his men in such order as their inexperience and the time would permit, came to take his leave of me before encountering the enemy. When he came, he found me in danger of being put out of the house in case the enemy proceeded so far; and it put him to great difficulty to provide for my safety, and to return to his regiment at the time appointed, it being reported Prince Rupert was coming over to join the risers. But, being of such quick capacity, he soon devised a course that effected it; fetching a stage-coach from Rochester in the night, he carried me and my child and maid to Gravesend; and there, hiring a barge for us to go to London, he took a solemn leave of me, and went post to his regiment. When I came to London, I found the whole city in alarm, nothing but noise of drums and trumpets, with the clattering of arms, and the loud cry, 'Arm! arm! for the enemy is near!' This was at the time of that bloody fight between the Parliament forces and the king's, at Hounslow heath.

"The risers being dispersed in Kent, my husband came to London, having behaved very approvably in getting restored the cattle and horses to the persons that had been plundered by the risers, who had taken a great quantity, which, on their being dispersed, came into possession of the soldiers. He applied himself to have them all restored to those that were oppressed by the plunderers, but there were other officers associated with him who endeavored to enrich themselves by retaining them. He afterwards went upon several services with his regiment; he was at the taking of Lord Craven's house in Surrey, where several of his own company of volunteers were of the forlorn hope. He was also at the fight at Newbury, where he was in imminent danger; a bullet hitting him severely, though it had lost its force to enter. He lay for some nights on the field in Lord Robert's coach; there being neither time nor

convenience to pitch his own tent which he had with him. For some days he lived on candied, citron and biscuit. After being in several other engagements, he went back with his regiment into Kent."

(To be continued.)

PRAYER is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness.—*Bp. Jeremy Taylor.*

In looking over a late number of the *British Friend*, we find an article on the non-attendance of week day meetings. This being a concern which has claimed the serious consideration of Friends within our own Yearly Meeting, we felt an especial interest in the views expressed by J. D. The following extract will no doubt meet with the approval of many who have felt deeply on this subject:

TO NON-ATTENDERS OF WEEK-DAY MEETINGS.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—Romans xii. 1.

"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is."—Hebrews x. 25.

"And the King said unto Araunah, Nay, but I will surely buy it of thee at a price; neither will I offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing. So David bought the threshing-floor and the oxen for fifty shekels of silver."—2 Samuel xxiv. 24.

Do not the vacant seats in too many meeting-houses of the Society of Friends, especially on week-days, sadly testify to the neglect of these admonitions; and is it not to be feared that the manner of some is, to offer unto the Lord of that which costs them nothing, by presenting themselves before Him on the First day of the week, whilst, alas! they neglect the assembling of themselves together, when the service of the King of kings interferes, as they imagine, with the supposed duties or enjoyments of life. It is customary with most professing Christians to assemble with others for the public worship of God on the first day of the week. There may be little or nothing of true fealty to Him in this. It would be deemed disreputable; and they would feel conscience-stricken to omit so obvious a duty; whilst attendance on mid-week meetings for worship and meetings for discipline is regarded by too many as of little importance. They bow to the opinions of their fellow men as regards First-day duties; whilst the love and fear of God prove insufficient motives to detach them from their too engrossing secular engagements at other times.

Very plausible reasons are often assigned for the omission of such attendance—that other duties stand in the way—needful attention to business—the care of a family—reasonable relaxation—inability to spare the time required—deference to employers or partners in trade. Such excuses might be considered valid, if religion were a *secondary* matter—if temporal things were to stand *first*, and *then* the things of God. But the command is clear, distinct, imperative, “Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God;” and no humble believer need fear to accept this in all its comprehensiveness, and with all the consequences its unqualified fulfilment entails.

The writer believes that plain speaking is needed on this subject! and, whilst desiring to plead with the negligent, in Christian love, he would that they might very seriously consider whether they are not robbing God of his due, and their own souls of much spiritual benefit, by withholding from Him what may cost them something, but which is, unquestionably, their reasonable service.

Is there not still left amongst us a measure at least of that deep and fervent love to Christ and to his cause which so characterized our forefathers, whom neither *fines* nor imprisonment could deter from attending their meetings? Is the burning zeal of other days no more to be found within our borders? Have those courageous and dedicated ones who feared no evil, but whose hearts were fixed, trusting in the Lord, left no successors? And are we indeed becoming, as a people, faint and feeble in our allegiance and service to our God.

Whilst freely availing ourselves of every increased facility now offered for Scriptural instruction, and of all other means really calculated to promote our spiritual growth, may we never forget the ancient landmarks, never lose faith in the direct influence, guidance, and teaching of the Holy Spirit, or the high privilege of communion with God through Him; but rather be willing to be stirred up to greater diligence in the attendance of *all* our meetings for worship and discipline.

Many can testify that a rich and continued blessing has been bestowed upon them, both outwardly and spiritually, in thus giving up to the calls of duty; and how many have had to deplore a neglect of these meetings as the first steps in declension, which, abating their love to God and their joy in his courts, has led them downward in the path of unfaithfulness and sorrow.—J. D.

Let a young man resolve that he will never cross the threshold of a theatre; let him determine, as Amos Lawrence did at the age of four teen, when there were no temperance societies to help him, that he will run no risks with the intoxicating cup.

JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

London Pauperism amongst Jews and Christians. An Inquiry into the Principles and Practice of Outdoor Relief in the Metropolis, and the Results upon the Moral and Physical Condition of the Pauper Class. By J. H. STALLARD, M. B., London. London: Saunders, Otley & Co., 1867.

The Jewish system of public relief in London originated, it seems, from the removal, a few years ago, of the wealthier Hebrew families, for fashion's sake, to the West End. Before this removal, the rich and poor not only met together in their synagogues for common worship and mutual edification, but lived together in a common and close neighborhood, with natural relations between the two classes, and a simple, spontaneous dependence of each upon the other. Left to themselves, the poor were obliged to resort to new means of communication with their more favored fellows of Israel's name. “*All isolation*,” says Matthew Browne, in his own italics, “*all isolation is a making of little hells!*” So it wrought with the Hebrews in the great metropolis. The poorer synagogues of the Continent forwarded their dependent members, for relief, to London, as their residence, or as a stage on their way, pilgrim-like, to our shores. Hundreds of poor foreigners, ignorant of the language, homeless and houseless, with no means of self-support, crowded the Jewish quarter in the heart of this centre of the world's wealth. The Hebrew population was estimated, last year, at 55,000, and has not, probably, ranged much below those figures during the brief period of their new Relief Arrangement. The foreign element largely predominated. Some estimate of the proportion of widows and fatherless children may be drawn from the fact, that 10,000 of the former and 25,000 of the latter are already enrolled upon the books of their Guardians of the Poor.

The removal of the rich from their vicinity left the poor to avail themselves of begging pleas or begging letters. They planted themselves at the doors of warehouses, counting-rooms, or banking-offices, with an importunity not to be denied; or they forwarded epistles of a most urgent and piteous tenor: and to both forms of appeal the pious and prosperous Jew promptly accorded a favorable reply. So the relationship was reestablished, which his removal to the West End had disturbed. But effects soon followed which revealed a disastrous error. The more the rich yielded and gave, the more importunate and exacting the poor became. Beggars' cries and beggars' letters multiplied and swarmed, like the flies and frogs of Egypt. Pauperism increased. To prevent this, as well as to remember and relieve the poor, was the question which Hebrew charity had to meet.

The first step was the appointment of a Board of twenty-nine Guardians of the Poor, to

represent the conference of the three synagogues of the city and the wealth of their communion. This board was subdivided into general branches of inquiry and relief, with special departments for strangers, for widows and orphans, for the sick, the unemployed, &c. They provided also for a corps of additional volunteers, in case of epidemics or unusual calls for aid. Nor were the Guardians to be mere officials or hirelings. The wisest and best of their people volunteered, or were selected, for the sacred service. It was a religious trust; and its representatives and agents were called to it, or called for it, "in God." There was to be no longer isolation, separation, estrangement; but, rather, proximity, union, friendship.

Again, in opening their office, in receiving and visiting the applicants for relief, the same personal element of religion and humanity appears. The poor were invited, encouraged, urged to come, *before* they became beggars or paupers, and lest they should become such. With all the respect shown for the home and the person of the poor brother or sister, the wholesome sanitary faith of the Hebrew Guardians never allowed an applicant to appear with unclean hands, face, or body, or to remain in an unclean tenement. Bath-tickets were ready for the first, and another house, or suite of rooms, for the last, at the expense of the Guardians; who insisted upon the use of these tickets, and removal to suitable apartments, before affording any other relief. The Guardians challenge the most jealous and vigilant scrutiny to discover a single instance of their overlooking, neglecting, or failing to relieve, a worthy poor individual or family. Not that they always give. But full records are kept in every case; and the Board can prove from their books, that, if they did not yield at times to the request of the poor, it was because a better course suggested itself,—a better method, at once, of removing want and of preventing pauperism. The best proof that this is well done we find in the report, so honorable to the Jewish Guardians, that, whenever the poor are thus denied their request, or, rather, are put in the way of helping themselves, they are as well pleased as if the alms had been bestowed. In other words, the treatment they receive is so straightforward and sincere, that they see, with the Guardians, how much better it is to look elsewhere, to resources of their own or of their friends and kindred, than to draw upon official charity-funds. If a journey or voyage should be proposed, the Guardians cheerfully give or loan the necessary means. Often they add enough to prevent anxiety or suffering when the poor arrive whither they recommend them to remove: this, we believe, is their rule in every worthy instance. And many a freshly-arrived and hardly-pressed foreigner—exile and wanderer on the earth—

has found reason to rejoice in the prompt and provident, brotherly and paternal, kindness of his "co-religionists," as they style themselves so justly. But when the Guardians find that the applicants must remain where they are, if their investigations reveal real merit and real want, aid to any needed amount is forthcoming at once.

They meet the applicant at first with a welcome. They believe every story which is at all probable, till facts oblige them to set it aside; and, in all instances, when no other alternative is left, their charity flows towards the worthy poor in swift, sure, and swelling streams. No further time is to be lost; and the only rule or measure to be applied is that of the necessity of the case. They do not ask, How little can you get along with? They do not adopt a fixed rate for every recipient; nor are they guilty of the folly of setting some narrow bound, within which the poor must content themselves, or *go to the almshouse*. They know nothing of the miserable policy which views the poor with suspicion and aversion, doles out scanty alms to those who beg the loudest or deceive the most, and too often overlooks the honest and humble sufferers, who had rather perish than mix with beggars and rank with paupers. "I dread giving the first half dollar," said an overseer, once, in Baltimore. "Make it five or ten dollars; and tell the poor creature, to whom it yields substantial relief, to look to you, and to you alone, under God, when it is gone, if the occasion for it remains," would be the Hebrew reply, "and you will have nothing to fear." A widow cries, "I must break up my family: I cannot keep my children together. My husband is gone: our little ones are so many, I must send them to the asylum, or let strangers adopt them." "No," say the Guardians: "God is your husband; your offspring are our wards; their mother's side is the best asylum; no home is so good as yours for them." "But," she pleads, "how can I afford it?"—"What will it cost?"—"A pound sterling, it may be, a week."—"We will gladly find that for you," is their reply. This condition, however, is always insisted upon,—*"Your children must attend school."* The mother cheerfully consents and faithfully complies. The schools are free, and, when school-going days are over, the best of places are found for their "wards;" and the Guardians continue to watch over them with parental solicitude and affection, till, at a suitable age, they are received into the synagogue. Many a fatherless child rises, in this way, to eminence and usefulness in the future administration of the faith and humanity of his fathers, or takes her honored and happy place among the daughters of Israel.

Not merely children, but every young man and young woman, is made to partake of this

all-embracing guardianship of the Hebrew system. An important additional means of relief comes in the form of loans under five pounds (twenty-five or thirty dollars), without interest, and of larger loans at fair rates. The loan-offices are governed by the rules in Deuteronomy, and resembles our pawnbrokers' bank, and the *monts de piété* of Europe. Marriage portions, gratuities to the poor for festive occasions, and burial grants, are common everywhere with "the chosen people." One touching feature they can proudly claim as their own: when a woman is about to become a mother, no matter how humble or little known she may be, her neighbors congratulate her on God's great goodness, assure her of their sympathy, and pledge, with words never known to be broken, whatever cheer or succor she may require: The consequence is, more children are favorably ushered into the world, and, from this and kindred care afterwards, a larger proportion of infants reach the age of five in health and strength, with this "peculiar people," than with any others upon the globe. Similar pains produce equal advantages upon the general duration of mature life with the Hebrews.

One person weekly, Dr. Stallard estimates, dies of starvation in London! Such a thing is wholly unknown under the Jewish administration; while imposture, beggary, crime from the pressure of want, and pauperism in all its forms, are effectually prevented. Sub-committees have special charge of the sick, infirm, aged, and "casual" poor. They forbid and prevent all resort to almshouses, workhouses, or the like; and, though their own charities are extended to all the dispensaries, hospitals, and benevolent institutions of Christian London, yet they prefer their own provisions for their own dependents. Old age is held in especial esteem. None of the natural shocks that flesh is heir to, appear to be uncare for.

Especially grateful are their arrangements for the sick. Medical men, and their allies of the volunteer committee, are always ready. Not only drugs, medicines, wines, and cordials are supplied, but all the nameless necessary appurtenances of the hospital or sick chamber. All common calls are sure of prompt and effectual attention; while in case of epidemics, like Asiatic cholera, the latent organizing force is sufficient to cover the field at once with nurses, watchers, or assistants, with special supplies in ample variety and abundance. The Baroness of Rothschild provides, at her own expense, a sick-kitchen, to furnish food to fifty poor patients every day. A graduated pupil of the girls' free Hebrew schools is chief cook. Under her are sixteen other young Jewesses, training in turn for future skill and usefulness. In the morning, the physician sends in his orders for beef-tea, broth, arrow-root, jelly, or whatever the sick,

the convalescent, the feeble, or any under his treatment, require; which is issued in due time, whatever it may be. The cost is considerable, and so is the effect. "Better give up some of our dispensaries," says Dr. Stallard, "and open sick kitchens instead." And every one who has had occasion to lament the want of wholesome and suitable food, more than even of medicine, for the sick poor, must agree with him as to the importance of our borrowing this admirable feature, which the Baroness conducts with a generous heart and an open purse.

To sum up, in closing, a few leading features of the system: First, it is one of *personal devotion* to the well-being of man and the highest interests of society. The Jewish Guardians of the Poor are drawn from their most influential and intelligent members. Men and women of the best culture, ability, and rank gladly volunteer their services as principals or assistants.

Next, the whole spirit is that of *confidence and respect*, as well as of affection, towards the claimant of their bounty. However lowly, however poor, he is, still they cheerfully confess the equal, the neighbor and brother, of the lofty and the rich. He must be so received and so treated as not to lose sight of this himself. The crowning aim is to preserve and strengthen the sentiment of self-respect. Despondency or despair, even any approach to undue self-distrust and self-depreciation, destroys the best hope of human peace and improvement.

Again, the whole plan is grounded upon a religious faith in "the God of their fathers." Rich and poor alike depend on that Will which at once divides and unites them. So they can live and work together in humility and in hope, neither unduly exalted nor unduly depressed. One God, one Law, one Love,—admit that, and every thing else follows of itself.

The Ministry at Large in Boston has, for more than forty years, been pursuing a series of measures closely resembling those here described. This mission, inspired by the eloquence of Channing and sustained by the labors of Tuckerman, was pre-eminently due to the practical piety and philanthropy of Henry Ware. As pastor of the church in Hanover Street, and a resident of that section of the city, he yearned to render his ministry serviceable to the poor not enrolled in his or in any of our parishes. They passed him daily in the streets; they toiled and rested, suffered and sinned, perchance, beneath the shadow of his church-walls,—alas! only a shade upon their path. His own flock sufficed not for his sacred charge. Here were neighbors to be loved and served and saved, as himself and as his own. With a noble band of young men and women to second his endeavors, he established the Ministry at Large. Two years later, Dr. Tuckerman

entered the field with a zeal and devotion which have secured for him the credit that was really due to Mr. Ware. From its commencement to the present hour, the aim has been to introduce into the charities of Boston, and of every place provided with this ministry, all the best features of the Hebrew system in the great metropolis. The visits from house to house; the bounties of the poor's purse; the chapel movements, with all their schools and services; the two leading branches of the "Society for the Prevention of Pauperism" and the "Provident Association," with the network of complementary and subsidiary instrumentalities introduced by the Ministry at Large, or yet to spring from it,—these give an outline of what we trust may be combined hereafter in a well-arranged and amply endowed and amended Poor-law Administration, not for this city alone, but ultimately for our whole country.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

In the obituary column of last week is registered the death of another youthful member of Green street Monthly Meeting, Mary K. Henzey. It is not our object to add a laudatory notice, but we feel impelled to express the desire that the repeated removals among our beloved young people may have the effect to encourage their companions to "buy the Truth," which is of more value than gold, and abundantly more to be desired than fine gold. Our beloved young friend, we believe, was one who had in a great degree kept her garments "unspotted from the world," and in the few days of suffering allotted her, she had not to contend with the remorse consequent upon evil-doing. Like several others near her age, who have been removed within a short period, she had much to attach her to this life. An only daughter of fond parents, a favorite in a large circle of relatives and friends, she had just finished her scholastic course and was prepared for the useful life which appeared to be opening before her. Her feelings responded to the calls of suffering humanity, and she promised to be an efficient laborer in this field. She has been taken from it all, and we think the great solemnity which overspread the unusually large gathering at the time of her funeral, and the impressive testimonies borne on that occasion, may be accepted as an earnest that it is well with her,—“well with the child.” A.

BE MASTER, AND NOT MASTERED.

It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. The wise and manly way is to look our disadvantages in the face, and see what can be made of them.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

Having been interested in reading the several articles that have appeared in Friends' Intelligencer relating to First-day Schools, I have felt that a little tribute was due from me. Having had the privilege of witnessing the operation of one of those schools, (being a co-laborer,) and beholding the influence on the minds of the children, and the interest that they themselves take in assembling, together with a willingness to be instructed in the ability that is given, it seems to me (to say the least) that it is a Divine calling, and a want in our Society that needs to be supplied.

Truly may we admit, as has been said by T. W., that parents are the proper guardians of their children, and it would be cause of great congratulation, if parents generally were careful to collect their children together on First-days, in order to impart to them religious instruction, and to tell them of their experience in best things. But have we not cause to believe this great duty is in many instances neglected? Having nothing in our Society government to require this dedication, only by recommendation, many think themselves too weak, and this weakness is transmitted from one generation to another, until Friends' principles are lost sight of, and many glide imperceptibly away. But our First-day schools will have a tendency to create an equilibrium. Where all meet on one common base, and for one general cause, there is a sympathy felt, and that social feeling will be drawn out, whereby all will begin to realize this great truth, that they are the children of one common Father, and that they are seeking one common interest, each other's good, and the salvation of the immortal part.

A coöperation of the parents and those of religious experience is much needed, to encourage children to lay hold of religious instruction. And the more we meet together for this purpose, the greater ability will be given to act under a Divine influence; and the inflowing of Divine love will spread from vessel to vessel, until there is a bubbling up of the pure waters of life, and ability given to administer wholesome instruction.

In addition to Scripture lessons, which meet my approval, there will be those, experienced in the school of Christ, who will be enabled to tell what the Lord hath done for them, and how he led them along in their tender years, which no doubt would meet with a response in many a young mind. Strength would be given to surmount difficulties that seem to the young and inexperienced to be insurmountable, and all would be comforted and all be edified. We know that early impressions are the strongest. Hence the responsibility resting on parents and guardians, to bring up the children in a proper

manner—to direct them to the Fountain of eternal truth. The wise Solomon has left on record the following saying: “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” If we concede this, should we not be in earnest? Should we not come up together as much as practicable—the parents with the children and the children with the parents? In unity there is strength. And let us see if there is not a work for each to do; remembering the great truth, “he that watereth himself also shall be watered;” and I believe there would be opened a fountain of life that would “well up unto eternal life.” J. M. S.

West Branch, 12th mo. 9th, 1867.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 21, 1867.

NOTE.—Contributors will please take notice that, to insure the publication of an article, the name of the writer must be given to the Editors, although it may not be necessary that it should be made public.

PUBLIC CHARITY.—At this inclement season we are reminded on every hand of the need of remembering “the poor.” The philanthropist is importuned for relief by many who appear to be aware that the chilling blasts which congeal the rivulets of the material world have the effect upon the sensitive heart to cause the streams that emanate from the genial fountain of charity to flow more freely. Unhappily the gross impositions practiced by a class who would rather beg than work, and who expend the means thus obtained in a manner repulsive to virtue and honor, leads to an embarrassment which often occasions the objects of real charity to be turned aside with the impostors. Still there are many who in this uncertainty feel that if they err, “it is better that it should be on the side of mercy.” The evil of professional begging continues to claim the serious consideration of the generous and humane, and many efforts have been, and are being made to remedy it. Benevolent associations exist not only within the various religious circles but also irrespective of sectarian bounds; and many intelligent men and women, especially the latter, devote much time in endeavoring to ascertain the real wants of those upon whom charity is bestowed, and to find employment for such as have strength and health to labor.

Many Friends are to be found among these self-sacrificing workers, although the Society provides for its own members who may require pecuniary aid. It is one of the most striking and beautiful features of the discipline of the Society of Friends that the necessities of the poor are to be relieved, and “they assisted in such business as they are capable of.” Where this advice or requirement is not carried out entirely, we believe it may not be the fault of the Society, so much as the shrinking of individuals from allowing their pressing needs to be known. We honor a disposition to maintain an independence by self-support; but when untoward circumstances cluster, as sometimes they will, it then becomes the privilege of those who have it in their power to realize the truth of the Scripture text that “he who gives to the poor lends to the Lord.” In connection with this subject we present our readers this week with a Review of “London Pauperism among the Jews and Christians,” and a sketch of the Jewish system of public relief, by C. F. Barnard, from the Christian Examiner.

The frequent reception of communications giving an account of meetings in different parts of the country, for the commingling of Friends, old and young, for the purpose of intellectual and spiritual improvement, leaves no doubt that there is an awakening in the minds of many to the necessity of individual as well as Society effort, to support the noble testimonies of Truth with which we as a people have been entrusted. We rejoice in the call to labor, for verily “the fields are white unto harvest.” The mountain around which too many have pitched their tents has been encompassed “long enough.” The command has been given to “move forward”—to no longer rest in the labors of our fathers, which will avail no more than the claim of the people formerly, who called Abraham their father, yet did not the works of Abraham. One generation passeth and another cometh,—the responsibilities of the latter are no less than those of the former. They who were faithful to the word nigh in the heart, performed the work of their day and passed on to a higher and purer life. Those who are now upon the stage of action are alike called to follow the guide which “leads into all Truth.” We are not

to look backward, but forward; to press onward "towards the mark for the prize;" and unless this be steadily kept in view, we shall be likely to miss our way and be involved in mist and darkness. It is, therefore, a deep concern with us that in the various efforts which are now being made to arouse from a state of lethargy and lukewarmness, the eye may be kept single to the Light, that the labor required may be clearly discerned, and that nothing may be allowed to weaken our faith in the all-sufficiency of the grace of God, as it is suffered to operate in the hearts of the children of men, to cleanse from sin and preserve in the way of life everlasting.

MARRIED, at Dunning's Creek, on the 12th of Ninth month, 1867, at the house of Jesse Blackburn, CHAS. G. CLEAVER, son of Wm. and Keziah Cleaver, (deceased,) to MARIA BLACKBURN, daughter of Jesse and Edith Blackburn.

DIED, on the 17th of Tenth month, 1867, ELIZA H. CRANDELL, aged nearly 69 years.

—, suddenly, on the 7th of Twelfth month, 1867, at Bordentown, N. J., AARON BELLANGER, in his 85th year; a member of Chesterfield Monthly Meeting, N. J.

—, in Baltimore, Md., on the 7th of Twelfth month, 1867, JONATHAN SHOEMAKER.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Executive Committee appointed at the recent Conference are requested to meet in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race St., on Sixth-day afternoon, Twelfth month 27th, at 3 o'clock.

WM. W. BIDDLE, Clerk.

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of this organization will be held this (Seventh-day) evening, 12th mo. 21st, at 8 o'clock.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., Clerk.

MEMORIAL OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS IN REGARD TO THE INDIANS.

To the President of the United States, the Secretaries of War and of the Interior, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and the Members of the Senate and House of Representatives, the following memorial in relation to the Aborigines of our country, respectfully represents, that the memorialists are members of the Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, and are representatives, now assembled in Conference in the City of Baltimore, of the Six Yearly Meetings, or general Assemblies of our People, whose members reside in the States of New York, Vermont, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Iowa, and in the District of Columbia. For a very long period, the Society of Friends, from sympathy with suffering humanity, has been deeply interested in the Indians of our Country. Since the first settlement of the Friends

on this continent, they have always advocated and practiced a liberal and just policy towards the Aborigines. The efforts of Wm. Penn for the benefit of the tribes residing within the present limits of the State of Pennsylvania, have received the admiration of the world. These efforts have been continued by the Society to the present time. Our Records show, that, in the winter of 1795-96, a delegation of our people waited upon the President of the United States, and also on the Secretary of State, under whose particular care the Indians at that time were, acquainting them with the concern of our Religious Society for the instruction of the Indians in the cultivation of their lands, and in other subjects which would tend to their comfort and improvement, civilization and enlightenment. The President, George Washington, then in Philadelphia, assured the delegation, that the benevolent objects of the Friends, as thus set forth, were fully approved by him. The Secretary of State also approved of the objects of Friends, and manifested a desire to co-operate with the Society in promoting the Indians' welfare. In pursuance of the designs and concern of Friends thus officially approved, the Society proceeded, at their own expense, to erect mills* at Waupaghkannetta, and schools at that place, at Lewistown, on the Auglaize River, and other places in the State of Ohio, and at Cattaraugus and Alleghany, in the State of New York. Our records show, that one of the Chiefs went into the mills at Waupaghkannetta, for the purpose of obtaining instruction in the management of them, in which he succeeded, and they were placed under his charge. In 1804, under the superintendence of the person placed among the Indians, by the Friends, there were raised on one farm an abundance of different kinds of vegetables and other productions of the garden and field, and a number of swine; and the young Indian women had learned to spin and knit; and when the report was made, 2d month 4th, 1805, these young Indians were knitting yarn of their own spinning. In 1822, a tract of land was purchased adjoining the Indian Reservation at Waupaghkannetta, containing 214 acres, on which the necessary buildings had been erected for a school house, and a dwelling house for the superintendent and his family. About twenty acres of the land were cleared, and under cultivation, lessening the cost of transporting provisions. This improvement gave great satisfaction to the Indians. The mills were in good running order, under the management of an Indian.

Members of the Society, under a religious concern, went to reside amongst them in Ohio and New York, to instruct them in agricultural

* Grain mill and saw mill.

pursuits, the mechanic arts, household economy, and school learning; and these labors were continued, with marked and very satisfactory evidences of improvement. Those tribes in Ohio, to whom our care had been extended, have since gone, or been removed west of the Mississippi River; and those at Cattaraugus and Alleghany, have become so advanced in civilization and enlightenment, as no longer to need our assistance and care.

These simple facts are presented, in order that you may see that our concern is one of long standing, and that you may judge of its character and its depth. This long continued and active connection with the Indians, and the personal acquaintance and affectionate friendship of our ancestors with some of the prominent Chiefs, as Red Jacket, Little Turtle, Five Medals, Corn Planter, and others, have caused us to continue to be close observers of the events affecting their condition, from that time to the present. We have *felt* much, but have seen no way for efficient *action*. The picture of the treatment of these people, as drawn in the Annual "Reports of the Commissioners of Indian Affairs" for the last six years, in the "Defence of Commissioner Bogy," the "Letters of the Secretaries of War and Interior on the Fort Phil Kearney Massacre,"* the "Letter of the Secretary of the Interior of July 13th, 1867, communicating information touching the origin and progress of Indian hostilities on the Frontier,"† and the "Report on the Condition of the Indian Tribes," by Senator Doolittle, Chairman of the Joint Special Committee of the two Houses of Congress, Jan. 26th, 1867, is one which we do not feel called upon to characterize. We have viewed it over and over, with double sorrow. Sorrow for the poor, oppressed, withering Indian: sorrow for the Government that fails to afford him better protection; fails to comply with the terms of the most solemn treaties, and whose officers, agents, and employees, practice such injustice, cruelty and wrong upon them, as we find there recorded in so great a number of instances. And then, the sad consequences that follow, in the destruction of these poor people! As pathetically stated by one of their number, "Fifty years ago, our numbers were many. Once, we covered this great continent. From East to West, and from North to South, was the Red Man's Country, and the Red Man's home. To-day we are few in number. We are fast dwindling away:—falling like the leaves of the forest, to rise no more."‡

* Senate Ex. Docs. Nos. 15 and 16, 39th Congress, 2d session.

† Senate Ex. Docs. No. 13, 40th Congress, 1st session.

‡ Letter from Eamegahbowh, of Minnesota, an Indian Missionary, to one of your present Memorialists.

According to the census returns, the policy that has been pursued towards these Indians, has reduced their numbers from 400,764, which was their population in 1850,* to 831,093 which was their population in 1860,† being a decrease in the intervening period of ten years, of 69,671, or more than one-sixth of all the Indians that existed in our country at the time the census of 1850 was taken!

But, this is now past. All we can do with these facts, startling though they be, is to make them a basis from which to plead for a change of policy, and to draw from them lessons of experience and instruction as guides for the future. The future is still left to us; and although fears exist in contemplating it, hopes rise superior to them. As, in the practice of continued cruelty upon an individual, a point may be reached in his injured physical system, from which the most unremitted subsequent kindness cannot restore him, nor the most assiduous nursing and attention prevent his going down to an untimely grave; so, continued injustice, wrongs, outrages and cruelties, practiced by a powerful nation upon a weak people, may be carried to such an extent, that restoration is impossible, and nothing remain but ultimate extermination or extinction.

But, we rejoice to believe, this point is by no means reached in regard to the Indians. There is great ground for hope, that by the government pursuing a kind, just, and liberal policy towards them in future, they may be preserved and enlightened; and in order that such humane policy may be inaugurated towards them, is the object of this earnest and solemn appeal on their behalf.

A great amount of evidence is afforded by the Reports and Documents hereinbefore enumerated which you have published, that the Indians are highly capable of civilization and enlightenment, and of conducting agricultural, mechanical and manufacturing pursuits, when properly instructed, protected and influenced, not only sufficient for their own support, but to have a surplus.

The following interesting picture of the Indian character, drawn by Hon. John B. Sanborn, Special Indian Commissioner, and published by government, has much in it which is highly suggestive and encouraging:

"Seen in their native state," he says, "and before they have been brought in contact with civilized men, the Indians have many of the noblest traits. They have great love for fame and glory; great contempt for suffering and death; and not one element in their nature that will lead them, under any circumstances, to submit to any form or condition of slavery. They have quite correct and philosophical

* Census of 1850, page 94.

† Census of 1860, pages 135 and 136.

ideas of government and of laws; all have a belief in a future state, where the conditions will depend upon conduct during earthly existence: they have good powers of thought and reason, and not a few of each tribe have the rare faculty of oratory. Are there not sufficient traits and elements of character here, by proper influence and training, to develop into a noble civilized race? They seem to be, in no respect, inferior to our European ancestors, at and previous to the invasion of Cæsar.—They are savage and nomadic; so were the European races. They are warlike and brave; so were the European races; perhaps the latter were less so. They are superstitious and religious; so were the European races. They are revengeful; so were the European races: and there seems to be nothing in their nature or condition to preclude them from civilization, that might not be found in the nature and disposition of our ancestors, except that our ancestors, when overrun and crushed by the Roman power, submitted to the condition of slavery; whereas this race will all die free, rather than live slaves. It is therefore to be fairly concluded, when this race is compared with any of those who, from a state of barbarism, have risen to civilization, that we find them in no respect inferior, and that there is nothing in the natural organization and condition of the Indians to preclude them from civilization and mental culture. But, if their natural organization and condition do not preclude them from civilization and general development, then we must be pursuing an erroneous policy, or failing to carry a policy which is sound in itself into effect. For, the result has been, to drive an independent and lordly race into the condition of dependents and beggars; to convert generous, grateful, and noble spirits, into craven, bitter, and degraded souls; to degrade and destroy the *man*, and cultivate and develop the fiend.”*

Witness the advancing condition of the remnant of the once powerful Confederation of the Six Nations, in the State of New York, as exhibited in the several late reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. In his report of last year he says: “For the most part, these people (the Indians of New York) are industrious and intelligent in the care of their farms, and succeed in making a fair living by their labor. Of many of them, it may be said, they are not surpassed by the whites in the care and diligence with which they pursue their business, or the success which crowns their efforts, as may be seen at the Annual Agricultural Fairs which have been instituted among them.

“These Indians exhibit a great interest in

* Letter of Secretary of the Interior; Senate Ex. Doc. No. 13, 40th Congress, 1st Session, page 68.

the education of their children; and, as their location is such as to give them the benefit of the common school system of the State of New York, they are not slow to avail themselves of the privilege, there being twenty-three schools among them, containing eight hundred and seventy-two scholars, out of a population of under four thousand, a larger proportion of scholars to the total population than obtains in most white communities. Notwithstanding the ravages of the small-pox among the Tonawandas, by which forty-four persons died, the average number of births in the agency, for the past year, has exceeded the deaths,”* so that the whole population is increasing.”

Governor Fenton, of the State of New York, in his last annual message to the Legislature, says: “These Indians in the State of New York, living upon reservations, have steadily increased in population for the last twenty-five years, without being indebted to immigration for the result. This growth of the Aboriginal race is opposed to the theory of their final extinction; and their gradual improvement in intelligence and thrift, even induces the hope, that whenever they shall have conformed to the usages of civilized people in respect to the marriage relation, they will be prepared to receive their lands, now held in common, as individual property, and the principal of their annuities. The motives which incite men to acquire wealth and inheritance for their families would then operate in the Indians with appropriate effect, and they might fitly receive and assume all the privileges and duties of the citizen.”†

These facts and conclusions are of great interest and significance, in the present condition of the Indian question among the tribes west of the Mississippi. We desire that our “government may calmly weigh the result of the experiment of kind treatment and fostering care of the Indians in Western New York. There are enough thousands of these Indians to make the experiment of real value; and the more so, because they have been, and are, divided into separate bands—miniature nationalities—encompassed about with destructive influences, in addition to the inherent tendency in small communities to become extinct from the intermarriage of blood relations, and to lose heart from the numerical weakness of their respective communities. If the New York Indians could live and pass the crisis, and begin to thrive and to increase in population, steadily and permanently, as shown by the reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, by the census returns, and by the message of the Gov-

* Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1866, page 60.

† Message of Governor Fenton to the New York Legislature, Jan’y 2d, 1867, page 26.

error of New York, there can be no ground for despairing of like results anywhere, where kind treatment and honest regard for their rights can be extended to the Indian race, for a sufficient length of time to give them faith in the permanence of such a policy.*

A change of our Indian policy, on the part of the government, being therefore evidently demanded by every consideration of humanity, justice and Christianity, your memorialists solicit your attention to the four following points, which, in their judgment, if faithfully acted upon by those in authority, will secure the objects so ardently desired by all who have regard for the eternal principles of right and justice—the dictates of Christianity.

First.—To restore peace between the Indians and the government upon the most fair, just, and liberal terms to them, so as to be likely to secure from all the tribes, their faithful observance of the stipulations entered into. N. G. Taylor, the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in his report to Congress, dated July 12th, 1867, says: "We can have all we want from the Indians, and peace without war, if we so will, with entire security upon all our frontiers, and in all our territorial domain, at a cost of less than two days' expenses of the existing war, to wit, a quarter of a million of dollars; and in less than one hundred days; and this can be done simply by retracing our wrong steps, and by doing right."† Oh! in the name of all that is sacred, let this at once be done. Let the representatives of a Christian nation *immediately* retrace any wrong steps which may have been taken, and have all their transactions and intercourse with these, their wards, governed by the strictest principles of justice and kindness, and an honest regard for their rights and interests, for all time to come, so as to restore and preserve the blessings of peace.

Second.—Let the agents and employees who are sent to reside among the Indians, be persons of high character and strict morality, without any regard to party bias; and let the Indians be secured and protected from intrusion and encroachment by white settlers, and allow an easy and prompt means of redress for wrong and injury inflicted upon them by the whites, through the *proceedings* of a *judicial tribunal*.

Third.—A difficulty of no small magnitude, as the publications referred to abundantly prove, attends the administration of the affairs of the Indian Bureau. We trust that, in your wisdom, some measure may be devised to render it more prompt and efficient, to carry out

the benevolent purposes of government, protect the Indians in their just rights, and secure them from the intrusion of the whites upon their reservations, or injury and abuse from the frontier settlers.

Fourth.—Assign to the Indians a number of fertile tracts of well-watered country, as *permanent reservations*, to be solemnly secured to them forever, and of ample dimensions for the liberal accommodation of the whole number of Indians in all the Western Territories, to which the Indians shall be invited, and, by being liberally furnished there with food, and all the necessities of life, *induced* to remove, and upon which all shall ultimately be collected who wish to retain their tribal character. There, supply them well with seeds, stock, farming implements, and manufacturing tools, and place among them, on these reservations, suitable, peaceful, enlightened, and conscientious persons, to instruct them in agriculture, manufactures, the mechanic arts, and household duties, as well as in all the necessary school learning, and protect them from the intrusion of all others. Then, in a little time, instead of the precarious dependence, as at present, upon the buffalo, the deer, and the bear, in the forest, for the subsistence of themselves and their families, they would have the oxen, the sheep, and the swine in their fields at home, whence they can be at any time procured. This is the present condition of the Indians in Western New York, as has been already stated in this memorial, (and to which statement we particularly solicit attention,) who, but comparatively a few years ago, gave no more promise of improvement, or of their present advanced condition, than do now the various tribes west of the Mississippi river. Here is positive ground on which to rest the feeling of great encouragement and hope.

In conclusion, your memorialists respectfully and earnestly crave, that the Great Spirit, in whom the Indian trusts, and unto whom the white man prays, may so enlighten the understandings, and imbue the hearts of all with humanity, justice and mercy, that our people, and the remnant of our red brethren, may, in all the future, live in harmony, peace, and love, and mutually practice truth, justice and kindness towards each other, and thus glorify our Father who is in Heaven, and invite a continuance of His blessings to us, to our *beloved country*, and to our *posterity*. Amen.

POSTSCRIPT.—In promoting the welfare of the Indians, and fulfilling the benevolent intentions of the government towards them, such services as we may be able to render will be given without receiving any pecuniary return, from either the nation or the Indians.

Signed by a number of Friends and by
BENJ. HALLOWELL, *Sec'y of Conf.*

* Letter from Asher Wright, the benevolent Missionary on the Cattaraugus Reservations, to your memorialists.

† Letter of Secretary of Interior; Senate Ex. Doc. No. 13, 40th Congress, 1st Session, page 4.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 11.

DRESDEN, Sept. 17th.

The kingdom of Prussia, more than any nation since the Roman, rests for the principle of its nationality upon war. In Berlin every man must serve, and some years of his life must be given to military drill; this drill is very severe. Since the Northern Confederation was formed under the lead of Prussia, this rule has extended over all the States within its limits, and Hamburg was groaning under it when I was there. Hitherto its military force has been amply made up by the poorer citizens, who were paid for their work, but now the richest citizens must yield their sons, and they must fight the enemies of the Confederation whenever called by Prussia. I passed by the drilling ground, and saw some of the exercises. They were terrible to witness. A lady who was with me, and who was well acquainted with anatomy through the study of Dr. Lewis's free gymnastics, expressed the greatest indignation. I heard that in Schleswig-Holstein, which now belongs to the Bund, soldiers had hanged themselves because they could not perform the exercises required by the Prussian drill. Since I came to Dresden I have seen a young man, (a sculptor, and the only son of the greatest sculptor here,) who was giving promise to excel his father, and whose delicate appearance excited my interest. I was told that this terrible Prussian law had taken him from his studio and put him into the barracks for a year, and that in practising the exercises, he had broken a blood-vessel in his breast. Through the greatest interest, exerted by the King of Saxony and the friends of this young artist's father, a respite had been granted him, for his recovery; the time has nearly expired, and he will be obliged to return to the exercises, which every one thinks will prove fatal to him. But the Prussian authorities are afraid that indulgence would lead to relaxation of discipline, and rather than *this*, some lives must be sacrificed; and here is to be sacrificed perhaps the most promising genius in Saxony. We know this case, but it shows what is happening in hundreds of instances that never meet the world's ear. I was told that numbers of professional men were compelled to leave their professions and live in the barracks for three years at their own expense. I cannot think that a plan for uniting Germany which subjects it to a military despotism, can, in the end, be good; but some say that, as Prussia has a public school system that compels every child in the kingdom to be educated, and as this political compulsion is modified in its effect by the genial methods which intelligence has supplied to the actual teachers, the future of Prussia must be the development of free institutions.

I spent one day in the Berlin gallery, which is most valuable as a school for general culture, and is free to the people, who really do frequent it. It forms part of the Museum, which also contains a very large sculpture gallery, and a great number of antiquities of all kinds, especially from Egypt. The buildings themselves are elaborate pieces of architecture, frescoed within and without by the best modern artists, whose works are also in the galleries. This Museum was begun by Frederic II., and finished by Frederic William IV., which facts are duly engraved on the outside; but the only work of art in Berlin which awakened any feeling in me was the Mausoleum at Charlottenberg, erected to the memory of Queen Louisa and Frederic William III. A full length figure of each is carved in marble upon their sarcophagi, which stands under cover of a little temple facing an altar, over which is a statue of Jesus on the cross, also in marble, and on each side are portrayed in fresco the same king and queen kneeling, and offering Him their crowns. By the side of each sarcophagus is a candelabra, the pedestal of one representing the three Fates, that of the other the three Graces, or else Faith, Hope and Charity, (I could not determine which.) This marble room is lighted by colored glass windows, which pour a violet light upon the marble; and as this color is the symbol of self-sacrifice, it is in beautiful taste. The dust that was once the living bodies of the two sovereigns does not lie under the sarcophagi, but under the vestibule, on whose floor are cut their names, &c. An old gentleman who was present while I was there, and who had seen the queen in 1803, said that her likeness was perfect.

I took one day for Potsdam, but had time to see only the New Palace, (built by Frederic the Great,) Sans Souci, and the Church of Peace, as it is called, which is the place where the royal family go for public worship when they are at the palaces. There is a room in the New Palace entirely covered with shells,—the walls, ceiling and furniture; it is very curious, and must have been exceedingly expensive. At Sans Souci, we saw the chair in which the great Frederic died; also, the only portrait for which he ever sat, and in both palaces were his books, in glass cases, and articles of furniture that he had used. Sans Souci is but one story high, but the woods, gardens and orangerie are the glory of these palaces; otherwise they are inferior in the splendor of their ornamentation to the French palaces, which seemed to me like answers to the spells of Aladdin's lamp. These palaces are kept in order at an enormous expense, drawn of course from the lower orders of society, whose labor is coined into the adornment of the lives of the few, and who do not enjoy these things themselves, though it is true

that they are thrown open to the inspection of the people, such as can pay the few groschen expected by the servants who show them. My guide said that these servants grow rich upon the fees, however. If our Americans who come to see these things would feel that they too could have all this beauty and splendor, but only under the conditions of our constitutional equality, giving scope to a free activity of all classes of society towards the same end of enjoying life with others, European travel would do nothing but good. A young American girl, who had had a truly liberal Christian education, after describing the galleries of Florence in a letter, and expressing ecstatic delight in some of the finest works of art, and in the fact that the human being was permitted to enter into the secrets of the Creator so far as to create such beauty, exclaimed, "Oh! when I grow up, I, too, will give my life to lifting up the feeble-minded and enlightening the ignorant." I have not remembered the exact words, but her aspiration impressed me, which was not to make beautiful pictures and statues, but to portray the highest effect of these for those who could not do it for themselves. To bless humanity, to universalize its divinest enjoyments, this is the true impulse of art, and even mechanical art has this effect. I look forward to the time when the progress of machinery shall save all men from swinking toil, and leave their energies free to do what neither electricity nor the laws of gravitation, or any other unintellectual force, is competent to do. But the moral and religious status of man is not yet such a union of power, wisdom and love as would make it safe for him to have all the powers of nature at his command. It is only when the *image of God* is produced in *universal humanity*, that individual men shall find their word is sterling in nature.

Here I am in Dresden, where the finest picture gallery in the world is thrown open to all the people gratis, four days in the week; and though the luxuries of life are cheaper here than anywhere else in the world, perhaps, the government is felt at every turn. There are laws for every movement, and if one breaks them inadvertently, which a stranger is very apt to do, the result is a fine or imprisonment for six months. I should think the chief revenue of the government to be from fines. I am obliged to pay about twenty-five cents for the privilege of hiring a room in Dresden for a month, and while here am subject to all the vexatious laws of the municipality. For the first time in my life I have felt myself to be under a government that circumscribes my will. At home, I never thought of government but as the protector of my liberty. There, government embodies *love*; here, *power*. The necessity the European governments find themselves under of providing amusements for the people, shows that they feel

their weakness. These Saxons, instead of staying in their poor homes after the hours of labor are over, and brooding upon their wrongs, are beguiled with amusements that lull their anxieties and preclude revolutionary plans. Energy is taken out of their wills by such means. "Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds, for to-morrow we die;" and it would seem that they concern themselves little as to what will come to their posterity after they do die. It is the true vocation and highest art of men to make society, and a race degenerates when it is not consciously doing this. That which gives life to Americans is this consciousness of making society, and it supplies the want of other means of culture which the Germans possess. When they (the Germans) shall have added this power to what they already have, what a great nation they will be!

Some persons told me that with all my love of art, when I came to Europe I should feel more reconciled to authority and less over-zealous for liberty, but it is not so. I see that the age of the fine arts has passed away, and there is no more creation, because authority, not liberty, is the spirit of the time. I am reading Hermann Grimm's life of Michael Angelo, and I see he makes him the creator of mediæval art, and ascribes the grand scope of his genius to his love of liberty, which was pure and ideal, though he was beguiled by circumstances to actually serve the Medici rather than the liberty of Florence. But subjectively he was nobly free, and all his great works are shown by Grimm to be embodiments of an Ideal Free Italy.

The contrast between Berlin and Dresden is very great; the latter lies beautifully on the Elbe, the new city being the residence of the nobility, who live in pretty houses, on wide streets. It has an air of repose which contrasts strongly with Berlin. The people are hospitable to strangers. There are three hundred American families here, on an average, in the winter. It contains fine schools for both boys and girls. The Polytechnic, for boys, has a five years' course, and private instruction can be procured of excellent quality. E. P. P.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

One bid me turn aside,
Saying He had a message I could hear
Best in some quiet place; but as I went
I heard the busy voices of the world,
And, listening to them, answered in my pride
That I had ears for both, and was intent
On keeping all my old companions near.

He called me once again,
Pleading that He had precious things to say,
Which He desired that I should understand;
Things which He might not tell to other men.
I said, that if I were too long away
I could not join my company, and then
Should lose my place of honor in the land.

He told me I was ill;
That He this time had chosen for his call
Because He saw my labor was too much,
And that I greatly needed to be still.
I answered I was strong enough for all
That I had planned that morning to fulfil;
And so again shook off His gentle touch.

And yet I suffered sore;
My eyes were dim with weeping all the night;
A heavy burden preyed upon my mind;
I dared not look on the long way before;
I dared not look on the dark way behind;
Glad morning could not bring my spirit light;
The way of hope and peace I could not find.

I am grown wiser now,
And sadder, with the knowledge of my loss
Of all the holy words I might have learned,
Of counsels whose sweet comfort would not cease,
Oh, if alone with Him, I had but turned,
Had bowed in meekness 'neath the Cross,
And found it change to blessing and to peace!

He is not far away;
For still, at intervals, I hear His voice;
I hear His footsteps coming to my door,
Sound sweeter than the music of the day.
Enter, O Lord! Oh, speak to me once more,
And I will list each word that Thou canst say
As humbly as a child—and will rejoice.

THY KINGDOM COME.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Thy kingdom come,
I heard a Seer cry: "The wilderness,
The solitary place,
Shall yet be glad for Him, and He shall bless,
(Thy kingdom come) with his revealed face,
The forests; they shall drop their precious gum,
And shed for Him their balm; and he shall yield
The grandeur of his speech to charm the field.
Then all the soothed winds shall drop to listen
(Thy kingdom come);
Comforted waters waxes calm shall glisten
With bashful trembling beneath His smile;
And echo ever the while
Shall take, and her awful joy repeat,
The laughter of his lips—(Thy kingdom come,)
And hills that sit apart shall be no longer dumb;
No, they shall shout and shout,
Raining their lovely loyalty along the dewy plain
And valleys round about.
And all the well-contented land, made sweet
With flowers she opened at His feet,
Shall answer: and make the welkin ring,
And tell it to the stars, shout, shout and sing;
Her cup being full to the brim,
Her poverty made rich with Him.
Her yearning satisfied to the utmost sum—
Lift up thy voice, O Earth, prepare thy song,
It shall not yet be long;
Lift up, O Earth, for He shall come again,
Thy Lord; and He shall reign, and He shall reign—
Thy kingdom come."

[Correspondence of the San Francisco Alta California.]

CUSTOMS OF THE JAPANESE.

*How they Till the Land—Streets and Street Traveling
—Arrival of a Daimio.*

The principal occupation of the natives around Yokohama is agriculture. I think that the Japanese make even more out of their land than the Chinese. Of course rice is the principal

staple of food, and although they raise an immense quantity of this article, it is not nearly sufficient to satisfy the demand, and consequently a large quantity is imported from China and India. In traveling through the country of Japan the traveler will very often see what to him appears a waste piece of land—uncultivated and unemployed—but in truth there is very little land that is not under cultivation. The Japanese seem to have an idea that to raise one article on one piece of land for any length of time tends to exhaust its fruitive powers; consequently, after cultivating a piece of land for some time with edible crops, the farmer will often plant it with trees, in the meantime cultivating another tract, and by the time he wishes to cultivate his first piece again he has got a good piece of timber land. This system certainly enables the farmer to get the most out of his land. Indeed, he is obliged to do so, not only for his support, but for all his rents and tithes, which are paid not in money, but in kind—mostly rice; and the rent of a farm is estimated, not at so many itzibons (a Japanese coin worth about a third of a dollar), but at so many piculs (133 pounds) of rice. Besides rice, there are considerable quantities of peas, beans and wheat grown, besides cotton and tobacco. Large quantities of vegetables are also grown, but as a rule they have not the slightest flavor to them, except the potato, which is tolerable; but this latter is only grown in small quantities. Almost every kind of fruit is also grown in Japan, but I never could discover the slightest taste to any of them, with the exception of a small orange, which is procurable only in winter. Their apples are large, and the sight of them would make one's mouth water with desire; but one might as well endeavor to eat soaked pine shavings, for they are hard, gritty and tasteless. The people also are great gardeners, and are extremely fond of flowers, of which almost every variety is grown in the country; but although fine to look upon, they are almost totally devoid of smell. Some of the gardens in the vicinity of Yokohama are very fine and tastefully laid out. The implements used by the Japanese, both in their agricultural and mechanical pursuits, are very similar to those used in China.

In mechanical arts I do not think they are superior to the Chinese, except in their bronze castings. In this latter and the manufacture of lacquerware they are not to be excelled by any nation. In their minutest figures, especially of birds or insects, they are exceedingly true to nature, even to the smallest detail. These manufactures are mostly carried on at Yeddo and Osaka.

The streets of a Japanese town present an appearance as novel as it is interesting. The shops being all open, one can see right through.

You generally find the shopkeepers resting by sitting on their heels—a position which seems perfectly comfortable to them, but one which I was glad to quit after giving it a trial of about two seconds. They will cordially invite you in, and are not at all set back if, after inspecting every article in their shop, you leave without purchasing anything. The streets have not that crowded appearance which they have in China, from the fact that they are much wider. But there is a horrible din kept up all the time, which is anything but pleasant, by the coolies transporting merchandise. In China this is done by suspending the article to be carried either on the middle of the pole, when it is carried by two coolies, or dividing it and placing a portion on either end, when one man can carry it by balancing it on his shoulders. But in Japan it is transported on handcarts. These are large trucks, with two massive wooden wheels, that look as cumbersome and clumsy as you please. Four coolies generally attend one—two in front and two behind—and they keep up this meaningless, monotonous chant to keep time. Now and again you see an itinerant hawker with a small gong in his hand, which he strikes at regular intervals, in order to attract attention to his wares. But what is this that is being carried through the streets at rather a rapid rate, on the shoulders of four half-dressed coolies, two in front and two in the rear? It looks like a small sized dry goods box. But it isn't. It is a *norimon*—a Japanese carriage—and there is actually a human being cooped up therein. Upon inspecting it I could scarcely imagine that a man or woman could rest therein more than five minutes. They are about four feet in length and three in height, and are more fit for cages to transport wild animals than for the means of human locomotion. When Sir Rutherford Alcock, H. B. M. Minister, once went from Yeddo to Yokohama in one of these *norimons*, he says that when he got out it took him some time to find out that he had not been baked; and nothing could induce him ever to travel again in a similar vehicle.

ITEMS.

THE REVENUE COMMISSIONER'S REPORT last year stated that the men employed in the glass works and steel factories, in Pittsburg, have averaged eight dollars a day wages. This statement startles a Boston paper, which asks: Are not tariffs too high when they give to the day laborer wages as large as the salaries the Governors and members of Congress, and more than the graduates of our colleges can obtain for years in any profession? If pay depends on useful work, we think that the man who earns his money by hard labor deserves quite as much as either Governors, Congressmen or graduates. A great trouble in this country is that too many people try to live without work; and that whilst professions and stores are overstocked, and there are about twenty times as many politicians as there is any necessity for, the

useful trades are neglected by young men choosing callings in life.—*Ledger*.

A RECENT hydrographic survey of Maine discloses the fact that the head waters of the Androscoggin, Kennebeck and Penobscot are higher than those of the Mississippi at Lake Itaska, although the distance from the source of the former river to the sea is less than 200 miles in a straight line; that Umbagog lake is 1256 feet above tide water, and Moosehead 107, and that the water power of the State is practically unlimited.

MACHINE BELTING is now being manufactured of paper by a firm in Dalton, Massachusetts. This belting is reported to be in use in several New England mills, and the Dalton manufacturer has made a paper belt seventy-five feet long and eight inches wide. The paper belting is said to have all the merits of leather and some advantages.

The French Government contemplate a new and vast project, which, if carried out, will be of incalculable importance to that nation. This is to enlarge the *Canal Deux Mers*, so that large vessels may pass directly from the Atlantic ocean to the Mediterranean, without passing under the guns of the Fort of Gibraltar. At present the canal connects with the Garonne River, at Toulouse, and falls into the Mediterranean near Agde; the river reaching the ocean near Bordeaux completing the chain of communication. In order to fill the canal when it is enlarged, it is proposed to intercept the innumerable mountain streams, from the Pyrenees and mountains of Auvergne, and imprison them in huge reservoirs, whence the water can be drawn as needed.—*Scientific American*.

The *Paris Presse* relates the discovery, in one of the mines of Portugal, of an old wheel which was doubtless employed by the Romans to raise water in the operation of draining the mine. It is well known that the hydraulic works of the Romans surpassed in extent any of those of modern times. As that great people had not the use of either steel or gunpowder, they were sometimes obliged to raise water over a ledge, where modern engineers would carry it right through. In some of the mines were dug draining galleries nearly three miles in length, but in some places the water was raised by wheels to carry it over the rocks that crossed the drift. Eight of these wheels have recently been discovered by the miners, who are now working the same old mines. It is supposed that these wheels cannot be less than one thousand and four hundred years old, and the wood is in a perfect state of preservation, owing to the immersion in water charged with the salts of copper and iron. The water was raised by one wheel into a basin, from which it was elevated another stage by the second wheel, and so on for eight stages.

THE GERMAN RAILWAYS have adopted a new system for heating cars on railways. At a conference of the railway managers of the North German Bund, some time ago, it was agreed to warm the passenger cars on all the lines, beginning as soon as the cold weather sets in this winter; and for this purpose a special car, containing the heating apparatus, will be placed immediately next to the locomotive of every train, from which pipes will convey a continual circulation of hot water through the whole train. Inside the cars these pipes are made of copper, which will communicate with the other cars by short lengths of India-rubber pipes, fitting in by means of screw metal heads. Ventilators in the interior of the compartments enable the passengers to regulate the temperature so as to suit their convenience.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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THE PENNS AND PENINGTONS.

(Continued from page 659.)

"Not long after he had returned to Kent his own native county, Sussex, was in danger from the Cavalier party, which had taken Arundel, and fortified the town and castle. Sir William Walker was commander-in-chief against them, his assistance having been sought by the assopiated counties. My husband looked upon this engagement as a particular service to his own county, and with great freedom went to Arundel, where they had a long siege before the town. After they had taken it, they besieged the castle; it was very difficult service, but, being taken, he and Colonel Morley had the government of the castle committed to them. A few weeks after this, the calenture, a disease that was then amongst the soldiers of the town and castle, seized upon him in his quarters near Arundel; from whence, in the depth of frost and snow, he sent for me to London to come to him. This was very difficult for me to accomplish, it being a short time before the birth of our second child. The waters being up at Newington and several other places, we were forced to row in a boat on the highway, and take the things out of the coach into the boat with us. Springs were fastened to the bridles of the horses, and they swam over and brought the coach with them. The coachmen were so sensible of all the difficulties and the badness of the way between London and Arundel, at that time, of the year, that in all the

neighboring streets they refused to come with me. Only at length one widow woman, who kept a coach for hire, and had taken a deal of our money, undertook to let her servant go, even though he should hazard the horses. So I gave him a very great price (twelve pounds) to carry me down, with liberty to return whether I was with him or not, within a day's time. It was a very tedious journey; we were benighted, and in the dark overthrown into a hedge. When we got out, we found there was on the other side hardly room to get along, for fear of falling down a very steep precipice, where we would have been all broken to pieces. We had no guide with us but he who had come to me with the message from my husband, who riding on a white horse, we could see him on before. Coming to a garrison late at night, we had to stop the coach to give the commander notice by firing a gun, which was done by the sentinel. The colonel came down immediately to invite me to stay; and to encourage me, said my husband was likely to mend, beseeching me not in my situation to run such a hazard. The coachman, being sensible of the difficulties still to be undergone, would needs force me to lodge in the garrison, saying his horses would not hold out. To which I replied that I was to pay for all the horses if they suffered, and that I was resolved not to go out of the coach unless it broke down, until it came so near the house that I could compass it on foot. So, seeing my resolution, he pushed on.

"When we came to Arundel we saw a most dismal sight—the town depopulated—the windows all broken from the firing of the great guns—the soldiers making use of the shops and lower rooms for stables, and no light in the town but what came from the stables. We passed through the town on to his quarters. Within a quarter of a mile of the house the horses came to a stand still. As we could not see the reason of it, we sent the guide forward for a light and assistance. Upon which the report reached my husband that I was come; but he assured them they were mistaken, that he knew I could not come, in the situation I was in. Still they affirmed that I had certainly come. 'Then,' said he, 'raise me up in the bed, that I may be able to see her when she enters.' But the wheel of the coach having pitched close into the root of a tree, it was some time before it could be loosened. It was twelve o'clock at night when I arrived; and as soon as I put my foot into the hall, from which the stairs ascended to his chamber, I heard his voice saying, 'Why will you lie to me? If she be come, let me hear her voice.' This struck me so, that I had not power to get up stairs, but had to be helped up by two. On seeing me, the fever having taken to his head, he in a manner sprang up as if he would come out of the bed, saying, 'Let me embrace thee, my dear, before I die. I am going to thy God and my God.' I found most of his officers about the bed attending on him, with signification of great sorrow for the condition he was in, they greatly loving him. The purple spots had come out on him the day before, and now were struck in, and the fever had got to his head, which caused him to be in bed, they not having before been able to persuade him to go to bed, though his illness had been for five days before the spots came out. Seeing the danger of his condition, and that so many Kentish men, both commanders and others, had died of it in a week's time near his quarters, they entreated him to keep his chamber. But such was the activeness of his spirit, and the stoutness of his heart, that they could not get him to yield to the illness so as to stay within, till they covenanted with him that he might shoot birds with his crossbow out of the window; and he did do it till the spots went in, and the fever got to his head. He then became so violent, being young and strong, that they were forced to sit round the bed to keep him in. To my doctor, whom I brought down with me, he spoke seriously about dying, and to me most affectionately. To the officers who were around the bed striving to keep him in, he spoke no evil words; but wittily remarked to the marshal and others about keeping up a strict watch, or their prisoner would escape, and how they were to repair the breach when he thrust his limbs from under the clothes.

"Discerning my lips to be cool, he would hardly suffer me to withdraw them from his burning face so as to take breath, crying out, 'Oh, don't go from me!' at which the doctor and my maid were very much troubled, looking upon the infection to be so high that it endangered my life and the child's. Two hours at a time I sat by him thus, and after a little pause he called upon me again to lay my mouth to his, and that he would be very quiet. At length, while I was in that posture, he fell asleep; which they that were by observing, constrained me to go to bed. Considering my condition, and that I might leave my maid with him, who could bring me an account, I was prevailed with, and went to bed. When he awoke he seemed much refreshed, took great notice of the servant, and said, 'You are my wife's maid. Where is your mistress? How does my boy? Go to my wife, and tell her I am ready to embrace her, I am so refreshed with my sleep.' She came and gave me this account, and I would have arisen and gone down, but she persuaded me not, saying he would go to sleep again, and my going would only hinder it. So I sent her with a message to him, and went to rest. Thinking from the description she gave he was recovering, I lay late in the morning. When I went down I saw a great change, and sadness upon every face about him, which stunned me. He spoke affectionately to me, with several serious and weighty expressions. At last he said, 'Come, my dear, let me kiss thee before I die,' which he did with that heartiness as if he would have left his breath in me. 'Come once more,' said he, 'let me kiss thee, and take my leave,' which he did as before, saying, 'No more now. No more ever.' He then fell into a great agony, and that was a dreadful sight to me.

"The doctor and my husband's chaplain, and some of the chief officers who were by, observing his condition, they concluded that they must either persuade me, or take me by force from the bed; his great love for me, they said, and his beholding me there, being the occasion of it. Upon which they came and asked me to go from the bedside to the fire; that while I staid where I was he could not die. This word *die* was so great with horror, that I, like an astonished, amazed creature, stamped with my foot, and cried, 'Die! die! must he die? I cannot go from him.' Upon this two of them gently lifted me in their arms, and carrying me to the fire, which was at a distance from the bed, they prevented me from going to him again. At that time I wept not, but stood silent and struck. After I was brought from the bed he lay for a time very still; at length they said his sight was gone, and then they let me go to him. And standing there by his bedside I saw on him the most amiable, pleasant coun-

tenance I ever beheld—just like that of a person ravished with something he was looking at. He lay about an hour in this condition. Towards sunset he turned quietly about, and called upon a kinsman of his, 'Anthony, come quickly,' at which very instant Anthony came riding into the yard, having come many miles to see him. Soon after this he died, and then I could weep; but, fearing injurious consequences, they immediately took me up into another chamber, and suffered me no more to look at him."

Sir William Springett's remains were next morning taken privately by his officers and soldiers to Ringmer, and there deposited in the family vault where several of his ancestors lay, intending that a public funeral should follow as soon as arrangements could be made for it in London. But those who had the management of his pecuniary affairs, discovering that he had expended so much of his own private property that was not likely to be refunded, in equipping, maintaining and paying the soldiers, declared against it.

In Ringmer church a handsome mural monument was erected to his memory, which is still in perfect preservation.

(To be continued.)

From "The Silent Pastor."

MEDITATIONS.

Lift-up thyself, O mourning soul; lift up thyself; raise thine eyes that are wet with tears! Why are thine eyes wet with tears? Why are they bent continually upon the earth? And why dost thou go continually as one forsaken of thy God?

Oh thou that toilest ever and retest not; thou that wishest ever, and art not satisfied; thou that carest ever, and art not stablished; why dost thou toil and wish? Why is thine heart withered with care, and why are thine eyes sunk with watching?

Rest quietly on thy couch, steep thine eyelids in sleep, wrap thyself in sleep as in a garment, for He carest for thee; He is with thee, He is about thee, He compasseth thee on every side. The voice of thy Shepherd among the rocks.

He calleth thee; He beareth thee tenderly in His arms; He suffereth thee not to stray. Thy soul is precious in His sight, O child of many hopes! For He carest for thee in the things which perish; and He hath provided yet better things than those.

Raise thyself, O beloved soul! Turn thine eyes from pain and care and sin; turn them to the brightness of the heavens, and contemplate thine inheritance, for thy birthright is in the skies, and thy inheritance amongst the stars of light.

The herds of the pasture sicken and die;

they lie down among the clods of the valley; the foot passeth over them; they are no more. But it is not so with thee, for the Almighty is the Father of thy spirit, and he Hath given thee a portion of His own immortality.

Look around thee, and behold the earth, for it is the gift of the Father to thee, and to thy sons, that they should possess it.

Out of the ground cometh forth food; the hills are covered with fresh shade; and the animals, thy subjects, sport among the trees.

Delight thyself in them, for they are good; and all that thou seest is thine.

But nothing that thou seest is like unto thyself; thou art not of them, nor shalt thou return to them.

Thou hast a mighty void which they cannot fill; thou hast an immortal hunger which they cannot satisfy; they are not worthy that they should occupy thee.

As the fire, which, while it resteth on the hearth, yet sendeth forth sparks continually toward heaven, so do thou from amid the world send up fervent thoughts to God.

As the lark, though her nest is on the ground, as soon as she becometh fledged, poiseeth her wings, and finding them strong enough to bear her through the light air, springeth up aloft, singing as she soars, so let thy desires mount swiftly upwards, and thou shalt see the world beneath thy feet.

Be not overwhelmed with many thoughts. Heaven is thine and God is thine, and thou shalt be blessed with everlasting salvation and peace upon thy head for evermore.

SOCIAL READINGS.

To the Editors.—The "Friends' Social Reading Circle of Poughkeepsie," is again holding its regular semi-monthly meetings, which were omitted during the summer.

These pleasant gatherings were inaugurated last winter at the suggestion of G. T., when on a visit to Poughkeepsie, and for this kindness we feel greatly indebted to him, deriving, as we have, so much of profit, as well as entertainment and pleasure from them. The few meetings already held during the present season, have been very well attended; and, in addition to the regular reading exercises, several original communications have been read; these articles have added greatly to the interest of the meetings, and, as we trust, manifest an earnest desire that they shall become indeed a source of re-improvement, moral, intellectual and social. We enclose one of these communications, which read at the regular meeting on the 13th. that you might perhaps deem it worth place in your columns.

From our experience here at P. I have felt impelled to suggest¹ your calling the attention of Fri

the country, through the medium of the "Intelligencer," to the benefits to be derived from such gatherings, recommending them also as a pleasing means of familiarizing the principles of Friends, and cultivating a love for them in the young.

11th mo. 30th, 1867.

"Oh! Idle words!
Ill-omened birds!"

Lately I have mused much on the many sentences dropped daily by the thoughtless—words of jest and mirth, perhaps, uttered without an aim, yet which have proved indeed "ill-omened birds," wafting on their raven plumes sighs to a heart already burdened with earth's sorrows, and open to pain, as the leafless trees to the blasts of winter.

How little Pleasure thinks, when she calls her train, and casts back her glances toward the loiterers by the way; how many of them are Niobes, the fountain of whose tears her scorn shall afresh unseal,—or Sarcasm, priding herself on intellectual birth, and hurling from her towering heights shafts of wit to sink deep into some sensitive nature, and leave it bleeding and quivering for many a day: and how little Gossip recks, with her free speech, (forgotten on the morrow, by herself,) of the stones rudely jostled from the sepulchre of buried griefs, into whose grave the world shall peer with unfeeling and unholy eyes.

Shall we not then guard well our words? lest their purpose be mistaken, and they prove as arrows to some unhealed wound, where we should rather pour the oil of kindness and of love—

"Oh! Kindly words!
Angelic birds!"

White-winged messengers, bearing to the heart songs of praise and chants of peace.

Poughkeepsie, 11th mo., 1867.

DROPS OF WISDOM.

Hear not ill of a friend, nor speak any of an enemy.

Believe not all you hear, nor report all you believe.

The flowers of speech spring from the root of the tongue.

Half the truth may be a lie, in the absence of the other half.

He who would not have more than he can do to-morrow, must do all he can to-day.

As threshing separates the corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue.

Never consider a person unfeeling or hard-hearted because he refuses what he cannot grant.

When there is love in the heart, there are rainbows in the eyes, covering black clouds with gorgeous hues.

Ask yourself before speaking ill of any man,

first, is it right? second, is it kind? third, is it necessary?

Take care to be an economist in prosperity, and there is no fear of your having to be one in adversity.

From "The Friends' Quarterly Examiner."

NO LIVING MEMBER EXEMPT FROM SERVICE.

"From whom the whole body, fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."

There are two lessons to be learnt from this passage; the one similar to that which our Lord himself taught to his disciples when, under the figure of the vine, He showed how union with Him is essential to the believer's life; the other, that every joint, every member, whether larger or smaller, is required for the fit joining together and compacting of the spiritual body and its consequent increase. Taken together, they need to be deeply pondered by every one amongst us, and honest answers given to the questions which they suggest:—"Am I myself, through my junction with Christ, a living member of the body; and, if so, am I, by the effectual working of his Spirit in me, contributing my full share to its prosperity?"

Close questions these, though none the less requiring distinct reply, and that from all who would bear the name of Christian; but I would now more especially bring them before the notice of some amongst us, and they are confined to no class, no order of education, who need to be practically reminded that they have as actual a part in this matter as any member of the community. I allude to those who, owing to circumstances, to slenderer mental endowments, to timidity, to youth, to any of those manifold causes with which all are so familiar, seem to themselves of less account than their brethren; of such small account indeed, according to their own humble estimate of their powers, that to be joined to the Head, and thereby to be assured of individual life, is all that they hope for, forgetting, or perhaps I ought rather to say, not daring to believe, that what is true of the physical is true also of the spiritual body, that every portion has its own function and measure of labour assigned to it specially, and that, failing its due performance, other members must be overtasked, or, in many cases, from simple necessity, the work be left wholly undone.

Such backwardness of apprehension is very far from being peculiar to the Society of Friends; all Christian sects have more or less to deplore it, though amongst us, owing to the remarkable freedom of our Church arrangements, it seems still more grievous than elsewhere. Yet, while we may earnestly deprecate

the error, those who commit it claim the sympathy of all who understand their position; and not sympathy alone, but that helping hand which, were it wisely extended to them, they would often in their turn be enabled to hold forth to others. There are doubts and discouragements in their way, and difficulties, too, peculiar to themselves. Perhaps if they could be convinced that their brethren at large have their special trials also, the feeling of kinship might do much to loosen the fetters that restrain them; if the habit of more general interchange of thought and religious experience were cultivated amongst our members; if they that fear the Lord, be they who they may, spoke more feeble knees, and hands hanging down, than often one to another,—there would be fewer weaken us now: the effectual working in the measure of *every part* would make an increase of the body of which, under present conditions, we can have but a faint idea.

Probably of all divisions of labor in the Church, that relating to the ministry least needs to be dwelt on here. So strongly does our teaching from childhood up inculcate a regard of what we hold to be a direct call to the office of preacher, that I would hope that few allow secular considerations to turn them from what they believe to be the path of duty; yet even when obedience has been rendered, the weakness of the flesh is so great, and there is such a constant temptation to forget that God never sets His children to useless work, that a word of encouragement may not come amiss. Slight as the following incident is, it has so often recurred to my mind with interest and instruction, that I do not like to pass it by. "In the Church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, than by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." This saying of the apostle's is so closely connected in idea with the occurrence, that I never recollect the one without the other presenting itself also.

Two ministers, both travelling on Gospel service, paid a visit to one of our meetings, at the same time, though not in company. Their gifts were very different, and so were their positions in life; in everything, in fact, they were unlike, save that both were humble, devoted followers of the Master. It happened that I was present on the occasion, and I recollect being much struck with the marked dissimilarity in the style, and matter, and manner of their discourses; and when, a few days after, a conversation between two friends took place regarding their visit in my hearing, I received a lesson which I hope will never pass from my memory. The longer discourse, powerful and argumentative, and couched in excellent language, as it had been, was referred to by one of the speakers with the utmost satis-

faction, and its various points were being summed up and dwelt upon in a manner which showed how genuine had been the impression produced, when the other friend, equally full of the opposite side of the subject, abruptly broke in and exclaimed: "Yes,—no doubt it was excellent; but what a sermon that was of——! Ah! that was the one! I never listened to anything equal to it."

Which of these two was right, or rather were they not both correct? We talk about small gifts far too much, and too many of those to whom they are entrusted sadly shrink from exercising them; and all the time, as was so clearly proved in the case just cited, they have as important and necessary a place in the spiritual economy as any other, even those which we term the largest. In the meeting I have referred to surely there was, to one at least of those present, something that might well be compared to "ten thousand words in an unknown tongue;" phrases of experience, doctrinal distinctions, and even it may be actual language, with which the listener was unacquainted, and consequently unimpressed; and it was left for the utterer of the "five words," briefly and simply given forth, to supply the need of one hungering soul, probably of many others similar to it, and thereby to minister effectually to the increase of the body through edification. Thus through the division of the word by the lips of more than one minister is a congregational growth known.

Would it not be well for us more generally to make a point of avoiding the words large and small in connection with ministerial gifts? (The apostolic term "best" is no voucher for such language; it refers to many differing qualifications, not to varying degrees of the one). In some instances, doubtless, they may be rightly, at least inoffensively, applied; but the majority of cases their effect is, may say, confessedly injurious. Ought rather, knowing how easily we are error even by our own words, to en-
ply to receive what is sent
accepting that which we feel
us specially, and allowing o-
their share also undistur-
then be less of that uore-
now too often dimir-
preaching on the
disposition to be-
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larger or sma-
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Perhaps the reader may have no special qualification for the office of teacher; but is there no one, not one single person, with whom the daily round of life may bring him into contact, to whom such exposition of the truth as he alone feels capable of, will be immeasurably more intelligible, just because of its very simplicity, than the elaborate arguments of the scholar? Advice, encouragement, nay, even warning and reproof, can we any of us venture to say that we are clear from such responsibilities? And for this end what talent is needed in most cases beyond that which falls to the share of every Christian?—what knowledge?—what grasp of intellect? Earthly lots may be very different, but are we not all walking along the same road Zionward, exposed to the same temptations, beset by the same weaknesses, needing the same grace to uphold and guide us? Who can tell the value of a simple word, a quiet reference to past experience, an hour's companionship, as it were, on the way, all the more welcome and refreshing, it may be, because the utterer of the word, the kindly comrade, is one from whom we had not been taught to expect such aid? There are those in every meeting, in every community, who seem set apart to fill the chief places in the ranks: they have their mission to perform, an onerous and important one, when rightly undertaken and fully carried out; but I am persuaded that there are many amongst us who can refer to occasions when a word in season, whispered by some unrecognised office-bearer, who had received his charge direct from the Church's Head, won its way into the heart, and bore fruit there, when everything besides seemed to fall uselessly on the barren surface. There is indeed a peculiar blessing often attendant on such ministrations; they come to us more pure from earthly admixture, more free from the temptation to lose sight of the Creator in the creature, than is possible in most other cases. If these instances could be increased, if they could become of constant, of daily occurrence, what added vitality there would be in the body, and how easily should we comprehend by our own experience the full and blessed scope of the text before us!

I would not indulge in a spirit of judgment, or suggest such to others; nor would I for a moment seem to advocate the disposition which prompted Peter's "Lord, and what shall this man do?" but I would appeal to every one who has at heart the true interests of his fellows, and ask whether an almost oppressive sense of the waste of power that there is undeniably amongst us does not often weigh on him, brought home most forcibly perhaps when, for whatever purpose it may be, our members gather together in larger or smaller companies? They come, one after another, taking their

seats, men and women, old and young, learned and unlearned, full of this world's goods, or comparatively empty; blessed with leisure or obliged to devote every day to toil; so different in outward appearance and position; so like in this one point, that every one, without exception, has a charge to keep, has his or her appointed work to do. He alone, who knows the secret of each heart, can tell whether by junction with the living Head, these separate members are in a condition to perform their functions; our feeble sight cannot in many cases go below the surface, or distinguish between deadness and inactivity, but we can grievously feel that, as a whole, there is something amiss, that there is an absence of that compacting and energy which would of necessity follow on an effectual working of vitality in every part; that gifts are being neglected, capacities wasted, influences left undirected, which, however slender in individual amount, would in the aggregate form a power for good almost beyond compute. As already observed, in the spiritual as in the physical economy, every portion must do its own duty; for there cannot, consistently with safety or health, be a transference of the burden from the many smaller to the few larger organs. Lesser and greater, let us each individually, earnestly, perseveringly, seek out our part and do it, in that strength through which alone such will be possible, and let us "consider one another," not censoriously, nor yet with an unacknowledged hope of finding in our companion's inaction an excuse for our own, but according to the apostle's precept, "to provoke unto love and,"—wherever that is, the other can hardly be far distant,—"to good works."

And now, before closing, I would say a few words on a subject so connected with the question which we have just been examining, as to render allusion to it almost necessary. I refer to the answer so often given to appeals for activity in any department of labor, any service for God, or for our fellow-creatures:—"I am not good enough!" Not good enough? If such an excuse were valid, which of us would dare to take one step, or lift a finger, in any work whatever? Perhaps few who say those words can realize how painfully they often strike upon the hearer, how that idea of "good enough," vague as it certainly is, and frequently uttered lightly by the speaker, sends a sort of shudder through the listener's heart, lest, in such small efforts as he has been enabled to make, he may possibly have been guilty of, as it were, touching holy things with unhallowed hands: and fewer still, if they but gave themselves time for serious reflection, would venture to bring it forward at all as a plea for exemption from service. If we wait till we are conscious of being good enough, we shall wait for life; or rather, if such an idea were to take possession

of our minds, it would prove at once and incontrovertibly that we were wholly unfit for the work, whatever it might be. But is it to our own power or holiness that we have to look for preparation? Are we to hold out no helping hand to a brother until we need none ourselves? May we not strive earnestly to strengthen our companions against temptation, though we are still subject to such assault ourselves, aye, and still ever and anon yield grievously before it?

"Alas! the evil which we fain would shun
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone;
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we alway."

Poor, blind, unprofitable! Which of us, from sad experience, cannot add other and darker failings to the list? But if the Master, knowing all this better than we do ourselves, will still permit, nay, even command us, to work for Him, are we to stand back from the task? Let us beware of self-love under the guise of humility; of that dread which we all feel, some of us especially, of making our own shortcomings doubly apparent by our remonstrances against those of others; of the fear of provoking the retort, "Physician, heal thyself," which we all so shrink from hearing, and are so prone to fancy we hear on every side. How many there are who, if they might, would remain entirely in the background, silent and unobserved, so keenly conscious of their own manifold frailties that they would gladly shun every eye, and yet who, through overcoming grace, are made strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might, to stand forth undimly for the help of their companions, to rouse the slumbering, to encourage the timid, to support the weak, to turn the very temptations under which they themselves groan daily into engines of assault against the enemy, by first proving personally, and then effectually pointing out to others, the one sure way of escape from the evil! Truly we may ask, *who* is "good enough" for such a task? How can such effectual working be produced where all is so imperfect? Let us each one take home the answer supplied by the apostle, and act upon it:—"I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."

ANNA D. PEET.

To every man there are many dark hours—when he feels inclined to abandon his best enterprise; hours when his heart's dearest hopes appear delusive; hours when he feels unequal to the burthen, when all his aspirations seem worthless. Let no one think that he alone has dark hours. They are the common lot of humanity. They are the touchstone to try whether we are current coin or not.

BIRD MOUND BUILDERS.

Among the most remarkable of the feathered tribe are the birds of Australia, which construct large mounds, and then leave their eggs to be hatched in them, not by the birds themselves, but by the fermentation of the assembled mass of materials. The heap employed for this purpose is collected by the birds during several weeks previous to the period of laying: it varies in size from two to many cart loads, and in most instance is of a pyramidal form. The construction of the mound is either the work of one pair of birds, or, as some suppose, the united labors of several years in succession; the birds adding a fresh supply of materials each succeeding season. The materials composing these mounds are accumulated by the bird grasping a quantity in its foot and throwing it backwards to one common centre; the surface of the ground for a considerable distance being so completely scratched over that scarcely a leaf or blade of grass is left. The mound being completed and time allowed for a sufficient heat to be engendered, the eggs are deposited in a circle, at the distance of nine or twelve inches from each other, and buried more than an arm's depth, with the large end upwards: they are covered up as they are laid, and allowed to remain until they are hatched. Mr. Gould, from whose "Hand-Book" we derive this description, says that it is not an unusual thing to obtain half a bushel of eggs at one time from a single mound. Some of the natives state that the females are constantly in the neighborhood of the mound about the time the young are likely to be hatched, and frequently uncover and cover them up again, apparently for the purpose of assisting those that may have appeared; while others relate that the eggs are merely deposited, and the young allowed to force their way out unassisted. One point has been clearly ascertained, namely, that the young from the hour they are hatched are covered with feathers, and have their wings sufficiently developed to enable them to fly up to the branches of trees, should they need to do so to escape from danger. They are equally nimble on their legs.

A SPIRITUAL MIND.—Oh! the blessed hope and joyful expectation that attends a spiritual mind, especially when it is enlivened and assisted by the powerful influence of divine grace! For, without that, even good men may be liable to some dejections and fears as to another world, from the vastness of the change, the sense of their failings, the weakness of their minds, and mistrust of their own fitness for heaven; but so great is the goodness and mercy of God toward them that sincerely love and fear him, that he always makes their passage safe, though it be not so triumphant. And although the valley of the shadow of death may seem gloomy and

uncomfortable at a distance, yet when God is pleased to conduct his servants through it, he makes it a happy passage into a state of glorious immortality and everlasting life and peace.—*Stillingfleet.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, TWELFTH MONTH 28, 1867.

THE CONSIDERATION OF TOO MANY SUBJECTS OF INTEREST DURING THE WEEK OF OUR YEARLY MEETINGS.—In the London "Friend" of the present month, the "Stray Notes on Passing Subjects," by W. C. W., contains some pertinent remarks relative to unduly crowding the week of Yearly Meeting, between the "sittings," with gatherings, which, though laudable and attractive in character, become oppressive after Friends have been a long time together. This subject we think worthy the serious consideration of Friends generally. The over-burdening of mind and body at the time of our annual meetings, has, for years, been a matter of concern to a number of Friends who have said but little about it, lest it should be thought to arise from a want of interest in the various subjects which have especially of latter time occupied the "spare hours" "between the sittings" of the Yearly Meeting.

W. C. W. proposes that a time should be especially appropriated for what he terms "semi-religious meetings," instead of crowding the week of Yearly Meeting with so much that is not only interesting, but important to the welfare and progress of the Society. The minds of valued Friends, he says, being deeply exercised in the concerns of the Yearly Meeting, they are not free to enter into other subjects with the same power that they would on another occasion, and the loss is keenly felt by not a few. He gives as another reason that "to intermix other meetings when we are overtaxed in body by long sittings and late committees, is unprofitable to all." . . . "It detracts from the warmth and vitality which these occasions would otherwise create, and sends us home weak in body and distracted in mind, with an oppressive sense that we are really unequal to attending Yearly Meeting. "If the duties of the outer and the inner court were thus divided, I believe the interest in each would be increased. We should no longer be driven to hurry through

the business; no longer grudge a religious meeting for youth in an afternoon; neither should we fear a visit from Women Friends delaying our closing sitting, or have to foreclose subjects purely from lack of time."

In this country we have not "Foreign Missions," but the Aborigines and Freedmen of our own land call for an equal share of sympathy and labor. The "tract meetings" may be fully represented by the "Publication Association of Friends," and the increasing interest in the education of Friends' children within the limits of our Society.

The change of discipline in relation to intoxicating drinks as a beverage, has in great measure precluded the necessity of "total abstinence meetings" among Friends here; but the sad increase of the use of alcoholic drinks in the community within the past few years, is the cause of deep concern with some of our members, who feel called to labor in this field.

It appears not to matter where our abiding place may be; if there is *life*, there will be a call to exercise the gifts bestowed upon us in our Master's service; whether the labor be within a limited or more enlarged sphere, the great Husbandman will abilitate for the service required. And as he is not a "hard Master," it is right for us so to apportion our duties that we do not injure or impair the "body prepared" for us, in which to do the Father's will.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Ann Preston will lecture on Third-day evening next, Twelfth month 31st, at 7½ o'clock. Subject—"The Air we Breathe."

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER FROM A FRIEND IN WATERFORD.

The storm has stopped our work at the Meeting-house. We had made good progress, the material being nearly all on the ground, and with a few weeks of good weather we should have had it under roof. We have the means subscribed to meet the cost of the work. There has been a freedom of both spirit and means manifested greater than was expected; and I feel sorry that that Friend, whoever it may have been, should have said anything, in writing to the *Intelligencer*, soliciting aid from anywhere outside of our own Quarterly Meeting, for I thought we could do it ourselves; and we can; and right glad I am, for there was a free response when some among us did need help; and now I feel quite sure we do not.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

No. 4.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

It is a common thing among the various religious denominations generally to adhere with much strictness to established creeds and established forms. From generation to generation they go on without material change, thus forming an exception to the general law of progress which seems to obtain in everything else among civilized people. It may well be said that truth does not change; but among all the numerous sects, and their varying and contradictory creeds, and the various tenets and forms peculiar to each, it is not easy to believe that all are so perfect, and so exactly in accordance with fundamental truth, as to admit of no advancement, and no change for the better. Such perfection does not belong to anything which depends upon human agency; and this undue reverence for and acquiescence in the old and the past is to be traced to the absence, in matters of religion, of that independence of thought and action which we exercise in all business and other transactions, in which we are constantly seeking for better ways, and discontinuing the old whenever a better appears. If there be any error in this tenacious adherence to things as they are in religious matters, without applying to them the test of individual understanding, enlightened by that light which appeareth to all, then Friends are not entirely clear of it as regards forms at least.

Most of the principal religious sects took their rise some centuries ago, and our own Society is now more than two hundred years old. In the time of George Fox there existed in our mother country much less of general intelligence, morality, and social refinement, than exist now, both there and here. Bigotry, superstition, intolerance, and religious persecution then prevailed in the most cruel and relentless forms. That our Society was needed in the then existing state of things, is proven by the alacrity with which its testimonies were espoused by the people, notwithstanding the barbarous persecutions to which Friends were then subjected, and by the remarkable success which attended their efforts in arresting the then rampant spirit of intolerance and persecution, and laying the foundations of that liberty—civil as well as religious—which we now enjoy. But that the modes and forms and peculiarities that enabled us as a people successfully to meet the exigencies of a state of society bordering upon barbarism are equally adapted to the present day, is, to say the least of it, highly improbable.

In addition to the vastly altered circumstances of our day, we of the present generation have had the benefit of two hundred years more of human experience than our progenitors; and ought we not only to take upon ourselves and as-

sume the full stature, dignity, and responsibility of men and women, do our own thinking, and take care of ourselves as did our ancestors, but even profit something by the additional experience we have had.

Time has neither superseded nor detracted anything from the truth, the beauty, or the value of our fundamental doctrines; but they need to be clothed to some extent in new forms, or rather to be disentangled from forms that impair their effective utility in the present condition of society. The field for labor is scarcely less than in the days of our early fathers, and is white unto the harvest; but though much wanting in laborers, our chief want is improved and effective means and implements for the work. Priestcraft has at no period been more defiant and persevering than at present, but we seem powerless to resist its onward strides and encroachments upon individual freedom.

The past is valuable for its many excellent precepts and lessons of wisdom and experience, but these are only valuable in their application to the present. "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Here we have a precept, the truthfulness and surpassing beauty of which will lose nothing down to the end of time; but its value consists in its applicability to the present,—the present of a thousand years hence, equally with the present of to-day. We hear sermons preached in regard to this or that portion of the Bible—matters as to which it will ever remain a question who knows the most—that are doubtless interesting to many; but what the people are most interested in, and want to know and be told about, is the present, and that which has some direct relation to the duties of the present; and he or she who would supply their wants in this particular, must not only seek for divine grace, but be willing to take the trouble to think.

An undue reverence for and dependence upon the past tends to beget a feeling of self-satisfaction and self-righteousness, incompatible with the proper discharge of present duty. Our forefathers did their duty in their day and time on their own account, and it is for us to do ours. Too long have we been content to satisfy ourselves upon the well-earned reputation of our ancestors.

There is a vast difference between the state of our Society in its early days and now. Then Friends were an active, earnest, zealous people, seeking to spread their doctrines, establish meetings and add to their numbers wherever they could; but we of the present day have by some means arrived at the strange conclusion, that it is no part of our duty to attempt to make proselytes to our faith, or add to our numbers. This of not being a proselyting people, is at least one new article in our creed. It had no place with early Friends. The prevalence of

this sentiment seems to indicate a feeling that we of the present generation are good enough ourselves, and content to rest with what our forefathers have done in the past, in the way of spreading our testimonies for the good of others.

In connection with this point an important question arises as to our duty to the future. It is a common rule in matters of this sort that whatever is not made to go forward must go backward, and it holds in regard to our Society. The necessary consequence of our ceasing to make any effort for the upholding and spreading of our doctrines and increase of our numbers, in competition, so to speak, with other sects, is that we are losing ground; and whether in this, leaving out of view the general world, we are not failing in our duty to our immediate posterity, is a question worthy of serious consideration.

T. H. S.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 12.

MUNICH, Oct. 25th, 1867.

I spent five most delightful weeks in Dresden, having found there two American families, with whom I was immediately domesticated as it were. Whilst there I made the acquaintance of a Miss Kunsté, who educated the daughters of the Duke of Somerset in a six years' residence in his family, and who therefore talked English perfectly. She is a superior woman in every way; she has a family school, and among her pupils are Russian, American and English girls, and it is an admirable place for those sent to Europe to be educated. They learn German surprisingly quick, and she has the best masters for French, drawing, etc.

In the gallery of Dresden is the greatest Madonna-picture in the world. The story is, that Raphael prayed, when about to paint this picture, that the Madonna would reveal herself to his eyes; and such was the protoplastic power of his imaginative faith that he believed this image was objective to his senses. Certain it is that he placed upon the canvas a picture of the ideal mother and child which surprised even himself. It is said that he was afraid to elaborate his first sketch much, lest he should spoil the first felicity of his pencil. I think no engraving or photograph (probably there has been no photograph from the original) can fully convey this wonderful picture. In the same gallery are five of Correggio's largest Madonnas, among which is the first he ever painted, more wonderful by the head of the adoring St. Francis than by that of the Madonna or child, and very interesting as showing how this painter sprang at once to the height of his art. These great pictures express the short-comings of the human understanding and of tradition, certainly, but also there perpetually breaks out in them the expression of insights which con-

tradict the traditions, and show that the *unfallen man* contends bravely with the *fallen man* in the breasts of men of genius who are earnest and faithful to the inner light. *Beauty*, which is the expression of Genius, according to its degree, is always a combined expression of *Power, Love and Wisdom*. No work can have beauty which does not impress us with one or more of these attributes, and the better they are harmonized, the more beautiful is the work. In the pre-raphaelite works, it is the expression of these (notwithstanding all deficiencies in proportion and in anatomy) which attracts, and the deficiency of the expression of these, in the Dusseldorf school of art, cannot be made up by all their accuracy of imitation of the mere forms of nature. The Dusseldorf art certainly has its great merits, and the pictures are interesting just as the memoirs of men and women are interesting which still lack the beautiful and sublime effect of *great poems*. Simple perception of natural forms, and appreciation of all material graces give us a *degree of truth* which it is doubtless worth while to represent, but *the whole truth* is something finer than the eye can see, the ear hear, or the heart of man conceive. A friend of mine, remarkable for his insights, once said that all art, even poetry, was the result of man's being cramped and hindered in his liberty of action, for that the true life of man was direct interaction with men. If Milton could have lived out his life as he desired to do on the theatre of humanity, we should not have had "*Paradise Lost*," but a better condition of society in England. So if Homer had not been blind, there would have been another hero in Greece, greater probably than any of whom he sang, but no *Iliad* or *Odyssey*. If Dante could have done as he listed in Florence, there would have been a better Florence, but no *Divina Comedia*. In Dresden, one feels that *art is consolation*. The kings of Saxony who gathered these treasures, together with the money wrung out of a hard-working people in the form of taxes, were only thinking of their own power and luxury; but a Divine power overruled the wrath of man to its own purposes of love. The power of taxation has found its limitation, for the people can do no more. The government has killed the hen that laid the golden egg, and now both kings and people exist by attracting foreigners to see these treasures of art.

The King of Saxony lives in a dreary-looking castle when he is in Dresden. The *Zuruger*, a magnificent edifice, containing five different palaces, connected with immense orangeries, and built round a square of (I should think) four acres, and adorned with fountains, was intended by Augustus II. for the vestibule of a palace which he did not live to build; it is now given up to the public for a pleasure-ground, and the palaces, containing a great

gallery of pictures, a gallery of engravings, the collections of the Historical Society, of the Natural History Society, etc., are all now at the disposition of the public, and serve to attract foreigners to Dresden, which is a great source of revenue to the inhabitants. It is difficult to express the mingled feelings inspired in me by my residence in Dresden. It is certainly a beautiful city, and the number of its buildings is increasing; but this increase is in what is called the English quarter, where are streets of houses built of the soft sand stone of Saxony. All are to be let to foreigners, the owners living in the upper stories, each story below being complete in itself. Sometimes the owners underlet to persons who furnish the apartments and rent them, living in their small way on the profits. I rode over to the new city, on a beautiful road on the banks of the Elbe, extending two or three miles, with fine houses on each side surrounded by gardens. Here, I understood, lived the Saxon nobility, partly by means of letting out one story of the house. The most painful sight in Saxony was the hard-working peasant women, who throng the streets with heavy baskets and tubs on their backs; these baskets are filled with fruits, vegetables and other things, for sale, even kindling wood. The woman who brought these articles to the house where I lived had come into Dresden every day (whether rainy or clear) with that basket on her back for twenty-seven years. It was so heavy that her back was in an angle of forty-five degrees to the rest of her body.

We left Dresden to journey slowly through Saxon Switzerland, which is a country on the Elbe of most extraordinary formation, geologically speaking. Its most remarkable point is called The Bastei, and consists of precipitous perpendicular rocks, which are separated from each other by deep wooded ravines that are extremely beautiful. In the plates of the Governmental work of the Explorations for the Pacific railroad in our own West, there is something like this, though not quite so picturesque, I think. No one who goes to Dresden should omit taking this trip. It is quite worthy of a whole day's work, and one can go up the Elbe to it in a steamboat, or take the railroad, as we did. There is a hotel at the foot and one on the heights; the winding way up to the several heights has been rendered commodious to travellers by wooden steps, bannisters and galleries, and in one place a strong stone bridge. A very pleasant young gentleman accompanied us from Dresden, but it would be possible for a party of ladies to go alone, everything is so safe; and if one has time, a guide, who hurries one, can be dispensed with. At three o'clock in the afternoon we went on to the border-town of Saxony, (Bodenach,) where we staid all night, and the next day found ourselves in beautiful Bohemia,

riding on the banks of the Elbe, and later on the Beraun, and still later on the Moldau, through beautiful valleys and picturesque towns. The church-spires of the villages, instead of being red as in Switzerland are painted black. We were just too late for the vintage, but it was a beautiful journey. Bohemia is entirely surrounded by mountains, not very high, and is, within the cincture of the mountains, a rolling country. The vicinity of Prague and the entrance to it are very handsome, and Prague itself looked fine as we approached, the river being very broad. The old city was surrounded by a wall, and the new city is built entirely round this wall. The hotel to which we were directed, the Blauer-Stern, is just outside of the old wall, and nearly opposite the now ever-open gate. My first walk was through this gate to an open space between the old Hotel de Ville and the Zeyukirche. In this open space were executed some thirty Bohemian gentlemen, the leaders of the Protestant and National party of Bohemia when it was subjected to Austria and here, also, after the battle of Lutzen, Wallenstein caused about twelve more to be executed for alleged cowardice at the battle. Poor emasculated Bohemia, there is no sadder story in all the sad European history. E. P. P.

For Friends' Intelligencers.

DIRGE.

In Memoriam—R. M. P.

The snow lies white on frozen plain
And on the bleak and wintry hill.
The spring shall bring the tender rain—
With song the woodlands fill.

And bring all gentle thoughts of peace
And beauty to the weary heart;
For these wild, wintry storms shall cease,
These shadows shall depart.

Yet henceforth unto us less bright
The glory on the grass shall lie—
A somewhat fainter splendor light
The radiant summer sky.

Henceforth the dawn's ethereal rose
Shall open in a tenderer beam,
While with a sweeter murmur flows
The sad, continual stream.

But far away from these, thou now
Art crowned in light without a shade,
The amaranth around thy brow
That truly shall not fade.

The radiance shall for aye endure
That robes thee in superior light,
Arrayed in garments very pure
And of celestial white.

Afar upon those shining plains
Thy ransomed soul, with rapture stirred,
Is now entranced with higher strains
Than any ear hath heard.

'Mid mysteries to no mortal known,
Kneeling with more than earthly awe,
Low down before the Great White Throne
Which the rapt æther saw.

Since this we hold, and thou art blest
 Beyond all need of earthly fears,
 Oh! let us *still* this sad unrest
 And dry these bitter tears.

For, somewhere in the future vast,
 Our brows shall meet thy saintly kiss,
 When we may come to thee at last,
 And enter endless bliss!

December, 1867.

H. W. G.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE WIND-SWEPT HARP.

It is related that in Germany there stood a great castle, from the towers of which huge wires were stretched, thus constructing an Æolian Harp. Ordinary winds produced no effect, but when fierce tempests arose, then the wires gave forth strains of glorious melody.

On the summit of a mountain,
 To the Rhineland nigh,
 Stood a baron's lordly castle,
 Towering to the sky.

From the battlements suspended,
 Hung the Æolian lyre,
 That the wind-god in his passage
 Oft might touch the wire.

But the zephyrs would not linger
 For one joyous strain—
 And the night-winds only murmured
 Forth their sad refrain.

But when rose the mighty tempest—
 Blew the win'ry gale—
 Then the wind-harp strains majestic
 Sent from hill to dale.

Thus in hours of ease and pleasure,
 When our sky is clear,
 Oft the heart grows cold and careless—
 We no dangers fear.

But when clouds the sky have darkened,
 Angry storms assail,
 And our bark, the rudder broken,
 Flies before the gale;

When no haven in the distance,
 Meets the longing eye,
 And, all earthly succor failing,
 We to death are nigh;

Then each wail becomes a prayer—
 And the heart-felt cry,
 For the Father's help and guidance,
 Wings its way on high.

Only when through tribulation
 We the harbor gain,
 Only when by sorrow chastened,
 Taught by grief and pain,
 Can the soul pour forth ascriptions,
 Songs of sacred praise;
 For the victory, shouts exultant,
 Hymns of triumph raise!

Ever in the fiery furnace
 Is the pure gold tried—
 And the precious wheat we winnow—
 From the chaff divide.

A. R. P.

From "The Friend."

ADVANTAGES OF TEMPERANCE.

The late eminent Benjamin Silliman records his testimony in favor of simplicity and strict temperance in eating and drinking. His health, originally very good, became seriously impaired

through the effect of "anxiety, watching, and sorrow," attendant upon the illness and death of his children, four of whom were taken from him in the space of three or four years. Repeated attacks of vertigo induced him to suspend his scientific labors for a time and seek relief in travelling. His health, however, was not re-established, though the journeys were doubtless salutary. The principal cause of his renewed vigor appears to have been a change of diet, of the nature and effect of which he gives the following instructive account:

"When my health began to fail in 1821 and 1822, I was under the common delusion that debility and functional derangement must be overcome by a moderate use of stimulants. I had used the oxide of bismuth as an anti-dyspeptic remedy, but with no serious benefit. The muscular system was enfeebled along with the digestive, the nervous power was thrown out of healthy action, an indescribable discomfort deprived me in a great degree of physical enjoyment, and the mind became unequal to much intellectual effort. My spirits were, however, cheerful; and even when I was unable to sustain a conversation with a calling stranger, I still believed that I should recover, for my physicians, after careful examination, could find no proof of any organic disease, but only of functional derangement. I yielded for a time to the popular belief that good wine and cordials were the lever which would raise my depressed person; but the relief was only temporary: a flash of nervous excitement produced an illusive appearance of increased vigor with which the mind sympathized; the transient brightness was soon clouded again, and no permanent benefit followed; but often disturbed slumbers, with nocturnal spasms and undefined terrors in dreams, proved that all was wrong. No medical men informed me that I was pursuing a wrong course; but the same wise and good friend, to whom I had been already so much indebted, Daniel Wadsworth, convinced me, after much effort, that my best chance for recovery was to abandon all stimulants and adopt a very simple diet, and in such quantities, however moderate, as the stomach might be able to digest and assimilate. I took my resolution in 1823, in the lowest depression of health. I abandoned wine and every other stimulant, including, for the time, even coffee and tea. Tobacco had always been my abhorrence; and opium, except medically, when wounded, I had never used. With constant exercise abroad, I adopted a diet of boiled rice, bread and milk,—the milk usually boiled and diluted with water; plain animal muscle in small quantity, varied by fowl and fish, avoiding rich gravies and pastry, and occasionally using soups and farinaceous preparations. I persevered a year in this strict regimen, and after a

few weeks my unpleasant symptoms abated, my strength gradually increased, and health, imperceptibly in its daily progress, but manifest in its results, stole upon me unawares. While this course of regimen was in progress, I met at D. Wadsworth's the late William Watson, who, as an invalid, had pursued a similar course, and, although consumptive, had recovered comfortable health. He gave me—then beginning to recover strength—the fullest assurance that, as I had no organic disease, I should fully recover, provided I persevered; and that in his opinion I should by and by be able to ride all night in the stage, and to perform all the labors to which I had been accustomed in former years. I was then at the meridian of life, in my forty-fourth year; and in the almost thirty-six years that have elapsed since, I have resumed no stimulus which I then abandoned, except tea, and very rarely coffee. Tea is a cordial to me; "it cheers but not inebriates." Tea and water are my only constant drinks; milk I drink occasionally. I have not the smallest desire for wine of any kind, nor spirit, nor cider, nor beer; cold water is far more grateful than any of the drinks which I have named. I never used them more than moderately, as they were formerly used in the most sober families. If any person thinks that wine and brandy may be useful to him, he cannot, at this day, have any assurance that they are not manufactured from whiskey, with many additions, and some of them noxious. Very little port wine has seen Portugal, or madeira wine Madeira, or champagne wine France.

"I cannot dismiss this topic without adding that W. Watson's predictions have been fulfilled. Some of my most arduous labors have been performed since my recovery. I have not only been able, as he predicted, to travel all night in the stage, but to travel extensively both at home and abroad; to lecture to popular audiences in many towns and cities,—some of them far away; to write and publish books; to ascend the White Mountains of New Hampshire in 1837; to explore copper mines in the Blue Ridge of Virginia in 1856; twice to traverse the Atlantic and portions of the Mediterranean; and to ascend Mount Bolca, near Verona, Mount Vesuvius, and Mount Etna, at seventy-two years of age, in 1851. I record these facts, not with any feeling of vanity or pride, but with deep gratitude to God; and I am influenced more than all by the wish to warn my children, and my children's children, to obey God's physical as well as moral laws, and so remember, that if they would enjoy health and long life, that they must not waste their physical powers upon extraneous indulgences, but must be satisfied with nutritious food, water, or watery fluids and milk for drink,

regular and sufficient sleep, and a due regulation of all propensities, physical, moral and intellectual. With a good conscience and a faithful discharge of duty, which will naturally result from the course which I have sketched, they will pass on agreeably and usefully through life, and may expect, under the influence of religious principles and the hopes which they inspire, to meet death without dismay."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. XII.

We have again been encouraged by the cheerful letters of our Teachers, and although some of the schools are not quite as well filled as we could desire, they generally express the opinion that ere another month rolls round there will be a considerable increase in numbers.

It should be borne in mind, that in the effort to be self-sustaining, the Freedmen *must labor*, and that diligently, whenever and as long as they can find work to do. This is increasingly the case since the assistance formerly rendered by the *North* has almost entirely ceased, and they are now left dependent upon their own exertions.

CORNELIA HANCOCK writes from *Mount Pleasant, S. C.*: "This month (the Eleventh) the weather has been unusually fine, hence the extremely good average. Out of *thirty-six* pupils in my department, I have had an average attendance of *thirty four*! It looks formidable in the morning to see in the yard *one hundred and fifty* children who must be assembled and got into order by three teachers. We assemble in one of the rooms below stairs, and read a portion of the Bible to them, and ask them questions upon it. After the opening exercises, we separate to our respective rooms, and commence the lessons for the day; and if there can be found in the city of Philadelphia a collection of pupils more intent upon the task before them, it must be in schools I have not visited. I was educated in the Public Schools of your city, and adhere as nearly as possible to the regulations imposed there. The attendance and interest of the scholars continue so good, that we are able to make promotions, and keep up a thoroughly graded school.

"How much I wish some of you could visit this school and see and know how much these pupils have accomplished for themselves in the space of two years."

MARY A. TAYLOR, also at *Mount Pleasant*, remarks, "Little that is *new* can be said of our school, nor do I know that there should be anything new, only the *old* well persevered in. The average has been unusually good this month, (*forty-three out of forty five*.) In these schools we do not have to make the ordinary allowance for sickness, for they come when they are sick,

sit around the fire until their chill has passed off, and then resume their work."

In reference to the number and progress of her pupils, she states, "I have counted forty-three or forty-five every day, and flatter myself that I can see an improvement daily. I have some scholars who have never missed a single day since I first came to South Carolina.

"I enjoy the opening exercises in the morning. The colored teacher we have assisting us is a very good singer, and we have taught the children a number of beautiful little hymns, which they sing very sweetly."

ISABEL LANAIB, a colored teacher at *Mount Pleasant*, is still supplying the place of Esther Hawks, (who, at last report, was still delayed from reaching her school by impassable roads in that portion of Florida from which she is to come;) and is giving satisfaction to our other teachers located there, who have a supervision over her school. Her report is confirmatory of the estimation in which she is held. She has 70 pupils—all between 6 and 16 years of age—41 write, 43 read, with 27 in the alphabet.

MARY MCBRIDE, at *Fairfax Court House, Va.*, gives a very satisfactory account of her school, and states, that in addition to the 39 pupils she reports as in the first, second and third readers, she has "four who can read anything set before them; they have been through the fourth reader long since."

She also informs, that in consequence of indisposition for one or two days, she had to place the school under the entire care of *Maggie Lewis*, (her colored assistant,) and that, during her absence, her school was visited by two clergymen, who subsequently reported to her that they found the school in excellent order. Although apparently a trifling circumstance, it is gratifying to know that one who has received her instruction under our auspices, is not only capable of imparting her knowledge to others, but also of maintaining discipline in a school.

SARAH ANN STEER, at *Waterford, Va.*, in addition to her satisfactory report, remarks, "Since my last report, I had a pleasant visit from D. F. W., of Philadelphia. She expressed herself pleased with the appearance of my school, which was truly gratifying to me.

SARAH M. ELY, located near *Lewinsville, Va.*, regrets the small size of her school, but looks forward to an increase when the fall work is completed; and in reference to the attendance states that four pupils have been present every day, and three absent only one day each—adding—

"I have a deep interest in the school and the people. I have tried, and shall try again, to get them to place something every week in my hands, if it is only half what they spend for tobacco, but so far they will not consent to that arrangement, although they spend considerable

every week for that abomination. The progress of the school is very encouraging, and they are governed easily. My health is good, and though almost entirely cut off from all society, I am contented and very happy, and much pleased to be here."

CAROLINE THOMAS, at *Leesburg, Va.*, writes, "My evenings are very much occupied since I have commenced teaching night-school, but it is well to be so, as I am better satisfied to be doing something. There is so much to do here that I sometimes feel worried, and as though I had just commenced. O! if the people here would arouse to a sense of this great work—take hold of it, and help me along—it seems as though we could do much more.

"At times when I look ahead, I am almost discouraged, and must needs take a glance at the past, and with this contrast I can then see and know it is well for me to be here. The improvement in the children has been such that one can scarcely believe they are the same. I have so many little creatures who require so much patience, and who have not the right kind of home training, as playful as kittens, but a great deal naughtier, that daily my prayer goes up for patience, patience."

PHILENA HEALD, at *Falls Church, Va.*, states: "The anxiety to gain knowledge, manifested by many of the pupils, is a constant incentive to renewed effort and increased earnestness on my part. My interest has been especially awakened in a young woman who has commenced coming to school lately. She has no mother, keeps house for her father and brothers, but comes to school whenever she can possibly leave. She did not know her alphabet, but in less than a week she has learned to read in four letters, and is trying hard to learn how to write and cipher. She is a fine, noble girl, and is very grateful for the privilege of schools, never before having had an opportunity to attend. My heart goes out to her in tender sympathy." She adds:

"Joseph Horner and Charles Kirk have visited us most acceptably since last I wrote to you. The former is visiting the colored people in a religious capacity, and his concern extends in a special manner to South Carolina and Georgia. They had a meeting in my school room, and the advice given was truly excellent and very practical. I am sure the people must have been benefited thereby. To me this visit was a most welcome one, and it seemed very home like to have those with me who used the plain language. Their presence did my heart good, and the precious season of silence, ere the words of encouragement were uttered, was to me rich in blessings."

FRANCES E. GAUZE, at *Hermion Station*, speaks of a prospective increase in the size of her school after Christmas, and feelingly alluded

to a "great loss" they have sustained by the death of one of her pupils, a girl of 13 years of age; adding, that her schoolmates feel it deeply

"The day before she died, she sang a beautiful hymn that she had been accustomed to sing with her playmates at school. At her funeral, which took place on Thanksgiving day, my pupils stood around her coffin and sang the same hymn. They sang it so mournfully, and seemed to feel it so deeply, that there were but few dry eyes present." She also speaks of some of the little ones not being able to come to school for want of shoes and stockings, and acknowledges the receipt of a barrel and box of sundries for them; remarking, "My *Kennett* friends are certainly very kind to remember us, and to send so many articles of warm clothing for the poor and needy. They are lending to the Lord, and will be amply repaid."

CATHARINE E. HALL, at *Vienna, Va.*, reports a considerable increase in her school, but regrets the roof and weatherboarding of the house are insufficient to keep out the rain and snow. Consequently on very stormy days no school can be held.

MARY PERRY (*late Brosius*) is still at *Manassas, Va.*, awaiting the completion of her school-room, but has been advised to do what she can, in the way of teaching, in the dwellings of the Freedmen, until the building is finished.

From DEBORAH K. SMITH, at *Gum Springs*, and SARAH E. LLOYD, at *Woodlawn*, the Corresponding Secretary of the Educational Committee has received neither letter nor report for *Eleventh month*. When these omissions take place, it is always a matter of regret, as they render it impossible to make a correct record of what the Association is doing.

The three SOUTH CAROLINA schools number 151 scholars, 114 of whom read, 122 write, 95 are in *arithmetic*, and only 27 are in the *alphabet*, while all of them are between 6 and 16 years of age.

The VIRGINIA schools, as far as heard from, number 295 scholars, 208 of whom read, 217 write, 163 are in *arithmetic*, with only 18 in the *alphabet*, while of the whole number 239 are between 6 and 16 years of age.

The whole number under the care of the Association for the *Eleventh month*, as far as heard from, was therefore *four hundred and forty-six*.

It may be well to add to the above summary, that the Association continues to meet on the *third Fourth-day evening in each month*, in the Monthly Meeting Room of Race Street Meeting House, at half-past seven o'clock, on which occasions, in addition to the transaction of the ordinary business of the Society, the entire letters from our teachers (of which the extracts published in the *Intelligencer* form but a small portion) are read. These letters possess

very considerable interest, having a tendency as some of us think, to "stir up the pure mind by way of remembrance," and a feeling of regret is oftentimes experienced that more of our friends are not present with us to share our enjoyment.

Philadelphia, 12th mo., 1867. J. M. E.

A WONDERFUL SPINNING MACHINE.

The stratagems employed by insects for the capture of their prey are very curious, and afford to naturalists an exceedingly entertaining and interesting study. The ant lion digs a tunnel-shaped pit in the loose sand, and fixing itself in the depressed apex, catches and devours the ant or spider which is so unfortunate as to fall into its snare. But no species of insects excel the different kinds of spiders, in their ingenious devices for securing their prey. The spider, though wingless, feeds on flies, and its food must be captured on the wing. But how can it accomplish such a task? Were we not familiar with its web and nets, the structure of such snares, by an animal so minute, would not fail to excite our admiration and wonder. As it is, we look upon the spider-web as evidence of a neglected room, and, instead of making its structure a study, and admiring the wonderful wisdom it displays, we sweep it from the wall with manifest delight.

If that which we regard with so little respect, because it is the work of a spider, were done with the same perfection by some of the larger animals, we would never cease to wonder. "How would the world crowd to see a fox which would spin ropes, weave them into an accurately-meshed net, and extend the net between two trees for the purpose of entangling birds in their flight!" But there would be nothing more marvelous in this, than there is in what the spider is doing every day; and just because of the minuteness of the little rope-maker and weaver, the work ought to excite in us the great wonder.

We always judge of the ingenuity of any piece of machinery by the simplicity of its parts, and its adaption to the services for which it has been constructed. Now, judging by this rule, we find the spider possessed of a "Spinning machine," far surpassing, in the perfection of its work, all the inventions of man. I once heard a gentleman express his astonishment at the perfection of the machinery by which man had succeeded in drawing out brass wire to the fineness of a human hair. How much greater was his astonishment when I told him, that there was a very minute spider which spun a thread so fine that it required 4,000,000 of them to equal in thickness one of the hairs of his beard, and that every one of these threads was composed of not less than 400 separate strands!

This remarkable machinery is exceedingly simple. If you examine the hinder extremity of the abdomen of the common house-spider, you will find, on its under side, four or six protuberances of a cylindrical shape, which are called *spinnerets*, or spinners. Each spinneret is furnished with tubes so exquisitely fine, that, in a space not much larger than the point of a pen, are found a thousand other distinct tubes. From each of these tubes proceeds a single strand, which unites with all the other strands to make that which is ordinarily known as the spider's thread. So you perceive that this thread, often so fine as to be almost imperceptible to our senses, is not, as is commonly supposed, a single line, but a rope, composed of at least 400 strands.

Human art has never attained such wonderful perfection as this. It is truly astonishing, and were it not a matter of daily observation, the most credulous would hesitate to believe the statement.

But you ask, is it necessary for the spider to spin such a compound thread? This question is very naturally suggested, and admits of two probable answers. First: the dividing of the thread into so many strands, just at its exit from the spinnerets, favors the rapid drying of the gum used in its manufacture—an important consideration to the spider, as it is under the necessity of putting its thread into immediate use. Secondly: the combination of so many threads into one, vastly strengthens the web, and enables it to sustain the shock of the flying insect it is intended to capture, or to bear the heavy body of the spider while it struggles with its captive, or in its passage through the air.

The only other instruments used in spinning are its feet, with the claws of which it guides, or separates into two or more, the line from behind. Two of the claws of the spider's foot are toothed like a comb. It is with these two claws that it keeps the threads apart. When the spider ascends the line by which it has dropped itself from an eminence, it winds up the superfluous cord into a ball. For this purpose it uses the *third* claw, which I have called the *thumb* of the spider's hand.

A few days ago, I brought a garden spider into my study, and placed it upon a small slip of paper surrounded by water in a basin. At first, it traversed its paper island, and, by reaching out its arms on all sides, found that there was no escape across the water. Then, after trying to ascend the sides of the vessel without success, it raised itself upon its legs, and elevated its spinnerets to a horizontal position. I observed it intent upon something. It was throwing out its lines, upon which it designed to make its escape across the water. In a short time, I discovered about half a dozen

lines of gossamer threads attached to the books on a stand about twenty inches distant. As soon as it ascertained that its threads had found a connection with some object beyond the basin, it fastened the end of the line next it to the paper, ascended its pontoon, and made its escape.

This artifice has been observed by many naturalists, and accounts for the way in which these animals, though destitute of wings, transport themselves from tree to tree, across brooks, and frequently through the air itself, without any apparent starting point.—*Family Treasure*.

ITEMS.

CONGRESS.—In the Senate, a memorial from the Society of Friends in six States in regard to the treatment of the Indians by the Government was presented and referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs.

General Miles, Freedmen's Bureau Commissioner for North Carolina, has written a strong letter to General Howard, urging that the bureau must not be discontinued till reconstruction is fully accomplished. He says that, in his judgment, at no period since the close of the war has the bureau been of greater advantage than now. He is sure that its immediate withdrawal from North Carolina would result in great public and private pecuniary losses; the freedmen would suffer physically, morally, and spiritually; school houses would decay; teachers would be driven out of the State; jails and penitentiaries would be filled; idleness and prodigality and want would take the place of industry and prosperity. The labor of the freedman would become unprofitable to him, and the poor dependent colored laboring man, with no roof to cover his starving family, or foot of ground to call his own, would be reduced to a state of serfdom. He concludes by saying that he feels it his duty, as a commissioner for North Carolina, on behalf of that portion of its population whose interest and welfare are most directly involved, earnestly to appeal to you to use your influence to continue the bureau until the great political changes and experiments now going on in this State have been completed and their successful working is assured.—*New York Express*.

A daring attempt was made on the 13th inst. to effect the release of Col. Burke, a Fenian, confined in Clerkenwell prison, London. Powder was exploded beneath the walls, and a whole side wall, and three adjoining buildings, were destroyed. Forty persons were injured, and it is reported three lives were lost, but the object was not gained, and Burke was removed to a place of greater safety.

IN ENGLAND a loan of \$5,000,000 has been proposed to open a new route for transit across Central America. The proposed route is through Honduras, and measures 230 miles. It is much longer than the Panama transit, but it is so much farther north that it lessens the distance from New York or London to San Francisco over 1100 miles. It is said that the new route can be constructed for \$40,000 a mile.

FULLY ONE-THIRD of the whole amount of sugar consumed in the world is manufactured from beets; and immense quantities of raw beet sugar are imported into England for their refineries, competing very successfully with the cane sugar from the West Indies and elsewhere.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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THE PENNS AND PENINGTONS.

(Continued from page 675.)

When dwelling on Sir William Springett's character and religious convictions, his wife mentions some points on which a change had gone forward in his mind, from the time when with so much solemnity he had carried his infant son to the baptismal font. Having in vain looked for any declaration in the New Testament that recommends infant baptism, he at length came to the conclusion that it was an unauthorized rite. Again arose the thought, if infant baptism be incorrectly looked on as producing regeneration—the being born again—without which, our Lord declared to Nicodemus, "a man cannot enter into the Kingdom of God," then it was not merely an unimportant and unauthorized rite, but, by giving a false meaning to Christian regeneration, it had become a positive evil. Its tendency and influence, leading away from the true meaning of Scriptural regeneration, had done great harm in the church.

With respect to the sacramental rite of the Lord's Supper, not having experienced it to bring his mind, as he had hoped it would have done, into any closer spiritual communion with the Lord, he was startled. Striving to discover the cause of this, he came at length to the conclusion that there existed a wrong construction of our Lord's words, which had led to its establishment in the Church as a congregational religious rite. As he dwelt on this subject,

carefully examining the texts of Scripture that bore on the point, this conviction continued to deepen in his mind till he felt constrained to discontinue partaking of it. Respecting his having turned from the use of forms of prayer, his wife says, "This turning in him proceeded from a glimpse of the dawning of the day when prayer is to be offered up in the spirit and with the understanding; also that there was a spirit of prayer and supplication, in which any one who felt it might mentally engage without form, yet with true acceptance to God, seems to have been made clear to him. "He also saw," she says, "in the little measure of light accorded him, that priests were not to preach for hire, but were to be sent of the Lord to reach the consciences of the hearers. This made him decline false dead ways, and cleave in heart to the people called Puritans (for in that day those that heard the Lord were nicknamed Puritans). Amongst them it was his delight to be exercised in the worship of God, and to mingle in their chaste conversation."

Sir William Springett was one of those indomitable soldiers of the Covenant, who, in their zeal for the Lord, brought their energies into action against the use of priestly vestments as well as against Papal idolatry. The Puritanical glasses they looked through in that day represented almost every work of art as dangerous that had been imported from any country under the Papacy; hence much was sacrificed which in another age would have been

spared. Sir William's wife tells us her husband commanded his soldiers to break down and destroy every vestige of those objects that he regarded as Popish idols, whether crosses, statues, pictures, or gold ornaments. It mattered not with what exquisite art the marble figures had been chiseled, or with what elaborate and successful skill the painting represented life, if it depicted or attempted to embody fanciful representations of the Lord Jesus, of his apostles, or of Romish saints, from the fury of the Puritan soldier nothing could shield it. "Be they ever so rich," says Lady Springett, "he destroyed them, and reserved not one for its comeliness or costly workmanship." Looking back from our stand-point upon that wholesale destruction of works of artistic genius, some of us may be more inclined to cry out against the iconoclastic furor of our Puritan forefathers, than to commend their destructive proceedings. Whatever we may think, wives like Lady Springett in that day regarded them as evidences of Christian faithfulness, and no doubt they did imply faithfulness to the conscientious views they had adopted. In Sir William's crusade against idolatry there was not only true conscientious earnestness, but a commendable impartiality—not saving what was his friend's property and destroying his enemy's; as is manifested by the following statement from his wife:—"I find freedom," she says, "to mention one passage in this pursuit of destroying Popish relics and pictures. There was a parliament-man who was also a deputy-lieutenant of the county, a great stirrer in the Parliament cause, and his wife a zealous Puritan. This man was assisting him (Sir William) and was his companion in the searching of Popish houses, and in destroying their pictures and trumpery. Going one day to their house to visit them, as he passed through the hall, he spied several superstitious pictures, as of the crucifixion of Christ, his resurrection, and such like; very large pictures they were, and a great ornament to the hall. They had been moved out of the parlor to manifest neglect. He, looking upon it as a very unequal thing to destroy such things in Popish houses, and have them in those of their opposers, drew out his sword, and cut them all out of their frames, and, spearing them on the sword's point, he went into the parlor with them. The mistress of the house being there, he said to her, 'What a shame thy husband should be so zealous a prosecutor of Papiets, and spare such things in his own house! But,' saith he, 'thou seest I have acted impartially, and have destroyed them here also.'"

His wife says, and no doubt she had good reason to say it, that he was just and merciful in doing the work which as a soldier he had to

do, never in any case converting confiscated property or sequestered estates to his own use. She adds, "He even refused to buy any goods that were plundered from the enemy; nor ever made any use of one pound's worth, I dare aver, that belonged to them who were conquered. He had very great offers from persons in power, of houses and goods both in London and elsewhere, of those called delinquents; all which he refused, and rather chose, whilst his family was with him in the city, to pay twenty shillings a week for lodgings than touch any of them. One considerable place offered him was Leeds Castle in Kent. It was seized by the Parliament party, and made a garrison, and he was intended to be the commander of it, and greatly pressed to make use of the goods and furniture, and have his family live in the Castle, but he refused it. Another house offered him was Hollingborn, which was very well furnished, and within a few miles of Leeds Castle; but he refused it also, giving them an answer to this effect, that he durst not make use of any man's estate or goods, nor dwell in any man's sequestered home, much less this, which was his uncle Sir Thomas Culpepper's. His mind throughout life was ever for the exercise of compassion and charitableness, of which there have been many instances given me by persons who have observed him in the places where he was quartered, beside what I have seen myself, and I had converse with him from the time he was 12 years old to his dying day. One instance I shall mention that I had from the Mayor of Maidstone, in Kent. He brought me a bill for three pounds after his death, with my husband's hand to it, telling me that as he was walking in the street with him, a poor man was had to prison, who made miserable moan; whereat Sir William stopped the bailiff, and asked what they were taking him to prison for? He answered for debt. He replied, 'You shall not carry him there. Mr. Mayor, lay you down the money, and I will see it discharged.'

(To be continued.)

Our friend H. M. will observe that we have availed ourselves of the liberty granted by her, and in the abridgment we trust we have retained the substance of her concern and not robbed it of its life. We acknowledge with pleasure the manifestations of an increase of interest among our members in the welfare of our religious Society.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"BE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING."

The deep interest I feel in First-day schools makes me wish to encourage those engaged in the work to look after localities in which there are no such schools, for I believe it is a good work—one for which the wants of the Society

loudly call. Some of us have too long been idlers, and need to be aroused from protracted slumber, which has a withering effect; and when light is thrown upon our pathway, let us be up and doing, that our work may be done in the day time, for "the night cometh wherein no man can work." A home-labor is required, an individual search to see that our own hearts are pure and clean, that they may be prepared for the divine unction, through which we may be strengthened to labor effectually for the good of others as well as our own. Watch and pray is a Scripture injunction that is necessary for all to observe. Let us continually seek for strength, preservation and knowledge, that we be not drawn off by much that is abroad in the land which is calculated to divert the attention from the true Guide, and which leads into a state of spiritual weakness and poverty.

If parents in their early setting out in life would daily gather their little ones about them, either in solemn silence, or read to them portions of Scripture or other religious books, and, as ability is furnished, explain what they read, I believe they would increase in the knowledge of divine things, and the influence would be to enliven the body of which they are members. Is not the reverential waiting upon God in our families with the desire to be led and guided by His Spirit, a sure foundation for us to build upon who profess a faith in the immediate revelation of His will?

If children were accustomed to seasons of silent waiting at home, I think they would learn to love them and to love to go to meeting. They would be impressed by example as well as precept with the importance of seeking first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, that they might witness the fulfilment of the promise attached, that all things necessary will be added. If this were the habit of Friends, then do I believe that our meetings would increase, and that we as a people would prosper; but much, very much, depends upon the manner in which our children are educated, and this should be done within the pale of our own Society.

H. M.

It is an undoubted truth, that the less one has to do, the less one finds time to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates, one can do it when one will, and, therefore, one seldom does it at all; whereas, those who have a great deal of business, must (to use a vulgar expression) buckle to it; and then they always find time enough to do it in.

The man who has never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value.

From "The Silent Pastor."

MEDITATIONS.

Come, let us praise the goodness of God, who orders every thing for the best; our life and our death are equally His care.

The Lord casts us upon a bed of sickness, and draws the curtain between the world and us, shutting out all its vain designs, and contracting our business to our little chamber. In that quiet solitude He speaks to our hearts, and sets our whole life, as in a mirror, before us.

There he discovers to us the treachery of the world, and invites us, by the exhibition of its vanity, to prepare for a better.

Thither He sends His messengers of peace to perfect our reconciliation.

Oh! how different are the thoughts of that hour from those of careless, unreflecting health.

How do we now censure what we once esteemed.

How easily are we led to wiser resolutions, when our unruly senses are rebuked with pain, and the fears of death teach the rashness of our minds sobriety;—when the occasions of sin are removed from our way, and everything about us exhorts to repentance.

Adored be thy name, O Lord! whose mercy sanctifies into a blessing even the chastisement of Thy rod.

Thou bringest us low to awaken our humility, and prescribest sickness to cure our infirmity.

Thou commandest, and the grave is inexorable; with it is no respect of persons.

Thou tellest us by experience that all must die, but kindly hidest in clouds and darkness the time and place, that everywhere we may be upon our guard, and through all our days may be looking for the summons.

Thou teachest us, by the removal of those we love, to renew the contemplation of our own grave, and the wholesome thoughts of a future world.

Let not, O Lord! these gracious designs be lost upon us; but let such scenes be attended with the most serious reflections upon our own mortality.

And oh! cause every meditation of this nature to make us the more diligent in preparing for our latter end.

Mind the Light, that light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. By attending to this inward monitor, the mind will be led on from one degree of perfection to another, until we realize the promise, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." O! This abiding in the Spirit of Christ, how it qualifies for every duty at all times and on all occasions.

It is wise and well to look on the cloud of sorrow as though we expected it to turn into a rainbow.

From "Reformers and Martyrs before and after Luther."

BY WM. HODGSON.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

Among the numerous pupils of the schools of the "Brethren of the Common Lot," none became more justly eminent for genuine piety, or was more truly and widely beloved by cotemporary and succeeding Christians for the loving and lamb-like spirit pervading his writings, than the humble but celebrated author of the "Imitation of Christ."

Thomas Hamerken, or Hamerlein, was born in the year 1380, at the little town of Kempen, in the great plain of the Rhine, near the city of Cologne. From the name of his native place, according to the custom of those times, he was generally called Thomas a Kempis. His parents, John and Gertrude, were in humble life, his father earning their subsistence by his daily labor as a mechanic; his mother was a woman of exemplary piety, exerting a favorable influence on the tender mind of her son, in cherishing a love for heavenly things.

When about thirteen years of age, he went to Deventer, where the school of the Brethren of the Common Lot offered an opportunity for his obtaining a good education without much expense to his family. He was, however, not at first a resident in the Brother House, but being introduced to Florentius Radewins, the superintendent, he obtained through him a lodging in the house of a pious matron, and pursued his studies in the grammar school. Florentius soon won his respect by his venerable manners, and his affection by acts of kindness and attention to the poor boy. He furnished him with books, which his limited means did not enable him to purchase, and supplied him with money to pay the school expenses. The rector of the grammar school at that time was John Boehme, who, according to Thomas's account, was an intimate friend of Florentius, and exercised rigid discipline. Thomas having one day gone to him to pay the school fees, and to redeem a book which he had temporarily pawned, the rector asked him, "who gave you the money?" On hearing that it was Florentius, Boehme dismissed the boy, with the words, "Go, take it back to him; for his sake I shall charge you nothing." He thus obtained his schooling for the future on the funds of the Institution.

Thomas was evidently a youth of very conscientious, tender, and susceptible feelings; and being deeply imbued with sentiments of piety, was struck with love and admiration whenever he witnessed evidences of it in others. In his memoir of his friend Florentius, Thomas mentions many traits of that simplicity, dignity, gentleness, and self-sacrificing activity for the good of others, which had won his ardent admiration. Before he became a boarder in the

Brother House, he was directed by the teacher to attend with some other boys in the choir of the chapel. Here Florentius attended also. Thomas says, "Now whenever I saw my good master Florentius standing in the choir, even though he did not look about, I was so awed in his presence by his venerable aspect, that I never dared to speak a word. On one occasion I stood close beside him, and he turned to me, and sang from the same book. He even put his hand upon my shoulder, and then I stood as if rooted to the spot, afraid even to stir, so amazed was I at the honor done me."

Thomas, in course of time, came to dwell in Florentius's house, and closer acquaintance strengthened his love for him. When he happened to be troubled in his mind, he applied, like the other youths on similar occasions, to his respected master; and such was the effect of even a sight of his placid and cheerful countenance, or of a few words of conversation, that he seldom failed to leave his presence comforted and encouraged. This attachment showed itself in small matters. In consequence of weak health, Florentius sometimes could not partake of the common meals, but ate at a small table in the kitchen. Thomas then considered it an honor to wait upon him. "Unworthy though I was," he says, "I often at his invitation prepared the table, brought from the dining-room what little he required, and served him with cheerfulness and joy." If Florentius was at any time more sick than usual, it was customary with the Brethren to inform the neighboring Brother Houses and request their remembrance of him in prayer. On such occasions Thomas often undertook to carry the message, delighting to be so employed. Doubtless Florentius's pious example had great effect in moulding the after-life and character of his affectionate pupil.

Another inmate, whose example made a deep impression on him, was Henry Brune, a memoir of whose life also is among the productions of his pen. He says, "One day in winter, Henry was sitting by the fireside, warming his hands, but with his face turned towards the wall, for he was at the time engaged in secret prayer. When I saw this, I was greatly edified, and from that day loved him all the more." Little incidents of this nature, told in Thomas's simple familiar style, let us into the inward character of his mind perhaps more readily than events of apparently greater importance. He was deeply interested in the religious exercises of the Brethren at Deventer, and attached himself entirely to their mode of life, entering into full outward communion with the society. He obtained from Florentius a place in the Brother House, in which at that time twenty-three members dwelt together and received maintenance. His chief companion, and soon his most intimate friend, was Arnold of Schoen-

hofen, a youth of fervent piety, with whom he shared a little chamber and bed. Here Thomas occupied himself in copying and reading the Holy Scriptures, taking part also unremittingly in the religious exercises of the family. What he earned by writing, he put into the common fund; and when it fell below what was needful for his support, the lack was supplied by the generosity of Florentius. The pious example of his young friend Arnold deeply impressed him. Arnold would rise every morning exactly at four o'clock, and after a short prayer at his bedside, quickly dressed himself and hastened to the place of worship, where, at all the exercises, he was the first to come and the last to depart. Besides, he frequently withdrew to some solitary place, in order to devote himself unobserved to prayer and meditation. Thomas sometimes accidentally became a witness of these outpourings of his friend's heart. He says, in his biography of Arnold, "I found myself on such occasions kindled by his zeal to prayer, and wished to experience, were it only sometimes, a devotion like that which he seemed almost daily to possess. Nor was his fervor in prayer at all wonderful, considering that where soever he went or staid, he was most diligent in keeping his heart and mouth." Arnold expressing once to him his earnest wish to learn quickly and well the art of neat writing, so usefully applied by the Brethren, Thomas thought within himself, "Ah, willingly would I also learn to write, did I but first know how to make myself better. But," adds he respecting his friend, "he obtained special grace from God, which made him skilful in every good work." Thomas evidently looked upon him as far more advanced in the spiritual life than himself.

He thus spent seven happy years, industriously engaged in prosecuting his studies and transcribing religious books, in the school and Brother House at Deventer. He was probably about completing the twenty-first year of his age, when one day Florentius called him to him at the close of the religious exercises, and addressed him seriously on the importance of the choice which he must now look towards making, of an avocation for life. It seems that having often observed Thomas's pious disposition, he was inclined to promote his entering into some monastic order; and Thomas, who had unbounded confidence in his master's judgment, finding it to accord with his own inclination towards a quiet contemplative religious life, at once acceded to his advice. The Brethren of the Common Lot had been instrumental in founding a monastery which they called the Monastery of St. Agnes, by the Dutch since known as Berg Clooster, situated on a pleasant and healthy elevation near the town of Zwoll. Recently erected, and with but slender means,

it was as yet but little known. This institution, as being in Florentius's estimation the most eligible, he recommended to Thomas's choice, and gave him a letter of introduction to the prior. Thomas was kindly received, duly installed there at first for five years as a novice, and afterwards as a priest, and spent the rest of his long and quiet life within its cloisters.

We must now contemplate Thomas Hamerken as a monk, for that he truly was during about seventy years of his life. Yet his monastic habit appears as if it had ever been covered by the genial warmth of a truly Christian spirit. How far it was wise in him to make the choice of this mode of life, we may certainly have doubts. But we must take into consideration the tendencies of the age, and the almost universal practice at that time for religious persons to seek refuge in such institutions, though often a fallacious one, from the pollutions, temptations, and dangers of the world around them.

(To be continued.)

A soul conversant with virtue resembles a fountain; for it is clear, and gentle, and sweet, and communicative, and rich, and harmless, and innocent.

For Friends' Intelligence.

FRIENDS' MEETING AT ORANGE, ESSEX CO., NEW JERSEY.

It may be interesting to Friends generally to know that a meeting for worship, to be held after the manner of Friends, on First-day morning, at 10½ o'clock, has been recently established in this beautiful and romantic neighborhood. Orange holds very much the same relation to the city of New York that Germantown does to Philadelphia. It is about five miles long, running west from the city of Newark, consisting mostly of one long street, being built up all the way, more or less, from Newark, with handsome cottage residences of gentlemen, many of whom do business in New York. Near the end of this long street, or avenue, a few Friends have hired a room in what is known as "The Library Buildings," and hold a meeting for worship, generally in silence, which, though within hearing of the organ of a large Presbyterian church, has its own peculiar attractions. The writer has twice attended this meeting. At each time about fourteen persons were gathered, forming a pleasant little company, of which were several young men and women.

One of the originators of this little meeting is a young man, son of S. B., a valued friend, now deceased, late a member of Race street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia. For a long time he and his friend G. C. not being willing, like too many of our members, to coalesce with other church organizations, when their lot has been cast where there was no Friends' meeting, were in the practice of gathering their families

at the residence of the latter, on First-day mornings, sitting in silence or reading the Scriptures. S. B. writes, "We seldom had any to sit with us, the neighbors feeling a delicacy lest they would intrude upon our privacy. Our meetings were very satisfactory, and we were reluctant to make a change; but finding there were those around us who desired to meet with us if a public meeting could be established, we adopted the plan we are now pursuing."

An interesting incident occurred at the last meeting I attended. A woman asked permission to say a few words, and no objection being made, she told us that she was from Illinois and was formerly of the Baptist persuasion, and at one time thought that all true religion was in that organization; but now she felt differently, and saw the folly of great and fine churches. She believed the Friends were right; and she was grateful for the privilege of sitting with us. I thought her a tender spirited woman who was under exercise, and was looking toward Friends for that true, inward peace that she has failed to find elsewhere.

It is refreshing and encouraging to meet occasionally, as in this instance and in the meeting established in Chicago, young men who are unwilling to part with their precious birthright, and who, appreciating our testimonies, have courage and strength enough to stand firm in their support. I trust the example of these will stimulate others who may be similarly situated to go and do likewise.

How many are there wandering up and down in the land, as sheep without a shepherd, and who are as it were "upon the mountains of Gilboa, where there is neither dew nor rain, nor fields of offering." Many such, I believe, would come to us if we would but be faithful, and erect our altars, where even the two or three are to be found prepared to worship the Father in spirit and in truth.

R. E. EVANS.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 9.

(Continued from page 648.)

SWITZERLAND, 9th mo., 1866.

The sun shone brightly on our departure from the beautiful lake Lucerne, in an open carriage, for our drive to Hospenthal. The road was excellent and the route magnificent, passing through a very wild and rugged country, constantly ascending and always in sight of the Reuss, whose turbulent waters rushed past us in an unceasing series of rapids, making a descent of several thousand feet, in the course of a few hours' drive. We crossed this brawling torrent eight different times; the last bridge, called the Devil's Bridge, spans a chasm fearful to contemplate, and we cannot help wondering how any could ever be found with nerves strong

enough to undertake and carry out such tremendous works. There are roads here in Switzerland that would put to the blush any constructions I have ever seen in America; they must have cost a vast amount in labor and in money. After stopping at Hasen for dinner, we enjoyed the refreshing contrast of a drive through a lovely fertile valley, where the last haymaking of the season was busily going forward, and men, women and children were engaged in mowing, raking and gathering the fragrant freight into enormous cloths, which they tie up and carry on their backs into the barns. It seems to me that in domestic labor horses are almost superfluous here, and will be while there are *women* enough to supply their places, if indeed the name of *woman* can be applied to those poor, dirty, hard-featured, bowed-down, worn-out looking animals which represent the female, though certainly not the *fairer* part of creation, in this benighted country. At Hospenthal we found a large and very comfortable hotel, at the entrance to what appeared at a distance a pretty and picturesque village, but in a stroll up the main street, we discovered it to be as filthy as it was picturesque; and it was hard to believe that in its dingy and miserable cabins, looking like exaggerated pig-sties, any human creatures could find a "home;" and yet out of one of these very cabins there came a man of respectable and *intelligent* appearance, who, finding we were consulting about the road or direction we were to take, joined us, and, in *very good* English, gave us several items of important information. Those who have been among our beautiful, bright New England villages, can scarcely imagine how anything, bearing the *same name*, can be so utterly different. The people who live on these magnificent mountain-sides build their houses in the roughest possible manner of larch wood, which very soon turns almost black from exposure to the weather; and as the windows are few and small, and the chimney generally represented by a mere opening in the roof, their appearance is dreary and monotonous—dwellings and barns huddled together almost as closely as in a city, or only separated by a mud-puddle or a dung-hill form the *external* picture of these Alpine hamlets—and as far as we could observe through the open doors, their inner life cannot be much more cheerful. Our journey on the morrow was designated on the programme as tending toward the Rhone glacier and across the Furca Pass. We were off in our carriage about eight o'clock. The morning was very fine, and we had a splendid drive among the mountain peaks, with snow all around us, and frequently lying in heaps along the road-side, and reached the glacier by one o'clock, or I should say *the inn*, for we had been winding down the mountains, in full view of this magnificent object for three

quarters of an hour; and I assure thee the Grindelwald glacier, over which we had so amusing a scramble, had to hide its diminished head, as we gazed at this, the greatest almost of its kind in all Switzerland. I can never cease to marvel, in looking at them, that those enormous bodies of ice should continue apparently as firm and cold as ever, through all the long warm days of summer; and another wonder that presents itself is the fact, that the Rhone owes its origin entirely to the melting of this very glacier *under the surface*, whence we saw it issuing in a large and rapid stream. After dining at the Glacier Inn, we took a drive of two hours through a desolate country to Münster, arriving there in time for a view of the surrounding snow peaks by the light of the setting sun. Our next day's drive was along the valley of the Rhone, part of it wild and desolate in the extreme, and part of it grand and beautiful, but not so fertile and cultivated as I had imagined it. We noticed in coming further south a peculiar kind of vegetation, covering the rocks and mountain sides, and clothing them with a rich, warm crimson and orange coloring that was exquisitely lovely, "bathing all things in beauty." By five o'clock we were at Visp, a dreary-looking village which was desolated by an earthquake in 1855, and has not yet recovered from its effects. . . .

CHAMOUNI, 10th mo., 1866.

One of our excursions since being here was to the Col de Balme—a high ridge or Scheideck between two chains of mountains. We first drove for an hour to the village of Argentine; then took mules, and were on the summit by two o'clock. We had a beautiful view of the valley of the Rhone and of Chamouni, but Mont Blanc and the other snow-peaks were almost entirely concealed by light fleecy clouds, which, toward evening, grew darker and heavier. . . . I must now tell thee of the greatest and most successful trip of the season. R. has been up to the Grand Mulets, *half way to the summit of Mont Blanc*. It was arranged that R., J. and I should set out at seven o'clock yesterday morning, on mules, for the Pierre Pointue, whence they, with two guides and a porteur carrying warm covering and provisions, should proceed on foot, while I returned with the mules and the other man. Every thing was carried out "to the letter." The morning was bright and lovely, and we arrived at Pierre Pointue before ten o'clock, and after taking a cup of warm coffee, I saw them depart, not, I must acknowledge, without sending with them many an anxious thought. I then turned to walk back after the three mules and their driver, and reached the hotel in time to have a good view of my two friends and their guides through the telescope just before they had attained the Grand Mulets, at one o'clock. The travellers

were so fresh that, after resting an hour and a half and eating their lunch, they commenced the descent, and were again at the hotel by seven o'clock. R. said some parts of the route looked at first impracticable, and crevasses of unknown depth and a fearful width had to be crossed, but their guides were thoroughly dependable, and they were all four tied together with a good strong rope, so that they had not even a tremulous feeling. At the Grand Mulets they saw a record made a few days before by one of our friends, who had been to the summit of Mont Blanc. The record ended thus, "Taking into consideration the liability to serious annoyance and danger attending this trip, and the small chance for a view, the ascent of Mont Blanc is registered as one of the most foolishly spent days of my life." . . .

During one of our walks we saw some women breaking flax and hemp. It was a new sight to me. The women at every little homestead are busy preparing the winter spinning. They are always at work, and generally knitting as they walk. Their only rest or recreation appears to be attending mass. They are very courteous, and always give us a pleasant "bon jour," as we pass them. I have often counted nine or ten families in sight at once all down on their knees on the earth getting out their potatoes. The parties generally consist of women and children, rarely any able-bodied men among them, but often the old grandfather and grandmother, bent, and withered, and decrepit, owing to the severe and constant toil they have probably been enduring since they were large enough to carry a basket strapped to their backs. We have seen children, certainly not more than six years old, carrying heavy loads in that way. The winters here must be intensely dreary and bleak. This morning, it was just ten o'clock when the sunshine first reached the valley—the mountains are so enormously high on both sides. The storms and avalanches are very destructive, and we might suppose there were few inducements for persons to live here. I should think they would joyfully hail the approach of spring. One of the women told me they always kept their spinning for winter work, because the snow was too deep for them to go out. What wretched times they must have in their dismal cabins, where, so far as I can see, there is not the first appearance of decent comforts. In the sunny clime of Italy, the poor people can live in the open air all winter, and they are apparently so ignorant of what we would consider necessary home-arrangements, that the want does not affect them. Here, however, the people are not poverty-stricken, most of them being small proprietors, and it is really wonderful that they can content themselves year after year in such ways of living. In one of our walks along the high road

we met a gentleman on a mule, and by his side was walking a peasant woman with a long stick, with which to goad the mule on to activity. They passed on—so did we; and on our return we again saw the woman *astride* of the mule and on a full trot. She recognized us, remarked on our long stay in the place, and then wished us “bon jour,” and trotted off as independently as an Arab on his camel.

(To be continued.)

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 4, 1868.

ANOTHER YEAR.—As we enter the New Year, we have naturally been led not only to examine the records of the past, but to look forward to the duties which, as Editors, will continue to devolve upon us. These are important, and can only be discharged with satisfaction to ourselves as we conscientiously keep in view the object of our labor. We feel this emphatically to be, to advance the testimonies of Truth as held by Friends, to furnish nutriment which will strengthen the mental powers, and cherish a desire for good.

The love of goodness only becomes real by doing good. The mere admiration of duty, without an effort for its accomplishment, will but resolve itself into cant or unmeaning phrases. As the love of the Father is perfected by keeping His commandments, so the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. To the pure heart, more than to the merely clear intellect, is given the knowledge of the Heavenly Kingdom. Jesus testified that his judgment was just, because he sought not his own will, but the will of the Father who sent Him. He also said, he that doeth His will shall know of my doctrine.

We bring into view the Source of wisdom, in order that we ourselves may not only be benefited by it, but to encourage all to seek the same inexhaustible Fountain. In the continued evidences furnished us, of an awakening in various parts of our heritage to a state of a slumbering condition and the need of arousing from it, we have felt it right to open our columns to an expression of this feeling by the sincere and honest seekers after Truth. These vary in judgment as to the causes of defects, and as to the remedial means; but so long as

their different views are given in the spirit of brotherly kindness and charity, we think no harm can arise—but the result may be to expand the understanding and dispel prejudice. In scanning error, Truth may be more fully comprehended and embraced. The man who habitually makes Truth the guide of his life, becomes gifted with a superior wisdom, and is not likely to err upon matters of vital importance; but even he should be watchful, that he *presumes* not upon previous knowledge, and that he keeps his mind open to the teachings of the hour. “I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now,” may equally apply to the disciples of Christ at the present day, as when uttered by the blessed Jesus to his immediate followers. Who then shall limit the unfoldings of Christian light and knowledge.

We consider it essential for the health and growth of a religious body that its members should possess the freedom which the Truth gives; and this is the liberty which we would accord to all, with the desire that in its use it may not be abused.

SOCIETY CARE.—Another word of encouragement comes to us in a private letter from one of our Friends in the West, showing the steady increase of concern for the advancement of our young members in the knowledge of those Testimonies we feel called to bear; and also showing that Friends there are engaged, as in some Meetings they are here, in making a general visit to their members. The object of this visit is explained in the letter from our Friend. She says, “In our last Monthly Meeting a Standing Committee of women Friends was appointed to visit all the female members, also those who, though not members, are in the practice of attending our meetings. All are to be included in this visit—the rich and poor, the sick and well, the joyful and sorrowing—that we may become better acquainted with each other, and that our interest in and sympathy for one another may be increased. I hope good will result to both visitors and visited. We also meet one evening in each week and read Scripture, converse on the subjects brought up, and examine the ground upon which the testimonies and doctrines held by Friends rest. Our First-

day schools are progressing nicely, and we enjoy them."

MARRIED, on the 16th of Fourth month, 1867, in Half Moon Township, Centre Co., Pa., by Friends' ceremony, at the house of John Way, DAVID MATTHEW to MARY M. WAY, daughter of John and Mary Way.

—, on the 5th of Twelfth month, 1867, with the approbation of the Monthly Meeting of New York, at the residence of Charles M. Carpenter, Brooklyn, HENRY T. WILLERS, of Manhasset, Long Island, to SOPHIA UNDERHILL, of the former place.

DIED, on the 24th of Tenth month, 1867, at his residence in Half Moon Township, Centre County, Pa., ROBERT WAY, in the 79th year of his age, an Elder and member of Centre Monthly and Particular Meetings. He was a consistent member, much beloved by all who knew him.

—, on the evening of the 17th of Twelfth month, MARY BUNTING, daughter of Philip S. and Helen Mary Justice, in her 24th year.

—, on the morning of the 3d ult., in Schnykill Township, Chester Co., Pa., ROLAND MONTOUR PEART, aged 28 years.

—, on the 19th of Twelfth month, 1867, MARY, wife of Ephraim Gardner, in the seventy-sixth year of her age; a member and Elder of Baltimore Particular and Monthly Meetings.

In the death of this our dear friend, we feel that we have met with a sad bereavement, and that a void has been made in our midst not easily filled. Being impressed in early life with the necessity of living not only in unity with her friends, but in union and communion with her Creator, she sought His help, and was thereby qualified to perform all the duties of life, as wife, mother, friend and neighbor. She was constant in attending meetings, and encouraged all, by her example and precept, not to neglect that important duty. Her judgment being clear and abounding in the love of Truth, qualified her for the important stations of Overseer and Elder, which she filled with satisfaction and comfort to her friends. We feel, in looking over her long and useful life, that she might have adopted the language of the apostle, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course and kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." Her gentle spirit has passed to the realms of eternal bliss and joined the innumerable company that surround the throne of God. H.

BALTIMORE, Twelfth mo. 23d, 1867.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, First month 8th, at 8 o'clock, in the Library Room. JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION FOR THE POOR.

Stated meeting on Seventh-day evening next, First month 4th, 1868, at 8 o'clock. Final action on the proposed charter.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., Clerk.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

Conferences will be held at Race Street Meeting-house on the 8th, and Green St. on the 9th inst. A general invitation is extended.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

First month 7th, 1868, Lecture by Dr. J. GIBBONS HUNT, illustrated by views from the Stereopticon.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, First month 3d, 1868, at 3 o'clock.

LYDIA H. HALL, Clerk.

CHANGE OF HOUR.

The Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia has changed the hour of meeting to 10½ o'clock on First-day and Fourth-day mornings at Race Street Meeting-house, and at the indulged meeting at West Philadelphia on First-day morning, until the 1st of Fourth month next.

APPEAL FOR AID.

The Home for aged and infirm colored persons, No. 340 South Front Street, has an exhausted treasury, and an appeal is now made to Friends and others interested in this charity to forward their contributions to the Treasurer,

SAM'L R. SHIPLEY, 111 South Fourth,
or to DILLWYN PARRISH, 1017 Cherry,
STEPHEN SMITH, 921 Lombard,
M. BALDERSTON, 902 Spring Garden,

or any other of the managers.

The annual meeting of the contributors will be held on Fifth-day evening next, First month 9th, at 8 o'clock, in Liberty Hall, Lombard above Seventh, to which all are invited.

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself: for every man has need to be forgiven.—Herbert.

From Friends' Quarterly Examiner.

A VOICE FROM SOUTHAMPTON.

"Language is fossil history." So say the explorers of the field of philosophy mapped out for us in the bygone ages. Is not this assertion true also in relation to places and spots named after historical events? But for these names, so indelibly attached, the history would be often almost forgotten, and the spot remain unnoticed. Language is in this sense an all-pervading photographer, fixing the lights and shades of history upon mountain and valley, green fields and ruined walls. Runnymede or Waterloo, Kenilworth or Carisbrook, are, to a vast mass of persons, clearer evidence of the scenes once enacted around them than that which musty books or unlocalized tradition can supply. "Why, I have seen the very spot where it happened," is, in effect, the summary proof often given concerning the truth of historical incidents. Nay, I have known people insist on the truth of that beautiful allegory of "the old man's home," because they had seen the pathway down which the wanderer strayed, and had rested upon the very style at Bonchurch upon which he sat.

Such were the ideas passing through my mind as, leaving the departing ship on her voyage to the stormy Cape, I saw the words "Canute Castle" inscribed upon a somewhat pretentious-looking building facing the entrance to the Southampton Dock gates. The words at once recalled to me the legend of the great Canute rebuking his courtiers, which tradition says oc-

curred on the very spot where we now stand. The incident is too well known to repeat, and yet too instructive to be forgotten in the history of the old town. We know how, when the rippling sea refused to obey the behest of the mighty monarch who spake to check the rising tide's advance, his flattering attendants stood abashed in the presence of their king, when he humbly confessed that God alone is great, and refused thenceforth to wear a crown.

The vein of historic incident thus unexpectedly opened up, my imagination wandered back into the olden time, and, forgetting modern docks, steamers, and locomotives, ignoring telegraph wires above and iron rails below, I sauntered on along the platform wall beneath the gateway of the old bridewell; the very place in which, two centuries ago, as that painstaking recorder, Besse, tells us, there were incarcerated twenty-two innocent Friends, for the crime of being at an unlawful assembly,—to wit, a Quaker's meeting; and he adds, alas! that in the same year eight women Friends were also committed to this miserable prison for refusing to take the oaths! A year or two after, we again find some fifteen men and four women imprisoned at Southampton for "attending their religious meetings."

Gray and gloomy do the old walls now look in their striking contrast to the gay yachts and the sparkling waters of the animated harbor; yet, possibly in still stranger antagonism to the iron bars and outward gloom of this old prison house where the joyful praises which broke forth through walls and ceiling upwards unto heaven, from the lips and hearts of these prisoners of the Lord. "Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward," were words I doubt not uttered as well as felt by these well-versed Scripture readers.

We find at this period the Friends at Southampton were frequently pulled by force out of their meetings and imprisoned; and strange to me now was the reflection that these oppressed Quaker captives once looked out upon the same waters and changeless shore before me from those very windows within sight of which I now read the following public notice:—

"At the request of a Minister of the Society of Friends, a Meeting for Worship will be held in their Meeting-House, in Castle Square, to which the public are respectfully invited."

Comment is needless. Let the mourners over the "good old times" look on this picture and then on that, and say upon which side the goodness mostly lies.

Oppressed in thought beneath the intolerant atmosphere of two hundred years ago, I failed to notice the modern features of the lively town, with the bow-windows and pleasant countenances for which the guide book tells us it is distinguished; but, turning up the pictur-

esque High Street, I recalled the fact that, in a place now abounding with dissenting chapels and schools, the same old writer tells us that one William Jennings "was twice imprisoned, having been prosecuted in the Ecclesiastical Court for teaching school without the Bishop's license!"

But the whole town is studded with such archives, and localized through its streets and its prisons, are these intolerant deeds of bygone years indelibly photographed for the gaze of posterity. I passed the site of the old market place and the council chamber from whence the mayor and justices once dealt injustice without measure. The Mayor of Southampton seems to have had a peculiar satisfaction in sending harmless men to prison. Thomas Willis, taken at a meeting for worship, was by him sent to prison, where he died after seven months' confinement, "contentedly laying down his life for his constancy in religion." In 1670 the mayor sent constables to a meeting held at George Embree's house, where they seized eleven men and several women; the men were "sent to a stinking prison, where they were kept six days," and they fined G. Embree £20 for his house, taking goods to the value of £36 to pay the fine. Even parish beadies were not beneath the notice of this furious zeal. W. Jennings, for refusing to take an oath on entering upon that office, was sent to Barragatè prison, and confined there about three months, and John Strutt, also chosen a beadle, was imprisoned there ten weeks for a like offence. Many were imprisoned for "absence from the national worship," and Joseph Jones was sent to jail "for a pretended debt of £220 for eleven months' absence from the national worship!"

But the sufferer most vividly before my mind was Ambrose Rigge, who, the same faithful chronicler informs us—

"As he was going to visit his friends in prison at Southampton, was seized on by a constable and other officers, and was by the mayor's order whipped in the market-place; then was he thrown down backward into a wheelbarrow, carried so up a part of the High Street, then thrown into a dung-cart, and so sent away from tything to tything, and threatened that if he came again he should be whipped twice as much, burnt on the shoulder, and banished the land. Most barbarous (continues the historian) was this usage of an innocent man for no other offence than performing the Christian duty of visiting those who were in prison."

Barbarous indeed! Faint not thou brave-hearted Ambrose! the story of thy sufferings shall live on when the very name of thy persecutors is buried in well-merited oblivion. Thou who hast thus sown in tears shalt reap in joy; for to such faithful visiting of the naked and

sick and imprisoned do the precious words attach, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

But to proceed;—with this vivid narrative before my mind's eye, I wended my way up through the selfsame street, beneath the old archway of the "Barragate prison" (now the Bar-gate town-hall, within whose walls the free-born citizens so often assemble to denounce inhumanity and bigotry, and to welcome unfortunate exiles from many a foreign clime); onward through the Above Bar Street to the bounds were the tything ends, and the mayor's deputy consigned the patient Ambrose to the tender mercies of, perchance, a less bitter caretaker. And now at this very spot, turning my eyes to the left, I see, nestling beneath the tall elm trees, the "Quaker's burial-ground," as it is called in the old map of the town—a place in which, from its antiquity, the remains of some of these early sufferers very probably rest.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
Who softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground."

There is something peculiarly soothing in contemplating the soft grassy mounds of the South of England burial-grounds, especially when undisfigured by huge gravestones and false monuments. "The sepulchre was in a garden," we are told by the beloved disciple, and the harmony of this junction of tombs with evergreen shrubs, roses, and violets, whilst the solemn pines wave their tops in soft requiem above the sleeping dead, is touchingly exemplified in this quiet burying-place of the Friends. There stand the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together; "there shall the almond-tree flourish, and the voice of birds; yet man goeth to his long home, and the dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

As I cast a look around upon the simple records of "name, age, and date," and recognized thus the last resting-place of not a few once dear to me, and honored of the Church, my eyes suffused with tears. "These all died in faith," were the cheering words echoed within my heart, and the sighing of the wind through the firs above broke upon my ear, swelling into sweet soft melody unto Him who "giveth songs in the night," and before whom I now silently bowed my head and worshipped.

But turning to where a pensive willow spread its fresh-budding branches around the "graves of a household," I beheld one mound upon which no grass was to be seen. "Three days ago," said my informant, in reply to my question, "there stood around the open grave of the Friend who lies beneath it, the Mayor of Southampton, with the late Sheriff, and one or

two Justices of the Peace. They attended with many of the townspeople, in order to show their respect for the Quaker who is there buried." The words at once carried me back again to my former reverie, which the sweet repose of this little grave-yard had wellnigh banished. Strange indeed (I ejaculated) are the scenes enacted upon this earth when brought face to face without the intervening element of time! Two centuries ago the Mayor and Justices of Southampton ordered to be flogged and dragged at the cart's tail up through the long High Street and Above Bar, as far as the avenue before us, an honest Friend, well known and of good repute; they did it, not because he had committed any crime, but solely because he was a Quaker, and went to the town gaol to visit the suffering men and women who lay incarcerated on account of their non-attendance at the national worship. Now, the same officials come voluntarily along the same highway, stop at the same spot, and stand before the grave of a fellow-professor of the ill-used Ambrose, listening to the preaching and prayer of other members of this sect, whom their predecessors gloried in despoiling; and, to crown all, the mayor himself is a "Hebrew of the Hebrews," whom his predecessors in office would unquestionably have now *doubly* fined—first, for not attending the national worship; secondly, for attending a Quaker gathering. Thus (thought I) are the ways of Providence vindicated,—even "the wrath of man shall praise him." The unlimited brutality with which the early Friends were treated worked its own cure;—through their stripes and imprisonments, through their suffering lives and cruel deaths, do we now dwell at ease, reaping the fruits of their labors and of their constancy under trial. Through their struggles has the field of toleration been mainly won for us. Thankfulness to them, and gratitude to God, who had so overruled the past for our benefit, covered my spirit as I left the quiet resting-place of this once afflicted people, and returned to my quarters in the town, a wiser and happier man.

Sp

BUSINESS THOUGH

Men are tempted to lose
matter to be pursued
their own selfish interests
that their toil and
in the vast mercantile
mercantile enterprise
packed together
just the
and his
in

which the race is drawn into sympathy and brotherhood. We are building up all over the globe the structure of a humanizing Christian civilization, and to its grand and symmetrical completion all things tend. It is a nobler thing than the Athenian Parthenon or the temple of Solomon; and the million workers who contribute to it are, in separate spheres, all working together. One quarries, another chisels, another excavates, another combines; but if one is honorable so are they all; and whoever understands the meaning of God's providence in his lot, may carry about with him the ennobling consciousness that while he toils to feed his hunger, he is working, too, to bless the world. All toilers, moreover, are fellow-workmen—are brothers; and while they toil, if they do it with consecrated aims, and under a sense of duty, are becoming educated as books and academies cannot educate them—educated to find more than gems and gold in every quarry; educated to the exercise of all the virtues of endurance and high effort, and the development of character in its most sterling form.

But if, instead of taking this view of business—instead of seeing in it God's wise appointment as an industrial ministry to the well being of the race, instead of accepting it as a duty which enables us to serve, and gives us the means of usefulness and beneficence, a man regards it as just the means of his own personal emolument and selfish advantage, then he sinks himself to the level of the ox that ploughs, or of the fox that burrows. His sordid soul gravitates to the clod, and his pursuit of business will be the worship of selfishness; it will be unutterably mean and loathsome. He will turn that which was meant as a ladder to climb, into a ladder to descend, and every new round of fortune that he adds to his estate will be a letting down of his manhood.—*Hours at Home.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

RETROSPECTION.

1st m.o. 1st, 1868.

CHILDREN! ye

Who hailed rejoicingly the last New Year,
And ye who felt, when it came ushering in,
Some pang of sorrow which affliction brought,
That seemed untimely, to your peaceful homes,
To teach th' impressive lesson, life,
However promising its hopes, its smiles,
However fair, hath on its front inscribed
"Uncertainty below"—come, let us all,
In thoughtful mood, while Winter holds
His sterner reign without, gather around
The cheerful fireside now; review the past—
The bygone year—and from the circling change
Made by the rolling Seasons, haply draw
Some useful lesson to instruct the heart.

The Winter lingered long, yet while it held
Its sway and spread o'er all the fields,
The vallies and the woods its mantle white,

And tuneful songsters of the air, that safe
Had winged their flight to warmer climes, could not,
As in the summer-time, with their sweet melodies
Salute our ears, yet snow-birds then
With the Fringillas lingered round our doors
To gather carefully the crumbs, to them
A sumptuous repast, and in return,
Evinced seemingly their gratitude,
Offered their simple chirpings. There is One
Who cared for them—He also cares for us.

At length
The slow-retiring winter, with its storms
Tempestuous, with its chilling winds that swept
O'er the blue fields of air, and snows
That had descended to enshroud the face
Of ever-smiling Nature, passed away, and Spring—
The lovely Spring—re-urned as it was wont
To gather 'neath the sun's indulgent rays
The elements of growth for varied life;
And from their scaly coverings the buds
Opened into the light, and beautifully all
Expanded then to bloom, clothing the earth
With loveliness again—the woodlands and the fields
With verdure and with flowers of every hue
Delightful to the eye. O how, with raptured hearts,
Then might we take the pleasant morning walk!
And greater were the joy to go forth with the thought
That the great Being who had given all
These varied forms of beauty, and in each
Displayed a workmanship divine,
Designed for all His children here below
A joyous Spring-time in their round of years,—
A time for budding virtue,—fitting time
For holiest of affections in the heart
To spring forth and unfold in the pure light
And atmosphere of heaven.

Summer then came
With its full tide of sunshine to make glad
All nature with rejoicings; and their notes the birds
Resounded through the woods, and lavishly poured
From tree-top high and from low bramble-bush
Their silvery strains of joy; while all the fields
To them that gather for the winter time
Promised abundant harvest. This is life;
The summer of our years (if they are not
Cut off untimely) must come on, and life,
How'er diversified, should picture then
The promise of a rich and plenteous yield
Of thoughts and aspirations and of loves
Maturing for a higher sphere than this.

Autumn at last
Came on. The trees were laden now with fruit;
The harvest of the year all gathered in
For the approaching winter, sweet reward
And certain for the laborer's toil; and fading flower
And falling leaf, nipt by the chilling frost,
Proclaimed the closing year as drawing nigh.
Thus cometh on the autumn-time of life;
And in its progress through the mystic round
Of these unceasingly revolving years
Follow with silent footsteps slow Decay.
Well shall it be for us if when that change
Sooner or later Time will bring to all, is ours—
Ay, when the languid eye, the pallid cheek
And faltering step alike declare
The circuit of Life's Seasons well nigh run—
Well shall it be for us if we may feel
We have not lived in vain; and reap at last
(When all the varied changes have their end)
The rich reward of quietness within,
Of joy unspeakable, and know
In that concluding solemn hour, with us,
All will be well.

H. J.

From the Riverside Magazine.
STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES.

Many persons suppose that the two pictures which form a stereoscopic view are just alike, and that it is solely the stereoscopic instrument which produces the peculiar effect of distance and perspective in the figures represented.

This is a mistake. The two pictures upon one slide are, in reality, different from each other; and the peculiar effect depends upon this difference. Two pictures precisely alike, and placed side by side, will not be a stereoscopic view. The difference is very slight, and a casual observer may compare the two without discerning it. And even one who is informed that there is a difference may examine a number of slides before he will detect what it is, for in some views it is much more obvious than in others; but the difference exists in all, and is essential to constitute a stereoscopic picture.

If you shut one eye, and look with the other only, you will see less distinctly than with both. But besides the lack of distinctness, you will find that there is another singular difference between looking with one eye and with two. With one eye you cannot accurately judge of distances. If you ask some person to put forth his hand, and to shut one eye, and you then bring some object, such as a book, at one side of his hand, but at a little distance from it, and ask him to touch the book, he will move his finger in the direction in which the book seems to be, but very likely he will not touch it at all; for with one eye he cannot judge whether you have brought it within his reach or hold it just beyond his reach.

The same thing is seen by placing a closed penknife a quarter of the edge of the table, and then with one eye shut taking three steps toward the table, the distance having been previously measured, so as to bring the person at arms' length away, and attempting with the forefinger to strike the knife, which is on a line with the finger. In almost every trial the finger will fall short of striking the knife.

There is another difference to be noticed besides that of distance. Put a wafer on the glass pane of the window, and then look out with one eye and observe what object in the landscape is hidden by the wafer. Then, without moving the head, close that eye and open the other. The wafer will no longer hide the same object, but it will appear to have moved toward one side, and it now hides something else. If, then, still keeping the head in the same position, you look with both eyes open, you will see both the objects that were before concealed, but at the same time you will seem to see two wafers, one against each of these objects. While the sight is fixed upon the landscape beyond, the wafer seems double; but if you fix your sight on the wafer, you may be

conscious of a double image of the objects beyond. If a wafer is not at hand, the end of the finger placed against the glass will answer the purpose. The same effect may be produced very clearly by holding up one finger to look at, and with the other hand holding up, at a distance beyond it, a pencil or any such object, and comparing the vision received by one eye alone with that received by the other. Then, with both eyes open, observe that if both eyes are fixed on the finger two pencils are seen, and if both are fixed on the pencil two fingers are seen. While looking thus with both eyes, if the pencil be removed to a greater distance, the two images of the finger will appear to open, or remove from each other; or, if the sight is at the time fixed upon the finger, the two images of the pencil will appear to open or remove from each other.

Looking out of a door or window, first with one eye and then quickly with the other, presents to view two different pictures of what is beyond; and what we see when we look with both eyes contains all that is visible in either view. At whatever we look, in ordinary visions, these double images are produced. And although we are not usually conscious of the process, it is by no means of these double images that we are able to estimate distances.

If we had not two eyes we could not have these double images. Each eye forms upon its own retina a different picture; and as the eyes are not one above the other, but on the same horizontal plane, things which come precisely in range with each other in the view of one eye, cannot be precisely in range with each other in the view of the other eye. It is for this reason that the marksman shuts one eye when he takes aim; the surveyor does the same when he lays a course with the compass; and the carpenter, when he sights a straight edge. While one eye cannot measure distances, two eyes cannot take a range.

Therefore we know that not only two separate pictures are taken by the eyes, in ordinary vision, but these pictures are unlike. They are of the same size, and embrace the same general objects, but each is from a different point of view, depending on the distance from the pupil of one eye to that of the other; and each therefore is with a different perspective.

Look now at one of the slides for the stereoscope, and it will be seen that the two pictures upon it differ in the same way. A view that presents some tall object in the foreground, such as a tower, or the stem of a tree, and some other objects at a distance behind it, is the best for this purpose. The things which the tree or tower conceals in one picture will be shown or partly shown in the other, the tree or

tower seeming to be slightly moved, just as the wafer on the window-pane appeared.

The camera with which ordinary photographs are taken is like the eye. It is, in fact, an imitation of the eye. The round hole, or tube, in front, contains the lens, which is like the cornea or surface of the eyeball, and the crystalline lens which is contained within it; and the brass cap, which shuts over the tube, is like the eyelids, to keep the dust out. There is a round disk, with a hole in its centre, which fits into the tube; this is called the diaphragm, or stop. This is like the iris with the pupil, which enlarges or contracts according to the degree of light. The photographer cannot make the aperture in his brass disk or diaphragm expand or contract, and therefore he usually provides several, with apertures of different sizes, and changes them from time to time, as he may need. The plate of glass, which he brings out of his dark room, in a thin black case, and slips down into the camera when the sitter is ready to have the picture taken, is like the retina or membrane in the back part of the eye. It is upon this that the picture is taken; and as in the eye, so in the camera, the picture is taken upside down.

The ordinary camera thus resembles one eye, and the pictures taken with it resembles the vision which we get when we look with one eye.

The camera with which stereoscopic pictures are made is a double camera, and resembles a forehead with two eyes in it. It makes two pictures at the same time, which differ from each other as the image received by one eye differs from that received by the other. And it is because they differ that they present, when seen together as one, the appearances of distance and perspective, as if we were looking at real objects with both eyes.

The stereoscope itself is a peculiar pair of spectacles, to help us see the two pictures as one, by looking at each one with the corresponding eye.

A. A.

HOW THE GLACIERS PURIFY THEMSELVES.

They have, however, one mode of travel unlike all other kinds of locomotion, and so mysterious that human science has not yet fathomed its nature. Large masses of rock, of truly gigantic dimensions, when by accident they fall into the deep crevices of these glaciers, return with quiet irresistible energy to the surface, moving slowly, steadily upward. Thus, not unfrequently, vast pyramids or stately pillars of ice, broken loose from the mother glacier, are seen standing in isolated grandeur, and crowned with huge masees of stone. After a while, the strange forms change and melt, the rock sinks deeper and deeper, until at last it is lost to sight, deeply buried in snow and ice. Yet, after a time, it reappears above, and the

Swiss say the glacier purifies itself. For, strange as it seems, the glacier does not suffer either block or grain of sand within its clear, transparent masses, and, though covered for miles with millions of crumbling stones, with heaps of foliage, and debris of every kind, at the foot of the mountain it is so clear and pure that even the microscope fails to discern the presence of foreign bodies in its limpid waters. What is equally amazing is, that while all weighty objects, leaves, insects, dead bodies, stones, or gravel, sink alike into the cold bed, the organic parts decay quickly in the frozen, rigid mass, but the inorganic parts are thrown up again. Years ago, a horse fell into one of these glaciers; it sank, making its outline distinctly, until it was seen no more. A year afterward the clean, white skeleton projected from the top through the clear ice. In the middle of the sixteenth century, there was a succession of long winters, during which immense masses of snow fell, and increased the glaciers so much that they travelled faster and lower than usual, and in their course overwhelmed a little chapel at the foot of the Grindelwald. All was covered mountains high with snow and ice, and so remained for years, buried in ghastly silence. But, lo! all of a sudden there appeared a black, ungainly mass, high up on the glittering field—it was the chapel bell! Pious hands saved it, carried it to a neighboring town, and now the long-buried bell rings merrily, Sabbath after Sabbath.—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE BIRD OF TWO SONGS.

I was standing in the garden with a stranger one cloudy, chilly, unsummer like afternoon in June. Near us was a large clump of lilac bushes, into which we saw a bird of a dingy, faded black color fly. Presently she broke out into what, perhaps, she called a song; but it was, in reality, just like the flat squalling of an old cat. "Yaah! yaah!" she continued to cry.

"Pray," said the stranger, "what bird is that making such a horrible noise?"

"That, sir, is the cat-bird."

"I should think so, and a burnt cat, too! I thought it was homely enough to the eye, but the color is nothing to this screech."

"I can't say much at present to defend the poor bird, for looks and voice are against her. But I am confident you will think better of her ere long."

The next morning I found my friend standing in the piazza, listening to the notes of a bird in a thick sugar-maple near by. The song was that of a mocking-bird, not so wonderful as the notes of the real mocking-bird, nor even so sweet as that of the thrush, yet they were round and full, and often exquisite. She seemed to repeat the note of every bird with which she

was acquainted,—robin, sparrow, oriole, and the like,—and with surprising accuracy. The morning was fair, the air still, and the bird seemed to be swallowed up in song.

"Pray tell me," said my stranger friend, "what bird is that which sings so delightfully? It is not quite the thrush."

"That, sir, is our cat-bird."

"You must be making fun of me. You don't pretend to say that the homely squalling bird we heard yesterday, and this singer, are the same?"

"I do truly, and to convince you I will throw a stone into the tree and drive her out, and you shall see it is the same bird."

With that I threw the stone, and out popped Mrs. Cat-bird, making directly for the lilacs, where she began again to scream, "Yaah! yaah!"

The gentleman looked on in amazement. "This bird," said I, "is very much like some people. In those lilacs she has her nest, and that is her home; but there she never utters a pleasant note. I should think her husband would avoid her, and her little ones tremble at the sound of her voice. But when she gets away from home, up in the lofty tree, you see how agreeable she can be. I know many people just like her. When away from home, they are full of smiles and gentle ways, and they seem among the most agreeable people in the world. But see them at home! and the cat-bird's notes are theirs. They contrive to make home just as unpleasant as possible—to themselves, to their children, and to every body that happens to see them at home.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

From The Cultivator and Country Gentleman.

THE VALUE OF PETROLEUM TO MANKIND.

Desponding as men usually are, too apt to look only to the troubles they have to contend against in this world, we must all admit that the Great Giver of all Good seems to be constantly striving to bring those made after His image closer to Him, and add to their comfort while in this world. What beneficent discoveries has He vouchsafed to us within a few short years. The railway has supplanted the common road; the steamer, the sloop and barge; the reaper, the scythe; the sewing machine, the needle; petroleum, the dingy, dirty, old tallow candle. Truly of all modern discoveries, petroleum is certainly not least valuable, and here I propose to enumerate a few of its most valuable economic properties.

As a medicine for both man and beast, it is certainly without an equal. For rheumatic complaints, lumbago, and all pains and aches, used externally, it gives almost instantaneous relief. For frost bitten feet or limbs, for bee-stings, for burns or scalds, even the most severe,

for every description of sores and cuts or wounds, it is almost a certain specific. It is even asserted now, that for flesh wounds it is a prompt and perfect cure or prophylactic against erysipelas, that dread monster that haunted the hospitals of both sides so faithfully during our recent war, and that proved the death of so many brave men. It is to be hoped that this will be thoroughly investigated, and, if it should prove effectual in this terrible disease, that the fact may be generally known. It is already known that by applying either crude or refined petroleum to flesh cuts or other wounds, that all offensive suppuration is checked or avoided, and that the fissure speedily heals, apparently by "first intention."

Petroleum in a crude state is also of value for painting purposes. There are two sorts of this article, the heavy or fixed oil, usually in common use for lubricating purposes, and the light or volatile oil used for illuminating. The latter only is used for painting, and for outside work is superior to any other oil, as well as for "priming," or first coating, or stopping, inside work. The chief value of the oil for painting seems to be in the residuum, the black pitchy substance left after distilling the refined oil from it. This residuum, when spread out as paint, forms a thin surface, protecting the work from the air. To prepare the oil for painting, it ought to be about half distilled, thickening up what is left, or adding about a pound of the residuum to a gallon of common crude volatile oil. To do this I have melted the residuum carefully in a pot over a stove, (care being taken against fire), gradually adding this crude oil to it. The mixture is not very perfect, and the thick matter settles when cold, but it can be shaken or stirred up when about to be used. The color of course is nearly black, but not much more so than the preparation known as boiled linseed oil, which is considered the best of all paint oils.

Of course this preparation is best for all rough outside work, exposed to the elements. It is superior for wagons, plows and all farmers' implements, preserving them effectually. For wood work, the best pigment I have used, as well as the cheapest, is the common hydraulic cement, or water lime, costing about two or three dollars a barrel. It makes a cool, pleasant grey or neutral tint, entirely different from the brown and chocolate colored earths, as well as much cheaper than they are. It must of course be ground with the oil in a paint mill, as all other paints should be.

At the present time petroleum thus prepared for painting ought to be retailed everywhere for not more than seventy-five cents a gallon. As this is half the price of linseed oil, as well as much better, it ought to come into general use with the public as an economical and most

efficient paint. It is well known to most painters that white lead ground up in the common, or even boiled linseed oil, and applied to exterior board surfaces, soon rubs off like whitewash upon the hand. The hydraulic cement, ground in petroleum, seems to form a solid cement, or artificial stone, and at one year old shows no sign of rubbing off, though it may in the course of time.

Mixed with sand and applied to leaky valleys between roofs, or around chimneys, it soon becomes as hard as stone. It might even answer for roofing when applied to felting; but I have never used it in this way. I have heard that there is a patent upon the use of petroleum as a paint oil, in what way applied I do not know.

B. T.

ITEMS.

THE North Carolina Freedmen's Bureau reports that there are sixty thousand negro children in that State, twenty-five thousand of whom have been attending school during the past year. There are one hundred and twenty-five thousand poor white children in North Carolina, but the Boston "Journal" says that no such proportion of these go to school. In fact, seven-tenths of them can neither read nor write.

DR. LIVINGSTONE—FURTHER ACCOUNTS GIVING HOPES OF HIS SAFETY.—At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in London, December 9, a letter was read from Dr. Kirk, of Zanzibar, fourteen days later in date than the last that have been published. The letter is as follows:

LETTER FROM DR. KIRK TO MR. WEBB.

ZANZIBAR, Oct. 9, 1867.

The interesting discovery that a white man had been seen, seven months ago, to the south of Lake Tanganyika, induced Mr. Churchill, the consul, and myself to go to Bangamoyo, a place on the coast, the point of arrival and departure of Ujiji caravans. The result of our visit has been to find two other men, who also saw this wanderer in the country of Marungu, and to place his existence apparently beyond a doubt. We have also learned something about his personal appearance, his escort, and the route he was taking, and have been told that letters were given to one of the head men of another caravan then at Marungu. This man, we have since found, is no mythical personage, but a well known man, so that on his arrival from the interior, expected in the course of a month, we may have not only our curiosity satisfied, but I sincerely hope our best wishes for our dear friend Livingstone realized. I hope we shall find he has been successful, and is pushing his way to the Albert Nyanza, thence to emerge, via the Nile, on the Mediterranean. He will have been the first man who has not only crossed the continent, but has passed through its whole length from the Cape of Good Hope to the mouth of the Nile.

—The Press.

JOHN KIRK.

DURING the six months preceding Eleventh month, the London underground railway carried over twelve millions of passengers, or about three times the population of London. The actual number transported over the line since its opening in First month, 1863, is about 70,000,000.

SKELETON LEAVES.—The following method has been communicated to the Botanical Society of Edinburgh: "A solution of caustic soda is made by dissolving 3 oz. of washing soda in two pints of boiling water, and adding 1½ oz. of quick lime previously slacked; boil for ten minutes, decant the clear solution, and bring it to the boil. During ebullition add the leaves; boil briskly for some time—say an hour, occasionally adding hot water to supply the place of that lost by evaporation. Take out a leaf, and put it into a vessel of water, rub it between the fingers under the water. If the epidermis and parenchyma separate easily, the rest of the leaves may be removed from the solution, and treated in the same way; but if not, then the boiling must be continued some time longer. To bleach the skeletons, mix about a drachm of chloride of lime with a pint of water, adding sufficient acetic acid to liberate the chlorine. Steep the leaves in this till they are whitened, (about ten minutes,) taking care not to let them stay in too long, otherwise they are apt to become brittle. Put them into clean water, and float them out on pieces of paper. Lastly, remove them from the paper before they are quite dry, and place them in a book or botanical press."—Dr. G. Dickson in "Hardwicke's Science Gossip."

THE Palestine exploration is making good progress. An official report, dated at Jerusalem on the 22d of Oct., says that Mr. Warren has established, by actual demonstration, that the south wall of the sacred enclosure which contained the Temple is buried for more than half its depth beneath an accumulation of rubbish, probably the ruins of the successive buildings which once crowned it, and that if bared to its foundation the wall would present an unbroken face of solid masonry of nearly one thousand feet long, and for a large portion of that distance more than one hundred and fifty feet in height; in other words, nearly the length of the London Crystal Palace and the height of the transept. Mr. Warren adds:

The wall, as it stands, with less than half that height emerging from the ground, has always been regarded as a marvel. What must it have been when entirely exposed to view? No wonder that Prophets and Psalmists should have rejoiced in the "walls" and "bulwarks" of the Temple, and that Tacitus should have described it as *modo arcis constructum*. The question immediately occurs, what does the lower part of the structure formed by this enormous wall contain, our present knowledge being confined to the existing level of the ground? Of this I can say nothing, though the passage discovered by Mr. Warren, thirty feet below the "single gateway," and described by him under October 22d, promises to lead to important discoveries. The valley west of the Temple (Tyropæon) turns out to be very different in form from anything hitherto supposed, viz: Tolerably flat for the greater part of its width, with ample space for a "lower city," and suddenly descending close below the Temple wall to a narrow gully of great depth. The well-known arch discovered by Robinson, the centre of so many speculations, may thus prove to have been only a single opening to span this gully, instead of the commencement of a long bridge or viaduct.—Ledger.

An editor getting tired of paying printers, resolved to put his own shoulder to the wheel. Here is a specimen of his effort at setting type:

“we tqinx æe shyll dO most oZ Our o wn setjng
tYPe heWafter—PrjuterS mæd tvLk about iTs
bÆjng djfficult to sEt tpe, buZ We dOn,t exPeriencE
much djfficultYt;”

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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THE PENNS AND PENINGTONS.

(Continued from page 690.)

"He was very generous to the Irish Protestants who came over after the massacre in Ireland; also to the plundered ministers and maimed soldiers that were wounded in the army. He rarely gave less than a twenty-shilling piece at the private fasts where these sufferings were presented before him, and that was constantly once and sometimes twice a week. I shall mention a remarkable instance of his charity for the sufferers in Ireland. We were at a fast at Milk street in London, where Thomas Case, a Puritan preacher, set forth the great distress the Irish Protestants were in, and the need they stood in of assistance to get over to England. He related it so affectingly that it pierced my husband greatly, and as he was taking down the sermon after him, he felt an engagement in his mind to give twenty pounds"—a sum in that day probably equal to a hundred pounds at the present time. "Afterwards he considered that, as this was determined when he was warmed with a clear sense of their misery, and as he grew cooler that he might change, whereupon he took his notebook, and wrote in it a solemn engagement before the Lord to perform it when he came home. When all was over, there was appointed at the door two men of quality to stand with basins, to receive the collections for the Irish Protestants; and some others that were officers were appointed to receive for the maimed sol-

diers. My husband, as he passed out, put in five pieces of gold to the Irish, and one piece into the other basin; and said nothing to me about it till we came to our lodgings; then he refused to sup, but went up to writing. After some time he called me to fetch him fifteen pounds in a bag. When I brought it, he then spoke to me to this purpose:—"Now that I have made sure of the thing, I will acquaint thee what it is to do;" so he told me the business, and read to me the engagement in his book, and the letter he had written to Thomas Case, giving him an account how it was, but not setting his name to it; declaring that he had given it to the Lord, and desired to remain unknown. The footboy was sent away with the letter and money sealed up, with the order to turn his coat before he came in sight of the place, that they could not see what livery he wore, and, on delivering the money and letter into his hands for whom they were sent, not to stay to be asked any questions.

"He was most affectionately tender to me and his child—beyond what I have known in any, considering his youth. I do not remember that he ever let an opportunity slip of acquainting me with his condition when absent. He hath often writ letters when he baited, on purpose to send to me by travellers that he might meet on the road. After the battle of Newbury he gave the messenger he was sending to the Parliament to acquaint them with the issue of the battle, a piece, only to knock.

at the door of my lodgings in Blackfriars, and leave word that he saw him well after the battle—there being time for no more; which message in all probability saved my life—I being then sick of the measles, which could not come out because of the exercise of my mind by reason of my having heard of the battle. The message was left between three and four o'clock in the morning; at the hearing of which the oppression was rolled off my spirits, like the removal of a great stone, and the measles came forth.

"I must add that, in addition to such gentleness, sweetness, compassion, affableness, and courtesy, thy grandfather had a courage that was without harshness or cruelty; and an undaunted spirit such as was rarely found with the forementioned excellencies. He was also very hospitable; his generous mind delighted in entertaining those that were engaged in the cause with him,—not in excess, but with great freedom and heartiness, always seasoned with savory and edifying discourse,—making mention of the Lord's gracious dealings with them."

Thus closes Mary Penington's retrospective description of the husband of her youth, in the letter she addressed to her grandson, Springett Penn. As a true and altogether reliable, unadorned history, it constitutes, I think, one of the finest and most touching descriptions of a noble, gallant young Puritan soldier which the seventeenth century has bequeathed to us. The men of Sussex might well be proud of him as a native of their county, and doubtless they would be so if they only understood his character. But, during the lapse of ages, one generation dying out, and another coming in, each cherishing its own favorites for the time being, true and accurate knowledge of the good and the noble sons of past centuries is liable to be forgotten even in their native place. And, were it not for some favorable circumstances, this history of Sir William Springett's short life would have been lost like many another. His wife's most tender and graphic description, addressed to his daughter and to his grandson, and the careful preservation of her letters, among the Friends, bring him now before us in life-like colors after the lapse of so many ages. Probably few in Sussex at this day know aught about him, save what the mural tablet in the church of Ringmer sets forth.

Here lyeth the body of

SIR WILLIAM SPRINGETT, KNT.,
Eldest son and heir of Herbert Springett of Sussex,
Who married Mary Proude, only daughter and heir of
Sir John Proude, Knt.,

Colonel in the service of the United Provinces,
And of Anne Fagge, his wife, of the co-heirs of
Edward Fagge of Ewell, near Feversham,
in the County of Kent, Esq.

He had issue by Mary his wife, one sonne,

John Springett, and one daughter,
Gulielma Maria Posthuma Springett,
He, being Colonel in the service of the Parliament
at the taking of Arundel Castle in Sussex, there
contracted a sickness of which he died
February the 3rd, Anno Domini 1643,
being 23 years of age.

His wife, in testimony of her dear affection to him,
hath erected this monument to his memory.

(To be continued.)

From Life Thoughts.

BY H. W. B.

God says the peace of the man that loves him shall flow like a river; and if ours is not such, it is because its springs are not in Mount Zion—because its sources are the marshes and the lowlands, and not the crystal fountains of the hills.

This peace shall not be like a shower, falling with temporary abundance, but like the river which flows by the cottage door, always full and singing.

The man hears it when he rises in the morning; he hears it in the quiet noon; he hears it when the sun goes down; and if he wakes in the night, its sound is in his ear. It was there when he was a child; it was there when he grew up to manhood; it was there when he was an old man; it will murmur by his grave upon its banks, and sing and flow for his children after him. It is to such a river that God likens the divine bounty of peace given to his people.

How little do we know of this peace of God! We deem ourselves happy if we have one serene hour out of the twenty-four; and if now and then there comes a Sabbath which is balm at morning, and sweetness at the still noon, and benediction at evening, we count it a rare and blessed experience.

The child frightened in his play runs to seek his mother. She takes him upon her lap, and presses his head to her bosom; and with the tenderest words of love she looks down upon him, and smooths his hair and kisses his cheek, and wipes away his tears. And then, in low and gentle voice, she sings some sweet descant, some lullaby of love, and the fear fades out from his face, and a smile of satisfaction plays over it, and at length his eyes close and he sleeps in the deep depths and delights of peace. God Almighty is the mother, and the soul is the tired child; and He folds it in his arms, and dispels its fears, and lulls it to repose, saying, "Sleep, my darling; sleep. It is I who watch thee." "He giveth His beloved sleep." The mother's arms encircle but one; but God clasps every yearning soul to his bosom, and gives to it the peace which passeth understanding, beyond the reach of care or storm.

A good thought is a great boon, for which God is first to be thanked, next he who is first to utter it.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

AN APPEAL TO MOTHERS.

In this age much is said about raising women to an equality with men. In some respects it may be necessary, but already it is evident that by the laws of nature, established by the beneficent Creator, woman is designed to occupy the highest position possible for human beings to stand upon—the training of the young mind. This great duty devolves more especially on the mother, as the father is necessarily otherwise much engaged, and she has it in her power, in a great degree, to form the future character of her child according to her wishes. It was said of some great warriors of olden times that they had Roman mothers and Spartan mothers,—their mothers thought there was great glory in being great conquerors; but the truly Christian mother teaches her son that “he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.” To rule our own spirits, and submit our wills to the will of our Father in Heaven, is the great business of our lives. In very early life the loving mother sees the necessity of preventing the infant from gratifying its own will, when about to seize some article, or to do some act that would endanger its safety; thus the Christian mother, who has the courage and independence to turn her back to the tyrant fashion, which demands that her child shall be given over to a hired nurse, imprints on the young mind its first and important lesson, *obedience*. Her strong love for the babe induces her to treat it with the greatest kindness and tenderness, and the little creature returns this affection. Ah! see how the babe loves the mother who nurses and takes care of it herself. It is in a state to receive instruction from her as its mental faculties expand, and as she herself has been taught in the school of Christ, she teaches by example and precept His commandments. In an early age, that great duty of doing to others as we would they should do to us, may be imprinted on the memory, by gently telling the child not to do anything to a little playmate that he would not like done to himself. This feeling will become a settled principle of action, as later in life he mingles with the business world. And when the children begin to love and admire the beauties of this wonderful world in which we live, and inquire who made them all, the deeply concerned mother will not allow herself to be so earnestly engaged in business, or engrossed with the piano or other vain amusements, as to turn away the innocent children with a short or impatient answer; but will improve the opportunity of teaching them to love the Omnipotent Creator, who in His goodness and loving kindness has adapted all His works for the benefit and enjoyment of

man, when used under His guidance, and therefore we are in duty bound to love, worship and put our trust in Him. The first and greatest commandment being taught, the second will also be fulfilled, to love not only our *kind* neighbor, but to love all mankind and pray for them who may treat us unkindly, by remembering the wise man said, “A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.” Thus, training the child in the way he should go, the ground of the heart is prepared for the reception of the good seed, which, if permitted to grow, will bring forth an hundredfold in this world, and in the world to come life eternal. Children, seeing their parents concerned to attend all our religious meetings, will generally be willing to go with them, although at times they may plead excuses; yet the parent, seeking aright for ability, will be enabled to convince them of the obligation to worship the Supreme Being in spirit and in truth. Have we not reason to believe that our offspring thus trained would in most cases grow up as plants of the Lord's right hand planting, and that there would be a succession of faithful standard bearers. A profitable inquiry for every parent to make is, why are so many of our members absent from our religious meetings? Is it not because of the lukewarmness of parents and heads of families? Let our hearts be searched as with a lighted candle, lest we as a people be set aside while others are called in to bear up our testimonies.

We are aware that after the best education the youth may wander far away as into a strange land, but even there many have remembered a mother's prayers and tears, by which their spirits have been tendered and contrited, and they have desired to return; but whether they return or not, the faithful mother will be clear, and the language will be, “Let her alone, she has done what she could,” and many of her offspring may late in life rise up and called her blessed.

Have not many of our great men made a similar acknowledgment with John Quincy Adams, when he said, “Whatever there is good in me I received from my mother.” She labored from his early life to train him for usefulness as a statesman, and she succeeded. To prepare him for the resignation he felt when he exclaimed, “This is the last of earth, I am content,” was, no doubt, also her care and concern, and her name will go down to posterity as one the people delight to honor. But above all keep in remembrance how Hannah of old took little Samuel to the Lord's house and dedicated him to the Lord's work and service; and as he was obedient to the call, he was made a prophet to the house of Israel; his mother labored and succeeded. Oh! that mothers in this day would do likewise, not desiring any

higher or more useful station than that of a mother or teacher of little children, although she may mostly live in the retirement of that "dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest," HOME, making it a pleasant, peaceful asylum for the husband and father to retire to after the toils of the day. She may be doing a greater work toward saving a nation than the potentate on his throne, or the statesman in the legislative hall, because she is doing much not only to prepare these to fill with propriety their various duties in this life, but, above all, to enter the kingdom of heaven when time shall be no longer. Mothers, pause and seriously reflect before you turn away the infant, that seems like a little angel given you to train in the way it should go. Will you leave this important work to a hired nurse, although she may do the best she can, yet it cannot be expected she will feel the tender affection and solicitude of a mother. She may be of a different religious persuasion, and in her sincerity impress views and sentiments on the young mind that it may not be in your power to eradicate. That mothers may not cherish the idea that it is not genteel or honorable to nurse and take care of their helpless but lovely and interesting little creatures, is the desire of their friend,

R. H.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

The recent Blue River Quarterly Meeting was held at Clear Creek in the State of Illinois, in a new and commodious house just completed, situated in a beautiful grove of native forest trees. The meeting was large, notwithstanding its members are scattered throughout Illinois and part of Indiana. Friends were present from one to three hundred miles distant. A Monthly Meeting has been recently established at Benjaminville, (ten miles east of Bloomington, a city of some fifteen thousand inhabitants,) to be held the Seventh-day after the second Fifth-day. The meetings on Seventh and First-days were crowded,—that of First-day filling the aisles and passages,—and were seasons of Divine favor, in which many were contrited even to tears. In the afternoon, a religious meeting was held for children and youth. The children filled the galleries and adjacent seats, whilst the adults were seated in the rear. It was a season long to be remembered. Impressions made upon the susceptible minds of the precious youth are often of permanent duration. The Quarterly Meeting held at Clear Creek is within 150 miles of that in Iowa, and a pleasant interchange is already awakened between the members of the two meetings, and some Friends are already thinking a Yearly Meeting west of the great Mississippi may yet in the wisdom of the great Head of the Church arise in these fertile and beautiful prairies. A FRIEND.

From "Reformers and Martyrs before and after Luther."

BY WM. HODGSON.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

(Continued from page 693.)

Thomas, however, led no idle life in his monastic condition. He still diligently occupied himself with the copying of books, and writing original works, as well as in the daily routine of the monastery. He is said to have been quiet a fine penman, taking delight in having books well written and even in an ornamental manner. He made many copies of his own works, and the monastery preserved for many years a beautiful copy of the Bible in four volumes, executed by him, and several other large books. He was a great economist of time, and, to the neglect of his health, busied himself from the earliest hour in the morning. His maxim was: "In the morning, resolve; and in the evening, examine thy behaviour; what thou hast that day been, in thought, word, and deed; for in all these, perhaps, thou hast often offended God and thy brother. Gird thy loins like a valiant man, and be continually watchful against the malicious stratagems of the devil. Bridle the appetite of gluttony, and thou wilt with less difficulty restrain all other inordinate desires of animal nature. Never suffer the invaluable moments of thy life to steal by unimproved, and leave thee in idleness and vacancy; but be always either reading, or writing, or praying, or meditating, or employed in some useful labor for the common good."

During many years of his life, and until his decease, he held the office of sub-prior of the monastery. His life flowed on like a placid stream, with quiet industry, lonely contemplation, and secret drawings to the Source of all good in prayer. Ullman says of him, partly on the authority of Franciscus Tolensis, that all who were acquainted with him have borne witness how, during the whole course of his life, he evinced love to God and love to man, cheerfully bearing all afflictions, and kindly excusing the faults and foibles of his brethren. In his whole nature and habits, he was cleanly, moderate, chaste, inwardly happy, and outwardly cheerful. His great endeavor was for the attainment of uniform tranquillity and peace of mind, and the calm happiness of communion with the Most High. With this in view, he did not willingly or needlessly entangle himself with the affairs of the world, avoided intercourse with its great and honorable, observed a marked silence when the conversation turned on temporal things, and was ever fond of solitude and meditation. Yet he was by no means void of sensibility, and had from early youth a warm and lively sense of friendship, chiefly founding it on a mutual love of heavenly things. His Biographies of eleven of his fellow-inmates at the Brother House of

Deventer evince this in a lively manner. He was full of zeal for the welfare of the community in which he lived, and an eloquent advocate of their views of divine truth. Multitudes are said to have flocked to hear him, even from remote places. It is said that during the exercise of singing the psalms, he stood erect, never studying his ease by leaning against anything to support his body; his look was reverentially upward; and his countenance and whole frame showed the heavenly direction of his soul. We must not omit to add, that on certain occasions, in conformity with the practices then prevalent, he resorted to the use of the scourge as a part of his private personal discipline.

Thomas's outward appearance corresponded to the gentleness of his inward nature. He is described as below the middle size, but well proportioned. The color of his face was fresh, with a slight tinge of brown. His eyes were piercingly bright, and notwithstanding almost constant use, retained their acuteness of vision to extreme old age; so that he never used spectacles, though he lived to be over ninety years of age.

Besides his eleven Biographies already mentioned, which were probably the product of his somewhat early years, he wrote a series of Sermons, for the especial use of the "Novices" in religious institutions: and his more important works the "Soliloquy of the Soul," the "Garden of Roses," the "Valley of Lilies," and especially his great work on "The Imitation of Christ," with some minor pieces, are supposed to have been written during the later and more mature period of his life. He wrote also some Discourses addressed to Monks, a few religious poems, and other small works of but little interest at the present time.

From what we have already seen of his life and character, it is hardly needful to say that in all his writings his great object is to uphold and maintain the spiritual nature of all true religion, and to bring it home to the heart of man as a renovating power; yet that his views, excellent and edifying as they are in this respect, are by no means free from the cherished bias of his mind towards the system prevalent in his day. He was a great reformer, yet still holding to the forms and ceremonies of the Romish church, notwithstanding the real incompatibility of many of his principles with the outwardness and legal formalities of that system. His eye seems to have pierced as it were into the dawn of a brighter day, and his heart to have seized it in the love of it; but without being conscious that he was in measure preparing the way for it; for shut up as he was from the world in the seclusion of his cloister, the scope of his vision was limited, and he could not freely range over the field of gospel truth in the liberty and clear light of the gospel, as

might have been the case had he not been bound by the ties of his order, and had he felt himself free to contrast his own inward convictions with the falsities which had been forced upon mankind in the name of Christianity. He might thus have seen that the system then in vogue, and to which he clung, was, in its tenor and in its spirit, no more like his own spirit and the secret tendencies of his heart, than a dead and dry nutshell is like the rich and living fruit. But he felt himself a pilgrim and a sojourner in the world, his mind was ardently bent heavenward, his childlike spirit was satisfied with nothing short of the incomes of heavenly consolation, and he seemed to shrink from looking outward at the inconsistent dogmas which were afloat, or from endeavoring to meddle with things which, without direct guidance and help from on high, he might have found too hard for his gentle nature. In short, he was not made for that warfare; and it would not be right to judge him unfaithful, for not seeing what had never been clearly unfolded to his view, when we have abundant evidence of his constant concern to be found walking acceptably with God, according to the measure of light and grace vouchsafed.

It is true, as Ullman remarks, that he adhered strictly to the creed of the Romish faith as it had been handed down, and did not assail any of its doctrines. He practised with zeal the exercises of worship which then obtained currency, and believed them to be right, not feeling disposed to enter into what he might have considered as a rash spirit of criticism, in doubting their correctness or efficacy. In some of his writings his views seem more or less tinged with the legalism of the schools of the middle ages; but in other parts he displays remarkably clear and sound views of the nature of regeneration and redemption through Christ our Saviour. His mind was not fond of the intricacies of doctrine. He made war, not with heretics, but with the world, sin being the great heresy in his eyes, and the object of perpetual hostility. To the hierarchical system he seems to have paid no attention. He just let it stand where he found it, and looked to something more inward. In his numerous writings, Ullman says, he only mentions the pope once [he should have said twice], and that only for the purpose of saying that he and all other men are nothing in the sight of eternity, and that his bulls are powerless to obviate the certainty of death. This he has expressed in two odd lines of *Latin rhyme*:

"Omnia sunt nulla, Rex, Papa, et plumbea bulla.
Canctorum finis: mors, vermis, fovea, cinis."

Ullman further says, "The secularization of the church, so far as he was acquainted with it, must have been, to one who had so little of a worldly spirit, an abomination. All he did

and thought was [in accordance with] the saying of Christ, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' Hence he speaks against striving after honors either academical or ecclesiastical, against the wealth of churches and monasteries, simony, plurality of ecclesiastical offices, and the secularities of monachism. . . . He ever insists upon the Christian principles of spirituality and freedom which formed the basis of the reformation. . . . To him the inward life, the disposition of mind, is the great matter. No work or external thing is of any value except through love. Where there is genuine love, it sanctifies all. In the spirit of the fraternity of which he was a member, he did many things to pave the way for reform. These consisted chiefly in zealously inculcating the reading of the Bible and the transcription of copies of it,—in laying the chief weight, not upon Moses or any sort of law, but upon Christ and his gospel, upon grace, repentance, faith, love, and the appropriation of the spirit of Scripture by the Spirit of God in the soul—in laboring much for the religious revival and instruction of the people—and in practically evincing a lively concern for the literary education of the rising generations. All this included the germs of future evolutions, although the harvest which they bore was such as Thomas never anticipated, and, if foreshown to him, he would scarcely have recognized as the growth of his own seed."

Scarcely anything is known of the latter days of this eminently humble and heavenly-minded Christian. He appears to have been permitted to attain to a somewhat unusually prolonged life. No particular incidents of his last illness have come down to us, but he died in the summer of 1471, about the ninety-second year of his age.

But few of his works have been translated from their original Latin into the English language. His "Imitation of Christ," written about the sixty-first year of his age, is so well known and so highly appreciated, that it is scarcely needful here to enter into any analysis of its contents. It consists of three books, to which some editors have attached a fourth, being "the Book of Sacrament;" which, however, evidently by no means belongs to it, and has probably been in the first place appended by some who desired thereby to impart a more Romish character to the whole work.

As much as lies in thy power, shun the resorts of worldly men; for much conversation on secular business however innocently managed, greatly retards the progress of the spiritual life. We are soon captivated by vain objects and employments, and soon defiled; and I have wished a thousand times, that I had either not been in company, or had been silent.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 10.

(Continued from page 696.)

AMSTERDAM, 5th mo., 1867.

We are now in this quaint old country of dykes and windmills, more foreign looking, I think, than any thing we have yet travelled among. It is rather early for Holland, and in addition to the cool weather, we find every where that we are in the midst of the "house-cleaning season," which we know is not calculated to show things off to the best advantage. Not only are the hotels turned upside down, but this morning, on visiting a private gallery of paintings, in a large and aristocratic mansion, we met with unmistakable symptoms of the same epidemic in its various phases; and the beautiful court-yard, through which our guide conducted us, and where the flowers and shrubbery were in exquisite bloom, was encumbered with piles of carpeting and various articles of furniture, that could have had no excuse for being there, short of the presence of this annual dispensation, which is especially honored by the tidy people of Holland. In the cars on our way here, we met a gentleman and lady, the latter of whom we found had been a Friend, and her father had founded the first infant school that was established in Amsterdam. It still flourishes, and she was quite anxious we should visit it. She told us the Friends' meeting-house in Amsterdam had lately been sold, but the purchaser kindly allowed it to be opened for use when travelling Friends visited the city. Belgium, which is on our route from Paris here, is a curious old Dutch town, where every thing shone with cleanliness, and where our beds and bedding were beyond all question the softest and the whitest and the most inviting in every way of any we have yet encountered. We visited the museum at B., and saw a very valuable collection of the works of the old masters. Among the wonders of this museum is a man without arms, busily at work, copying one of the paintings with his *toes*. We watched him with interest and had a long conversation with him. He told us he was born without arms, had been a painter 10 years, and was now making money by his art. He used his feet with almost as much ease as most people do their hands, holding his palette in his left one, and his brush in the right, as though all his toes were fingers, changing them with the most perfect facility, and even thrusting his foot into his pocket, as another man would his hand. He wrote his name for us with great rapidity, and well, and told us he shaved himself. He was evidently a genius. R. ordered a picture which will be placed among our curiosities. The quays at Belgium are very curious and crowded

with shipping. We visited the church of St. Jacques—a venerable old building, exceedingly rich in paintings and marble sculpture, and containing the tomb of Rubens and his family. From B. we came on to Rotterdam, a strange-looking town, in the singular combination of land and water, trees and shipping, mixed up all through the streets, that were scarcely more numerous than the canals. Here, too, we saw the bright brass milk vessels and some peculiar head dresses, but the costumes generally were less remarkable than we had expected to see. Rotterdam is too large a city, and frequented by too many foreigners, to retain many of its peculiar characteristics to this late period; and excepting in the matter of *cleanliness* and in the leaning of the houses over the streets, it reminded us strongly of some of the oldest parts of our own quiet Philadelphia. This latter peculiarity is very extraordinary, the eaves frequently projecting a foot or 18 inches over the foundations, and is occasioned, as I am informed, by the settling of the walls, which is owing to their resting entirely on piles. The houses nevertheless look quite firm and substantial. The appearance in the streets is very singular. Our ride in the cars from R. to Amsterdam, where we now are, was one all enjoyed immensely, carrying us, as it did, by the side of canals of all sorts and capacities, and over ground that only a few years ago was covered with water. The country houses reminded us somewhat in their style of building of those we have seen in central Pennsylvania, but their *excessive* cleanliness and neatness were almost as great a curiosity as the manner in which each one was surrounded and intersected by canals greater or smaller, as the case demanded, and are used as we Americans would use fences. The houses are generally on the very brink of the water, which the natives seem to consider as indispensable as the air they breathe. The number of windmills added another novel feature to this interesting ride. Near the city of Amsterdam, there is a little village called Brock, that has the name of being “the cleanest town in the world,” and judging from what we heard of it, it is a novelty worth visiting; but, alas! we were told that just now the whole place was upset with *house-cleaning*, and we would only lose time if we made the attempt to visit it; so, instead, we devoted the morning to an excursion to Zaandam, where is the cabin occupied by Peter the Great, while working there as a ship builder. It is a little frame cottage of two rooms. It bears every mark of authenticity, and contains several pictures of the great man and several members of his family, also the chair in which he had so often sat. There has been no attempt at “restoration,” as in the case of Shakespeare’s house, but one of the kings of Holland has

caused an open brick building to be constructed over the cabin, to protect it from the weather. The village of Zaandam is sometimes called the village of Windmills. It contains about 400, and extends four or five miles along both sides of a canal, on one side of which the houses are on the very brink of the water, and on the other there is just room for a narrow carriage road. The cottages are all low and small, but as nice as can be imagined, and looking as though each had been freshly painted in true Dutch style, green, yellow or blue, or all combined, and many of them with a little garden well stocked with splendid tulips and lovely clumps of old-fashioned cowslips and primroses. As we drove along this singular street, where the weekly cleaning was in full tide of operation, and where we saw rows of bright copper vessels and stacks of well-scoured wooden ware drying in the sun, according to time-honored customs, we frequently had occasion to remark the striking similarity in little household ways and arrangements to the habits of our own land, which of course have descended from the early Knickerbocker ancestry of those who now occupy the soil. We made a visit to the interior of one of the windmills, which are all inhabited by the miller and his family; and the order and neatness and comfort of the one we saw were truly remarkable, considering the very contracted space that the dwelling occupied. Half a dozen children and their parents had evidently been disturbed from their mid-day meal by our entrance, but they all looked as merry and happy as possible, and their bliss was made perfect by the distribution among them of a handful of pennies. These mills are used for a variety of purposes—pumping to drain the country, sawing wood, extracting linseed oil, &c., &c.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

A NEW COAL MINE.

While travelling recently in the State of Illinois we visited the town of Bloomington, on the Central R. R., a place of fifteen thousand inhabitants. This is one of the finest little cities in the west. Here is the State Normal School. The edifice is four stories high, 160 by 110 feet,—800 pupils—the future teachers of the West. The grounds are laid out with remarkable taste, embracing a lawn of twenty-five acres, planted over with evergreen and forest trees.

In the suburbs of Bloomington there has recently been discovered a rich coal mine, which is of great value in the prairie land. The first car load was sent to the city by the company a few days before we were there, and bought by a young man, who immediately sold it, and gave the proceeds to the city fund for aiding the poor. The buyer sold it *again*, and put the

proceeds into the treasury, and as "one candle may light a thousand if itself be tipped with fire," so this first act of humanity kindled a flame in other hearts, and the coal continued to change hands until the fund amounted to one thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars, when the coal itself was disbursed among the needy.

J. A. D.

Mount Pleasant, Iowa, 12th mo. 25, 1867.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 11, 1868.

EXTENSION OF DIVINE FAVOR—The acknowledgment has been several times made through the medium of our columns, that in various localities throughout our borders, there has appeared to be a renewed extension or visitation of Divine Love, through which many minds, especially among the youth, have been brought to consider not only their own position, but the condition of the church in general.

These are matters of the gravest importance, and are not to be lightly spoken of, lest our strength be expended in expression.

But for those who are concerned for the promotion of Truth, they possess a vital interest, and are regarded with feelings of gratitude, and also of deep solicitude, that the manifestations of merciful favor may be appreciated and improved. "To-day, if ye would hear the word of the Lord, harden not your hearts." This "Word" within us, which calls us to watch over and perfect our own spirits, is an inspiration which no teaching can supercede or abolish. By obedience to its instructions, we become possessed of that vital force by which evil is overcome with good; and in this Christian attainment we not only love those who love us, but can pray for our enemies; and can clothe and feed them in the spirit which vaunteth not itself nor is puffed up. This appears to us to be the test and crowning point of everything which claims to be reformatory in its character. In the humble self-denying life which is its precursor, we become essentially the followers of Him who was "meek and lowly," and know of a truth that His "kingdom is not of this world," but is a sure refuge when the earth is made to quake with fear; for within this domain of love and of peace there is no fear, save the fear of wrongdoing. The mind thus redeemed and devoted

to God, endeavoring to renew the perfection of the image in which it was created, becomes not only lovely through its meekness and gentle virtues, but is made strong to suffer for the Truth; and this suffering is yet to be passed through for the body's sake, of which Christ is the head. We would say to our beloved young friends who have felt their spirits "burn" within them, who have had the fire of Divine Love rekindled upon the altar of the heart, look not *abroad* for the realization of your new-born hopes and desires, for the chief blessings of Heaven are to be found *within*. In proportion to your fidelity to the "law" which "is perfect," your faith will be increased in the sufficiency of that grace which is given to all in order for their salvation, and in the possession of this truth in its "un-corrupted simplicity, you will have the spring and nutriment of an ever-growing piety."

DIED, at his residence in Washington Co., Pa., on the 31st of Twelfth month, 1866, ISAAC CLEAVER, in the 80th year of his age; a member of Westland Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 1st of Ninth month, 1867, in Flushing, DEBORAH, widow of the late Henry C. Bowron, in the 73d year of her age. She was a member of New York Monthly Meeting for more than 40 years, and for a long time filled the station of Overseer, universally beloved and respected. Her kind and affectionate manner endeared her to many friends, and many who were comparatively strangers remember her cordial greeting, particularly the young. She was a true wife, a tender and loving mother, and faithful in performing every manifest duty. There is not a shadow of doubt but that her pure spirit has entered through the pearl gates, to be forever at rest.

—, on the Third of Ninth month, 1867, at her residence in Edgmont, Delaware County, Pa., ELIZABETH, widow of the late Benjamin Tomlinson, in the 89th year of her age—a member of Chester Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 30th of Twelfth month, 1867, HANNAH, wife of John H. Cavender, aged 78 years; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green St.

—, near Salem, N. J., on the 13th of Twelfth month, 1867, ANDREW GRISCOM, in the 68th year of his age.

—, on First-day morning, the 27th of Tenth month, 1867, SAMUEL SPEAKMAN, in the 52d year of his age; a member of Concord Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 25th of Twelfth month, at the residence of G. W. Fitzwater, Philadelphia, MARY LUKENS, in her 86th year; late of Abington, Pa.

—, on Sixth-day, the 3d of First month, 1868, after a lingering illness, SALLIE S., wife of Dr. Seth Pancoast, aged 36 years.

—, on Seventh-day, the 4th of First month, 1868, ELIZA W., wife of David Knowles.

— on the morning of the 5th of First month, EDITH, wife of Jesse Shoemaker, in her 70th year.

If you begin to apologize for what cannot be defended, you will end by defending what cannot be apologized for.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

First month 14th, 1868. At the request of a number of Friends, CALBB S. HALLOWELL has consented to repeat his lecture, "Ocean Experiences," at 7½ o'clock.

FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION FOR THE AID AND EMANCIPATION OF THE FREEDMEN

Stated Meeting on Fourth-day evening next, First month 15th, at 8 o'clock, in the Monthly Meeting Room, Race St.

The Committee on Education will meet in the Library Room, at 7½ o'clock same evening.

J. M. ELLIS,
ANNE COOPER, } Clerks.

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION FOR THE POOR.

Stated meeting on Seventh-day evening next, First month 18th, 1868, at 8 o'clock.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., Clerk.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOL QUESTION BOOK.

The Executive Committee on First-day Schools, having examined a series of Questions (prepared for her own use) by a First-day School Teacher, and believing that they will be very serviceable to First-day Schools, have concluded to publish them in book form, at a moderate rate. To enable them to do so, funds will be needed, and the friends of the cause are requested to forward their contributions to the Treasurer, Jos. Powell, 3120 Chestnut St., West Philadelphia.

We offer for the perusal of Friends beyond the limits of the meeting for which it was issued, An Address to the Members of Green street Monthly Meeting, Philadelphia. Its application is so general that its usefulness may be increased by circulation.

One from Friends of Nottingham Q. Meeting has been received, which we also publish.

An Address of the Monthly Meeting of Friends, held at Green Street, Philadelphia, to its members.

Dear Friends:—With a salutation of love we are concerned to address you, for the purpose of stirring up the pure mind by bringing into view the excellency of our fundamental principle,—the Light of Christ in the conscience, and the testimonies issuing from it. Impressed, as we are, with a sense of the preserving influence of these testimonies, and their adaptation to the affairs of every-day life, we regard with concern any evidence of a want of appreciation of them by our members. We would that all, and especially our young friends who have a birthright, might remember the advantages which they possess as members of the Society of Friends. They are relieved from much of a superficial and ceremonial character, which has a tendency to fetter and bind the spirit; and their exemption from oaths, and the leniency shown in reference to military services, &c., as conscientious members of our religious organization, should cause them

to reflect whence these privileges have arisen. We can but trace them to the faithfulness of our predecessors, who, although immured in dungeons for conscience sake, by Divine aid held fast their convictions of truth without wavering. Their advocacy of a free gospel ministry and refusal to pay tithes subjected them to bitter persecutions, but prepared the way in a remarkable manner for that liberty of conscience which we now enjoy. We desire to be brought near in feeling with such of our members as have manifested but little or no interest in the practical workings of our organization, or who, through discouragements of any kind, may have absented themselves from our meetings for Divine worship. Let us endeavor to enter into sympathy with each other, that we may better understand the difficulties which exist. One way by which we believe this may be effected, is through a well regulated social intercourse,—a want of which, we fear, is too general among us. The obligation to assemble for worship, and for the purpose of presenting "our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God," is felt to be binding upon all Christian professors, and having been made sensible of its strengthening effects, we notice with deep regret the absence from our meetings of some of our members, who have suffered themselves to be turned aside by untoward circumstances. We believe there is a loss sustained not only by such as absent themselves, but also by those who are regularly found in the performance of this "reasonable service:" the latter miss the animating influence of the presence of those upon whom they look as children of the same family, and for whose welfare they feel a deep interest; and the former, by not availing themselves of this source of spiritual strength, are deprived of the blessing which is often found even by the two or three who are gathered in the name of the Lord.

For those in the middle or younger walks of life, who occupy the position of heads of families, we feel an earnest solicitude. May these be stimulated to assemble with their friends under a sense of the obligation thereof, and haply, like some formerly who went forth to meet with the Divine Master, they may receive the salutation, "Thy faith hath made thee whole;" and, being strengthened, they may, by precept and example, encourage the children to gather with them.

We, more than any other people, if we are consistent with our profession, are independent of outward ministrations,—our faith leading us to regard the inward Teacher as the essential source of spiritual instruction, we may, when brought in contact with that which does not meet the Witness for Truth in our minds, retire to the inner sanctuary and there await the arising of life, whereby we shall be enabled to

minge in spirit with the Living Seed, and to know of the doctrine whether it be of God or of man, and also realize that they "who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Through this medium, a qualification will be received to fill the places made vacant by the removal of those who "have borne the burden and heat of the day," and to support the testimony loved and upheld by them.

If the eye is turned outward, we shall doubtless discover at times that even those who should "adorn the doctrine" which they preach, give evidence of holding their treasure in earthen vessels; but, dear friends, shall we falter because of the failings of others? Rather let us look with charity upon a brother who may be overtaken with a fault, and consider ourselves lest we also be tempted. In watching the footsteps of others, and thereby neglecting our own, as much weakness has, perhaps, ensued as from any other cause. We wish not to be apologists for wrong doing, but would encourage *all* to individual faithfulness; so that, instead of becoming faint hearted at the remissness of others, we may be ready to prove our *own* works and render aid in checking everything that has a tendency to weaken the body or destroy its vitality. We have need, each one, to be upon the watch, that the enemy approach not by an unguarded path, or be allowed to sow tares.

It is by bearing up one another's hands in the promotion of truth, by endeavoring to strengthen each other to walk worthy the vocation wherewith we are called, that we are to realize the advantages resulting from an associated body. We would encourage every right effort for the mingling of the old and young, believing much good may be effected by it. The aged, by manifesting interest and love for the youth, will be more likely to retain their mental vigor and cast around them the beauty of a green old age, while those who are as the opening buds in the spring-time of life will, under the shelter of the older branches, be protected from the extremes of heat and cold, and together they may form a living emblem of a fruitful tree in the garden of the Lord.

On behalf of the Meeting,

JACOB M. ELLIS,

ELIZABETH W. LIPPINCOTT,

Clerks.

Philadelphia, Third month 28th, 1867.

THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY NOTTINGHAM QUARTERLY MEETING, in the Fifth month last, to visit in Gospel love the subordinate meetings, and also Friends in their families, (if way should open,) having performed that service so far as to visit all the meetings, are encouraged, believing that our labors thus far have been acknowledged by the Great Head of

the Church. But the way not appearing quite clear at present to visit Friends in their families, and feeling that there is something more due from us, we take this method to convey to *each* of you our sincere desire to call your attention and ours to the great importance of a self-examination, to see whether we are indeed living "the life of the righteous" at our homes, and in the every day walks of life; whether we are concerned to assemble ourselves together to worship our Heavenly Father, and to render thanks to Him for the many blessings which we receive at His hands.

The absence from many of our meetings of a large number of the younger portion of society, has been to us a source of sorrow and regret; for if our Society is to be continued, and the sublime testimonies, which we believe were given us as a people to bear before the world, are to be supported and upheld, it is to them we must look for a succession of standard bearers.

To you, then, dear parents, and especially the precious mothers, who exert so powerful an influence over your tender offspring, we would recommend a diligent and earnest watch unto prayer, for wisdom and ability to guard them from the many snares that await them on every hand, to lead them away from the path of virtue and peace.

And oh, that you, dear young people, would pause in your career, and diligently ponder your ways,—may you realize in your inmost hearts, that you are not only beings of the present, but of the future,—that your kind Heavenly Father is inviting you to come up higher,—that he is calling you, with a high and *holy* calling, to lay aside the corrupting amusements that "war against the soul"—and that "perish with the using"—and buy of Him gold tried in the fire that you may be rich—and white garments wherewith you may be clothed, so that when time to you shall be no more, you may attain to a mansion in that building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Dear friends, we desire not to trouble you with many words, but we feel deeply concerned that each of us, younger and older, may take time to reflect whilst we are favored with the opportunity, and interrogate ourselves to know whether we feel prepared to be called to another state of being, even though that call should come to-morrow! remembering that unless we feel a foretaste of Heaven whilst in the body, we shall not be prepared to enjoy that blessed state hereafter.

Finally, dear friends, let us encourage and stimulate each other to brighten the chain of love and good-will amongst us; endeavor to live right at home, so that we shall be enabled to attend our meetings in such a spirit as shall

advance our highest interests, and promote the spiritual health of our beloved Society. Let us strive to imitate the example of the Lord's prophet, who, when in great distress on account of the destruction of the walls around Ancient Jerusalem, humbled himself and earnestly sought the Lord for strength to enable his people to rebuild the same, which was wonderfully accomplished, by each one building the wall before his own door! So may we, dear friends, by faithfulness and an earnest watch over ourselves, build up our part of the heritage. Thus shall the waste places be restored, and our Zion again shine forth, even as a light to the world.

Signed in and on behalf of the committee, by

DAVID G. MCCOY,
MARY C. CUTLER.

10th mo. 30th, 1867.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee held on 27th of Twelfth month, three interesting letters from Friends in Ohio and Indiana were read, showing the interest there was increasing. A Conference had been held within the limits of Whitewater Quarter, Ind., and it was proposed to hold such a meeting monthly.

The Committee on Books reported the following as being unobjectionable: "It Isn't Right," price \$1.00; Jeanie's New Thoughts," 30 cts.; "Answered Prayer," 25 cts.; "Allen Lucas, the self-made Man," 50 cts.; "The Lucy Books," 6 vols., \$3.50. If Friends at a distance desire to purchase any of these works in this or the previous list, the Committee will attend to it for them. A set of Questions prepared for her own class by a teacher in Baltimore having been reported on favorably, the Committee was authorized to have them published. A Committee to make a selection of texts for the use of children was also named. The time for holding "The First-day School Association of Friends within the limits of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting," was fixed for Sixth day afternoon, 4th mo. 10th, 1868, at 3 o'clock, P. M., at Race street Meeting House. It is hoped that Friends interested in this movement will forward contributions to the Treasurer, Jos. Powell, 3120 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 13.

MUNICH, Nov. 2d, 1867.

I visited Wallenstein's palace in Prague; it is still occupied by the Wallenstein family, but his chapel, banqueting hall, a curious artificial grotto in the basement, and the horse which he rode at the battle of Lutzen, (stuffed and looking as if alive,) are shown to visitors. The horse is very small, but beautifully formed. The chapel is a high, narrow, circular room, covered with frescoes; in the gallery was the

very carpet upon which on the morning of the battle of Lutzen he knelt to pray; over the altar is a fine picture of the assassination. According to Coleridge, he was not guilty of conspiring against the Emperor, but there was a conspiracy, and the actors in it wished to draw him into it. I think if the proof had been good, the Emperor would have had him regularly tried and executed. The other conspirators were executed in the market place of Pilsnitz. I walked through Wallenstein's gardens and gathered flowers, but I cannot feel any enthusiasm for him; he was the soldier of despotism, and if he meditated independence of the Emperor, there is no reason to think it would have been in favor of a general freedom. We visited the castle of the Emperor on the hill. It forms part of the fortification, and there is a splendid prospect from it of the city and of the valley of the Moldau beyond. We went into the church, the exterior of which resembles the cathedral at Cologne, but it is smaller. It stands at one end of the court of the palace, which is quite spacious. There was a still higher hill beyond this, on which was an old convent containing some historical and other collections, but we did not visit it. I went into the Jews' quarter of the city, which was more ancient, and had narrower streets than that of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. In it is a synagogue built in the seventh century; it looked like a jail, being but one story in height and having grated windows. It is used now for a *Frauenschule*. A more slightly synagogue stands near it, in which is kept a banner that one of the Emperors gave to the Jews in honor of their bravery in defending Prague either from the Turks or the Protestant Swedes. There are two splendid bronze monuments in Prague. One is a spire containing within it a bronze statue of the Emperor Francis on horseback, under a baldachin. There were besides in this spire and around it figures representing the sixteen ancient circles of Bohemia, as well as Science, Commerce, Industry and the Arts. The other monument was a figure of Rodetsky on a buckler, supported by nine soldiers. It was made of one hundred cannons taken from the Piedmontese in 1858; they were melted down to make the bronze.

The cathedral contains a royal mausoleum of marble and alabaster, under which repose the remains of royal personages, whose portraits are in medallions upon it, the most interesting to me being that of George Podiebrad.

From Prague we went on to Schwandorf, where is Wallenstein's summer palace, but it was so far from the station that we could not see it. We passed the night in the Hotel de Poste, near the railroad, and had time in the morning to go to the village church, in which we saw a mummified body enclosed in a glass case. It did not look very repulsive; the face,

indeed, was rather interesting, the head lying in a natural position, with a bishop's c.p. on it; it was covered with jewels, especially pale rubies, and was some hundreds of years old. The jewels but poorly supplied the place of life, the jewel of jewels. On the same night we reached Nuremburg, which, in the middle ages, was the centre of the fine arts, and which I was prepared to see very much in decay, though interesting from its quaintness. In the last I was not disappointed, but I was surprised to see it so flourishing and rich; but wherever Protestantism predominates over Catholicism the buildings look tidy and spruce, and the people industrious and cheerful.

Nuremburg was long a *free city*, and besides it is in Bavaria, which is not so poor and broken-hearted a place as Bohemia. Germans are a more industrious people than any Slavonic race, at least so they maintain; but a German can never do justice to the Slavonic races. There is an antipathy as deep between those races as between the Germans and the Celts. When will they try to understand each other? Already the Germans have fructified by the lyrical and musical genius of the Slavonians.

Albert Dürer's statue in bronze and the house where he was born and where he painted, and where, I believe, he died, were the first objects of interest to us, and we saw them within twenty-four hours of our arrival. In his house were many of his pictures, and it is kept in nice order to be seen by strangers, whose fees to the woman who attends are probably her living.

In the court yard of the palace, which we visited, is a tree 900 years old, planted by Queen Cunegunde. The castle forms a part of the fortified wall of old Nuremburg, which formerly had three hundred round towers; now there are only one hundred; the four principal ones were planned by Dürer, and built of cut stone. Nuremburg is divided into two parts by the Pegnitz river, over which are eight bridges, some making picturesque scenes. On one side is the church of St. Lawrence, (formerly Catholic,) full of statuary and pictures, the works of native artists of Nuremburg, who made the middle age art so glorious. On its porch is sculptured the last judgment; the painted glass in the church is very splendid, but the chef d'œuvre of art in it is a stone sanctuary in the form of a spire at the right of the choir, full of little statuettes, and resting on the shoulders of three figures, which represent the artist Adam Krafft and his two principal workmen. In a sepulchral monument in the middle of the church reposes the body of Sophia of Brandenburg. The church of St. Sebaldus, the patron saint of Nuremburg, renowned for his charities, is a Protestant church now, but retains, as do all the Lutheran churches conquered from the Catholics, all the pictures, statues, monuments, &c., of the old

Catholic saints and heroes; the candles even burn on the altar during the service, which otherwise is like our congregational service, consisting of hymns sung by the people, prayers read by the minister, (but not responded to vocally by the congregation,) and a sermon. I attended an afternoon service in this church. There are among the pictures in it some of Albert Dürer's, and all the pictures and sculpture are good, being by the best Nuremburg artists. Opposite St. Sebaldus is the chapel of St. Maurice, now used as a picture gallery, and opened (as soon as the church service closes on Sunday morning) to the public. The pictures are the finest of the Byzantine school that I have seen. A number of children, evidently of the poorest classes, streamed into the gallery as soon as it was opened, and seemed to be deeply interested in the pictures; then came adults, and it was soon full. I was most interested in an Ecce Homo of Dürer's, in which the thorn-crowned Christ seemed to be forgetting his pain in thought, though the flesh evidently was suffering. I wondered what was in the minds of these gazing children as they surveyed this and other martyrdoms, and I felt the deprivation of being tongue-tied by my ignorance of the art of German conversation. The highest lesson that these Catholic pictures teach is that of *resignation to overpowering suffering, never of triumphant action.*

E. P. P.

To the Editors of the Friends' Intelligencer.

I herewith transmit for your readers the following beautiful little poem, written by Bernard Barton. The reaching, searching and spirit-stirring character of the lines commend them to our attentive perusal.

T.

QUESTIONS.

I.

What is our being's aim and end?—
Is it life's fleeting years to spend
In joys as fleeting, which but tend
To tempt our tarrance here?—
Believe it not;—our space of time
Was given,—by discipline sublime,—
To bid our hopes and wishes climb
Unto a happier sphere.

II.

Seek'st thou to win a noble name?—
Bethink thee, 'tis a virtuous aim.
Alone brings honorable fame!—
Applauded and renowned
For proudest deeds,—if wanting this,—
Virtue's true guerdon thou wilt miss,—
Obtaining for substantial bliss,
An idle, empty sound.

III.

Liv'st thou to heap up treasured store
Of Mammon's soul-enthraling ore;
And heaping still to covet more?—
To Scripture turn, and see
His lot, who gathered hoard as vast;
Thine eye upon his sentence cast;—
"Thou fool! this night shall be thy last!
Then whose shall these things be?"

IV.

Lov'st thou to bask in beauty's eye;
To dote upon her cheek's bright dye,
Her look, her gesture, smile or sigh?—
Turn to the silent tomb!—
There learn, as even the lover must,
How brief and treacherous beauty's trust:—
"Ashes to ashes!" "Dust to dust!"
Remains her mortal doom!

V.

Art thou a votary of the Nine?—
By glowing thoughts and tuneful line,
Hoping to gain within their shrine,
Honors that shall not die?—
Powerless are harp, and lute, and lyre,
Till more than Promethean fire
Thy spirit shall with hopes inspire
Of immortality!

VI.

A warrior art thou?—in the din
Of battle, glory taught to win?—
Oh! hear the still small voice within;
Whose accents would declare
To ears unclos'd, and hearts unsteeld,
"Turn inward to thy battle field,
"Thy sword the Spirit, Faith thy shield,
"And be a victor there."

VII.

Are toil and poverty thy lot?—
Respect thyself,—and murmur not,—
All earth could give, will be forgot
In life's last solemn scene!—
All, in the grave, as equals meet,
And God, upon his judgment seat,
Alike impartially will greet
The mighty and the mean.

VIII.

Then "onward!" to thy being's goal!—
View not a *part*; but scan the *whole*!
Be duty's task, with fearless soul
"Determined, dared, and done."
Be patient, humble, thankful, calm,
So shalt thou win the deathless palm,
And join in that triumphant psalm,
Which hails the victory won.

"MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM."

When foamy cares surround thy bark,
And all within is very dark,
No star appears to light thy way,
And thou art longing for the day—
Oh, think, dear child of God, that then
"A Father's hand is at the helm."

And when thy cares like billows come,
Dashing against thee, one by one,
And thou dost think thy tiny shell
Must sink beneath the mountain swell—
Oh, be at peace, for 'tis just then
"A Father's hand is at the helm."

All gone before have found, like thee,
Life has but been a stormy sea;
They've had their nights of darkness too,
And fears and foes, as well as you;
Yet all reached home, to loud proclaim,
"A Father's hand was at the helm."

Then banish fear, dear child of God,
And kiss the hand that gives the rod;
There is a needs-be for thy cross,
And thou'lt receive therefrom no loss,
For nothing can thy soul o'erwhelm—
"A Father's hand is at the helm."

Soon will the surge of life be o'er,
And thou wilt reach a happier shore,
Where there will be no storms to harm,
But thou, amidst seraphic calm,
Wilt tell to all in that bright realm,
"A Father's hand was at the helm." G. C.

From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

I am afraid that our domestic life will not bear looking into. I fear that our houses will not be found to have unity, and to express the best thought. The household, the calling, the friendships of the citizen are not homogeneous. His house ought to show us his honest opinion of what his well-being consists in when he rests among his kindred, and forgets all affectation, all compliance, and even all exertion of will. He brings home thither whatever commodities and ornaments have for years allured his pursuit, and his character must be seen in them. But what idea predominates in our houses? Thrift first, then convenience and pleasure. Take off all the roofs from street to street, and we shall seldom find the temple of any higher god than Prudence. The progress of domestic living has been in cleanliness, in ventilation, in health, in decorum, in countless means and arts of comfort, in the concentration of all the utilities of every clime in each house. They are arranged for low benefits. The houses of the rich are confectioners' shops, where we get sweetmeats and wine; the houses of the poor are imitations of these to the extent of their ability. With these ends housekeeping is not beautiful; it cheers and raises neither the husband, the wife, nor the child; neither the host, nor the guest: it oppresses women. A house kept to the end of prudence is laborious without joy; a house kept to the end of display is impossible to all but a few women, and their success is dearly bought.

If we look at this matter curiously, it becomes dangerous. We need all the force of an idea to lift this load; for the very wealth and multiplication of conveniences embarrass us, especially in northern climates. The shortest enumeration of our wants in this rugged climate appalls us by the multitude of things not easy to be done. And if you look at the multitude of particulars, one would say, good housekeeping is impossible. Order is too precious a thing to dwell with men and women. See how, in families where there is both substance and taste, at what expense any favorite punctuality is maintained. If the children, for example, are considered, dressed, dieted, attended, kept in proper company, schooled, and at home fostered by the parents—then does the hospitality of the house suffer. Friends are less carefully bestowed, the daily table less catered. If the hours of meals are punctual, the apart

ments are slovenly. If the linens and hangings are clean and fine and the furniture good, the yard, the garden, the fences are neglected. If all are well attended, then must the master and mistress be studious of particulars at the cost of their own accomplishments and growth, or persons are treated as things.

The difficulties to be overcome must be freely admitted; they are many and great. Nor are they to be disposed of by any criticism or amendment of particulars taken one at a time, but only by the arrangement of the household to a higher end than those to which our dwellings are usually built and furnished. And is there any calamity more grave, or that more deserves the best good-will to remove it than this?—to go from chamber to chamber and see no beauty; to find in the housemates no aim; to hear an endless chatter and blast; to be compelled to criticise; to hear only to dissent and to be disgusted; to find no invitation to what is good in us, and no receptacle for what is wise. This is a great price to pay for sweet bread and warm lodging—being defrauded of affinity, of repose, of heavenly culture, and the inmost presence of beauty.

It is a sufficient accusation of our ways of living, and certainly ought to open our ear to every good-minded reformer, that our idea of domestic well-being now needs wealth to execute it. Give me the means, says the wife, and your house shall not annoy your taste nor waste your time. On hearing this, we understand how these Means have come to be so omnipotent on earth. And indeed the love of wealth seems to grow chiefly out of the root of the love of the Beautiful. The desire of gold is not for gold. It is not the love of much wheat and wool and household stuff. It is the means of freedom and benefit. We scorn shifts. We desire the elegance of munificence. We desire at least to put no stint or limit on our parents, relatives, guests, or dependents. We desire to play the benefactor and the prince with our townsmen, with the stranger at the gate, with the bard, or the beauty, with the man or woman of worth who alights at our door. How can we do this, if the wants of each day imprison us in lucrative labors, and constrain us to a continual vigilance lest we be betrayed into expense.

Give us wealth and the home shall exist. But that is a very poor solution, a very inglorious solution of the problem, and therefore no solution. "*Give us wealth.*" You ask too much. Few have wealth; but all must have a home. Men are not born rich; and in getting wealth, the man is sacrificed, and often is sacrificed without acquiring wealth at last. Besides, that cannot be the right answer; there are objections to wealth. Wealth is a shift. The wise man angles with himself only, and with no meaner bait. Our whole use of wealth needs

revision and reform. Generosity does not consist in giving money or money's worth. These so called *goods* are only the shadow of good. To give money to a sufferer is only a come-off. It is only a postponement of the real payment, a bribe paid for silence—a credit system in which a paper promise to pay answers for the time instead of a liquidation. We owe to man higher succors than food and fire. We owe to man man. If he is sick, is unable, is mean-spirited and odious, it is because there is so much of his nature which is unlawfully withholden from him. He should be visited in this his prison with rebuke to the evil demons, with manly encouragement, with no mean-spirited offer of condolence because you have not money, or mean offer of money as the utmost benefit, but by your heroism, by your purity, by your faith. You are to bring with you that spirit which is understanding—health and self-help. To offer him money in lieu of these is to do him the same wrong as when the bridegroom offers his betrothed virgin a sum of money to release him from his engagements. The great depend on their heart, not on their purse. Genius and Virtue, like diamonds, are best plain set—set in lead, set in poverty. The greatest man in history was the poorest. How was it with the captains and sages of Greece and Rome—with Socrates, with Epaminondas? Aristides was made general receiver of Greece to collect the tribute which each state was to furnish against the barbarian. "Poor," says Plutarch, "when he set about it, poorer when he had finished it." How was it with Æmilius and Cato? What kind of house was kept by Paul and John? by Milton and Marvell? by Samuel Johnson and Jean Paul Richter?

I think it plain at first sight that this voice of communities and ages—"Give us wealth, and the good household shall exist"—is vicious, and leaves the whole difficultly untouched. It is better, certainly, in this form, "Give us your labor, and the household begins." I see not how serious labor, the labor of all and every day, is to be avoided; and many things betoken a revolution of opinion and practice in regard to manual labor that may go far to aid our practical inquiry. Another age may divide the manual labor of the world more equally on all the members of society, and so make the labors of a few hours avail to the wants and add to the vigor of the man. But the reform that applies to the household must not be partial. It must correct the whole system of our social living. It must come with plain living and high thinking; it must break up caste, and put domestic service on another foundation. It must come in connection with a true acceptance on the part of each man of his vocation—not chosen by his parents or friends, but by his genius, with earnestness and love.

Nor is this redress so hopeless as it seems. Certainly, if we begin by reforming particulars of our present system, correcting a few evils and letting the rest stand, we shall soon give up in despair. For our social forms are very far from truth and equity. But the way to set the axe at the root of the tree is to raise our aim. Let us understand, then, that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands there under the sun and moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves; to be the shelter always open to the Good and the True; a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert; whose inmates know what they want; who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept. They have aims; they cannot pause for trifles. The diet of the house does not create its order, but knowledge, character, action absorb so much life, and yield so much entertainment, that the refectory has ceased to be curiously studied. With a change of aim has followed a change of the whole scale by which men and things were wont to be measured. Wealth and Poverty are seen for what they are. It begins to be seen that the poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor. The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true scale would be found very indigent and ragged. The great make us feel, first of all, the indifference of circumstances. They call into activity the higher perceptions, and subdue the low habits of comfort and luxury; but the higher perceptions find their objects everywhere; only the low habits need palaces and banquets.

Let a man, then, say, My house is here in the country, for the culture of the country—an eating-house and sleeping-house for travellers it shall be, but it shall be much more. I pray you, O excellent wife! not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bedchamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior: your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, that which he cannot buy at any price, at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparsely and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread and let the bed be dressed for the traveller; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship,

so that there the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love; honor and courtesy flow into all the deeds.

There was never a country in the world which could so easily exhibit this heroism as ours; never anywhere the State has made such efficient provision for popular education, where intellectual entertainment is so within reach of youthful ambition. The poor man's son is educated. There is many a humble house in every city, many in every town, where talent and taste, and sometimes genius, dwell with poverty and labor. Who has not seen, and who can see unmoved, under a humble roof, the eager, blushing boys discharging as they can their household chores, and hastening into the sitting-room to the study of to-morrow's merciless lesson, yet stealing time to read a few pages more of the novel hardly smuggled into the tolerance of father and mother—atonement for the same by some pages of Plutarch, or Goldsmith; the warm sympathy with which they kindle each other in school-yard, or in barn or wood shed, with scraps of poetry or song, with scraps of the last oration, or mimicry of the orator; the youthful criticism, on Sunday, of the sermons; the school declamation faithfully rehearsed at home, sometimes to the fatigue, sometimes to the admiration of sisters; the first solitary joys of literary vanity, when the translation or theme has been completed, sitting alone near the top of the house; the affectionate delight with which they greet the return of each one after the early separations which school or business require; the foresight with which, during such absences, they live the honey which opportunity offers for the ear and imagination of the others, and the unrestrained glee with which they disburden themselves of their early mental treasures, when the holidays bring them again together. What is the hoop that holds them staunch? It is the iron band of poverty, of necessity, of austerity, which, excluding them from the sensual enjoyments which make other boys too early old, has directed their activity in safe and right channels, and made them, spite of themselves, reverers of the grand, the beautiful, and the good. Ah! short-sighted students of books, of Nature, and of man! too happy could they know their advantages. They pine for freedom from that mild parental yoke; they sigh for fine clothes, for rides, for the theatre, and premature freedom and dissipation which others possess. Woe to them, if their wishes were crowned! The angels that dwell with them, and are weaving laurels of life for their youthful brows, are Toil, and Want, and Truth, and Mutual Faith.

“Each moment as it passes is the meeting-place of two eternities.”

For Friends' Intelligencer.		
REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.		
TWELFTH MONTH.		
	1866.	1867.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	4 days.	5 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,...	1 "	0 "
Snow, incl'g very slight falls	5 "	11 "
Cloudy, without storms,.....	4 "	7 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	17 "	8 "
	31 "	31 "
TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1866.	1867.
Mean temperature of 12th month per Penna. Hospital,	33.61 deg.	31.78 deg.
Highest do. during month	61.50 "	54.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	5.00 "	10.00 "
Rain during the month,.....	3.46 in.	2.73 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 5 current weeks for 1866 and 4 for 1867....	1228	974
Average of the mean temperature of 12th month for the past seventy-eight years	32.53 deg.	
Highest mean of do. during that entire period, 1849,.....	45.00 "	
Lowest do. do. 1832	25.00 "	
COMPARISON OF RAIN.		
	1866.	1867.
Totals for the first 6 months, of each year,.....	22.47 inch.	30.30 inch.
Totals for last 6 months.....	22.77 "	29.80 "
Totals for each year.....	45.24 "	59.10 "
	J. M. ELLIS.	

Philadelphia, First month 1868.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received, during the past month,	
From City contributions.....	\$160 00
" Friends of Trenton, N. J.	76 50
" Friends and others of Byberry, Pa.....	40 00
" Friends of Mak. field Prep. Meeting.....	61 60
" " Middletown " "	21 00
" " Sadsbury Mo. " "	40 00
" " Middletown " "	18 25
" " Kennet " "	16 75
" Women Friends of Abington Meeting.....	21 00
" " " Center " "	10 00
" " " Abington " "	11 00
" John Anthony, Genesee Grove, Ill.....	5 00
" East Jordan, Ill.....	5 00

\$486 10

Also, Donations of Clothing from Rachel W. Townsend, R. W. Jacobs, T. E. Chapman and Friends of Hursham. Children's Papers, W. D. C., Philada.

HENRY M. LAINE, Treasurer,

PHILADA., 12th mo. 31st. 30 N. Third St.

ITEMS.

NAPLES, Jan. 4.—The eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which was described some few days since as becoming still more intensely grand, is just now quite alarming. The whole of the volcano is in violent action, and the flame issues not only from the old

crater and many new openings to the air, but it continues to blaze after its ejection. A slight subsidence of the volcanic motion had taken place, and on Monday, the 9th of December, the mountain remained almost quiescent, its sides being covered to a great extent with snow. A heavy colored smoke issued from what the *savans* term the "smoke-holes," old and new. Tuesday night, December 10, the eruption was resumed with great force, and a mass of lava, resembling a solid rock, was shot from the crater to a great height, and as seen from this city, rolled down the sides of the great cone after falling. A loud roar, as of artillery, was heard during the entire night. The mountain was veiled in darkness long after the hour of daybreak the next morning. As the forenoon advanced a strong wind sprung up from the north and dispelled the gloom, and Vesuvius has been witnessed in its fiery daily grandeur since. To-day a perfect river of fire is seen to flow from the mountain, running in a westerly direction. The fiery flood is nearing the town of Cercala. The upheaving of the volcano is attended with shocks resembling those of an earthquake, and loud detonations, as of a battery of heavy guns in full play, are heard. A perfect panic prevails among the inhabitants of all the villages situated in the neighborhood of the foot of the mountain.—*The Press*.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE EXHUMED.—The London Times publishes an interesting letter in regard to the discoveries at Jerusalem, from which we select the following: "The colossal foundations of the temple wall, which are 'stones of ten cubits and stones of eight cubits,' laid by Solomon or his successors on the throne, are now being laid bare at the enormous depth of 90 feet and more beneath the present surface. The bridge that once spanned the ravine between the palace of Zion and the temple on Moriah is now proved to have been upward of 150 feet high. If this be, as it seems, the ascent to the House of the Lord which Solomon showed to the Queen of Sheba, we cannot wonder that on seeing it there was no spirit in her. The pinnacle of the temple on which the tempter placed the Saviour has just been uncovered to the base, and is found still to have an elevation of 136 feet. The statement of Josephus is therefore no exaggeration. If any one looked from the battlements into the valley he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth. Sections of the ancient wall of Ophel have been exhumed, showing that, as Josephus says, it was joined to the southeast angle of the Temple. Aqueducts, cisterns, rock-hewn channels and passages have also been discovered within and around the harem, throwing new light on the buildings, the arrangements, and the services of the Temple. The great work of a complete exploration of ancient Jerusalem is thus fairly and auspiciously commenced. The opportune visit of the Sultan and Grand Vicer to this country, and the representations made to the latter by the Archbishop of York, followed up as they have been by the energy, the wisdom, and tact of Lieutenant Warren and his admirable staff, have smoothed down Moslem prejudice, removed local opposition, and thus brought about opportunities for excavation and exploration such as never occurred before; and besides, large numbers of Arab laborers have been trained to the work, and are eager to be employed; and the exact points for successful exploration are now well known.—*The Press*.

THE BOSTON JOURNAL OF CHEMISTRY says that pencil writings may be fixed almost as indelibly as ink by passing the moistened tongue over it. Even breathing slowly over the lines, after writing, renders them much less liable to erasure than when not subjected to that process.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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THE PENNS AND PENINGTONS.

(Continued from page 706.)

A few weeks after the death of Sir William Springett, the bereaved widow was roused from the depth of her desolation and sorrow, by her maternal feelings on the birth of an infant daughter. This was Gulielma Maria, above mentioned.*

Her Heavenly Father had in this darling child sent another claim on her affections, another tie binding her to life, and her energy arose to meet the surrounding circumstances. In the name Gulielma Maria given to the infant, those of both parents were united. Her mother-in-law, now the chief earthly friend left to the young widow, came to reside with her, and she remained there during the residue of her life, which only lasted about four years after the death of her son William.

Lady Springett had adopted the same views which her husband had arrived at, respecting the unscriptural character of infant baptism, and the injury that had resulted to Christian life from the popular construction put on water-baptism. She therefore refused to allow her little daughter to be baptized. When reflecting on the rite of baptism, as practiced in the Church, the declaration of the Apostle relative to another ritual observance, which was abolished under the new dispensation, was so con-

tinually in her mind as a case in point, that she could in no degree yield to the entreaties of her friends and relatives. It was very trying to maintain her ground against all their persuasion; but hard above all it must have been to stand out against the expressed desire of her loved and honored mother-in-law; nevertheless, singlehanded and conscientious, she withstood all who endeavored to persuade her to have her child formally baptized. She says, "That scripture in the last of the Galatians, of circumcision or uncircumcision availing nothing, but a new creature, was so often in my mind, that I could not but resolve that it [the baptismal rite] should not be performed. This brought great reproach on me, and made me as a byword among the people of my own rank in the world, and a strange thing it was thought to be by my relatives and acquaintances. Those who were accounted able ministers, and such as I formerly delighted to hear, were sent to persuade me; but I could not do it and be clear. My answer to them was, "He that doubts is damned if he do it." She did doubt, and she believed that she had good reason to doubt of infant baptism being an institution authorized by Jesus, and therefore the little Gulielma Maria was never taken to the baptismal font.

It seems marvellous of two such young persons, and yet it does really appear as if Sir William Springett and his wife were at that time, when these views became fixed in their minds, standing totally alone when declining

*As February, old style, was the last month of the year, it may be presumed Gulielma was born in 1644, but we have no exact record of the date.

to receive the popular idea of water baptism, as being the essential baptism which accompanies regeneration and salvation. It is very certain that Mary Penington says nothing about having studied any writings on the question, save those of the New Testament; or of having any example before her of any one who altogether on scriptural grounds disapproved of the rite as practiced in the churches, except her deceased husband. It does not appear that the views advocated by them were the same as those held by the Baptists, who, though disapproving of infant baptism, insist on adult water baptism as essential, and as that which was commanded by Christ. George Fox did not commence his ministry for several years after the death of Sir William Springett; it was not therefore from the Friends' ideas they had been brought to that conclusion. But it is true that about the time of Guli's birth, and after it, there was a minister who held an official place in the University of Cambridge, who entertained very decided convictions against the notions of water baptism which prevailed in the Church of England, of which he was a member. This was William Dell, Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. How far he had sufficient Christian faithfulness to preach in that persecuting age the views he set forth in his writings which were afterwards published, I know not. He seemed to have but little hope of the age he lived in taking a right scriptural view of the doctrines in question, because he says it was "so rooted and built up in the doctrines of men." Hence he appealed to and wrote especially for the next generation. So far as I can ascertain, his excellent work on *The Doctrine of the Baptisms* was not published for eight or ten years after the period in question; and in his preface to the reader, introducing the work *On Baptisms*, he warns him that he would "speak much otherwise than all former or later writers whatever, that he had met with."

Within the four years which elapsed from the death of Sir William Springett to that of Madam Springett, John, his first-born child and only son, seems to have also died, though the child's mother has left us no specific account of the event. Circumstances indicate that it was within that time his brief life closed.

Of her mother-in-law's high moral worth and great ability and usefulness, Mary Penington gives her grandson a beautiful account. Speaking of both great grandparents, she says, "Thy dear mother's father was of religious parents; his father (thy great-grandfather) though a lawyer, was religious and strict, as I have heard of him, in those things wherein the ministration of that time consisted, and in the exercise of what in that day of dim light was accounted holy duties. He died of consumption,

leaving thy great-grandmother with two sons and a daughter (born after her father's death.) She was married to him about three or four years, and left a widow about twenty-two years of age. She was an excellent woman; and had a great regard to the well-being of her children, both in the inward and outward condition; and that she might the better bring them up, she lived a retired life; refusing all other marriage, though frequently offered, as I have heard her say. She suffered pretty hard things of his two executors, his brother Sir Thomas Springett, and a brother-in-law, who thought that she, being so very young a widow, would marry again. Through their jealousy on this point, they refused her the management of the education of her children, and put her upon suing them for it; which she at last obtained, with charges, after some years' suit.

"She lived a virtuous life,—constant in morning and evening prayer by herself, and often with her children; causing them to repeat to her what they remembered of sermons they had heard, and of scriptures. I lived in the house with her from nine years of age, till after I was married to her son; and after he died, she came and lived with me, and died at my house. In all which time I never, as I remember, heard her say an improper word, or saw her do an evil action. She spent her time very ingeniously; and in a bountiful manner bestowed great part of her jointure yearly upon the poor, in providing physic and surgery. She had a yearly jointure of about twelve-score pounds, and with it she kept a brace of horses, a man, and a maid. She boarded with her only brother, Sir Edward Partridge. She kept several poor women constantly employed simpling for her in the summer; and in the winter preparing such things as she had use for in physic and surgery, and for eyes; she having eminent judgment in all three, and admirable success; which made her famous and sought to out of several counties by the greatest persons, as well as by the low ones. She was daily employing her servants in making oils, salves, and balsams; drawing of spirits; distilling of waters; making of syrups and conserves of many kinds, with pills and lozenges. She was so rare in her ability in taking off cataracts and spots on eyes, that Hopkins, the great oculist, sent many to her house when there was difficulty of cure, and that he could not attend or spare so much time as was necessary to compass it. She cured many burns and desperate cuts; also dangerous sores that came by thorns; likewise broken limbs; many afflicted with the king's evil; taking out bones. One case of great difficulty I especially remember—a child's head that was so burnt that its skull was like a coal; she brought it to have skin and hair again, and invented a thin pan of beaten silver, covered with

bladder, to preserve the head in case of a knock or a fall. She frequently helped in consumptive cases beyond the skill of doctors to help, through her diligence and care.

"In the villages about her lodged several patients, that had come there some hundreds of miles to be under her care; and sometimes would remain there, away from their homes, for a quarter of a year at a time. She has sometimes had twenty persons in a morning—men, women, and children—to attend to. I have heard her say she spent half her revenue in making the medicines which she needed for these cures. She never would take presents of much value from any one; only this she would do—if the patients were able, she gave them a note of what things they could buy, and they brought them to her, and she made up the medicines for them; her man-servant writing the directions she gave, and packing up the salves and medicines.

"In the place where she dwelt she was called in her religion, of latter times, a Puritan; afterwards she was called an Independent. She had an Independent minister in her house, and gave liberty to people to come there twice a week to hear him preach. She constantly set apart the Seventh-day, about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, for her family to leave all their occasions, and this minister preached or prayed with them as a preparation for the morrow. She was a most tender and affectionate mother to thy grandfather, and greatly delighted in his love to me, and always showed great kindness to me. Indeed she was very honorable in counselling her son not to marry for an estate, urging him to consider what would make him happy in his choice ('many great offers' having been made to draw him into marriage alliance). She would discourse to him in this wise, that she knew me, and we were known to one another, and said she would choose me for his wife if I had no portion. She lived to see thy mother three or four years old, and was very affectionate to her, and took great delight in seeing her wisdom." Thus closes her daughter-in-law's account of that admirable Puritan matron.

(To be continued.)

ADVICE TO MOURNERS.

I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried, "My brother! oh my brother!"

A sage passed that way, and said:—

"For whom dost thou mourn?"

"One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living; but whose inestimable worth I feel."

"What wouldst thou do if he were restored to thee?"

The mourner replied, "that he would never

offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come to his fond embrace."

"Then waste not thy time in useless grief," said the sage; "but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will one day be dead also."

EXTRACT.

The sunshine lies upon the mountain top all day, and lingers there latest and longest at eventide, yet is the valley green and fertile, and the mountain top barren and unfruitful. So the discipline of adversity accomplishes for us that which prosperity has never wrought.

"Father," said a daughter, "how can I be a Christian when there is so much to do?" "Do you see the vine crawling up by the wall?" he replied; "it lays hold of the stones and sticks for support, and makes them help it. Just so we must make our daily tasks and cares help us. Take fast hold of them, and climb up by their means. If they are a hindrance, then it is because we do not look at them in the true light. We may be sure of one thing. God himself has placed us in our present circumstances, and it is He who appoints for us our daily tasks. Is it possible to conceive that a Being of so much wisdom and goodness would place us amid duties whose tendency is to draw us away from, instead of toward Himself?"

"Small trials suffice as heavenly discipline, just as truly as great afflictions and misfortunes can. God can sanctify the small as well as the great events of our lives. Great sorrows drive every Christian to God; but we are only too prone to try to bear our little trials alone. We must throw ourselves upon Him as children. We must be willing to consult His pleasure in the smallest affairs of our lives; to seek His compassion and sympathy in every pain we bear. Let Him be the judge of their worth and consequence, and perhaps He who seeth not as man seeth, will detect the mountain in what is called the hillock, and mark as our intolerable burden that which men regard as the small dust of the balance."

"In the valley of humiliation there are green pastures; how strange that one who has reposed there, should ever pine for the mountain tops."

"It is well to hedge ourselves about with a habit of prayer." What a blessed day it is when we learn to expect distractions, and a heedless absorption in every petty passing interest! Then first we throw ourselves on the simple grace of God, forsaking forever the fancied stronghold of our own good purposes. As we pray, the petty interests and disappointments of life grow more and more insignificant. We should never be so absorbed in what we undertake as to care for nothing but its accomplishment." "Interruptions are often more

directly the Master's work for us than the tasks we set ourselves."

The influence of a genuine Christian is noiseless and silent as the continual dropping of a summer shower, which refreshes and enriches oftentimes more than the heavy fall of rain. Who has not felt his heart glow with quickened warmth at a mere glimpse into a holy soul? or stimulated to like grace in witnessing an act of patience or forbearance? There are two ways in which genuine piety develops itself. One busies itself chiefly in lopping off useless, diseased or unsightly branches, and this work occupies it so incessantly that it has not time to perceive that fruit of good quality is not thus produced. The other rather lets the branches take care of themselves, and goes to the root of the matter, assured if all is right there, all will become right outside.

The great Fountain of Life and Light is always open to us. We need only to turn forever away from the contemplation of ourselves to be henceforth vivified, strengthened, and filled with the fulness of Christ. A true Christian has always a consciousness of God. A woman once said, "When I began to try to be a Christian, if I found myself sinning, I always said to myself, 'Now I know I am not a Christian;' and so I would sit crying and lamenting, and never had time to go forward. I afterward learned not to do so. When I fall, instead of lying on the ground, crying and wasting my time and strength in complaints, I just tell God how sorry I am, and beg Him to forgive me, and get right up and go on."

The path of duty is comparatively easy when once made plain. God leads some of His children gently and over a smooth and comparatively easy path, and to others He appoints "the winding way, both dark and rude." And while the same hand leads alike over the plain and through the intricate way, the favored pilgrim will not boast himself, neither will the wearied one repine. The loving discipline of pain! how good it is! how needful! Who that has looked upon the radiant countenance of one who has suffered, and on which the peace of God has forever stamped itself, could venture to lament the discipline that had left such beautiful traces?

"Bear ye one another's burdens," will soon bring us to the end of our strength, unless we have first proved—unless we are daily proving—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee." The connection with the Fountain needs to be opened, before the connection with the fields to be watered.

Go forth every morning, not from God's presence, but in His presence, strong in the faith of His personal love to you, and you shall find the hardest yoke easy and the heaviest burden light; for the burden of circumstances and

earthly trial are light indeed to those whose hearts are set free from the burden of guilt, and the weight of an aimless life.

There is such a thing in these days as coming to Christ personally, *not thinking* about Him merely, but *coming to* Him; not coming to Him for forgiveness and deliverance from death only, but for strength to suffer, to labor, to conquer, to serve; coming to Him and having life.

He does not say, "Get on," but, "Follow me." He does not want us to do *as well as other people*, but *as well as we can*. He wills all His children to bring Him their work every evening. Some of them have done things which will be talked about and praised while the world lasts, and some have done what no one thinks anything of, perhaps. But He is quite as well pleased with the one as the other. It is not necessary to be happy about everything. It is only necessary to *do right*, and God will take care of the happiness.

Is doing good the *highest* object to live for? Doesn't loving come first? Doesn't *being* good and pleasing God come a little before it? It is not so much the things done for people, as the heart it is done with that makes people grateful.

"One hour of thoughtful solitude will nerve the heart for days of conflict." A.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

First month 1st, 1868.

I send the Spirit's greeting to the lonely and disconsolate, the sick and suffering, who are confined to their chambers, and secluded from an intercourse with the world; such as cannot be reached but by the swift wings of thought, and the deep flow of sympathetic feeling. There are many of these whose anguish cannot be told, whose yearnings for relief cannot be fathomed; and yet, in sweet resignation to their lot, the language arises from the deep recesses of the heart, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." Only *Thou, Father of mercies*, be with me, and bear me up.

These spirit breathings arise to the presence chamber of Him, whom "the heaven of heavens cannot contain," as incense offered from an angel's hand.

There may be others who have a hard struggle to bring their minds to this state,—invalids to whom life is sweet, and the ties that bind to this lower world are strong—to whom the thought of shroud, and pall, and narrow house, brings sadness, if not terror. May such be strengthened to look beyond things terrestrial to those that are eternal; remembering the language of the Apostle, "I reckon the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed hereafter." Let the mind fix upon this in holy

trust and confidence; and if, when, in surveying the past, omissions and commissions rise up as a cloud, obscuring the Divine Presence, remember the blessed assurance, that though "judgment and justice are the habitations of his throne," yet He delights in mercy and and forgiveness. We have incontrovertible evidence of this in the Parable of the prodigal son, and the thief on the cross, with very many other instances that might be cited, to show poor erring mortals that they need only approach the Majesty on high, in humble prayer and simple faith, and He will do more for them than they can ask or think. If it be not His will to raise up from a low state, "He will blot out their transgressions and love them freely."

Then, O ye afflicted and heart stricken, lean upon Him who doeth all things well. Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you. "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice,—are not ye of more value than many sparrows?" S. HUNT.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

ON DIVINE INTERPOSITIONS.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

In reading the history of the Christian church, I have observed that, at certain seasons, there have been awakenings or revivals, simultaneous in various places, or spreading from place to place, as though a breath from the spiritual world was sent to stir the stagnant waters of human life and heal the maladies of the soul. The most remarkable of these was on the day of Pentecost, after the ascension of Christ, for an impulse was given then that has never ceased to act.

At the time of the Protestant Reformation, a wave of religious emotion passed over the whole of Europe. In the days of George Fox, there was in England and some other countries, a similar visitation of Divine love; and in the time of the Wesleys, there was in Great Britain and her American colonies, a wide-spread awakening of religious feeling.

These manifestations of spiritual life cannot be accounted for by natural causes; they must be referred to the immediate action of Divine Power and Love. This conclusion will probably be accepted by most professors of Christianity; but I propose to go farther, and avow my belief that in various ages of the Christian church, prophetic revelations have been made, remarkable premonitions witnessed, and diseases healed in a supernatural manner.

It will perhaps be objected, that in a great many cases, reported revelations and miraculous cures have proved fallacious, being the result of fanaticism or imposture. This I readily admit, but such deceptions do not disprove the reality of Divine interposition in other cases.

On the contrary, they support it, for in like manner the circulation of counterfeit money may be considered an evidence that there is or has been genuine coin in existence.

Premonitions of imminent danger, whereby lives have been saved or calamities averted, are so frequent and so well attested, that few persons, I presume, will venture to assert that they are all the result of mere coincidence. I will select one example which I find in Bushnell's work entitled "Nature and the Supernatural, as together constituting the One System of God," p. 475. He says, "As I sat by the fire one stormy November night, in a hotel parlor, in the Napa valley of California, there came in a most venerable and benignant-looking person, with his wife, taking their seats in the circle. The stranger, as I afterwards learned, was Captain Yonut, a man who came over into California, as a trapper, more than forty years ago. Here he has lived apart from the great world and its questions, acquiring an immense landed estate, and becoming a kind of acknowledged patriarch in the country. His tall, manly person, and his gracious paternal look, as totally unsophisticated in the expression as if he had never heard a philosophic doubt or question in his life, marked him as the true patriarch."

"At my request, he gave me his story. About six or seven years previous, in a mid-winter's night, he had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants, arrested by the snows of the mountains and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery, marked by a huge perpendicular front of white rock cliff; he saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree tops, rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons, and the look of their particular distress. He woke, profoundly impressed with the distinctness and apparent reality of the dream. At length he fell asleep and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in, shortly, with an old hunter comrade, he told him the story, and was only the more deeply impressed, by his recognizing, without hesitation, the scenery of the dream. This comrade came over the Sierra by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the Pass answered exactly to his description. By this the unsophisticated patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men, with mules and blankets, and all necessary provisions. The neighbors were laughing, meantime, at his credulity. 'No matter,' said he, 'I am able to do this, and I will, for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream.' The men were sent into the mountains, one hundred and fifty miles distant, directly to the Carson Valley Pass. And there

they found the company, in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive. A gentleman present said, 'You need have no doubt of this; for we Californians all know the facts, and the names of the families brought in, who now look upon our venerable friend as a kind of saviour.' These names he gave, and the places where they reside, and I found afterward that the California people were ready, everywhere, to second his testimony. Nothing could be more natural than for the good-hearted patriarch himself to add, that the brightest thing in his life, and that which gave him greatest joy, was his simple faith in that dream. I thought also that I could see in that joy the glimmer of a true Christian love and life, into which, unawares to himself, he had really been entered by that faith. Let any one attempt now to account for the coincidences of that dream, by mere natural causalities, and he will be glad enough to ease his labor by the acknowledgment of a supernatural Providence."

In the same work I find the substance of a remarkable revelation made to Arthur Howell, who lived in the latter part of the last century. It is more circumstantially related by Lydia Maria Child, in her *Life of Isaac T. Hopper*. "Arthur Howell," she says, "was another intimate acquaintance of Friend Hopper. He was a currier in Philadelphia, a preacher in the Society of Friends, characterized by kindly feelings, and a very tender conscience." . . . "One Sunday morning, he was suddenly impelled to proceed to Germantown in haste. As he approached the village he met a funeral procession. He had no knowledge whatever of the deceased; but it was suddenly revealed to him that the occupant of the coffin before him was a woman whose life had been saddened by the suspicion of a crime, which she never committed. The impression became very strong on his mind that she wished him to make certain statements at her funeral. Accordingly, he followed the procession, and when they arrived at the meeting house, he entered and listened to the prayer delivered by her pastor. When the customary ceremonies were finished, Arthur Howell rose and asked permission to speak. 'I did not know the deceased, even by name,' said he. 'But it is given me to say, that she suffered much and unjustly. Her neighbors generally suspected her of a crime which she did not commit; and in a few weeks from this time it will be made clearly manifest to the world that she was innocent. A few hours before her death, she talked on this subject with the clergyman who attended her, and who is now present; and it is given me to declare the communication she made to him on that occasion.' He then proceeded to relate the particulars of the interview; to which the clergy-

man listened with evident astonishment. When the communication was finished, he said, 'I don't know who this man is, or how he has obtained information on this subject; but certain it is, he has repeated, word for word, a conversation I supposed was known only to myself and the deceased.'"

A few weeks afterwards, the woman's innocence was proved by the confession of the man who committed the crime. The biographer remarks, "I have often heard Friend Hopper relate this anecdote, and he always said he could vouch for the truth of it; and for several other similar things in the ministry of his friend Arthur."

From the days of George Fox to the present time many supernatural revelations have been made, some of which are as well attested as any historical facts on record. I will refer to a few of them.

Previous to the great fire in London, which, in the year 1666, consumed thirteen thousand dwelling-houses and eighty-nine church edifices, desolating four hundred streets,—the coming event was foreseen and foretold by several Friends.

"George Fox, while imprisoned in Lancaster Castle the previous year, had received an evidence that a great calamity was impending over the southern part of the kingdom. Humphrey Smith, a valued minister of the Gospel, about two years before his decease, had a remarkable vision, in which he was shown the destruction by fire of a great part of the city of London. He saw her tall buildings fall, and her goodly palaces consumed, and none could quench the flames; he passed through her desolate streets and saw but few inhabitants. This vision he published as a warning to the people *about six years before it was fulfilled*, and his printed prophecy is still extant.*

Thomas Forster, a faithful Friend, who died in the year 1660, foresaw that a great part of the city would be destroyed, and at his request his wife and family removed to the suburbs, by which means they escaped the loss of their goods by fire.†

Thomas Ibbitt, a Friend from Huntingdonshire, came into the city two days before the fire, and alighting from his horse, with his clothes thrown loosely around him, like a person dressed in haste, ran through the streets toward Whitehall, proclaiming that the city would be laid waste by fire. On the second day after his arrival he was engaged in the same way, and some of the Friends, being apprehensive that he was deranged, or under a delusion, had a private interview with him.

* The vision of Humphrey Smith which he saw concerning London—1660-61.

† See *Pietty Promoted*, 1660, and *Janney's History of Friends*, ii. 203, note.

He told them he had a vision of the fire some time before, but delayed to come and declare it, until, as he expressed it, "the fire was felt in his own bosom." George Whitehead, one of the Friends who had the interview with T. Ibbit, states the fact in his work called *Christian Progress*. It is also related in George Fox's *Journal* and Sewel's *History of Friends*.

I will relate one more case of Divine interposition, which I take from the *Journal of John Banks*. William Penn writes that he had known this Friend for forty-four years, and that "he was a heavenly minister of experimental religion, of a sound judgment and pious practice, valiant for truth upon the earth, and ready to serve all in the love and peace of the Gospel." He writes as follows: "About this time, a pain, struck into my shoulder, and gradually fell down into my arm and hand, so that I was wholly deprived of the use of it; the pain increased both day and night. For three months I could neither put my clothes on nor off, and my arm and hand began to wither, so that I applied to some physicians, but could get no cure by any of them. At last, as I was asleep upon my bed, in the night time, I saw in a vision that I was with dear George Fox. I thought I said to him, 'George, my faith is such, that if thou seest thy way to lay thy hand upon my shoulder, my arm and hand shall be whole throughout.' This remained with me two days and nights, that the thing was a true vision, and that I must go to George Fox; until at last, through much exercise of mind, as a great trial of my faith, I was made willing to go to him, he being then at Swarthmore in Lancashire, where there was a meeting of Friends on the First day of the week. Sometime after the meeting, I called him aside into the hall, and gave him a relation of my dream, showing him my arm and hand; and in a little time, we walking together silently, he turned about and looked upon me, and lifting up his hand, lay it upon my shoulder, saying, 'The Lord strengthen thee, both within and without.'

"I went to Thomas Lower's, of Marsh Grange, that night; and when I was sat down to supper, immediately, before I was aware, my hand was lifted up to do its office, which it could not do for long before. This struck me with great admiration, and my heart was broken into tenderness before the Lord; and the next day I went home with my hand and arm restored to its former use and strength without any pain. The next time that George Fox and I met, he said, 'John, thou mended;' I answered, 'Yes, very well in a little time.' 'Well,' said he, 'Give God the glory;' to whom I was and still am bound in duty so to do, for that and all other His mercies and favors. He hath all power in His own hand, and can thereby bring

to pass whatsoever seems good in his own eyes; who by the same prepares instruments and makes use of them as pleaseth him, who is alone worthy of all praise, honor and glory, both now and forevermore. Amen."*

George Fox does not allude, in his *Journal*, to this case of healing, but he mentions some other cases, two of which in particular are not less remarkable. In answer to a query addressed to him in Carolina concerning a similar case of healing, he said, "We do not glory in such things, but many such things have been done by the power of Christ."

Some other facts, equally remarkable and well sustained by testimony, may be found related in my *History of the Society of Friends*, and doubtless there are other sections of the Christian church whose annals contain similar evidences of Divine condescension to the devoted followers of the Lamb.

Write injuries in dust, but kindness in marble. Lay not your faculties in the sepulchre of idleness.

THE GOODNESS OF THE SEASONABLE WORD.

"A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" —Prov. xv. 23.

This is a brief declaration; and, like many others, though brief it is full of instruction. For if there is a time for everything and a season for every work under the sun, there is specially, we may believe, the right time for the right thing and the due season for the good work. Indeed, to a great extent its goodness consists, and its value lies, in its seasonableness. It is not less true in a spiritual than in a natural sense that there is a time to sow and a time to plant; and the wise laborer will watch for the time and discern the season. As, in our addresses to the Almighty, we are not heard for our much speaking, so our testimony for Him will not on that ground find acceptance, nor will our words gain an entrance into the hearts of our fellows by reason of their number; but if they find a place there and spring up and bring forth fruit, it will be because under the divine guidance they have been sown in their "due season" and graciously watered by the rain of Heaven. There is a time to plant, a time to keep silence and a time to speak. May those who labor in the Lord's vineyard and have a word from Him ever seek to know the season when the seed is not only ripe for the soil, but the soil prepared for the seed; for the preparation of the heart, as well as the answer of the tongue, is from the Lord. This is, I apprehend, a testimony upheld in an especial manner by the religious Society of Friends, as to the ministry of the Gos-

* *Journal of John Banks*, Friends' Lib. vol. 2, p. 24. and Janney's *Hist. of Friends*, ii. 236.

pel; that a divine direction may be known, and should be experienced, not only as to the word to be spoken, but "the season" in which it is due. How many are there among us who can bear testimony to the truth, "a word spoken, IN DUE SEASON, how good is it!"

In the hour of danger the word of warning, in the day of trouble the word of comfort and counsel, of strength in the hour of temptation, of encouragement in the hour of faintheartedness, of faith in the moment of weakness and doubt, of love and sympathy in the season of adversity and affliction, or in the day of prosperity the word of admonition not to forget God, in that of recreation and pleasure that we condemn not ourselves in that thing which we allow. How good under every circumstance and in every condition of life has proved the fitly spoken word; like a brook by the way to the weary and thirsty traveller; like apples of gold in pictures of silver to longing eyes and hungry souls; to the loitering and indifferent, as goads and as nails fastened by the master of assemblies! Under the power of Him who alone can touch the heart, under that guiding hand which alone can build the city, under the blessing of Him who alone can give the increase, how good has proved the faithful, seasonable word, though *only* a word, dropped in brokenness and simplicity. Those who gave and those who received can alike add their Amen to the declaration of the wise king, that even "A WORD, spoken in due season, how good is it!"

But, then, whilst it shall often prove that literally a word is enough, less than that is not enough; feeling alone is insufficient, and to make it good the word must be "spoken." How often have we been sensible of another's weakness and danger, or been dipped into sympathy with a brother, and had our service marred by its incompleteness; the word was not "spoken!" I believe that there may often be rightly a concern without the word; for there are times when silence is more eloquent than any language, as when Job's friends "sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great." There should never be the word spoken without the concern being correspondingly felt. I cannot describe how much more to be valued, how much more effectual is a little feeling, though unaccompanied by expression, than much expression without the feeling. Far be it from my thoughts to urge any to speak a word but under the fresh and immediate constrainings of the love of Christ; but I would that we admonish and encourage one another, to yield to those gentle constrainings more readily than we do; then would our feelings, I am persuaded, more frequently find ex-

pression in words, to our own peace, the edification and comfort one of another, and the glory of God. How many, brethren and fathers, have been the seasons allowed to pass by, the opportunities lost, when from want of a little exercise of faith there has been no word spoken! How many of us must be sensible of our shortcomings, and some how often, when we remember that it is written, not of a feeling only, but of "a word, SPOKEN, in due season, how good is it!"

I want to encourage my dear friends in this matter of seeking for ability to speak the word in season; I do not mean as an extraordinary occurrence or on exceptional occasions, but as among the daily duties and ordinary avocations of life, what if I say more as a private than a public service. If to this any inducement were required beyond the simple fact of its being service, to the best of ends and for the best of masters, it might be urged that "to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath;" and again, "he that is faithful in the little shall be made ruler over more." A desire to be thus found faithful in the little will keep us near to the fountain of all strength, the source of all ability; we shall remember His words, "without Me ye can do nothing." "Abide in Me and I in you; as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in Me." And then there is the blessed reaction on our own spirits; "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth but it tendeth to poverty." "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, but he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." "The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." So that on their own souls' account as well as on that of others, shall those who are engaged in their Lord's work be able to set their seals to the truth, ancient but ever new, "A word spoken in due season, HOW GOOD IS IT!"

How good? Who can tell? The inspired penman attempts not the task. It is unspeakably good; immeasurably good; for he who hath received becomes the giver, the listener in his turn becomes himself the speaker, he that heareth saith, "Come!" Who of us is there that cannot look back, as among the many instrumentalities brought to bear upon our hearts and consciences, perhaps even more than to the lengthened discourse, to the simple word spoken in due season by some humble and faithful servant of the Lord, a messenger of good to our souls? How good? the day of harvest, when the angels are the reapers, alone can reveal. This is the time, ours the work, of sowing the seed. The word spoken is not an end, but a means. Christ and the eternal

life that is in Him is the end. How remarkable is that expression of the Apostle, after recounting the feats of faith in the holy men of old, where he tells us that "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to day and for ever," was not only the foundation of the saints' faith, but "the end of their conversation!" Yes, there is one end, whether of the simplest word of the weakest disciple, or of the Inspired Volume itself, which, says the Apostle John at the close of his Gospel narrative, is "written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name." For this, said our Lord himself, "is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." So the word spoken in due season may prove eternally good! for we cannot doubt there are those now before the throne singing the everlasting song, in the enjoyment of the full fruition of bliss, whose feet were by the word spoken in due season first turned into the path that leadeth unto life. Therefore, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good."

JAMES BOORNE.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 18, 1868.

SELF-SACRIFICE.—How imperfectly have any of us apprehended, far less attained, the spirit of self-sacrifice; and yet in its deepest, widest sense it is the true Christian spirit. We are capable at times of making sacrifices of our time, our money, our love of ease for the sake of our fellow creatures, or for that view of Truth we consider vital; but the depth of that self-abnegation manifested in that expression of the blessed Jesus, "Suffer it to be so now," how few have attained! Knowing, as he did, that the rite of water baptism had in itself no vitality, and was to pass away in the light of that dispensation he was sent to proclaim, he yet submitted to it, thus proving by this act of meekness, patience and love, his fitness for the title then conferred upon him of "The beloved Son."

To apply this spirit of self-sacrifice: let us suppose a project whose object is so good, and is so obviously needed, as to have enlisted the interest and efforts of a large number of individuals, but that in the attempt to carry it out, some defects or supposed defects have crept in.

It is undoubtedly the duty of those who see these defects honestly to point them out, but is it wise, or is it in the spirit of self sacrifice, to withdraw from the enterprise because of them? Are these defects so important as to have changed entirely the character of that which once seemed so desirable? May we not continue to labor with those who have the same good object at heart, though they may differ from us as to some of the means for promoting it? But it may be asked, shall we abandon a *principle* for the sake of unity of action? Let us first be sure that there is a principle involved, and that we are required thus to advocate it. There are tests for ascertaining this which the humble mind desirous of knowing itself can always apply.

How greatly is it to be desired that this spirit of self-sacrifice may more and more animate us, in our social intercourse, in our families and in our religious Society. It is as far removed from a time-serving subtle policy as disinterestedness is from selfishness. In its endeavors to promote the good of others, its ideal is high, but it is content to fall short or to make the least approach to it, trusting that others may carry it farther. If defeated for a time, it returns to the work, hoping for better success. It is patient of weaknesses and imperfections, proposes the best plans, but is willing to adopt inferior ones, so that the good work goes on.

Next to the One in whom this spirit was perfected, the apostle Paul beautifully exemplified it; and would that his writings were more often searched for instances of this, than for abstruse doctrines. With what patience, what tenderness, did he treat those who had just begun to have glimpses of the Truth, but were not yet fully emancipated from the errors and vices of heathenism?

We insert a communication, over the signature of R., containing strictures on the essays of T. H. S., which have recently appeared in our paper, although we have not discovered a disposition in T. H. S. to substitute anything in place of our mode of silent worship.

NOTE.—Repeated instances of failure to receive money, represented to have been sent me by mail, induces me to advise persons to send by check, draft, or post-office money order. E. COMLY.

DIED, from the effects of a fall, on the 27th of Twelfth month, 1867, at her residence near Smith-held, Ohio, MARY WATSON, in the 83d year of her age; a member of Short Creek Monthly Meeting.

—, at Glen Cove, L. I., on the 5th of First mo., 1868, HANNAH, widow of Isaac T. Hopper, aged nearly 79 years.

LECTURE FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA PEACE SOCIETY.

Subject—"The Law of Kindness Historically Considered." On Fourth-day evening, 22d inst., at 8 o'clock, P. M., at Ninth and Spring Garden Sts., by ROBERT DALE OWEN.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

First month 21st, 1868, at 7½ o'clock, Lecture by JOHN J. WHITE. Subject, "The French Revolution."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

I have carefully read the remarks of T. H. S., in the Intelligencer of last week, and those published some time back, and am deeply impressed with the feeling that he writes without a proper appreciation of the solemnity and beauty of the worship of the Father, as practiced by the Society of Friends.

Early in life I was led to mingle a good deal with church people, so called, and gained much information as to their modes of worship, and can truly say, the more I learned of them, the deeper grew my attachment for the simple solemn worship of our people.

If ever there was a mode that raised the heart above the littleness of humanity,—that brought in dread array before the mental eye the weaknesses and follies of our past lives,—surely it is found in the silent sittings of a Quaker meeting.

A due reverence for, and a proper understanding of, the teachings of those who are gone, will beget an humble, trusting feeling, and not the self-satisfied and self-righteous one, incompatible with the proper discharge of present duty.

T. H. S. speaks of an absence of independence of thought among Friends, and asks that in our religious, as in our business lives, we should think more for ourselves. To my mind, it is just because the true Quaker does think and work for himself in spiritual matters that he is strong in the battle of life.

We want no new forms nor any exercises introduced into our meetings. Individual faithfulness alone is needed; were that maintained among us, we would indeed be a bright and shining light in the world, and as terrible to evil doers as an army with banners. It fills me with sadness to find one among us that would change our mode of worship and manner of doing business in our meetings. No body can be more impressive than our Yearly Meetings, nor can any form or ceremony be devised that will add to their weight and authority.

R.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 14.

MUNICH, Nov. 2d, 1867.

Not far from St. Sebaldus' church is the college that Melancthon founded, and before the college the beautiful statue of Melancthon, draped in a pelisse, and in the attitude of blessing with one hand, while the other holds a book. In the square are some of the most stately houses of Nuremberg. We visited the Germanique Museum, an old convent full of antiques (Mediæval,) and containing a picture, by Kaulbach, of Otto the Great opening the tomb of Charlemagne, which is truly magnificent in design, expression, color and execution. The picture is the representation of a fact. We stayed four or five days in Nuremberg, and I would advise every European tourist to take it in his way. Its general architecture is interesting, and it is a clean, prosperous looking city, doing honor to its Protestant culture. On Sunday all the shops were shut, and the people were walking in the streets and singing in their houses. On Monday last we left Nuremberg for Ratisbon, again travelling *Franconian Switzerland* as far as Schwandorf. It was an interesting looking country, and I was sorry that we could not stop and explore its grottoes, where are found antediluvian fossils that are very curious, specimens of which are in collections in Nuremberg. We arrived at Ratisbon at 3 o'clock, in a great rain, and of course could do nothing on that day; but on the next day, which was very pleasant, we visited the Hotel de Ville, in which the Diet of the German Empire sat from 1648 to 1804. It is a large hall, containing a small table, at which refreshments were formerly served, and the old leather chair in which the Emperor sat while presiding over the Diet. At one end of the hall was a gallery for ladies. I seated myself in the Emperor's chair, and called on my imagination for the great assembly. A smaller hall, next to this, was called the Congress of Princes. This was ornamented with tapestries, those on one side being the fourteenth century's work, those on the other the sixteenth, some of which were very beautiful and expressive. Another room was filled with wooden models of old mansions, churches and bridges, of Ratisbon mainly, but also of other places. Among them was a model of the old clock at Strasburg,—so famous. The rest of the party descended into the dungeons and torture-rooms, but I declined. I had seen some instruments of torture in Nuremberg, and my imagination is too vivid for such things. The woman who was showing them said, "But they will be used no more forever," as if to encourage me; but I stood at the outside door until the others came up, viewing a fresco of a tournament on the building opposite. It had been injured by the weather and time,

but still looked very spirited. There was much more frescoing in Ratisbon than in Nuremberg, and R. looked old and ruinous, as I had expected to see Nuremberg. The streets are filled with beggars, and I did not see one beggar in Nuremberg. The market for fruits seemed good; but wood was sold in small quantities, and women were carrying it on their backs in baskets, suggesting small *ménages*. The only thing that looked prosperous in Ratisbon was the palace of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, which was formerly the convent of St. Emmeran. One part of it was built in the seventh century, but there is a vast amount of restoration about it and constructions of later date. This palace is on the outskirts of the city, and its gardens are where the ramparts were formerly. They are open at all hours every day to the public; and from eleven to twelve every day the public are admitted to the gallery of pictures and to the chapel, which is of beautiful modern construction, containing six painted windows, each of which consists of three golden or silver gothic spires, within which stands either a Hebrew prophet or an apostle. Each of these spires is different, and the colors of the garments of the figures are of surprising splendor. A marble Christ, as large as life, by Danneker, hangs over the altar. In the middle of the chapel is an opening in the floor, and one sees below, five or six tombs, surrounded by beautiful bronze work. As a great favor, we were allowed to go down; and we found there another altar, and seats for those attending funeral service. Everything looked new and perfect. We were not admitted to see more of the house, but went into the old church of St. Emmeran close by. This is the oldest looking and most remarkable church I have visited; the frescoing is very florid. In the church were two mummies of martyrs, which had been brought from Rome, most horrible, ghastly images, with jewels of great splendor in their sockets where eyes should be, and in the nostrils, on the mouth, in the head-dress, about the neck, round the wrists, on the feet and on the dresses, blinding diamonds, rubies and emeralds. It seemed to me the worst possible taste,—a skeleton covered with jewels. Lamps were burning and people were kneeling before these frightful objects. The whole church was ornamented in every niche and corner with statues of saints, angels, Mary mother, and Christ in every form,—a child, bearing the cross, crucified, and performing miracles. There were two very large chapels filled with funeral monuments; in one there seemed to be monuments to all the Emperors, including one to Maria Theresa. In the other chapel was a landscape in wood, with figures of Jesus Christ and the sleeping disciples on the Mount of Olives. This is not the Cathedral of

Ratisbon; that is dedicated to St. Peter, and has two most beautiful towers, though neither of them is quite finished. The beauty of the interior consists of its *painted windows*. I was present here at a silent mass; I do not know that it was a *mass*, but it was a service, and every one seemed very much wrapped in devotion; no word was uttered, and there was not even music. We took a carriage at two o'clock and drove to the village of Donaustauf, to see the Walkalla. We crossed the Danube and another river which flows into it, and rode some miles through a rather flat country, seeing afar off the Walkalla, or temple of Germanic Glory, a building on the model of the Parthenon, with fifty-two Doric pillars. It is built on a hill, and forms a striking object in the landscape. When we arrived at the village of Donaustauf, we lost sight of the temple, and alighted behind the hill, which we ascended by a winding path through the woods, which path brought us quite abruptly upon the building, which is of pure white marble, set upon a marble underpinning. We approached it in such a way that we first surveyed the back of it, the tympanum being ornamented with figures of Arminians conquering the Roman Varus. It is in high relief and superb, (by Schwanthaler.) We then walked round to the front, where there is a white marble staircase of two hundred and fifty steps leading from the meadows that border the Danube. It must be perfectly magnificent to view this beautiful temple from the Danube, standing, as it does, on the brow of a nearly perpendicular hill, up which this gigantic staircase leads. On the front tympanum is another sculpture in high relief, representing Germania recovering her liberty at the battle of Leipsic. Our party descended the first flight of steps in order to look up and see this beautiful sculpture of Schwanthaler's. We then went in and found ourselves in a vast hall of marble. The length of the longitudinal walls is broken by two clusters of pillars, whose capitals are balconies at the common height of a lofty room, where a cornice extends all round; on which stand, at intervals, twelve Walkyrias, (the warlike virgins of the Northern Mythology.) There are colossal statues, draped and colored, that hold up the ceiling, which is *blue*, in squares, in each of which is a white star. Between the Walkyrias, set in gold letters, in beautiful ashes of rose colored marble, are the names of all heroes and other eminent men of Germanic race, including the Anglo-Saxon rulers of England who were eminent. Beneath the cornice, and extending round the hall, is a frieze of white marble, in which is sculptured in figures the progress of the Germanic race, from the emigrant wagons and war-chariots of the first Germans in Europe, to the development of the

arts and sciences. Beneath this frieze are more than one hundred busts of all the artists, poets, philosophers, heroes, discoverers, &c., of the Germanic race, whose portraits could be obtained, all of pure white marble; and, as it seemed to me, of the best execution. There are already two rows of busts round this vast hall, and each bust is on a marble shelf, held up by a figure of some kind representing labor. The groups of busts are divided by six life-size Victories, by Bauch. The pavement is of white marble, with a mosaic pattern in colored marbles; it is so highly polished that it seemed as if we were walking on a mirror. We were all provided with soft slippers, put on over our shoes, so that instead of soiling we might help to polish this beautiful floor. At the back of the hall was a door which led by marble steps up a winding way to the level of the cornice; and here we found a narrow passage way leading from the front gallery to the balconies in the pillars, and from these, as well as from the gallery open in front, we had fine views of the hall. Both walls of this narrow gallery are of the same rose-colored marble that forms most of the walls, and so highly polished that the light which came in by the balconies made it appear as if we were walking through wide spaces; and we were surprised at touching them with our hands. It is a most magnificent structure certainly, and most magnificently filled with master-pieces of art, and is a monument of glory to the king who projected it and carried it out. It cost four millions of dollars, which sum was divided among the greatest architects, artists and most skilful workmen of Germany. *Wagner* made the white marble frieze of which I spoke. A fire is kept in the cellar all winter, and the registers are cunningly distributed, so as not to deform the building. The people who take care of it occupy a dwelling in the woods near by. It is open every day, and beautiful stereoscopic and photographic views of the interior and exterior are for sale there; also books of description; but the name of every bust is cut upon it, so that there is no occasion for a catalogue. It is lighted from the top. In the village of *Donaustrauf* we found a country-seat (a large palace and gardens) of the Prince of *Tour and Taxis*, who seems to be the one great nobleman of *Ratisbon*. On Wednesday we left for *Munich*, and arrived here at night. On Thursday we walked round the city into *Promenade Platz*, looking at the statues; also visited our banker, and read disagreeable American news. Our leading politicians, even of the Republican party, with a few exceptions, are not single-minded enough; they think too much of serving their own petty interests when they should think only of the great interests of the Federal Union and of human civilization. When taking the standpoint of European his-

tory, one looks upon the advantages that America has at her disposal for solving the problems of humanity; it is about as much as one can bear, to think of the narrow, selfish views, and even of the innocent ignorance of Americans. At how many crises of history have such great chances presented themselves in vain, and the patriot prophet cried out, in the name of truth and humanity, which are the voice of God, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life!" When shall we learn that we must fasten our ear of state to a star? "It is only by celestial observations that the seas of this world can be traversed." E. P. P.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 31st of December, at the hour of midnight, the year of 1867.

Another year has breathed farewell;
And still, o'er hill and valley, swell
Faint echoes of his funeral knell.

His spring-time passed among the flowers;
There came, to dim those happy hours,
No griefs, beyond soft April showers.

And when the song-birds' merry lays
Proclaimed the sun-bright summer days,
He trod in manhood's sterner ways.

He bravely reaped, with care and pain,
Through noontide's heat and sorrow's rain,
To garner up Life's ripened grain.

Then when the song birds southward soared,
His toil had ceased, his sheaves were stored;
Plenty sat smiling at his board.

But now when rest had come at last,
He often turned a glance to cast
Far back into the happy Past.

The friends that cheered youth's sunny day—
The flowers that bloomed along life's way—
Were gone. He asked, "Oh! where are they?"

A deep chill crept his spirit o'er,
As from the forest and the shore
Came a sad murmur of "No more."

And when the winter cast its snow
Upon his head,—he joyed to know
The end was near,—and he must go.

So when the midnight shadows wave
Round dreary Winter's icy cave,
Time laid the Old Year in his grave.

PURCHASE, 1868.

H. L. F.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

'Midst the wilderness of sand,
In Arabia's arid land,
And on Syria's plains—
Where no other verdure grows,
Springs this wondrous roving rose,
And a foothold gains.

From the cleft rock see it shoot—
In the trodden path take root—
Clinging to the walls
Where the broken columns say,
Glory all has passed away
From proud *Tadmor's* halls.

Growing where no dews distil—
Where no rains the fountains fill,—
God a way has planned,
That the hidden germ may shoot,
And the plant perfect its fruit
In this barren land.

From the earth its roots upturn,
By the tropic breezes borne
To the far-off main—
There the seeds due moisture find;
Soon the sea is left behind
For the desert plain.

There its leaves of vivid green,
Quickly springing forth are seen,
To redeem the waste
From the dreariness that reigns
In these trackless barren plains,
With no beauty graced.

Tiny desert flower, in thee
Tokens of God's love we see,
And his watchful care—
Who can thus dispel the gloom,
Make the lonely desert bloom
As a garden fair.

Where the tropic blossoms glow,
As amid the arctic snow—
Everywhere we trace
Foot-prints of the mighty God,
E'en where man hath seldom trod,—
Tokens of his grace.

A. R. P.

From the Evening Bulletin

THE NEW POLAR CONTINENT.

*Letters from Capts. Long and Roynor—The
Names Suggested—Supposed Extent of the
Land.*

[From the Honolulu Commercial Advertiser, Nov. 9.]

One of the most interesting items that we have learned from the whalers, who have cruised in the Arctic Ocean the past summer, is the discovery of extensive land in the middle of that ocean, which may yet prove to be a Polar Continent. The existence of this land has long been known, but owing to the impassable ice barred along its shores, of its extent and character nothing very definite has been known until this season. Baron Wrangell, the famous Russian explorer, first communicated to the world the knowledge of its existence, as he learned it from the Siberian Indians, and it is simply marked on most Arctic charts, "extensive highland." It should be stated that the past summer has been the mildest and most favorable for whaling ever known by our oldest whalers. One master says that he did not see a piece of ice as large as his hand till he reached the Straits, and even beyond that, up to 72 deg., the sea was generally free from floating ice. The weather, for the most part, has been exceedingly mild, with southerly winds prevailing, which has tended to melt the ice or drive it northward. As a result of the favorable state of the ocean and weather, the ships have gone farther north this summer than ever before, some having reached as high as latitude 73 deg. 30 min.

Captain Long, of the bark Nile, who seems to have examined the land most attentively, having cruised along the entire southern coast, has drawn a sketch of its appearance. It is quite elevated, and near the centre has an extinct crater cone, which he estimated to be 2,480 feet high. He named it Wrangell's Land, after the noted Russian explorer. The west point he named Cape Thomas, after the seaman on his ship who discovered it, and the southeast point Cape Hawaii. The names given by Capt. Long are so exceedingly appropriate that we doubt not Geographical Societies of Europe and America will adopt them, and call this land Wrangell's Land. Capt. Long has prepared for us an account of the interesting discovery, which we insert here:

HONOLULU, NOV. 5, 1867.—*H. M. Whitney, Esq.*—Sir:—During my cruise in the Arctic Ocean this season I saw land not laid down on any chart that I have seen. The land was first seen from the bark Nile on the evening of the 11th of August, and the next day, at 9.30 A. M., the ship was 18 miles distant from the west point of the land. I had good observations this day, and made the west point to be in latitude 70 degrees 46 minutes north, and longitude 178 degrees 30 minutes east. The lower part of the land was entirely free from snow and had a green appearance, as if covered with vegetation. There was broken ice between the ship and the land, but as there was no indications of whales, I did not feel justified in endeavoring to work through it and reach the shore, which I think could have been done without much danger. We sailed to the eastward along the land during the 15th and part of the 16th, and in some places approached it as near as fifteen miles.

On the 16th the weather was very clear and pleasant, and we had a good view of the middle and eastern portion of the land. Near the centre, or about in longitude 180 deg., there is a mountain which has the appearance of an extinct volcano. By approximate measurement I found it to be 2,480 feet high. I had excellent observations on the 16th, and made the southeastern cape, which I have named Cape Hawaii, to be in latitude 70 deg. 40 min. north, and longitude 178 deg. 51 min. west. It is impossible to tell how far this land extends northward, but as far as the eye could reach we could see ranges of mountains until they were lost in the distance; and I learn from Capt. Biven, of the ship Nautilus, that he saw land northwest of Herald Island as far north as latitude 72 deg.

The first knowledge of the existence of this land was given to the civilized world by Lieut. Ferdinand Wrangell, of the Russian Navy, who, I find, in 1840, was an Admiral in the same service. In his expeditions from Nashne

Korymsk, in the consecutive years from 1820 to 1824, he obtained information from the Tschuktschi that on clear days, in the summer season, they could see land north from Cape Jakan.

From the appearance of the land as we saw it, I feel convinced that it is inhabited, as there were large numbers of walrus in this vicinity, and the land appeared more green than the main coast of Asia, and quite as capable of supporting man as the coast from Point Harrow to Mackenzie river or the northern parts of Greenland, which are in a much higher latitude. There is a cape a little to the westward of Cape Jakan, which has a very singular appearance. On the summit and along the slopes of this promontory there is an immense number of upright and prostrate columns—some having the appearance of pyramids, others like obelisks; some of them with the summit larger than the base. The character of the surrounding country, which was rolling, with no abrupt declivities, made these objects appear more singular. They were not in one continuous mass, but scattered over a large surface, and in clusters of fifteen or twenty yards, with intervals of several hundred yards between them.

While at anchor near this place, Captain Phillips, of the *Monticello*, came on board and drew my attention to a large black place on the slope of one of the hills, and said he thought it was coal. We examined it with the telescope, and it had a very distinct appearance of coal. It glistened in the sun, and appeared like a large surface which had been used as a deposit for coal. It was about one and a half miles in length, and one-half mile in breadth, the country surrounding it being covered with vegetation. From 175 to 170 degrees east there was no indications of animal life in the water. We saw no seals, walrus, whales, or animalculæ in the water. It appeared almost as blue as it does in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, although there was but from fifteen to eighteen fathoms in any place within forty miles of the land. I think the position I have assigned to this land will be found correct, as Mr. Flitner examined my chronometer on my arrival, and found it only one and a half miles in error.

I have named this northern land Wrangell's Land, as an appropriate tribute to the memory of a man who spent three consecutive years north of latitude 69 deg., and demonstrated the problem of this open Polar Sea forty five years ago, although others of much later date have endeavored to claim the merit of this discovery. The west cape of this land I have named Cape Thomas, from the man who first reported the land from the masthead of my ship, and the southeastern cape I have named after the largest island in this group. As this report has been hurriedly prepared, I would wish to make more

extended observations on the subject, which may be of benefit to other cruisers in this direction, if you will allow me room in your paper on some future occasion. Yours, very truly,

THOMAS LONG.

The next interesting inquiry relates to its extent. As near as we can learn, after diligent inquiry, no one landed anywhere on it, though several vessels coasted within a few miles of it. The southern shore runs a distance of about 100 miles east and west. How far it extends north is at present a matter of conjecture.

Capt. Biven, while cruising near Herald Island, north latitude 71 deg. 20 min., west longitude 175 deg., and distant about 80 miles from the southeast point of Wrangell's Island, saw the mountain ranges extending to the northwest as far as the eye could reach. He thinks it not improbable that it extends north several hundred miles. If so, it would appear to be of great extent, perhaps sufficient to be termed a continent. By taking a chart of the Arctic Ocean, and marking the land from two points named above, it will be found to lie about seventy miles distant from the Siberian coast. The straits between the two shores are usually blocked with ice, but this season they have been quite clear. Capt. Long thinks that a propeller might readily have steamed far up north either on the west or east side of this land, and made full discoveries regarding its extent and character.

The following letter from Capt. Raynor contains some additional particulars relating to the northerly current past Herald Island, a circumstance noticed by several masters, and which tends to confirm the opinion that the newly discovered land extends some distance to the north. In the channel north of Herald Island the sea was clear of ice as far north as the eye could reach from the vessel that went farthest into it.

HONOLULU, Nov. 1, 1867.—*Mr. Whitney*—SIR: In compliance with your request, I send a short account of a large tract of land, lying in the midst of the Arctic Ocean, hitherto but little known. This land has heretofore been considered to be two islands, one of which is marked on the English charts as Plover Island, which is laid down to the W. S. W. of Herald Island. The other is simply marked "extensive lands with high peaks." On my last cruise I sailed along the south and east side of this island for a considerable distance three different times, and once cruised along the entire shore, and by what I considered reliable observations, made the extreme southwest cape to lie in north latitude 70 deg. 50 min., and east longitude 178 deg. 15 min. The southeast cape I found to lie north latitude 71 deg. 10 min., and west longitude 176 deg. 46 min. The south coast appears to be nearly straight,

with high, rugged cliffs and entirely barren. The northeast coast I have not examined to any extent, but it appears to run from the southeast cape in a northwesterly direction for about fifteen or twenty miles, and then turns to the north and northeast. I learned from Capt. Biven that he traced it much farther north, and has seen others who have traced it to north of latitude 72 degrees. I think there is no doubt that it extends much farther to the north, and that there is another island to the east of it, say in longitude 170 degrees west, and to the northwest of Point Barrow, with a passage between it and the land I have just described. My reason for thinking so is this: we always find ice to the south of the known land farther to the south than we do to the eastward of it. The current runs to the northwest, from one to three knots an hour.

In the longitude of 170 degrees west we always find the ice barrier from fifty to eighty miles farther south than we do between that and Herald Island, and there is always a strong current setting to the northwest between these localities, unless prevented by strong northerly gales (for in such shoal water as the Arctic Ocean, the currents are changed easily by the winds), which would indicate that there is a passage in that direction where the waters pass between two bodies of land that hold the ice, the one known, the other unknown.

I would add that the southwest cape of the island described above lies seventy-five miles distant from the Asiatic or Siberian coast.

Yours, very truly,

GEO. W. RAYNOR,
Master of ship Reindeer.

POCKET-MONEY FOR FARMERS' BOYS.

The *Germantown Telegraph* says:

"How to raise pocket-money is a hard question for a great many farmers' sons to solve. True, some may have but little trouble to get it, providing their parents are wealthy; but to this class I shall not speak. To such boys as like to earn what they spend, and have a desire to become farmers, I will present a plan by which both these ends may be attained to a more or less degree.

"In the first place it will be necessary to have a small piece of ground, on the farm, of course; to those who cannot get that, my plan will not be feasible. After having got your land you are ready to commence operations. All your spare moments may be employed upon it. I suppose most boys would know what to plant; but still a few hints from one who has tried it may not be out of place. If you are near a ready market, I would suggest early vegetables, such as peas, string beans, beets, early potatoes, etc.; and to those that were a

distance from any such market, pop-corn might be raised to advantage, or white bush-beans, as they always command a good price if a good article; still a great deal would depend on the nature of the land, and what was most in demand in either case. After planting, do not think that your work is done till harvesting; but keep the ground mellow; hoe your crops as often as you can; do not let a weed be seen, for all that goes to nourish the weed will be taken from your pocket. It will take you but a few moments a day to hoe it over, if you do not have too much ground, which would be worse than having none, for you will find that a little ground well tilled is a great deal better than a good deal left to take care of itself, or only half taken care of.

"Another thing you will find to be of great use to you as well as a pleasant pastime, and that is, to have a blank book, in a part of which you should set down the time of planting, the kind of manures used, and which gave the best satisfaction; how your crops stood the drought or wet weather, as the case might be; and in fact anything which you might think would benefit you to know in a succeeding year. In another part of my book I would keep an account with my land, charging it with the manure, seed and labor, and giving it credit for its produce. In this way you can see at a glance what crops pay the best, and what manure will produce the largest crops. In keeping your books for a few years you will derive much pleasure in looking back at your first beginning to farm for yourself.

"If for the first year or two your pocket-money does not equal your expectation, you must not be discouraged, but remember that what does not go into your pocket goes into your head in the shape of experience, which will be of great use to you in future years. Let those who can, try this; it will cost them nothing if they are living on farms, for all the work may be done at noons, nights, and early in the morning. It will not only be a source of pleasure to them, but also of profit."

These statements should have appeared last week, in connection with the *Monthly Review of the Weather*, but were unavoidably crowded out.—Eds.

The following item, recently published, must be particularly gratifying to every citizen of Philadelphia.

"The official report of interments in Philadelphia, for the year 1867, makes the whole number 13,933. This is 2,870 less than the whole number for 1866, and it shows an extraordinary degree of good health. The population of Philadelphia is not less than 700,000. The death-rate during the year has, therefore, been just about one in every fifty inhabitants. It is not probable that such a moderate rate of mortality in a year can be found in any large city in the

world. Philadelphia retains its character as the healthiest of all American cities.

"The nativities of the deceased for 1867 were—
 United States, - - - - 10,489
 Foreign, - - - - 2,715
 Unknown, - - - - 729"

Earthquakes in various localities at a distance were chronicled in our last month's report, since which time we have had reports of the same kind of visitations nearer home. "A Troy paper, of the 19th, states that during the day previous "a strong and terrifying convulsion of the earth had taken place in a region of country beginning at Montreal, in Canada East, and Bolleville, Canada West, and reaching as far south as Troy and Albany, including large portions of Vermont and northern New York." The writer then names various places where it had occurred, and gives a minute description of the shock experienced at Troy. In some localities houses were shaken and somewhat damaged.

It will be seen by the preceding exhibit that the quantity of rain which fell during the year 1867 exceeded that of 1866 by nearly *fifteen inches*, while the *temperature* has not only been below that of the corresponding month of the year previous, but a little below the *average* of the past *seventy-eight* years for the Twelfth month.

The snow storm of the 12th of the month was a very severe one, making unusually good sleighing for so early in the season, while that of the last day of the year extended a considerable distance south of us. At *Richmond* it was six inches deep, while at *Danville* and other more southern portions of that State it reached a depth of *twelve inches*!

The following table, though not directly pertaining to the health of our city, is nevertheless possessed of considerable interest, inasmuch as the greater the number of convenient dwellings provided for our citizens and their families, the more are their comforts enhanced, and *indirectly* cleanliness and health promoted.

Permits for new buildings issued during 1864, 1863
 " " " " 1865, 2024
 " " " " 1866, 2753
 increased during 1867 to " " 3777
 being considerably more than double the number erected in 1864, while it will be observed the increase has been continuous. There were also issued in 1867, 1306 permits for additions and alterations.

J. M. ELLIS.

Philadelphia, First month, 1868.

ITEMS.

THE REPORT of the Indian Peace Commissioners, which is a document of great length and gives much valuable information on the Indian question, is to the effect that, 1st. The Indians have suffered great wrongs at the hands of the Government, and its white citizens. 2d. That the Indians, east of the Rocky Mountains, should be gathered into reservations aside from the main routes of travel, placed under efficient protection and control, taught the industries of peace, brought under the influence of Christianity and civilization, aided and instructed in the transition from nomadic to productive pursuits, and otherwise assisted and directed.

THE Iron Mountain Railroad, in Missouri, is being rapidly graded, and its construction is pushed forward vigorously. Already the road is transferring ore from the Iron Mountain to St. Louis, whence it goes to the furnaces in the States farther east.

NEW METEOROLOGICAL INSTRUMENT.—Prof. De la Rive, of Geneva, Switzerland, has invented an instrument for determining the transparency of the at-

mosphere. It consists of a double telescope with a single eye piece, by which two objects at known distances may be compared. Thus the effect of the stratum of air between them may be noted. The inventor thinks that a measure of transparency may be of great importance in a sanitary point of view. He agrees with Pasteur, who supposes that the light dry fog which sometimes intercepts the light is caused by myriads of organic germs floating near the earth, which become transparent when saturated with moisture, and are swept to the earth by heavy rains. Valliant, however, believes that the haze sometimes seen in fine weather is the effect of variations in the density of the atmosphere, for reflected light, passing through such a medium, would not give a distinct impression of distant objects.

INTERCOURSE WITH JAPAN.—The Japanese ports of Hiogo and Osaka will be thrown open to foreigners on the 26th inst. The Japanese Government agree to provide sections of these towns for the residence of foreigners, and to furnish them with streets, sewers, sea embankments, &c. The Japanese residents in these sections will not, however, be compelled to vacate their houses. The Japanese Government will reimburse itself for its outlay by the proceeds of the leases, which will be offered at public auction. It will also provide warehouses and cemeteries. Another foreign settlement is permitted on the west coast, and a section of Jeddo will be allotted to foreigners.

SHODDY.—In 1813, the first attempt was made in England to utilize such waste material as soft woollen rags, worn out carpets, flannels, guernsey's, stockings, &c. Afterwards the shoddy machines were so modified as to utilize what is called "mungo," which consists of threadbare broadcloths of fine quality, and is brought from all countries where such clothes are worn. At present shoddy forms about one-fifth of the weight of the woollen and worsted manufactures of West Ridings. Shoddy and mungo mixed with wool are made into cheap broadcloths and clippings of other woollen cloths and material for ladies' caps and mantles, for petershams, pilots, pea-jackets and blankets. They enter into the composition of felted cloth used for overcoats, carpets, table-covers, etc. It is said the trade could not be carried on without shoddy and mungo; and the amount consumed yearly ranges from 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 pounds.

THE ANGLE OF SIXTY DEGREES.—Every mechanic has at times observed that there was a certain angle, which, when given to the cutting lines of tools, was more effective, and resisted the action of the material in which the tools operated better than others; but with the exception of an effort to remember these lines by the eye, he has no gauge or guide to assist him in the production of the same angle again.

It is generally acknowledged that the cutting angle of a lathe-turning tool operates best, is the most effective, and has the greatest strength, when formed with an angle of about sixty degrees; and this same angle, which in tools of this kind may be called the "angle of strength," can be formed to advantage in all tools which are used to operate in iron or steel.

The angle of sixty degrees is easily formed, and as easily remembered. To obtain the proper proportions, inscribe a circle, and in this circle draw an equilateral triangle, the points of which intersect the diameter of the circle, and this angle has sixty degrees, and has been found by experience to be the strongest and most durable form that can be given to an iron-cutting tool. If the reverse of this angle, or an indented V of the same form, be made in a piece of metal, it will form a gauge or guide by which to form the cutting edges of nearly all the tools of the iron-worker.—*American Artisan*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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THE PENNS AND PENINGTONS.

(Continued from page 723.)

Her husband, Herbert Springett, barrister-at-law, who died in 1621, was at his death, as is stated on the mural monument to his memory in Ringmer church,

In the sixtie and sixe year of his age,
A friend to virtue, a lover of learning,
Of prudence great, of justice a furtherer.
Redress he did the wrongs of many a wight,
Fatherless and widdows by him possess their right.
To search into each cause, and thus end all strife,
With patience great he spent his mortal life.

Mary Penington describes her own religious feelings as being at this time in a very unsatisfied state. She says she changed her ways often, going from one notion to another. In fact, she went the whole round of the popular sects of that day; heard their preachers on all occasions; made the acquaintance of high religious professors; attended their lectures, their fasts, their thanksgivings, their prayer meetings; watched their private walk in life, and noticed the position they took in the world. Instead of meeting with the spiritual instruction and seeing the realization of the Christian life of which she had been in quest, she turned away heartsick, under the impression of a pervading empty show that had assumed the name of religion. At length she made up her mind to abandon all outward forms of religious worship, and to hold herself unconnected with any section of Christians, relying on the ulti-

mate fulfilment of the promise of the Lord, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

Having found no abiding comfort amid religious professors, she at length determined to try the gay world. She says, "I then had my conversation much among people of no religion, being ashamed to be counted religious, or to do anything that was called religious; and I began to loathe whatever profession of that sort any one made, holding the professors of any sort worse than the profane, they boasted so much of what I knew they had not attained; I having been zealous in whatever they pretended to, yet could not find purging of heart, nor an answer from the Lord of acceptance. In this restless state I let in every sort of notion that rose in that day, and for a time applied myself to examine them, and get out of them whatever good could be found; but still sorrow and trouble was the end of all. I was at length ready to conclude that though the Lord and His Truth were certain, yet that they are not now made known to any upon earth; and I determined no more to inquire or look after God, for that it was in vain to seek him. So for some time I took no notice of any religion, but minded recreation, as it is called; and went after it into many excesses and vanities—as, foolish mirth, carding, dancing, and singing. I frequented music assemblies, and made vain visits where there were jovial feastings. I delighted in curiosities, and in what would please the

vain mind, and satisfy the lust of the eye and the pride of life; frequenting places of pleasure, where vainly dressed persons resorted to show themselves and to see others in the like excess of folly; and riding about from place to place in an airy mind. But in the midst of all this my heart was often sad and pained beyond expression."

After a round of such fashionable recreations as above specified, she tells us that, taking with her none but little Guli and her maid, she would often in disgust forsake for a time city life, and seek entire seclusion in the country, where she would give way to her feelings of distress. She says, "I was not hurried into those follies by being captivated by them, but from not having found in religion what I had sought and longed after. I would often say within myself, what are they all to me? I could easily leave all this; for it hath not my heart, it is not my delight, it hath not power over me. I had rather serve the Lord, if I could indeed feel and know that which would be acceptable to Him. One night in my country retirement I went to bed very sad and disconsolate; and that night I dreamed I saw a book of hieroglyphics of religion respecting things to come in the Church, or religious state. I dreamed that I took no delight at all in them; and felt no closing of my mind with them, but turned away greatly oppressed. It being evening, I went out from the company into the open air, and lifting up mine eyes to the heavens, I cried out, 'Lord, suffer me no more to fall in with any false way, but show me the truth.' Immediately I thought the sky opened, and a bright light like fire fell upon my hand, which so frightened me that I awoke, and cried out. When my daughter's maid (who was in the chamber) came to the bedside to see what was the matter with me, I trembled a great time after I was awakened."

Her mind having fully realized the superficial and unsatisfying character of the fashionable amusements of the gay world, her thoughts again and again turned to the religious feelings of former days. She still clung to the belief that though she had run into vanity, she was yet under her Heavenly Father's care, and that he who had made the blessed promise to that state, knew of the hungering and thirsting after righteousness which often had such possession of her mind. But above all things she abhorred hypocrisy and religious presumption in any one, and therefore she often distrusted herself, and these feelings. She could not for a long time entertain the idea that it was the Holy Spirit which was giving her these gleams of light and trust, and tendering her heart in prayerful feeling towards God. Thus she details circumstances that unfold her state of mind:—

"One day, when going through the city

from a country-house, I could not make my way through the crowd that filled the street (it being the day whereon the Lord Mayor was sworn) but was forced to go into a house till it was over. Being burdened by the vanity of their show, I said to a professor that stood by me, 'What benefit have we now by all the blood that has been shed, and by Charles being kept out of the nation, seeing all these follies are again allowed?' He answered, none that he knew of, save the enjoyment of their religion. To which I replied, 'That is a benefit to you who have a religion to be protected in the exercise of, but it is none to me.' " Looking back on that period, when she would not allow to herself that she had any religion at all, she says it was wonderful to her to remember how she, notwithstanding, confided in the goodness and care of God. "That help I frequently had from him whilst in the most confused and disquieted state I ever knew. Trust in the Lord was richly given me in that day when I durst not own myself to have any religion I could call true; for if I were but taking a servant, or doing any outward thing that much concerned my condition in the world, I never feared, but retired, waiting to see what the day would bring forth, and as things were offered to me closed with them if I felt my heart answered thereto." At this very time she says, "In anguish of spirit I could but cry to the Lord, 'If I may not come to thee as a child, because I have not the spirit of sonship, yet thou art my Creator; and as thy creature I cannot breathe or move without thee. Help is only to be had from thee. If thou art inaccessible in thy own glory, and I can only get help where it is to be had, and thou only hast power to help me, what am I to do? "

"Oh! the distress I felt in this time, having never dared to kneel down, as formally going to prayers, for years, because I feared I could not call God, Father, in truth; and I durst not mock Him as with a form. Sometimes I would be melted into tears, and feel an inexpressible tenderness; but not knowing what it was from, and being ready to misjudge all religion, I thought it was some influence from the planets which governed this body. But I durst not regard anything in me being of or from God; or that I felt any influence of His spirit on my heart. I was like the parched heath for want of rain, and like the hunted hart longing for water, so great was my search after that which I did not know was near.

"In the condition I have mentioned, of weary seeking and not finding, I married my dear husband Isaac Penington. My love was drawn to him because I found he saw the deceit of all mere notions about religion; he lay as one that refused to be comforted until He came to His temple 'who is truth and no lie.' Al

things that had only the *appearance* of religion were very manifest to him, so that he was sick and weary of show, and in this my heart united with him, and a desire was in me to be serviceable to him in this desolate condition; for he was as one alone, and felt miserable in the world. I gave up much to be a companion to him. And, oh! the secret groans and cries that were raised in me, that I might be visited of the Lord, and brought to a clear knowledge of His truth and way; that my feet might be turned into that way before I went hence, even if I never should take one step in it that would bring joy or peace; yet that I might assuredly know myself to be in it, even if my time were spent in sorrow.

"I resolved never to go back into those formal things I had left, having found death and darkness in them, but would rather be without a religion until the Lord manifestly taught me one. Many times, when alone, did I reason thus:—'Why should I not know the way of Divine life? For if the Lord would give me all in this world, it would not satisfy me.' 'Nay,' I would cry out, 'I care not for a portion in this life: give it to those that care for it: I am miserable with it. It is acceptance with God, of which I once had a sense, that I desire, and that alone can satisfy me.'"

(To be continued.)

See to it that we keep up a constant acquaintance and communion with God, converse with Him daily, and keep up stated times for calling upon Him, that so, *when trouble comes*, it may find the wheels of prayer a going.—*M. Henry.*

AMONG THE INDIANS.*

A Review.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

To readers who take pleasure in studying the traits of Indian character, and in investigating the causes of Indian wars, the work of Henry A. Boller will prove interesting. The author, during his long sojourn among the wild tribes of the Far West, had a good opportunity to study their character, and it appears from many incidents related in his narrative, that he had a happy faculty of gaining their confidence. He says, in his preface, "I have endeavored to narrate truthfully, and without exaggeration, only such incidents as fell under my personal observation, and also to portray faithfully Indian life in its home aspect. At the present time, when the Indian is being held up before the world as an incarnate fiend, it is but fair that his redeeming qualities should likewise be

recorded. I shall ever look back upon the years spent in the Indian country as among the pleasantest of my life, and if in all my dealings with white men I had found the same sense of honor that characterized my "savage" friends, my appreciation of human nature would be much higher."

In the 5th month, 1858, he took passage at St. Louis, in the Fur Company's steamboat *Twilight*, laden with supplies for the various trading posts on the upper Missouri and its tributaries. After passing beyond the confines of civilization and entering the borders of the Sioux country, more than 1200 miles above St. Louis, they met with a band of Yanktons who had recently sold a portion of their beautiful country, Dacotah, to the United States, reserving a tract on which the Government bound itself to establish a farm and school for their benefit. His first view of the natives is thus described: "The white skin lodges, scattered over the broad green prairie, the horses feeding in all directions, and the gay dresses of the Indians on the river's bank, formed a wild and picturesque scene. As we neared the camp, firing salutes meanwhile from the cannon on board, men, women and children flocked down to the water's edge to witness the landing of the "Fire Canoe."

The squaws, however, generally remained in the background, although the young and pretty ones, with their cheeks tinged with vermillion, were, like their sisters of a lighter hue, by no means averse to displaying their charms, or displeased with the attention they excited. The old ones, on the contrary, their scant leathern dresses blackened and greasy with age and dirt, remained completely in the rear, scolding almost incessantly at the dogs and children. None of the squaws of this band would have stood for types of that female beauty which has its existence only in the imagination of the novelist; some of the old ones, worn out by age and hard work, were surely fit living representations of Egyptian mummies."

They were gathered on the river bank waiting for the arrival of their annuities, which were on board the steamer, in charge of Col. Redfield. The chiefs and principal men being permitted to come on board, a council was held in the cabin, where the agent, through his interpreter, made them the usual address, urging them "to love their enemies, and obey the wishes of their Great Father, the President." "This advice, though well meant," says the author, "would doubtless be more honored in the breach than in the observance."

To accept the great Christian doctrine which requires us to love our enemies, must be a hard lesson for an Indian, whose education has been directly the reverse; and unhappily he has little encouragement to practice it, from the ex-

* Among the Indians; Eight Years in the Far West, 1858-1866, embracing sketches of Montana and Salt Lake. By HENRY A. BOLLER. Published by T. Ellwood Zell, Philada., 1868.

ample of many who profess to believe in the precepts of Jesus.

After the annuities and presents were delivered, the council concluded with a feast, consisting of black medicine (coffee) and hard bread. The decks were then cleared, and the expedition proceeded on its way.

The narrative continues: "Early in the morning of the 19th of June, we arrived at the village of the Riccarees. Unlike the Sioux, who are always roaming, the Rees have a permanent settlement, which they occupy during the spring and summer, moving away in the fall to some well-timbered point where there are good indications of game and abundance of grass for their horses. Here, securely sheltered from the fierce wintry winds, they devote themselves to the chase, dressing furs, and drying meat to serve them when hunting becomes dangerous and difficult from the breaking up of the rivers and the forays of their enemies. They cultivate large fields of corn, and also pumpkins and squashes, which agreeably vary their diet of buffalo meat. These summer lodges are large and covered with dirt, forming a great contrast to the white conical ones of the Sioux."

The Riccarees are described as savage looking Indians with villainous countenances, which in many cases were disfigured by the loss of an eye, either from accident or disease. Sore and inflamed eyes are very common among them, owing to their filthy habits and smoky lodges. Out on the prairie, beyond the village, were circles of human skulls, with two medicine poles in the centre of each, bearing propitiatory offerings to the Great Spirit. The dead, dressed in their best garments, are laid on scaffolds in the open air, and after they decay and fall to pieces, the skulls are arranged in circles, the bones collected and buried, and the mounds surmounted with a buffalo skull.

A council was held with these people, who, through their principal speaker, refused, for a long time, to receive their annuities,—the cause of their refusal is not stated; but at length their necessities, and the tempting display of presents, induced them to accept the goods, which were put on shore, and the expedition resumed its route.

They soon reached the village of the "Minnetarees, or, as they are commonly called, but without the slightest reason, Gros Ventres." The lodges were precisely like those of the Riccarees, and the village was built upon a commanding bluff, surrounded by a fine expanse of prairie, while the windings of the Missouri could be traced for many miles. Near this village was the trading post, Fort Atkinson, where the narrator, H. A. Boller, made his home for some years. He continued with the expedition, however, until the steamer reached

the highest point of its destination up the river, and then, on its return, left it at Fort Atkinson.

Among those who joined their company was an Indian with his squaw, evidently on their bridal trip. Their attentions to each other are thus described: "Our Indian, who rejoiced in the title of the Son of the Pipe, was unremitting in his attentions to his little squaw, and never was lover more devoted to his fair mistress than was this dusky warrior to his prairie bird. Their favorite haunt was in the shade of the pilot's house; here they enjoyed themselves to their heart's content, and derived inexhaustible amusement from painting their swarthy countenances with vermilion, in all the variations their vivid imaginations could devise. After one coat of paint had been laid on, they would mutually admire each other; then, upon due deliberation, would rub it off and try another."

Continuing their course up the Missouri, they passed the mouth of the Yellow Stone, "its largest tributary," and whose waters flow through the finest hunting-grounds of the west. One of the branches of the Yellow Stone is the Powder River, on the head waters of which is situated Fort Phil. Kearney, celebrated as the scene of one of the late Indian massacres. The encroachment of the whites on the Indian hunting-grounds in the Powder River country was one of the grievances which led to the recent hostilities.

Six miles above the mouth of the Yellow Stone, the steamer reached Fort Union, one of the principal trading posts of the American Fur Company. From this point were annually dispatched the trading outfits for the Crow Indians on the Yellow Stone, and the Blackfeet on the head waters of the Missouri.

The goods intended for Fort Campbell, the Blackfeet post, were transported in Mackinaw boats a distance by water of not less than 700 miles. "These boats had to be cordelled or drawn by men the entire distance, and the toils and difficulties of the undertaking can only be appreciated by those who have experienced them. The men chiefly employed by the fur companies were French Canadians, tough, hardy fellows, who assimilate readily to the mode of life they are compelled to adopt in the Indian country."

"There are yet voyagers living who have been on the cordelle from Independence, Missouri, to Fort Benton, a distance of nearly 8,000 miles. The most incessant and persevering toil was necessary to stem the turbulent current, and the hardy voyagers never hesitated for a moment to plunge into the water, reckless of heat or cold, when the shifting channel made it necessary to cross from point to point."

The introduction of steamboats on the west-

ern rivers greatly facilitated the expeditions of the fur traders, reducing the distance travelled by the Mackinaw boats, and in most cases superseding the use of the cordelle or towing line. The highest point on the Missouri river reached by the steamer Twilight in the summer of 1858 was distant from St. Louis 2,300 miles.

(To be continued.)

CONSTANCY.

Let our love be firm, constant, and inseparable; not coming and returning, like the tide, but descending like a never failing river, ever running into the ocean of divine excellency, passing on in the channels of duty and a constant obedience, and never ceasing to be what it is till it comes to be what it desires to be; still being a river till it be turned into sea and vastness, even the immensity of a blessed eternity.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE FREEDMEN OF MISSOURI.

LOVEJOY, Mo., 1st month 1st, 1868.

TO EMMOR COMLY—

Esteemed Friend,—I have for some time past been wanting to write thee a few lines, acknowledging thy kindness and generosity in still continuing to regularly send me those very acceptable weekly messengers from Philadelphia, "*Friends' Intelligencer*;" but I have been so thoroughly engaged, that I have been obliged to defer writing until this New-Year's day. When I inform thee that I am not only far away from all of my dear relatives and friends, and that I am the only white person on a plantation of 1100 acres, but that my nearest white neighbors have heretofore been bitterly opposed to the work in which I am engaged, (educating the freedmen,) thou wilt not be surprised when I tell thee that the weekly visits of these friendly papers afford great comfort and satisfaction, as well as deep instruction, to me, during my leisure moments; and I assure thee I never appreciated the paper so highly before.

I have no doubt the *Intelligencer* has been and is the means of doing a large amount of good to many persons who, like myself, are located in isolated positions, deprived of the opportunity of attending religious meetings, or of mingling personally with Friends; and although I enjoy a variety of reading matter, yet I hope the desire to please the various tastes of its readers, will not induce thee to allow the space usually devoted to what may be termed solid reading matter, to ever give way to that of a lighter character; for the continued advocacy of those great, noble, fundamental principles and truths which have ever characterized our religious Society, will doubtless cause the *Intelligencer* to prove a real welcome and useful visitor, both in and out of the family circle.

It is an old and true saying, that "one half of the world do not know how the other half live." Although the mass of the Pennsylvania Friends have contributed so generously during the few past years toward educating and relieving the wants of a large number of the freedmen of the South, yet I cannot help thinking they would extend some assistance to the poor colored people of this section of country, if they only understood their real condition. The freedmen of southern Missouri are differently situated in some respects from those of any other portion of our country. In the States further south, they know they are surrounded by a white population, nearly all of whom are their openly avowed enemies; which fact renders them cautious and self-reliant in all their movements, particularly in their intercourse with the white race; whereas, in this State, (which did not join with the others in going out of the Union,) there is a large number of white persons, who, by *professing* to be friendly to the colored man, often give him advice which he is ignorantly induced to follow, and which proves most disastrous to him. In fact, an extensive and systematic plot has recently been discovered in this State, by myself and others, which was gotten up by the enemies of the colored people, and by which it was designed to control the election next fall, in which the important question is to be decided, as to whether the colored man shall be allowed to vote in this State. Their plan is, (as I have heard it from their own lips,) to deceive the colored people, and use various cunning devices, (such as treating some to whiskey, offering others high wages, being extra friendly with all of them, etc.) in order to induce them to remain with their former owners, in a condition of ignorance, poverty and degradation, until after the coming election; and thus be able to circulate a plausible report just before election time, that a certain proportion of the "niggers," (as they call them,) are remaining in ignorance, living with their old masters just as they used to, without providing any homes of their own; and that they are therefore not justly entitled to a vote in the State. However kindly the colored people in these parts may be treated for political purposes, between now and the State election, yet the shameful manner in which they have heretofore been abused by these same persons, since the emancipation proclamation was issued, goes to show what the freedmen may expect if the vote is cast against them next fall, and the State government falls into the hands of their enemies.

I cannot see how the rights of the freedmen in this State can be properly secured to them, but by promptly educating the masses of them; inducing families of them to settle in colonies, purchase little homes of their own, and carry

on various industrial pursuits suited to their several tastes and means ; thus convincing the whole white population that they are not only worthy of their freedom, but that they are justly entitled to a right to vote.

I came out here fourteen months ago, and purchased 1100 acres of land, which had been selected by an investigating committee as being admirably adapted for settling such a colony. I am now the only white person on the place ; I am boarding with a very nice, tidy, respectable family of kind-hearted colored people ; and I am teaching a free school for the freedmen, on my own account, without receiving any compensation from any source, excepting that which proceeds from an approving conscience. In addition to those who have already located here, there are a great many poor, but industrious and worthy families, who would like to move here and send their children to school, if they could get sufficient employment for themselves to procure the necessaries of life.

I have recently been thinking that there might be among the numerous patrons and readers of the "Intelligencer," some persons who, from the double motive of doing good to a poor, suffering, oppressed people, and making money for themselves, could be induced to either come out themselves, or employ an agent to come out here, and establish a good store and shipping warehouse at the steamboat landing here at Lovejoy, and to erect a woollen factory, a flour mill, a saw mill, a brick kiln, etc., all, or any of which would afford employment to some poor, worthy freedmen. After careful investigation, I feel satisfied that either of the above would constitute a very safe investment of capital, and at the same time do much good. If some of the benevolent hearted capitalists of the North could have been here recently, and heard some of the earnest appeals for employment, from deserving colored men and women, who are anxious to leave their old masters, and settle here, so as to send their children to school, I am almost sure they would willingly devise suitable means to employ this class of people. Friends in different parts of Ohio have kindly sent me two boxes of clothing, to distribute especially among destitute colored widows and orphans ; and truly they have proven as a "God-send" to many of these suffering creatures ; but I am glad to be able to say, to the credit of these people, that many of them possess such a noble spirit, that they greatly prefer laboring honorably for a livelihood, to begging, or receiving voluntary contributions.

Many of these people, who have been kept in bondage nearly all their lives, are now setting a good example, in various ways, to the white race by which they are surrounded.

As one among the many commendable instances wherein the colored people are proving

themselves worthy of their freedom, I must briefly refer to one noble spirited widow, who quietly remained with her former master, (although he had inhumanly abused those of her children who were not specially useful to him,) until she had saved enough wages to purchase a lot at Lovejoy ; she then packed up and came here with her six children, regardless of the protestations, earnest entreaties, and even *threats*, as to what the white tyrant would do, if she dared to leave him, and go to that "—nigger-school settlement at Lovejoy." She bought a \$25 lot ; rented a little house of me until she and her two older daughters could erect one of their own, (which they are about doing themselves,) and started her children off to school. The two older daughters take turns in hiring out by the month, and attending school the alternate months ; while she works all day, and studies in the evening ; and has me stop in and hear her recite her lessons whenever I have leisure to do so. She and her two older girls have contracted to cut the timber, and clear off a piece of land for me this winter ; which they are now faithfully working at between school hours. They are quite modest, and physically rather delicate females, and I do wish I could give them some employment more appropriate to their sex ; but I cannot at present.

The following touching incident will serve as an illustration of the disinterested benevolence possessed by some of these colored people. Just a week ago to-day, a most wretched looking colored man crawled up the river bank, staggered up to the door of our cabin in a deplorable condition, and feebly asked permission to enter and get something to eat ; candidly stating at the same time that he had nothing with which to pay for his boarding. The kind-hearted colored man and wife with whom I am boarding, appeared to take no notice of the latter announcement ; but seeing that the poor unfortunate stranger needed immediate attention, they displayed a true Christian spirit, by taking him in, warming and feeding, and then thoroughly washing and clothing him. From that day to this, they have given him the most devoted attention, both by night and by day, without receiving—or apparently even wishing for—any pecuniary consideration whatever ; but early this morning the spirit took its flight, and this evening they decently consigned the frail body to its mother earth. The closing scenes in the life of this dark-skinned man, and the history he gave of himself for the last few weeks of his earthly career, were truly affecting, and caused many tears of sympathy to flow down my cheeks, as well as others. He had been engaged as a boatman on the Mississippi river ; but was taken sick, and, while recruiting in St. Louis, had nearly every thing stolen from him. He recently re entered the steamboat as a laborer ;

but being weak, he had to work cautiously, which offended the mate, who passionately knocked him down with a "sling-shot," and threw him overboard, (as being dead,) the night before he arrived at my place. A white passenger who happened to witness the performance, had the mate and watchman both arrested, tried and imprisoned, (I am informed,) when the boat arrived in St. Louis. They all thought the man was dead; but he came to, waded out of the water a few miles below here, and, with some assistance, succeeded in getting up here, to give a final account of himself. His bodily sufferings were most intense, and he was greatly troubled about not being able to see any of his dear relatives, (who live in Louisiana;) but as the time approached for his final dissolution, he not only correctly predicted the time, but after repeated, earnest supplications to the Throne of Grace, all of his earthly pains, sorrows and trials appeared suddenly to be displaced by the consciousness of a present Saviour; and thus during the last few hours he seemed calm, and peacefully resigned to the fate which he saw clearly pictured before him. During all the week he was here, I did not hear him express the least enmity toward his cruel taskmasters, who had thus shamefully caused his death, or indeed any one else; but I believe he gave ample evidence that he had forgiven everybody, and that God had forgiven him.

I could not help thinking to day, as I solemnly gazed upon that dark body, as it was being wrapped in the habiliments of death, that the refined spirit which it had enclosed, had been happily wafted off to that glorious world where no distinctions are made on account of color, race, or nation.

In accordance with my own feelings, and the suggestions of Col. F. A. Seely, (the State agent of the Freedmen's Bureau, located in St. Louis,) I have recently had several large meetings of the colored people, out through the country in different directions from here, for the purpose of giving them some advice and instruction in regard to several matters of special importance to them at this time. One of these meetings occurred last First day in an out-of-the-way place, over twenty miles west of here; the road (or path) to which was very rough, crooked and indistinct. I could not find any one who knew the way, except the two oldest daughters of the colored widow I have alluded to above. These two courageous girls kindly volunteered to pilot me out there; knowing that our only chance was to walk all the way, go without our dinners, and have a raw, blustering atmosphere to pass through. We walked out there; attended the meeting in the afternoon, and walked back home the following day; all pretty tired, but well satisfied that we had gone, feeling, as we did, that some good had been accomplished

in a community which greatly needed it, and which appeared to appreciate the visit.

My school is in a flourishing condition at present; nearly all the pupils appear very anxious to learn, and are succeeding therein; and their general deportment, both in and out of school, is quite commendable.

I must now bid thee farewell, remaining thy well wishing friend,

WILMER WALTON.

Wm. Penn's famous saying should be written upon the Church's banners:—"No pain, no palm; no thorn, no throne; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown."

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 11.

BERLIN, 7th mo., 1867.

We are obliged to make use of the greatest economy of time, lest we should not have enough of it for Switzerland and its glorious mountains. The fact is, the more we see, the more inexhaustible does this great Eastern world seem to be in wonder and interest, and I almost feel afraid sometimes, that we shall become so satiated by the time we shall have finished our travels, that our own plain, unfinished country will possess fewer attractions than we should like to acknowledge. We shall certainly try to avert so mortifying a catastrophe, and I trust our patriotism will be sufficient to ensure success. My last was mailed at Hanover where we visited a fine gallery of paintings, and walked in huge cloth slippers over the polished floors of the royal palace, which abounds in sumptuous furniture and magnificent pictures, and quite astonished us by its grandeur and elegance. The sovereign of this little kingdom of Hanover was certainly lodged in princely style. After dinner we drove out to the Herranhausen, his ex-Majesty's summer chateau, the road to which is through a splendid avenue, 2000 feet in length, of four rows of lindens, all in full blossom and loading the air with delicious fragrance. Here were gardens, and green houses, and pineries, all in the most exquisite order; but it was sad to think the poor banished King would probably never enjoy them again. In returning, we visited the Waterloo Column, erected to the memory of the Hanoverians who fell on that field, and after a drive through some of the pleasantest streets of this interesting old city, were ready at 5.20 for the cars that were to carry us to Brunswick, distant about two hours. Our ride was a most charming one, for though the country was, greatly to our surprise, perfectly flat, it was everywhere rich with ripening grain fields, and beautiful with luxuriant verdure, and an endless variety of wild flowers, beside immen-

patches of brilliant poppies, that are cultivated in large quantities for their oil. On entering the dominions of the Duke of Brunswick, whom the King of Prussia has not yet swallowed up, a stern-looking official popped his head into the car window and demanded our passports. On entering Berlin, we drove to the "Deutches hof," a quaint old building with a low stone arcade along the front, looking, like every thing around it, ancient and venerable, and after securing our rooms, went out for a short preliminary walk, coming back quite satisfied that the old town of Brunswick was the quaintest and strangest looking of any of these old places we had yet fallen upon. In one of the open spaces is the bronze figure of a lion, erected 800 years ago, the real age of which is supposed to date still farther back. Next morning we visited the Cathedral, built in 1173 by Henri le Lion, after his return from Palestine. It was once covered internally with gilding and frescoes, but nearly the whole of it is now concealed by whitewash, the choir alone having escaped the desecration of the Reformers. In the crypt beneath are 20 or 30 coffins, containing the bodies of the Princes of the house of Guelf; among them that of Queen Caroline of England, covered with velvet and gold, and festooned with wreaths, which had once, how many years ago I know not, been green. On many of the coffins lay an engraved picture of the occupant, with the date of his or her birth and death. It seemed to bring us strangely near to the great ones of former ages, to be so surrounded by what was left of their mortality. At 4.30 we took cars for Hartzburg, a small town at the foot of the Hartz mountains, where civilization and railroad traveling come to an end. We got into a hotel, in which the "Zimmermadchen" was so intensely Dutch that we had some difficulty in making her comprehend our wants. Last summer we were amused, as we got farther into Deutschland, at the diminished size of our pitchers, but here it is the fashion to have *none at all*. The basins were left half filled with water, and a goblet besides; and this was evidently all that was considered necessary, and all that we could procure. The style of bed-covering, too, is in these regions different from ours. As far as the under sheet, all was as it should be; but instead of an upper one, we found a linen case, like a huge pillow case, enclosing something like a very thick comfortable, which was to answer for sheet, spread and everything else. I took the liberty, as it was a warm night, of untying mine and emptying it of its contents; the next night, when it was too cool for that, we had some difficulty in keeping covered at all, in our little narrow beds, where the linen was so stiff that it was constantly sliding off. Next day we went on to Hallenstadt. We had thought Brunswick strange and quaint enough,

but this town "out-herods Herod;" and as we passed under the low, arched gateway in its ancient walls, and entered the narrow, crooked streets, where almost every house was covered with grotesque carving and each story projected a foot or two beyond the one below it, it would be difficult to imagine anything more entirely foreign looking and picturesque. In walking afterwards through the place, our first impressions were fully justified, and we found that it was quite distinguished, as having preserved the type of the middle ages to a remarkable degree. Here we again took the railroad to Magdeberg, where we visited the cathedral, from the top of which we had a fine view of the wonderful fortifications, for which the city is celebrated. We afterwards walked through one of the gates, where the wall (or rather bank) is 100 feet thick, with a deep moat on the outside. All the fortifications appear to be kept up with the greatest care; indeed, wherever we go, here in Prussia, the military spirit seems to have the ascendancy, and things look very much as if Frederick William were thinking of future conquests. Our next stage brought us to Berlin, where we arrived under a 'brilliant sunset sky, and entered the great Brandenburg gate, and drove through the splendid street, "Unter der Lindens," to the Hotel de Rome. Our first visit was to the palace, which is more sumptuous than all I could ever have imagined. Every chamber of the immense suite more splendid than the last. Some of the furniture is of massive silver, and we saw several pieces of immense size—*now* only plated—the originals of which had been melted up by Frederick the Great to defray the expenses of his armies.

(To be continued.)

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, FIRST MONTH 25, 1868.

ERRATUM.—The omission to accredit Friends' Quarterly Examiner with "The Goodness of the Seasonable Word," in our last issue, was unintentional.

DIED, on the 17th of Twelfth month, 1867, at the residence of her father Robert Kirby, in Ocean Co., N. J., ANNA S., wife of Samuel C. Kent, of Richmond, Va., in the 27th year of her age. We can truly say she was a devoted wife and an affectionate child; and the loveliness of her disposition, the sweetness of her mind and spirit, seemed to win for her the love of all with whom she associated. She was an invalid and sufferer for sixteen months, and bore her suffering with great patience, often desiring, for the comfort of those with whom she was nearly related, to recover, but was fully prepared for death. When near her close, she said to those around, her hour had come; exclaiming, "All is bright," and giving full evidence that she was about entering into eternal rest. Her remains were interred in Friends' burying-ground at Arney Town, N. J., on the 21st ult.

DIED, on the 7th of Twelfth month, 1867, at Westbury, L. I., RAOHEL COCK, in the 74th year of her age; a member of the Monthly Meeting of New York. In the decease of this dear Friend the family and social circle in which she moved have lost a valued member, for truly may it be said of her, she not only possessed "a meek and quiet spirit," but that the sweetness of her disposition endeared her to all who knew her.

In the Society of Friends she felt a deep interest, which was manifested by her steady attendance of meetings, and in encouraging others to do likewise; and although called away suddenly, yet survivors have the consolation to believe that she was not unprepared for the solemn event, and that her purified spirit has been admitted into companionship with the "righteous of all generations, and with the spirits of the just made perfect."

—, near Selma, Clarke Co., Ohio, on the 22d of Twelfth month, 1867, of paralysis induced by congestion of the brain, THOMASIN H. BRANSON, wife of Thomas Branson, and daughter of Edward and Mary Walker, of Frederic Co., Va., in the 57th year of her age. In the death of this Friend, Green Plain Monthly Meeting loses a valuable elder, and our Society an excellent and useful member. She attended the Monthly Meeting on the 17th, and on her return home, before removing her covering, was taken with the paralysis, from which she continued to sink till her close. She had been in a delicate state of health for about five years, affecting her mental faculties, particularly the memory, of which she was sensible; but the time past had been applied to laying up durable riches. And now her relatives and friends have the unspeakable satisfaction of believing she is admitted to the unchangeable joy of the righteous, thus affording evidence of the great advantage of making the election of the soul complete before the "golden bowl" of the intellect be broken.

—, on the 31st of last month, JACOB JACKSON, in the 77th year of his age; a member of Jericho Monthly and Particular Meetings. Seldom do we witness the amount of bodily suffering from chronic diseases as was the lot of this Friend to pass through at times during several years of the latter part of his life, throughout which he maintained a quiet and cheerful spirit, attending meetings whenever his health would permit, and evincing by fortitude and patience his resignation to the Divine will.

—, in Philadelphia, on the afternoon of First month 11th, CLIFFORD SMITH, in his 69th year.

—, on the morning of First mo. 11th, CAROLINE FRENCH, aged 11 months, daughter of Charles S. and Anna B. French, members of Spruce St. Monthly Meeting.

—, in Wilmington, Del., on the 19th of Twelfth month, 1867, STEVENSON CROASDALE, in the 78th year of his age.

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION FOR THE POOR.

Stated meeting on Seventh-day evening next, Second month 1st, 1868, at 8 o'clock, at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., Clerk.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

First month 28th, 1868, at 7½ o'clock, Lecture by DR. JAMES TYSON. Subject,—"Food."

An adjourned Meeting of the Conference of Friends for the purpose of providing a Meeting-House for the Indulged Meeting under the care of Green Street Monthly Meeting, will be held at Hall, No. 1914 Coates Street, on First-day, 2d proximo, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

JAMES GASKILL, Clerk.

From The Christian Register.

A NEW-YEAR'S WISH FOR 1868.

During the past few days, how often have the words, "A happy new-year," been uttered by the lips of hundreds and thousands among us! —the gleeful shout of the little child, as the bright sun of the opening year gilded his whole future with its rays of golden light, and the calmer, yet still joyous greeting, as friend met friend, in the home-circle, the street, or the mart of business.

To some, the words struck those deeper chords of feeling and sad remembrance, whose only response was tears, as the desolate home, the vacant seat, the silent voice, whispered of bereaved affection and hopes whose earthly light was quenched in darkness. To others, the greeting was full of bright anticipation and human joy, with no shading cloud to dim the glowing future. But again and again uttered, repeated and echoed through all our homes, how few have realized their deep significance, and from how few lips was the utterance a true expression of the *soul's* deep wish and prayer.

We use these common expressions of our daily life,—we meet and part, and call ourselves true and sincere,—but how much of all this intercourse is merely outward, the forms of a common politeness, the greetings of formal friendship, hiding the deeper soul-life, or blinding us to its great realities! Were our common and daily intercourse the simple utterances of the heart, too pure to need the gloss of mere civilities, too real to seek the mask of cold conventionalities, how much truer, higher, more Christ-like would be our lives.

"A happy-new year!" but not necessarily a year all cloudless, serene and joyful, free from sorrow, care, sickness and anxiety;—not such is our wish here to-day. We wish you, indeed, a happy year, yet should God take from you the health that now pulses through your veins and animates you with life and vigor, laying you on the couch of weariness and pain, it will be because in his perfect wisdom He knows that sickness may conduce to your soul's truer life and lead you nearer to Him than days of painless joy and ease.

We wish you a happy year, yet should sorrow cloud your sky, and anxiety fill your heart, and the touch of God's chastening hand rest heavily on you, we know that through sorrow, rightly met, the soul is made more strong, Christ like, and enduring; and so we dare not ask to have the cup all pass from you.

We wish you a happy year, yet should riches fade, and anxieties for the means of daily subsistence press heavily upon you, and many sources of outward enjoyment and ease be taken away, yet through the fading of the

earthly treasure *may* be revealed the heavenly riches.

A happy new-year, yet should those near and dear be called from your side, and desolation fill the home now glad with the music of happy voices and cheerful love, we know that through the earthly partings is opened a clearer pathway to the unseen; that from the broken home circle, faith lifts the eye of a holier trust to Him who is now and forever the keeper of all souls, guiding, leading, guarding all here and within the veil, with a love too deep, too infinite, for our feeble thought to fathom. And so even through sorrow, a deeper happiness may be yours, bearing you on its troubled waves to the haven of peace and trust.

We wish you a happy year; but not a year all free from struggle, doubt and perplexity; for through the doubt faithfully met may come a clearer insight into God's truth and the lifting up of the soul to a higher vision.

And so in the spirit of our holy faith we wish you a happy new-year; happy, through a truer following of our Lord and Master, laying the hand in his, and letting Him lead you day by day, through joy and sorrow, hope and fear, life and death, even to the great Immortality. Happy through a closer walk with God,—the Father's love overshadowing your daily path, and his hand recognized in all the daily duties and joys of each passing day. Happy—through a deeper soul-life, conscious of the indwelling Spirit, and realizing more and more fully the deep meaning of the promise, "We will come and make our abode with him."

Thus we wish you a happy new-year; in glad faith that this life of the soul is higher, deeper and more real, than aught of outward good, or joy, or prosperity. And may the very God of Peace sanctify you wholly, infusing into your soul a deeper earnestness, lifting it up to a holier trust, and keeping it lifted up. "Faithful is He who calleth you, who also will do it."

H. G. M.

Of Aristotle it is said, that on one occasion a man, who had a very good opinion of himself, came to him and made a very lengthy speech, and fearing he wearied the philosopher, begged his pardon for having spoken so long. "There is no occasion," replied he, "for an apology, for I assure you I heard very little you said; I was all the while thinking of something useful."

At another time, when one was relating something which he thought very remarkable, and thinking the philosopher was deeply interested in what he said, inquired, is it not wonderful? "No," replied he, "the wonder is, that I have been able to sit still and not run away, so that I might not hear your idle talk."
—*Senex.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REMARKS ON THE YEARLY MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

A party of the members of Society interested in serious subjects were quietly conversing a few evenings since, when the Intelligencer was brought in and read, and comments made on the variety and good quality of its contents. Amongst these, the Essay of T. H. S. was received with unusual favor, and as he writes with authority and fairness, hopes were expressed that his wise suggestions may have their due weight, and that his efforts for the good of the people of our profession may be continued. We are in need of "new light on old subjects." But the Editorial, with its extracts from the writings of W. C. W., in the London Friend, in reference to "crowding together too many subjects during our Yearly Meetings," roused anew our sympathies on behalf of all those who have experienced the privations and sufferings therein alluded to. An unreserved conversation took place, and many desires were expressed that some change for the better might in time be effected.

The pressure of business during the annual gatherings of Society has for a long time been a matter of regret with those who believe that our best interests have sustained loss thereby; and some of us at various times on such occasions could almost have adopted the expressive language given by the English Friend,—we have felt "weak in body, and distracted in mind, with an oppressive sense that we were really unequal to attending Yearly Meeting." Those who thought they could not safely accept the whole description, freely admitted, however, that they had been often so near to such a state, as to make a change desirable; they suggested as a means of relief to the Friends who have their Yearly Meetings in cities, that they make trial of having but one session a day, beginning at 10 o'clock in the morning, and holding to a time that might be determined by circumstances; always, nevertheless, avoiding a long session. The afternoons and evenings could then be devoted to the matters now left with scarcely a reference. On this subject, the remarks of the English Friend, when he speaks of a separation of the business of the "inner and the outer court," deserve the serious attention of Friends, as promising to relieve some of the embarrassments from which we have suffered under present regulations.

As matters now stand, nothing but deep religious weight, fine mental gifts, accompanied by much executive ability, has enabled the leaders and principal actors in our Yearly Meetings, wherever situated, to bear themselves with good credit, through the heavy pressure to which they subject themselves, and also subject others; yet year by year the same plans

of procedure are carried out, and no effort made toward an alteration. In seeking to account for the existence of this state of things, in a community of professed enlightenment, it has been surmised that it has proceeded from the habits of those engaged in these disciplinary transactions. They have, even perhaps unconsciously to themselves, taken with them into our annual solemnities a methodized system of business,* and a habit of making haste, which they have found to answer well in their private affairs. As there seems to be a danger of overlooking present duties by adhering too closely to preconceived schemes, we merely submit this view, and leave the subject open to be reflected upon.

When we have spoken of the prominent Friends of our Yearly Meetings, we desire to be understood as alluding exclusively to men's meetings; for whatever may have been designed, or said, or written on the subject of the equal right of the sexes in the Society of Friends, the facts show that, notwithstanding the deference with which they are treated, in disciplinary affairs, the opinions of women are liable to a decided discount.

The writer in the "London Friend" is very candid in his confessions. Until his views were presented, we had not thought it possible that London Yearly Meeting—the supposed seat of Quakerism—and the Yearly Meetings held on the American Continent possessed in common so many points of resemblance, especially as ten or twelve days are said to be allotted to its deliberations; and it is convened in the Sixth month, when the days are long. With these advantages awaiting them, we had thought the Friends engaged in it must, from long experience, have brought every arrangement in connexion with Society affairs to a correct administrative status. They, however, appear to need some of the changes which we require. The similarity of circumstances which have been alluded to may be found nearly represented in the following items, given by W. C. W.:

"We are driven to hurry through the business."

"We grudge a religious meeting for the youth, of an afternoon."

"A visit from women Friends is dreaded, lest thereby the closing session be delayed; and

"We have been obliged to foreclose subjects purely for want of time."

We have alluded to the pressure borne by those who are the most prominent members of the American Yearly Meetings, of our division of the visible church; we now bring forward the last Baltimore Yearly Meeting, as the most recent, though we do not deem it a solitary example of the amount of concerns which may be introduced and considered at such a time. Friends, of the highest order of mind, within the compass of Quakerism, led by impressions of religious duty, were present. In the public meetings, their ministrations were of the most interesting and valuable character, and, so far as time was permitted them for the expression of their individual concerns, so also were their *exercises*, in the meetings for discipline; but for some important matters, which might usefully have occupied the Friends convened, time was not offered.

Our remarks are not intended to apply to the select meeting, which has only two sessions; the members thereof have leisure for all their purposes. This meeting occupies the Seventh-day, which precedes the First-day of the Yearly Meeting.

A public meeting is also always held in the middle of the week, so that the time allowed to those concerned in the dispatch of the business of the Yearly Meeting, is rarely over three days and a half; wherein all the certificates and minutes of Friends from other Yearly Meetings must be read, all the Epistles of correspondence read, and answers thereto prepared, read and examined; (these last often bear inevitable marks of hasty composition.) All the Queries must also be read, and the propriety of the summary answers for record, considered, as well as the other matters which usually claim attention. But to comprehend what has been said of the pressure under which the Friends of Baltimore Yearly Meeting suffer, we must recollect that it is held late in the autumn, when the days are short, and the affairs of every day urgent. At the closing session, the Report of the Committee on Indian Affairs was read, and handed to the Women's meeting for their perusal; but as the night was drawing near, it was too dark to admit of its being read, and the Friends present were referred to the Minutes of the Men's Yearly Meeting, which would shortly be published, and thus the meeting closed. No opportunity had presented for those concerned in the better education of our members to have a meeting, nor until the annual sessions were over had the friends and stockholders of Swarthmore College an interview for the comparison of their opinions. Nothing was done for the Freedmen; and those strangers and our own citizens who had desired a meeting wherein the affairs of the race could be considered, found

* Frederick W. Robertson, in one of his early lessons, expresses instructive opinions upon the subject of fixed plans in regard to future operations. He thought men often neglected present opportunities of usefulness thereby; he was concerned that their minds should be kept open to present impressions of duty, which from preoccupation might be passed over to "a more convenient season." F. W. R. has become generally known to the readers of Friends' Intelligencer by S. M. Janney's Review of his Life and Discourses. We think the Review might be continued to advantage.

their wishes utterly frustrated. Other subjects of interest connected with the welfare of the Society of Friends were passed over without notice. Do we act wisely to continue our present arrangements? Let us reflect on the subject.

Any account of the last Yearly Meeting of Baltimore would be incomplete without a notice of the Conference of the Teachers of the First-day Schools, which was held in the short intervals between meetings, on the evening of Fourth-day, and at noon the next day, in which matters of great interest belonging to the result of their labors were presented. These First-day schools promise, should they continue under present auspices, to become one of the strongholds of the Society of Friends for the promulgation of its principles and the preservation of its young people within its own jurisdiction.

Baltimore, 1st mo. 4, 1868.

T.

THE UNDIVIDED CHURCH.

Take a mass of quicksilver, let it fall to the floor, and it will split itself into a vast number of distinct globules. Gather them up, and put them together again, and they will coalesce into one body as before. Thus God's elect below are sometimes crumbled and distinguished into various parties, though they are in fact members in one and the same mystic body. But when taken up from the world and put together in heaven, they will constitute one glorious undivided Church for ever and ever.

—*Toplady.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION FOR THE POOR.

On a cold, wintry morning in Twelfth month, 1834, a poor woman called at the residence of a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, and stating her case of suffering, asked for aid. On a visit to her home, her story was found to be true, and the sympathy of the Friend being excited by the misery which he there beheld, he brought the case to the notice of Friends at the close of a meeting on Fourth day, at the old Cherry Street House. Contributions were handed in and the woman's wants attended to.

A call was subsequently issued for a meeting of Friends, and the present Association was the result—it having been organized First month 8th, 1835.

During the winter of 1866–7, 171 tons of coal and 3 and 7-12th cords of wood were distributed on 354 orders, of which 121 were west of 13th street, 153 south of Green and east of 13th, and 80 north of Green street.

Of those relieved, 34 were born in Pennsylvania, 3 in other Northern States, 31 in Southern States and West Indies, 71 are indefinitely recorded as *United States* and 45 as *Americans*, making a total of 184.

Of 156 recorded as of foreign birth, 123 were Irish, 12 English, 3 Scotch, 18 German;

of 14 the nativity is not stated. 240 were white, 107 colored, and 7 color not recorded.

121 were married, 193 widows, 20 single, 5 widowers, 15 not properly entered.

As to age (excepting 54 not stated), 85 were between 20 and 40, 122 from 40 to 60, 83 from 60 to 80, 8 between 80 and 90, and 2 over 90 years.

719 children were entered as belonging to these families, so that it may safely be said that nearly, if not quite, 1200 persons were benefited in the distribution.

In a large number of cases sickness or infirmity of some kind existed.

Any Friend desiring to contribute to the funds can forward the same to T. Morris Perot, Treasurer, 621 Market St. M.

Selected.

RESTING IN GOD.

Since thy Father's arms sustain thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He.

Know His love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If He wound thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand.

Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand,
Childlike, proudly pushing back
The offered hand,
Courage soon will change to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear,
In His love if thou abide,
He will guide.

Fearst sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath he comfort spoken,
Better hath he been for years,
Than thy fears.

Therefore whatso'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know His love for thee provideth
Good alway.
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for His sake,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lying still.

To His own our Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care;
Ask Him not, then, when? or how?
Only bow.

LINES FROM KEBLE.

If in our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every care.

We need not bid for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high,
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

"Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong?
Or others, that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us in prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with thee."

FRIENDS AMONGST THE FREEDMEN.

No. XIII.

Another month has rolled round, and with it (although attended with considerable labor) comes the pleasant task of furnishing the usual compilation for the information of Friends generally. Amongst other matters, it will be seen from the following extracts from the letters from our faithful Teachers, that want and destitution are still the lot of the Freedman in some localities.

MARY A. TAYLOR writes from *Mount Pleasant, S. C.*, and gives the details of the promotion she proposes making after the holidays are over, which she states will make "*Cornelia Hancock's* school almost equal to her own in numbers," adding—"unless some of them leave school we can have the same scholars until vacation, as no further change will be made. My scholars are very much delighted with the idea of going into the 'upper school.' The *tax money* for this month, was paid promptly and willingly,—only two little girls failing, and I have the promise of getting it as soon as their father gets paid for his cotton." Number of pupils in this school 45, with an average attendance of 81.

CORNELIA HANCOCK, at the same place, says, "This is the season when the moving is done, and if we lose a few scholars, it will be owing to this fact." Number of pupils in this school, 32, with an average attendance of 81. Accompanying this report, is a very interesting letter from her, too lengthy for insertion here, but which will probably be furnished entire for the *Intelligencer* next week.

ISABEL LENAIR, also at *Mount Pleasant*, is still satisfactorily filling the place of Esther Hawks. Indeed her school shows an aston-

ishing progress. It now numbers 72 pupils, with an average attendance of 70! Last month she had 70 pupils, with 27 in the alphabet; *this* month she has only 13 in this rudimentary branch.

The average attendance of all our South Carolina schools is worthy of especial note, and is probably not to be exceeded anywhere, or by any class of pupils.

MARY K. PERRY (*late Bronius*) located at Manassas, informs us that at the time of writing her school had only been in operation one week, and that it numbered *twenty-one* pupils. Her evening school numbers *twelve*, and *thirty-two* attend the First-day school, adding—"the feeling is very bitter here; they have called me very harsh names, and say if it had been some poor person from the *South* that had come here to teach, they should not mind it, but these '*Yankees*' they could not bear. They have even threatened to burn the school house."

CATHARINE E. HALL writes from *Vienna*, that Maj. Hines succeeded in getting the school-house weatherboarded, and that now it is much more comfortable. In consequence of this improvement going on, the regular sessions of the school were very much interfered with.

SARAH ANN STEER, at *Waterford*, remarks, "My report for Twelfth month varies but little from the preceding month, except in the average attendance, which is less, owing to the cold, stormy weather that prevented some of the little ones getting here. I have had but one new scholar this month; he is worth mentioning though, being the *minister* stationed on this circuit, and whose home is temporarily in our village. I am expecting quite an accession to our numbers after New Year's, and have already entered some new names. I only closed the school on Christmas day, and have had quite a good number in attendance during the week."

CAROLINE THOMAS, at *Leesburg*, alludes very pleasantly to the visit of three or four of our Teachers, and the conference held at *Capt. Smith's*, (previously spoken of) and continues, "To-morrow I shall resume my school with renewed vigor, after my short holiday."

"And now a word or two about my scholars and their Christmas. They assembled in the school-room on Christmas Eve, where I had all their little presents spread on a large table before me, while I personated '*Santa Claus*'—a very agreeable character, by the by. The children made a happy group, and I wish the little folks who contributed so much to the pleasure of these poor children, could have been present when the papers were removed which concealed the treasures. In addition to other matters, every one had a book. I think there were some happy little children that night."

"I have started a class in History, and one

in Grammar, and they get along nicely. How I shall deplore the necessity of having to leave these children, when the time comes for us to close the schools. I am very sure this place is not well enough *reconstructed* yet to dismiss the *Bureau*." Accompanying this letter is a composition of one of her "little ones" on Grammar, commencing with the words—"*Grammar is a great book!*" At some future time it may be given entire.

PHILENA HEALD, at *Falls Church*, in response to some suggestions as to the practicability of getting the Freedmen to deposit a small stipend in her hands for the double purpose of teaching them economy, and to aid in the maintenance of the school, as has been repeatedly recommended elsewhere, states:—

"I have not even alluded to it, and have felt that I would rather teach without pay than to ask them, when they are struggling as it were in darkness.

"There are very few who are able to support themselves comfortably,—many are bare-foot this cold weather,—some have old rags wrapped around their feet—others with mere shells of shoes, and the body scarcely covered! I think where it *can* be done, it is well, for it will no doubt help to make them self-reliant and self-supporting." In reference to the weather she remarks:

"We have been greeted up to the close of the Twelfth month with *four* snow storms, and it is supposed that *fourteen or fifteen* inches of snow have fallen already. This has interfered materially with the size of the school, as so many "were not clad nor shod suitably, and the school-room neither warm nor dry when they should arrive." Some happy hearts beat high this Christmas time, as little black, nimble fingers collected from a very pretty miniature Christmas tree of cedar, gifts, handsome, good, and useful. Oh! how much sunshine these little tokens brought to their spirits. Would that you all could have seen them, and realized how much they felt and how much they appreciated these gifts."

FRANCES E. GAUZE, at *Herndon, Va.*, writes, "I expect to have a large reinforcement to my school the coming month (First)—at least so the colored people inform me. The First-day school is attended by both parents and children, and the papers sent are gratefully received. I closed school for a week during the holidays, and embraced the opportunity of visiting some of my co-laborers in the cause. By previous arrangement, *five* of your teachers met at the residence of *Capt. Smith*, in *Leesburg*, talked over school matters, compared notes, gave in our respective 'experiences,' and, in fact, had a regular school meeting."

The Captain is a whole-souled Union man, and of course a true friend to the colored peo-

ple. Two of us made a visit to *Waterford*, where we staid over First-day, and attended *Friends' Meeting*,—the first opportunity I have had since coming to *Virginia*. I felt it a great privilege to meet with them, and to receive their kind words of counsel. Their cordial reception reminded me that I was indeed amongst *Friends*."

The clothes that have been sent by my *Kennett* friends to the Freedmen are doing much good. If they could have seen how glad they seemed to get any thing I had, no matter how old, they would have felt repaid for the trouble they have taken to get up so valuable a box. An old colored woman that still resides with her former master, but being infirm and not able to work, is entirely neglected, not receiving the comforts of life. I was enabled from the contents of my box to send her a real comfortable outfit: and I know her heart will go up in silent thanksgiving to God for having such kind friends North."

Want of room prevents giving in her own words her interesting description of the distribution of sundry little presents to the children on Christmas day, which scene she says "closed with their singing several hymns, and my giving them a few words of advice before separating."

MARY MCBRIDE, at *Fairfax Court House, Va.*, remarks, "I am now mourning over the loss of six of my best pupils, amongst whom are the *Lewis* children. Their parents have concluded that they are not able to send them to school any longer; and they can make good wages by being hired out."

(This little incident is a practical illustration of the idea previously advanced, by the compiler of these summaries, that the more the "self-sustaining" idea obtains amongst the Freedmen, and the more they are thrown upon their own resources, the greater the necessity for labor, and the less time they will have to devote to educational purposes). She adds.

"I have felt very much discouraged for the last month, the weather has been so very stormy, which will account for the small average attendance. Sometimes after wading through ice, snow, mud and rain for a mile, and experiencing considerable difficulty in crossing the swollen brooks, to find, on my arrival, but few present, is not very cheering." But, in justice to them I must say, that the greater portion live three or three and a half miles distant.

DEBORAH K. SMITH, at *Gum Springs*, states that her school has been small, and only held during fourteen days of the month, partly on account of the weather, but more "because of my determination to have the school-house put in a condition of comfort, which it now is, and I have a fuller school than for some time.

We are but twenty-eight dollars in debt, and what money is in the Treasury is in my hands, for their Treasurer will not keep it. I have several adult pupils now, and the children improve more than they did last winter."

SARAH M. ELY, at *Lewinsville*, states that the average attendance for the Twelfth month has been no better than the preceding, but remarks, "This is owing to the very inclement weather and sickness of some of my pupils. Some have been present every day, and my heart has been cheered by their progress in their studies and their good conduct." It appears the "*Bureau*" has assisted the Freedmen to put up a building for both church and school purposes, at *Langley*, about ten miles distant, and the hope of getting a Teacher for that school has deterred some from entering at ours. Sarah also speaks of the pleasant mingling of the Teachers, (alluded to more at length in the letter from Frances E. Gauze), adding, "I feel it was good for us."

In conclusion, we sum up the condition of our educational field of labor as follows:

Ten schools in Virginia contain 364 pupils—277 of whom read, 294 write, 220 are in arithmetic, with but 15 in the alphabet.

Three schools in South Carolina number 149 pupils, of whom 181 read, 112 write, 92 are in arithmetic, with but 13 in the alphabet.

Of the entire total of 513 pupils, there are only 28 in the alphabet, while 454 are between six and sixteen years of age,

Philadelphia, First month, 1868. J. M. E.

A PLEA FOR YOUTHFUL ENTHUSIASM.

Think how, without a friend like St. Paul to throw his mantle over him, Timothy's own modesty would have silenced him, and his young enthusiasm might have been withered by ridicule or asperity! From this instance we are enabled to draw a lesson for all ages. There are few periods in life more critical than that which in sensibilities and strong feeling begin to develop themselves in young people. The question is about to be decided whether what is at present merely romantic feeling is to become generous devotion, and to end by maturing into self-denial, or whether it is to remain only a sickly sentiment, and, by reaction, degenerate into a bitter and a sneering tone. And there are, perhaps, few countries in which the danger is so great, and so much to be guarded against, as here in England. Nowhere is feeling met with so little sympathy as here—nowhere do young persons learn so soon the fashionable tone of strongly admiring nothing—wondering at nothing—reverencing nothing—and nowhere does a young man so easily fall into the habit of laughing at his own best and purest feelings. And this was a danger which the Apostle Paul knew well, and could not

overlook. He foresaw the risk of paralyzing that young and beautiful enthusiasm of Timothy by the party spirit of Corinth, by the fear of the world's laugh, or by the recoil with which a young man, dreading to be despised, hides what is best and noblest in himself, and consequently becomes hard and commonplace. In earlier days Apollos himself ran the same risk. He set out preaching all the truth that he knew enthusiastically. It was very poor truth, lamentably incomplete, embracing only John's baptism, that is, the doctrine which John taught. Had the Christians met him with sneers, had they said, "This young upstart does not preach the Gospel," there would have been either a great teacher blighted, or else a strong mind embittered into defiance and heresy. But from this he was delivered by the love and prudence of Aquila and Priscilla, who, we read, "took him unto them, and expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly." They made allowances; they did not laugh at his imperfections, nor dampen his enthusiasm; they united him with themselves; they strengthened what was weak—they lopped away what was luxuriant; they directed rightly what was energetic. Happy the man who has been true to the ideal of his youth, and has been strong enough to work out in real life the plan which pleased his childish thought! Happy he who is not ashamed of his first enthusiasm, but looks back to it with natural piety, as to the parent of what is he now! But for one of whom this is true—how many are there whom the experience of life has soured and rendered commonplace! How many who were once touched by the sunlight of hope have grown cold, settled down into selfishness, or have become mere domestic men, stifled in wealth or lost in pleasure!

Above all things, therefore, let us beware of that cold, supercilious tone which blights what is generous, and affects to disbelieve all that is disinterested and unworldly. Let us guard against the Mephistopheles spirit, which loves and reverences nothing.—*F. W. Robertson.*

FAITH WORKING BY LOVE.

All true and lively faith begets love; and thus, that heavenly light is the vehicle of heat. And as, by this means, true faith has a tendency to the practice of obedience, so all true obedience depends upon faith, and flows from it. But it also proceeds from love, because faith first produces love, and then works by it. All knowledge of mysteries is vain and of no value, unless it have an influence upon the affections, and thereby, upon the whole conduct of life. The luminaries of heaven are placed on high; but they are so placed, that they may shine, and perform their periods, for the benefit of this earth.—*Leighton.*

For the Children.

THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

As I was retiring from the dinner-table of a friend in the country, one bright sunny day last Autumn, as I cast my eye through the bow-window, my attention was attracted by a little brown bird, sitting on the ground near a mirror, which the coachman had brought from the city that morning, and left leaning against the wing of the house. A group of friends and children immediately gathered around to look at birdie, and with one voice we said it had received an injury, and could not fly; but the next moment we found ourselves mistaken, for it took wing, and was off. Very soon, however, it returned, taking its position before the mirror; and by its movements we soon discovered that it was watching its own reflection in the glass—mistaking it for a foe. It gazed a moment, moved its head toward one side, then toward the other; raised its feathers, stepped back a little—the reflection, of course, making the same defiant movements—and then, with all its power, rushed forward to strike its foe. The force with which it struck the mirror, of course, sent it backward. Recovering its position, it would resume the same position and go through the same belligerent movements till exhausted. Then it would fly away for two or three minutes. On returning, it would repeat the same, till again exhausted, but with little variation. Sometimes, before flying away to recruit, it would step behind the glass, as if looking for its foe there. The bird was left undisturbed by the family, though it was closely watched till sunset. I do not think it was absent five minutes at any one time.

The next morning, when the family assembled in the dining-room, the first inquiry was for the bird. The mirror having been left in its position, we found the bird at his post, apparently with the motto in his mind, "Never give up." The same defiant spirit, the same belligerent evolutions were acted out, with but a few minutes' recess, till late in the afternoon, when the mirror was removed.

As I watched the little bird's movements, and saw its persistent, unforgiving spirit, I thought how much this is like the spirit and conduct of too many human beings both of larger and smaller growth! How many, like birdie, are fighting shadows or imaginary enemies! How many think they have defeated an enemy, when if, like the bird, they will look behind that which caused the shadow, they will find that there was no enemy to defeat!—*Christian Treasury*.

Every tear that is shed; every groan that is heaved; every loss that is sustained: every moment of suffering that is endured; every disappointment that is borne with patience and

resignation, will not only be followed by ineffable felicity, but will prepare the soul for its enjoyment, and add something to its weight and its lustre. To believe this, to live in hope of it, and by this hope to be sustained under present sufferings, is the work of faith.—*J. A. James*.

ITEMS.

The Senate has declined to concur in Edwin M. Stanton's removal from the War Department, and he has accordingly gone back to his place.

From the South, accounts have been received of the way in which the Peabody Educational Fund is being managed. Dr. Sears, the General Agent, is visiting all the Southern States, studying the best way of advancing the cause of popular education by the use of the fund, and explaining to the professors, teachers and people the purpose he has in view, and the means by which it is to be accomplished.—The fund, though large, is too small to establish schools in all parts of the South, and will therefore be used for aiding and encouraging local organizations. The Board of Trustees propose that wherever the citizens of any town or city subscribe four thousand dollars for the purpose of free schools, they will subscribe one thousand dollars, or any other sum in the same proportion. By this means the Peabody Fund will be a continual resource for the encouragement of local efforts. As a further means of rendering the common schools efficient, especial encouragement and liberal aid will be given to Normal schools in each State.

A Boston newspaper mentions a very delicate, ingenious and beautiful machine, which has recently been constructed. This machine will take a portion of a tree, after it has been cut the right length and width, and shave it up into thin ribbons as wide as a roll of house paper, making one hundred or one hundred and fifty to the inch. These rolls of wood are placed on walls by paper hangers with paste and brush, precisely in the same manner as paper. The wood is wet when used, and really works easier than paper, because it is much more tough and pliable. In these days, when variety is sought for, one can finish the walls of his house in different woods, to suit his taste. One room can be finished in bird's-eye maple, another in chestnut, another in cherry, another in white wood. Thus there is no imitation, but the genuine article is upon the walls. The longer the wood hanging remains on the wall, the more distinct will be the grain and color of the wood.

Samuel Nicolson, the inventor of the Nicolson pavement, in use in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, died in Boston, on the 7th inst.

Napoleon has introduced a new gold coin. On one side is stamped "5 dollars—25 francs." This is the first step towards a universal decimal currency, adapted to all nations.

A series of resolutions taking strong ground in favor of freedom of speech, were adopted last week by the Prussian Chamber of Deputies.

In Switzerland, watches are made that are marvels of accuracy. Of sixty-seven regulating watches that have been tested at Neufchatel, Switzerland, since 1866, the mean variation was only three-fourths of a second in 24 hours. In 1862, the mean variation was sec. 1.61; in 1863, 1.38; in 1864, 1.27; in 1865, 0.88; in 1866, 0.74. On more than three-quarters of the chronometers observed in 1866, the mean variation was less than half a second.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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THE PENNS AND PENINGTONS.

(Continued from page 739.)

"Whilst I was in this state, I heard of a new people called Quakers, but I resolved not to inquire after them nor the principles they held. For a year or more after I had heard of them in the north, I heard nothing of their ways except that they used *thee* and *thou* to every one; and I saw a book written about plain language by George Fox, which I remember I thought very ridiculous; so gave no attention either to the people or the book, except it were to scoff at them and it. Though I thus despised this people, I had sometimes a desire to attend one of their meetings, if I could go unknown and hear them pray. I was quite weary of hearing doctrines discussed, but I believed if I were with them when they prayed, I would be able to feel whether they were of the Lord or not. I endeavored to stifle this desire, not knowing how to get to one of their meetings unknown; and if it should be known, I thought it would be reported that I had joined them." An opportunity for acquaintance with the "Friends of Truth" by and by presented itself unsought for, as Mary Penington thus states:—

"One day, as my husband and I were walking in a park, a man that for a little time had frequented the Quakers' meetings saw us as he rode by, in our gay, vain apparel. He spoke to us of our pride, at which I scoffed, saying, 'He a public preacher indeed!—preaching on the highways!' He turned back again, saying

he had a love for my husband, seeing grace in his looks. He drew nigh to the pales, and spoke of the light and grace of God that had appeared to all men. My husband and he having engaged in discourse, the man of the house coming up invited the stranger in. He was but young, and perceiving my husband was too able for him in the fleshly wisdom, said he would bring a man next day who would better answer all his questions and objections; who, as I afterwards understood, was George Fox. He came again the next day, and left word that the Friend he intended to bring could not well come; but some others he believed would be with us about the second hour; at which time came Thomas Curtis and William Simpson. My mind had been somewhat affected by the discourse of the night before; and though I thought the man weak in the management of the arguments he brought forward to support his principles, yet many Scriptures which he mentioned stuck with me, and felt very weighty. They were such as showed me the vanity of many of my practices; which made me very serious, and soberly inclined to hear and consider what these other men had to say. Their solid and weighty carriage struck a dread over me, for they came in the authority and power of the Lord to visit us. The Lord was with them, and all we who were in the room were made sensible at that time of the Divine power manifestly accompanying what they said. Thomas Curtis repeated a Scrip-

ture text that struck out all my inquiries and objections, 'The doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me. If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.' Immediately it rose in my mind, if I would for certain know whether or not it was truth which these people upheld, I must do what I knew to be the Lord's will. Much that was contrary thereto in me was set before me to be removed. I was shown my want of obedience to what Christ required; and that I must join in with what I knew, before I would be in a capacity to receive and understand what they laid down for their principles."

The effect upon Mary Penington's mind of this application of the text quoted by Thomas Curtis, was not of a transient character. Such of her practices as were contrary to the teaching and commands of the Lord Jesus were brought in review before her by the Holy Spirit, now at work in her heart. The axe being unsparingly brought down on the root of the evil that was within, much painful exercise succeeded. She says:—"Terrible was the Lord against the vain and evil inclinations in me, which made me night and day in sorrow; and if it did cease a little, then I grieved for fear I should again be reconciled to the things which I felt under judgment, and which I had then a just detestation of. Oh! how I did long to be left secure or quiet till the evil was done away! How often did this run through my mind, 'Ye will not come to me, that ye may have life.' It is true I am undone if I come not to thee, but I cannot come unless I leave that which cleaveth close unto me, and how can I part with it? I saw the Lord would be just in casting me off, and not giving me [divine] life, if I could not come from my beloved lusts to Him for that life. I never had peace or quiet from sore exercise of mind for many months, till I was by the Lord's judgments brought off from all those things which I found His light made manifest to be deceit, bondage, vanity, and the spirit of the world. The giving up of these things cost me many tears. I felt that by the world I would be regarded as a fool, and that my honorable position must be sacrificed if I took up the cross, and acted contrary to the fashions and customs that prevailed in the world and among my acquaintances. My relations made this cross a very heavy one; but at length I gave up all."

During the mental struggles above alluded to, Mary Penington does not appear to have sought or maintained any intimate acquaintance with the Friends, or to have made a practice of attending their meetings; but it is most probable she had been reading some of their writings. She states, "A little while after the visit of the Friends before mentioned, one

light on my bed it was said to me, 'Be not hasty to join these people called Quakers.'" And after she had given up all her worldly reasoning against the pointing of her own enlightened conscience, she adds, "I then received strength to attend the meetings of this despised people, which I had intended never to meddle with. I found they were truly of the Lord, and my heart owned them and honored them. I then longed to be one of them, and minded not the cost or pain; but judged it would be well worth my utmost cost and pain to witness in myself such a change as I saw in them—such power over the evil of human nature. I had heard it objected against them, that they could work no miracles, but I said they did work great miracles, in that they produced such changes, turning them that were in the world and in the fellowship of it from worldly things.

"In taking up the cross, I received strength against many things that I once thought it not possible to deny myself. But oh! the joy that filled my soul at the first meeting held in our habitation at Chalfont. To this day I have a fresh remembrance of it, and of the sense the Lord gave me of His presence and ability to worship Him in that spirit which was undoubtedly His own. Oh! long had I desired to worship Him in the full assurance of acceptance, and to lift up my hands and heart without doubting, which I experienced that day. In that assembly I acknowledged His great mercy and wonderful kindness, for I could then say, 'This is what I have longed and waited for, and feared I never should have experienced.'

"Many trials have I been exercised with since then; and all that came by the Lord's ordering strengthened my life in Him, and hurt me not. But once my mind running out in prejudice against some Friends, it did sorely hurt me. After a time of deep and unknown sorrow the Lord removed the prejudice, and gave me a clearness of sight and love and acceptance with His beloved ones. The Lord hath many a time refreshed my soul with His presence, and given me an assurance that I knew that state which He will never leave nor suffer me to be drawn from. Though infirmities beset me, my heart cleaveth to the Lord, in the everlasting bond that cannot be broken. Whilst I see and feel these infirmities, I also feel that faith in Him which gives the victory and keeps me low under a sense of my own weakness. By that grace which is sufficient I feel and know where my strength lieth; so that when I have slipped in word or thought I have recourse to my Advocate, and feel pardon and healing and a going on to overcome in watching against that which easily besets me.

I do believe the enemy cannot prevail,

though he is suffered to prove me, that I may have my dependence fixed on the Lord, and be kept on the watch continually, knowing that the Lord alone can make successful war against the dragon.

I am thus instructed, by the discovery of my own weaknesses, to be tender towards those who also are tempted, and taught to watch and pray against temptation. Sweet is this state, though low, for in it I receive my daily bread, and enjoy that which the Lord handeth forth continually.

Mary Penington's narrative brought us in the last chapter to the point from which we first started—1658—four years after her marriage with Isaac Penington.

Their family at that time consisted of three other children besides Gulielma Maria Springett, then in the fifteenth year of her age, a lovely, graceful girl, the delight of her family and friends.

Thomas Ellwood gives us a peep into the home of the Peningtons at this period, through his graphic description of the first visit he and others of his father's family paid them, after they had settled at Chalfont. The Ellwoods had made the acquaintance of Lady Springett and her daughter in London, several years before her marriage with Isaac Penington. Thomas Ellwood, who was a few years older than Guli, speaks of having been her play-fellow in former times, and of having been often drawn with her in her little coach through Lincoln's-inn Fields by Lady Springett's footman. Ultimately the family left London, and settled at Crowell in Oxfordshire, on the Ellwood estate. Hearing that the Peningtons had moved to Chalfont, the Ellwoods, father and son, went to visit them; and the latter in his autobiography speaks of the occasion as follows:—

"I mentioned before, that during my father's abode in London, in the time of the civil wars, he contracted a friendship with the Lady Springett, then a widow, and afterwards married to Isaac Penington, Esq. To continue the acquaintance, he sometimes visited them at their country residence at Datchet, and also at Causham Lodge, near Reading. Having heard that they were come to live on their own estate at Chalfont in Buckinghamshire, about fifteen miles from Crowell, he went one day to visit them there and to return at night, taking me with him; but very much surprised we were when, being come thither, we first heard, then found, they were become Quakers—a people we had no knowledge of, and a name we had till then scarcely heard of. So great a change from a free, debonair, and courtly sort of behaviour, which we formerly had found them in, to so strict a gravity as they now received us with, did not a little amuse and disappoint

our expectation of such a pleasant visit as we used to have, and had now promised ourselves. Nor could my father have any opportunity, by a private conference with them, to understand the ground or occasion of this change, there being some other strangers with them, related to Isaac Penington, who came that morning from London to visit them also.

"For my part I sought, and at length found means to cast myself into the company of the daughter, whom I found gathering flowers in the garden, attended by her maid, who was also a Quaker. But when I addressed myself to her after my accustomed manner, with intention to engage her in some discourse which might introduce conversation, on the ground of our former acquaintance, though she treated me with a courteous mien, yet, young as she was, the gravity of her look and behaviour struck such an awe over me, that I was not so much master of myself as to pursue any further converse with her. Wherefore, asking pardon for my boldness in having intruded into her private walks, I withdrew, not without some disorder of mind.

"We staid dinner, which was very handsome, and lacked nothing to recommend it but the want of mirth and pleasant discourse, which we could neither have with them, nor, by reason of them, with one another amongst ourselves; the weightiness that was upon their spirits and countenances keeping down the lightness that would have been up in us. We staid, notwithstanding, till the rest of the company had taken leave of them, and then we, also doing the same, returned, not greatly satisfied with our journey, nor knowing what in particular to find fault with.

"Some time after this, my father, having gotten some further account of the people called Quakers, and being desirous to be informed concerning their principles, made another visit to Isaac Penington and his wife at the Grange, in St. Peter's Chalfont, and took both my sisters and me with him. It was in the Tenth month, in the year 1659, that we went thither on that occasion. We found a very kind reception, and tarried some days, at least one day the longer, because while we were there, a meeting was appointed at a place about a mile from thence, to which we were invited to go, and willingly went. It was held in a farmhouse called the Grove, which having formerly been a gentlemen's seat, had a very large hall, and that was well filled. To this meeting came Edward Burrough, besides other preachers, as Thomas Curtis and James Nayler; but none spake at that time but Edward Burrough, next to whom, as it were under him, it was my lot to sit, on a stool by the side of a long table on which he sat, and I drank in his words with desire, for they not only answered my under-

standing, but warmed my heart with a certain heat which I had not till then felt from the ministry of any man.

When the meeting was ended, our friends took us home with them again; and after supper, the evenings being long, the servants of the family who were Quakers, were called in, and we all sat down in silence. But long we had not so sat before Edward Burrough began to speak, and though he spake not long, yet what he said did touch, as I suppose, my father's copyhold, as the phrase is. He having been from his youth a professor, though not joined in what is called close communion with any one sort, and valuing himself upon the knowledge he esteemed himself to have respecting the various notions of each profession, thought he had now a fair opportunity to display his knowledge; and thereupon began to make objections against what had been delivered. The subject of the discourse was, 'The universal free grace of God to all mankind.' To this he opposed the Calvinistic tenet of particular and personal predestination; in defence of which indefensible notion he found himself more at a loss than he expected. Edward Burrough said not much to him upon it, though what he said was close and cogent. But James Nayler interposing, handled the subject with so much perspicuity and clear demonstration, that his reasoning seemed to be irresistible; and so I suppose my father found it, which made him willing to drop the discourse. As for Edward Burrough, he was a brisk young man, of a ready tongue, and might have been, for aught I then knew, a scholar; but what James Nayler said had with me the greater force, because he looked like a plain, simple countryman, having the appearance of a husbandman or shepherd. As my father was not able to maintain the argument on his side, so neither did they seem willing to drive it on to an extremity on their side; but treating him in a soft and gentle manner, did after a while let fall the discourse, and then we withdrew to our respective chambers.

"The next morning we prepared to return home, (that is my father, my younger sister, and myself; for my elder sister was gone before by the stage coach to London); when, having taken leave of our friends, we went forth, they with Edward Burrough accompanied us to the gate, where he directed his speech in a few words to each of us severally, according to the sense he had of our several conditions. When we were gone off, and they gone in again, they asked him what he thought of us; he answered them, as they afterwards told me, to this effect:—"As for the old man, he is settled on his lee, and the young woman is light and airy; but the young man is reached, and may do well if he does not lose it."

THOUGHTS ON SILENT WORSHIP.

It is possible that on glancing at the above title, the mental exclamation of some may be, "What a trite subject! We have been schooled into it from childhood, and are perfectly familiar with every argument for and against it. Let us at least have something new and striking." But we may remember that there are some things which, though ancient, are ever new. The blessings showered upon us by our Father in Heaven, though so ancient as to have their source in that which is without beginning, are nevertheless "new every morning." The late Job Scott, in one of his sermons preached in this country (England,) after quoting, "He brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and hath set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings, and hath put a new song into my mouth," continued, "And though sung by saints on earth, and by angels and archangels in the regions of bliss, it still continues to be a new and living song." And thus we might say that Silent Worship, though offered by saints on earth, and by a great multitude which no man can number, together with angels and archangels in heaven (see Revelation vii. and viii.) still continues, and ever will be a new and living worship. We are familiar with the complaints that are so often made against the manner in which our meetings are conducted; but what is the true cause of these complaints? Not that we have so much, but so little silent worship. Oh! we can none of us complain of real silent worship; for in proportion as we have been so blessed as to know any measure of this exercise, we have had to acknowledge not only that all worldly pleasures, but even that all our religious privileges were unworthy to be compared with this unspoken union and communion with our God, and have realized the truth of the Psalmist's words, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand," and that in his presence is fullness of joy. No; the irksomeness of which we have complained has been the irksomeness of a formal and dead silence, wherein our minds have been beset by worldly thoughts, the current of which there has seemed no power to resist or control. We have heard that expression peculiar to our religious Society—"silent waiting"—quoted with contempt, yet, is it not full of meaning? Those holy men, the first Friends, seldom adopted any custom or expression without solid ground for it; and it is because in so many instances the empty form has taken the place of the substance that these expressions have lost their deep meaning. Silent waiting would be a term most inappropriately applied to the silence which prevailed over a company whose thoughts were roaming hither and thither, to the farm, to the merchandize, to the family cares, or to the objects of mere

earthly love. It belongs only to those who *do* wait or watch not idly, not listlessly, but "with their loins girded and their lamps burning, as those who wait for their Lord." There is a distinction between waiting and worship; the silent waiter expects the blessing not yet poured out, and "he putteth his mouth as in the dust." The silent worshipper has found what he sought; has been admitted into the presence of his Lord, and he cries, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."

We know well the difference between a living and a dead silence in things less solemn than worship. Let us for a moment picture to ourselves a family group in an hour of expectation or waiting. The father has been absent in foreign lands,—months have rolled away since his beloved countenance last shone upon his wife and children;—fervent have been the prayers offered up for his safety, and many the alternations of hope and fear; but now the prayers have all been answered; the fear is almost at an end, and the hope is just about to be realized. Tidings of his landing have been received, and in half-an-hour he will be at home. Oh! who can measure the throbings of that wife's heart, as with her children around her, all capable of entering into the intense feeling of the moment, she awaits the fruition of so many hopes and prayers. They are waiting! How? Words are needless. There is breathless silence; but each knows what is foremost in the hearts of all the others. Is not this a living silence? and is it not a stillness fraught with union and communion which words would only disturb? Shall we go on with the picture? The father has actually arrived; there is no more silence now. But the first burst of thankful rejoicing is over:—each and all have spoken their glad welcome, though perhaps that one which sprang from the deepest source was spoken only in tears. And now the father himself speaks, and from all save him there is once more an intense silence; but this time it is the silence, not of expectation, but of enjoyment, of fruition, of realization. To apply this simple illustration:—the love of that earthly father is but the faintest shadow of the love of "*our Father who is in Heaven*;"—the expectation of those waiting ones is the image only of what is felt by those who truly wait for their God;—their enjoyment when expectation is realized is but the feeble reflection of that foretaste of bliss that will be the portion of all who *have* thus waited, when they exclaim in adoring wonder, "Lo, this is our God! we have waited for Him, we will rejoice and be glad in His salvation."

Now, it cannot be such waiting or such worship that we pronounce unprofitable, or complain of as irksome, but a dull lifeless silence, unanimated by desire, or hope, or blessing.

Whence the dullness, whence the lifelessness? If our chief objects in life be the pursuit of pleasure, the acquisition of fame, the exaltation of self, what marvel that it is weary work to wait for that which we neither chiefly desire nor expect! "Ah! but it is not always thus," some may reply; "there are many sincere-hearted ones who have waited long, and, as it seems to them, vainly for the promised blessing, until they despair of ever finding it in silence." They need *not* despair—it will come at last! The soul that diligently seeks the Lord never sought Him yet in vain. Elijah waited long in silence for the promised rain; seven times his servant sought in vain its faintest indications; at last it was a little cloud out of the sea, no larger than a man's hand, and then, following that, how rich the outpouring! The impotent man waited many a weary day at the pool of Bethesda; the healing came at last. So with us; we cannot sincerely, earnestly wait on the Lord, and wait in vain. And all the longing, and the hope, and the unfulfilled expectation?—these may be a very necessary part of that which God works within us, for, as in the outward world, so in the spiritual; the seed comes not to maturity unless it first lie long in darkness and silence underground.

But, reverting to that expression, "We want something new and striking," I would reply that that which is not new to us may still be so to others. Have we no mission of love in this respect to our fellow-Christians; have we never thought of making known to them that which we have profited by and enjoyed ourselves? It is wonderful that this silent union in worship of the hearts of those who are one in Christ Jesus should have been confined for so many years to the Society of Friends; but, I would ask, has not the time come for it thus to be confined no longer? We have been wont to make it our boast that we are not a proselyting society; but, in our desire to avoid proselytism, have we not run to the other extreme, and neglected evangelization (the bearer of good tidings)? Shall we not arouse ourselves and bear good tidings to the nations? If we have found a blessing in united silent waiting on the Lord shall we keep that blessing to ourselves, or shall we not rather spread it abroad in all the world? All around we hear of the sound of revival—the nations have heard the voice of the Lord, and those not yet touched by the sacred fire are longing for the blessing. Shall we not encourage them to wait for it? Shall we not each use our mite of influence to introduce the custom of silent waiting as an essential part of all congregational worship and of public prayer-meetings? What would have been the effect if all the earnestness manifested by those 200 or 300 who used daily to meet in Crosby Hall (for instance) to implore the out-

pouring of the Spirit, had been gathered up into the intense silence of truly waiting souls! "We have tried it long enough," some may answer, "but where are the results?" Think what you say—*have* we really tried it? Have we thus waited in true union of spirit? Can we point out a company of two or three hundred within our border who daily, or even weekly, wait with one heart upon the Lord, not one indifferent there—all else forgotten—every eye directed singly to Him with earnest breathings for His presence? Oh! for such gatherings as this! The waiting would soon be turned into worship and into praise—the voice of prayer, true living prayer—would be heard from some who had no other public vocation: the word of the ministry would go forth in the name of the Lord, and not be confined to the two or three who may have long borne that burden which ought to have been shared by others. If our meetings for worship were like this, would not many come from the east and from the west, and have fellowship with us? Is there any reason why our next meeting for worship should not be such? Let each ask himself this question, remembering that He is faithful who hath pronounced the invitation, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Let us believe in it. Let us pray for it; let us wait for it, and, when it is given, let us become the channels whereby it shall flow forth into all the world.—*Friends' Quarterly Examiner*.

SARAH S.

For *Friends' Intelligencer*.

LOCAL INFORMATION.

There have of late been quite a number of letters, and some extracts from private ones, published in the *Intelligencer*, giving local information concerning our Society, which have, I think, been very interesting to a large number of the readers of the paper.

In order to add a little thereto from near the mountains of Pennsylvania, I will state that today we held our first meeting in our *new Meeting House*. Although not quite finished, it is so far completed that we can hold meetings in it quite comfortably, and expect to have the work all done before the Quarterly Meeting in the Fifth month. The meeting here is not very large, and some thought that we could hardly raise the funds to build a house; but, like Virginia Friends, we were more successful than was anticipated. The first subscription to our house was \$10, by a Friend from Long Island, who was here on a religious visit more than a

year ago; this, with one from a Friend within the limits of Baltimore Q. M., (both voluntary,) have been applied to the building of the house.

HIRAM BLACKBURN.

Dunning's Creek, Bedford Co., Pa., 1st mo. 5, 1868.

Loudon Co., Va., 1st mo., 1868.

We have lately had two Conferences of Friends, held at our Meeting House on First-day afternoon, in which parts of our Discipline, and several other books relating to our principles, were read. They were attended by many of our members, old and young, and proved to be interesting opportunities.

Our First-day School is suspended for the winter, but we intend to open it again in the spring.

The colored school is well attended, (mostly by *men*, in the winter,) and the pupils are making good progress.

S. M. J.

Verona, Ill., 1st mo. 15th, 1868.

In a recent number of the *Intelligencer*, the wisdom and propriety of establishing a Yearly Meeting for Illinois and Iowa has been alluded to by a Western Friend.

I for one would like very much to have this matter investigated and brought feelingly before all those interested, that sentiments on the subject may be freely and publicly offered. We are suffering loss by not having an annual gathering or conference together, for it must be evident to all that the Yearly Meetings to which we belong, (Baltimore and Indiana,) are too remote for a general attendance. There is a large number of Friends in the States mentioned, many of them isolated; and no doubt a more thorough organization would have a tendency to draw them nearer together.

The "race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong," and I hope that the Friends of Baltimore and Indiana may think us worthy of this boon, when it shall come up officially before them. Let us have a general expression through the *Intelligencer*, our only public medium.

A SUBSCRIBER.

LITTLE SINS.

The Spanish have a proverb, "*peccadillos son pecados*," peccadilloes, or little sins, are, after all, sins; a foreign proverb which we might profitably naturalize and elect to an important office among us. For how often do we forget that little sins are to be regarded, that we are accountable for them, that they are our most dangerous enemies. One man commits a great sin, and though he repent of it, he is denounced as a vile criminal; another goes on committing what are called "little sins," and never even heeding them, much less repenting of them, but he is accounted a *respectable* man.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 12.

(Continued from page 744.)

VIENNA, 8th mo., 1867.

It seems scarcely possible that a whole week has passed since my last letter was mailed from Dresden, but so it is; and now I find I have scarcely time to give thee anything like a comprehensible account of the adventures of those days, before this, too, must be on its way to meet the next steamer for America. In Dresden, after spending several days among the galleries of paintings, which are truly wonderful for their vastness and riches, and seeing Madonnas by the hundreds and crucifixions and Magdalenas in the same proportions; we finished off by a visit to the "green vault," and to the great porcelain factory at Meissen. The former is an immense collection of articles of vertu, composed of gold and silver and precious stones in every imaginable form and variety, some of which were certainly very curious, but as a whole much more remarkable for their enormous cost than for anything else. After this we spent a day at Meissen, about three-fourths of an hour by rail from the city of Dresden, and where the very extensive factory of porcelain is the principal attraction. We were politely escorted through the establishment, and exceedingly interested in the various details of the manufacture, though somewhat disappointed in the beauty of the famous "Dresden china." The masses of flowers with which most of the articles were (according to our notion) overlaid, were decidedly too much in the high old Dutch style to be in keeping with the improvements of modern times; and as we walked through room after room, filled with men and women, each one engaged upon some one part of a flower which another set put together, and arranged in close and often clumsy groups upon vases or clocks, or tea-pots, as the case might be, we could not but wonder where they found a market for so much time and talent that seemed to us worse than wasted. I am sorry to say, that, according to our guide, a great deal of the most common is sent to America. Still all is not of this description, and the *painting* on some of the more delicate pieces was perfectly exquisite; and as we watched the artists at their work, we could readily realize the immense value that is set upon this kind of china. Next day we took cars for Prague, a distance of about seven hours. The early part of the route lay through what is called Saxon Switzerland and along the banks of the Elbe, and was so lovely and picturesque as well to deserve its name, and indeed almost rivalled Switzerland itself; but upon entering Bohemia everything was suddenly changed. The country became rough and

sterile, the villages dreary and miserable, and instead of the bright little cottages surrounded by flowers, and their dormer windows peeping out of the steep-tiled roof, like half-opened eyes, we saw nothing but the most wretched and comfortless abodes; and had it not been that they were too ugly even for that, we might well have peopled them, in fancy, with the gypsy hordes that are said to have had their origin in this part of Germany. The inhabitants, as far as we saw them, corresponded perfectly with their dwellings, and reminded us of some parts of Switzerland through which we passed last summer. What the blighting influence is, I cannot tell; but its effects were seen during all the remainder of our ride and almost up to the very walls of the fine old city of Prague, which (the capital of this miserable domain) perfectly astonished us by its air of thrift and comfort, and by the beauty and neatness of its whole appearance. We drove from the depot through the old arched gateway, about 7.25, to our hotel, the "Blauer Stern," just the other side of it, and fronting on a broad, open "platz" in the pleasantest part of the city, where we had the distinguished honor of occupying a chamber that was used during the war of last summer by the King of Prussia, and in which the treaty of peace was signed. As we only had one day to devote to this quaint old city, we begun early in the morning, by visiting one of the oldest churches. Then after a little "shopping," we took one of the nice, open Droschkas, that are universally used here, and drove across the Moldeau on a splendid and curious old bridge, ornamented with various groups of saints, and martyrs in dark stone, and with a tablet near the centre marking the spot, from which, in 13—, St. John of Nepamuck, then a priest, was thrown, by order of the King, for refusing to reveal the confession of the Queen. *It is said* that his body floated for some distance up the stream, with a circle of stars around the head, in consequence of which miracle he was forthwith admitted into the brotherhood of saints. We afterwards saw in the cathedral his tomb, a magnificent sarcophagus of massive silver, with angels supporting it, and other ornaments of the same metal, and, enclosed in a little glass case or locket, a piece of the bone of one of his fingers. The same cathedral contains a large bronze candelabrum, the foot of which is said to have come from the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem; and as it looks about in the same condition as other bronze antiquities we have seen, I should think it *might* be possible. After crossing the bridge I have mentioned, we ascended a high hill, on the top of which is a very old Benedictine convent, where we were conducted by a fine-looking man about 60 years old, clad in a long white robe, through

a handsome and extensive library and museum, occupying several large and lofty galleries, and evidently showing the prosperity of the order. The holy father was very courteous in doing the honors of the establishment, and though we hesitated to offer it, received quite graciously the parting fee. From an old castle in the same neighborhood we had a splendid view of the city and its surroundings, and in our afternoon's drive we passed through the Jews' quarters, where ten thousand Israelites are huddled together in a miserable condition of filth and idleness, and where literally the streets were so narrow, that the carriage could scarcely pass along without brushing against the piles of ragged clothing that blocked up the dingy door-ways. The whole place was swarming with squalor and degradation, and reminded us of some of the worst parts of Edinboro. The synagogue was very ancient, but so dark, and everything in it so defiled with dirt, that we could see but little to interest us; but the cemetery, which looked equally old, was really a curiosity from its utter dissimilarity to any other we had ever seen. The tomb-stones, which were quite rough, excepting on one side, were lying or standing in every sort of confusion, sometimes leaning several together, without the least reference to the bodies that were supposed to be beneath them, and looked more like a great marble yard, or what had been one a thousand years ago, than a civilized place of interment. I think the last body had been placed there 80 years ago. This old city of Prague is exceedingly interesting, and though very ancient, has a number of broad, handsome streets, which quite surprised us. The language is very odd, entirely different from the German, approaching more nearly, I believe, to the Polish. On the signs in the streets, such words as *skladmuzskehoodava* and *drska* are very common. Our route between Prague and Vienna was much of it very delightful, and lay, after leaving Bohemia, through the country of Moravia—a perfect contrast to the former; for though still a Catholic country, everything was neat and bright and flourishing, and we thought quite as worthy of being the ancestral home of our Pennsylvania Moravians as the other was of connection with the gypsies. The road passed, in one-half hour, through ten tunnels, and the rocks and hills were some of them very singular. We also saw the old citadel where Baron Trenck ended his days, but I have no time now to particularize. We reached this fine city in good condition; spent yesterday very agreeably in visiting the Belvidere, an immense and beautiful building in the suburbs, containing a large gallery of paintings, ancient and modern. To-day we go to Shoenbrunn, the summer-palace of the Emperor.

(To be continued.)

SELF-GOVERNMENT.—When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch, in the family our tempers, in company our tongues.—*Hannah More.*

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 1, 1868.

THE TEST OF FAITH AND THE VIRTUE OF A NAME.—Religion, when made the subject of debate, seems often to lose its salutary influence over the heart, and in contending for the Gospel, we have ever need to be watchful, that we forfeit not its virtues, or its promises.

From our earliest association with Friends' Intelligencer, we have felt the importance of being thus guarded, and have consequently rejected subjects which would likely involve unprofitable controversy, or have a tendency to foster a party spirit. We have, nevertheless, felt no disposition to falter in upholding the great principles of Light and Knowledge upon which our religious Faith is based. Our convictions relative to the light of Christ internally revealed, as the Guide and Saviour of men, as promulgated by the founders of the Society of Friends, cause us to observe with deep regret the efforts used by many who bear the name of "Friends" to substitute in the place of this simple Christian faith, the *mystical* system which underlies the so-called orthodox creeds of the various sects into which this portion of professing Christendom is divided; and out of which many of our early Friends withdrew as a people Divinely called to revive the ancient doctrine of one Almighty Agent in the universe,—one Infinite Father, who is a Spirit, in whom we live, move and have our being.

Our thoughts have been turned into this channel by reading in the British Friend of the present month an article upon "Quakerism and Unitarianism," with the remarks of the Editor upon it. The writer regards with distrust the liberality of a correspondent in a previous number, who observed, when looking beyond creeds and formularies, "a wonderful unity of faith" when men "speak and act from their inmost convictions, and with something of the enthusiasm of inspiration."

The Reviewer thinks it well to "refer to creeds and doctrines in order to show that there is not, neither can be any unity of faith between

Unitarians and the Society of Friends." In the course of his remarks he says that "the selection of the object of this 'unity of faith' has not been such as to afford much encouragement to the liberal-spirited and kind-hearted projectors. A Hicksite union was suggested, but this proposition was coldly received by the Society here, and promptly repudiated by the Hicksites in America."

The Editor of the *B. Friend*, in reply, states "that J—R— is incorrect in maintaining that any attempt has been made on our part, at all events, to amalgamate Friends with Hicksites, *so long as they continue Hicksites*. It was solely because there was ground for believing that not a few under that name were prepared to unite with Friends by identity of doctrinal views, that a re-union was advocated."

We deem it appropriate here to consider the term *Hicksite*, which continues to be applied to a body of Friends who have ever disavowed its application, and who regard the pertinacity with which it is used to be as unchristian, as it is unjust.

The religion of those, thus stigmatized, forbids their calling any man Master, even though his life might be pure and upright, as we believe that of the grossly misrepresented Elias Hicks' to have been, in which self-denial and humility were remarkably prominent. A few months ago the term "Hicksite" was admitted into our paper in an article taken from an *Exchange*—it being used by one, not a member, as a distinctive appellation. The Editorial note, disavowing the title, was omitted by the printer, which we much regretted. In the heat of party spirit which rent the Society in twain, there might be some excuse for even an opprobrious epithet—but after the lapse of years, when time has been given for a "zeal without knowledge," to give place to one tempered with a Christian spirit, we marvel that there should be no more respect paid to the claims of brotherhood, than is manifested by those who persist in assuming the right to judge their fellow men by the standard which they have themselves erected, rather than by a life whose general deportment is conformed to the gospel of Christ.

It is sometimes said that a Christian reputation is a light object; and it is, in the sense that all things are light to him whose hope is

full of immortality. But of all worldly blessings, an honest reputation is to many the most precious, and he who robs another of it is among the worst persecutors. The denial of our Christian character by fallible and imperfect men, gives us no uneasiness, so far as regards our relation to the Divine Mind. This cannot be dissolved by the breath of man, but it is astonishing to us with what assumption our fellow professors anathematize us because of a difference in opinion in some of the most subtle and difficult subjects of theology. Both Scripture and reason teach that the only standard of character is the life.

When condemnation is founded upon opinions about which he who judges as well as he who is judged may err, the claims of a just and candid judgment are violated, and the peaceful and Christian spirit of the gospel is opposed. The great Teacher said that by their fruits men should be known; and, "not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

We deny not the right of our brother to judge us by the fruits which are found appended to our daily movements, but when these are overlooked and a more uncertain standard is applied, we are liable to be misunderstood and injured. While we repel the uncharitable censures of men, we desire to keep in view the humility and sense of unworthiness which should be the clothing of our spirits; and in maintaining the great truth that our Father in heaven is alone the Supreme God, let us not overlook the medium whence this knowledge is derived, nor neglect that intercourse with Him, without which the purest conceptions will avail little in establishing His kingdom in our hearts.

In our zeal to hold fast the "Eternal Word," in opposition to creeds and formularies, we would not forget that the strongest confession which can be made is the exhibition of a meek and contrite spirit.

"Let this mind be in you that was also in Christ Jesus."

LESSONS IN ELOCUTION.—We call attention to the advertisement of our friend Esther J. Trimble. We have, on several occasions, listened with interest to her reading exercises, and take pleasure in recommending her as a

teacher of elocution well qualified to impart instruction in schools or to private classes.

AN APPEAL FOR THE INDIANS.—The deep interest felt by many in the welfare of the Indians, induces us to give publicity to a portion of a letter recently received by a Friend in this city from Benjamin Hallowell, Secretary of the Indian Committee of Baltimore Yearly Meeting. He says, "Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, who delivered an interesting address in relation to the Indians, at our meeting-house in Baltimore, during the week of our late Yearly Meeting, and who has been for many years the devoted friend and advocate of the Red Man, writes to me, under recent date :

"I am feeling deep anxiety about the removal of the Chippewas of Mille Lacks, Wis., of which I wrote to you in a former letter." This compulsory, unexpected and hasty removal of these Indians, to a new and distant location, just at the commencement of a severe winter, is the infliction of a very oppressive hardship upon them, and will render them extremely destitute in the spring of all kinds of seeds with which to commence gardening operations in their new home, and to raise things for their families to subsist upon. He says, therefore, that if the Friends whom he has always found ready to lend an attentive ear to the cry of suffering humanity, and the *only* people he has known who never failed to respond to the demands of the wronged Red Man, would send some boxes containing garden seeds, of any or all kinds, pumpkin seeds, of a hardy variety, &c. &c, it will be the means of affording great relief to these people. Blankets will be gratefully received."

Those disposed to respond to this call may send their contributions of seeds, blankets, or money to purchase blankets, to B. Dorsey & Sons, No. 923 Market street, Philada.

A continuation of a "Review" of "Among the Indians," by S. M. J., came to hand too late for present number. It will appear in our next issue.

ERRATA.—In the article "Friends amongst the Freedmen," of last week, by a typographical error, the extract from letter of Sarah M. Ely locates the town of Langley as "*ten*" miles from Lewinsville. This should read *two miles*.

MARRIED, on Fourth-day evening, First mo. 15th, 1868, under the care of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, HENRY S. KIRBY, son of Robert and Maria Kirby, members of Upper Springfield Monthly Meeting, N. J., and MARY H., daughter of Joseph B. and Sarah B. Conrow, members of the first named Meeting.

—, at Fairmount Meeting, Ind., on the 25th of Twelfth month, 1867, JONATHAN, son of Wm. Binford, to ANNA, daughter of Nathan D. and Mary Wilson.

DIED, on the evening of 16th of First month, 1868, in the 63d year of her age, MARY D., wife of Benjamin Borden, of Norristown, Pa.

—, at his late residence, (John B. Bartram's,) Darby, Pa., on the 7th of First month, 1868, SAMUEL BUNTING, in his 85th year.

—, on the 8th of First month, 1868, CHARLES, son of Joseph S. Hance, in his 24th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green St., Philadelphia.

—, on the 8th of First month, 1868, at Pensacola, Florida, HANNAH T., wife of Frederick Robinson, and daughter of Townsend and the late Hannah K. Hilliard; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green Street.

—, on the morning of the 13th inst., FLORENCE, infant daughter of S. Fisher and Caroline A. Corlies; members of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends.

—, on the morning of First month 17th, 1868, JOHN SAUNDERS, JR., in his 23d year, son of Sarah and the late Macpherson Saunders; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green Street, Philadelphia.

—, on the evening of First month 19th, MARTHA, wife of Samuel Thomas, in her 70th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green St., Philadelphia.

—, on the evening of First month 20th, ROBERT A. GOVETT, in his 71st year; a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends.

—, on the morning of First month 20th, at the residence of her nephew Henry B. Fussell, West Philadelphia, MARY LUKENS, in her 83d year.

—, on the morning of the 25th ult., SAMUEL PARRY, aged 59 years; an Elder of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends.

—, on the 26th inst., in Brooklyn, N. Y., JAMES MOTT, in his 80th year; an Elder of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The undersigned acknowledges the receipt of \$15 from Friends at Macedon and Farmington, N. Y., through Geo. O. Fritts.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., Treasurer,
717 Willow St., Philadelphia.

An adjourned Meeting of the Conference of Friends for the purpose of providing a Meeting-House for the Indulged Meeting under the care of Green Street Monthly Meeting, will be held at Hall, No. 1914 Coates Street, on First-day, 2d proximo, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

JAMES GASKILL, Clerk.

PRAYER.

Strive to preserve a praying mind through the day; not only at the usual and stated periods, but everywhere, and at all times, and in all companies. This is your preservative against error, weakness and sin.

Always remember you are in the midst of temptations; and never more so, than when

most pleased with outward objects and intercourse.

Pray and watch; for if the spirit be willing, yet the flesh is weak.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

No. 5.

INTERCOURSE BETWEEN OLD AND YOUNG.

It is a subject of constant regret as to many of our smaller meetings, that the young, especially, so seldom attend, and take so little interest in them. We have been accustomed for years to lament this state of things, with scarcely a thought as to whether there may not be some fault on the part of those who are older as well, and as if to lament it, and to make appeals to those delinquents was all that we could possibly do. May we not take a more rational view of this subject, and derive some instruction from following out the thoughts which it suggests?

It is of course impossible that any society or organization can continue to exist if there be not a succession of young persons to take the place of those who are annually removed by death. We have for the most part ceased to add, or to attempt to add to our numbers by proselyting or conversion; and now to hold fast at least upon our children, to whom we assign a birthright membership, is to us a vital necessity, if we would continue to hold up our standard, for their good, and for the sake of what we regard as truth.

May there not be some cause for that want of interest in our meetings, and in our Society, which seems to prevail so generally on the part of the young in many places? We are, in some respects a peculiar people. So far as we may be peculiar by reason of the intrinsic excellency of our principles, our good works, and the integrity and purity of our lives, it is well; but beyond this, in view of our relations with and dependence upon the rising generation, peculiarities are dangerous things. There is, on the part of the young, an instinctive aversion to anything that may make them appear odd, or that imposes undue restraints upon their youthful pleasures and enjoyments. Gayety and hilarity are to them natural, and therefore cannot be sinful. They naturally look for guidance in the first instance to their parents, and those who have the care of them, in whose hands they are, under judicious treatment, much as clay in the hands of the potter; but they have minds of their own, and must sooner or later act for themselves, and, except in extreme youth, it is only gentle guidance that they require, rather than subjection to the will of older persons, which, besides often defeating its own object, prevents the formation of habits of discrimination and self-reliance.

Parents who attempt unduly to urge or enforce upon their children a compliance with

forms and peculiarities which are repulsive to them, and yet involve no essential principle, or who unreasonably restrain them in the enjoyment of youthful pleasures and amusements, abuse their authority; and the penalty is apt to be the loss of it. Though we as a people have doubtless improved much in this respect within a few years past, is there not yet in many places too much of what is called strictness on the part of some Friends? The effect of parents and elderly persons maintaining habits of this kind is to produce estrangement on the part of children and young persons, who cannot harmonize with anything so antagonistic to their own social and sprightly natures. In the past, many families of children have been wholly driven off from us by over-rigid exactions.

It is by making concessions to the young in all proper cases, and equalizing ourselves with them, and guarding against unnecessary restrictions, that we alone can preserve that intimate and confidential relation with, and influence over them, that is alike necessary for their good and ours. To grant them occasional indulgence even in things that we cannot wholly approve, tends to blunt the edge of curiosity, and prevents the growth of a morbid longing that may end in stealth and prevarication, or open disobedience.

Evil tendencies in young persons are best checked, not by blunt refusals, or peremptory commands, but by being young with them, sharing their harmless pleasures, and gently carrying them along, and diverting their attention to nobler objects.

But it is not only in the purely social relation that we often fail in our duty to our youthful companions, and make ourselves responsible in part at least for their want of interest. We, as a Society, make religion too rigid and gloomy a thing for their sprightly natures. They have to attain a certain advanced stage of gravity and seriousness rarely reached much short of middle age before they can feel free to take part in our business meetings, or are ever expected to do so. And this excessive gravity extends to the ways and manners and sentiments of the more strict of our elderly Friends, rendering them uncompanionable to the young, and by which the healthful influence of each upon the other is greatly impaired.

There cannot be in true and rational religion anything incompatible with the qualities and mental characteristics which the divine hand has assigned to youth, or with the maintenance of a medium ground upon which old and young may meet each other half way, and move together hand in hand, upon familiar and equal terms. This is obviously the true and proper relation of the one to the other. The desires and inclinations of the young will seldom run

to extremes, or induce them to discard paternal precepts and example, unless parents take the opposite extreme by maintaining an antiquated and uncongenial manner. It is for the elderly class of Friends and parents to lay aside their strict and over-sanctified ways in and out of meeting, and make the advance toward meeting the young upon familiar and equal ground, and until they do this, to withhold their censure of the young for their want of interest in our meetings.

A writer over the signature of R., in the *Intelligencer* of First month 18th, takes exception to the views that have been presented in these communications, and does not appear to be able to see any good, but only evil in them. It may be so. The writer can only claim sincerity of purpose, leaving others to judge of his efforts, and will not engage in any controversy. Though our views may be different on many points, may we not still labor together for the same end, in love and harmony, having charity, forbearance and toleration one toward another. No one is responsible for the views that have been or may be presented but the writer, and this it is desired may be particularly understood as to the editors, who, by their liberality in admitting these articles, are not to be understood as thereby endorsing *all* the sentiments they may contain. Would not a more general expression of views in this way be greatly advantageous? The writer had hoped ere this, further to have heard from P., whose valuable article appeared in the *Intelligencer* of Tenth month 19th, 1867.

T. H. S.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 15.

BOTZEN IN THE TYROL, NOV. 9th, 1867.

I left Germany yesterday for the Tyrol, and had a lovely ride to Innspruck; the country constantly growing more beautiful as we came more into the mountains, but it was too dark to see the beauty of Innspruck, and this morning when we left, the mist enveloped the mountains which surround it. If we had been at a pleasant hotel we might have stayed a day in order to see it, but it was not a good one, though of great pretensions, ("The Austrian,") and besides it did not bid fair to be a pleasant day. In the middle of the forenoon, however, it cleared, and certainly there never was a more splendid day's ride than from Innspruck to Botzen, where we arrived between 3 and 4 o'clock. There were mountains on either side for the whole distance, closing in front of us, and the highest peaks were snowy; the Inn or one of its tributaries was perpetually in sight. Much of the road was parallel to the old Diligence road first made by the Romans. The people looked hardy and laborious, and we saw but one woman at work; but she was cutting stone with the men. Beau-

tiful, picturesque villages in the valleys and on the slopes of the mountains and on the heights, with their churches, gave a perpetual human interest to what would otherwise have been a very wild landscape. The vineyards were so frequent that we could not but regret we were so late. We seemed to have entirely missed the vintage, but we see how beautiful it must have made this mountain scenery. I do no justice, by these hints, to the picture, to the panorama which this day's ride has painted in my chamber of imagery. The mountains really seemed to me as beautiful as anything I saw in Switzerland last July, for the snow already covers the summits. The foliage has mostly fallen, and the landscape is russet and golden, with occasionally a tint of rose; what man has done for the landscape seems to have been always just what it needed, as if there was a recognition and consent of nature with him to make as much beauty as possible. The churches, chapels and shrines are multitudinous, having generally dark red spires, sometimes black; one was green. The color always seemed exactly right. But it is really a mystery to me, why the snow peaks should have such a ravishing effect upon me. I never fail to feel a sort of rapture whenever I see them, and they do not lose their charm by repetition. When the sun shines on them I can only liken the effect to the most brilliant tones of the human voice rising above the harmonies of the organ. Botzen is surrounded by mountains, and there is one snow mountain that lies behind the rest, and is seen between them. Its distance makes it seem lower than the others. There is a most brilliant moon shining over it at this instant, and nothing can be lovelier than the whole scene. To-morrow we go into Italy—and the soft air, which is still *enspirited*, if I may so say, with the cold of the mountains, seems to be a salutation from the beautiful land. But of that by and by. And now having relieved myself by saying even this little of the beautiful Tyrol, with its churches telling of peace and love, and its castles which (some of them in ruins) tell of war and violence as well—I feel free to look back to our week in Munich, which astonished me with its luxury of art. That old king Ludwig the First, who is still alive, (at eighty-three years of age,) was the builder of the Walhalla, near Ratisbon, and also of a temple of Glory in the environs of Munich. This temple is an open gallery, forming three sides of an oblong, and is built of marble with forty-eight Doric pillars, to which one ascends by marble steps. There are in it two rows of marble busts of seventy-six distinguished Bavarians. In front, on the fourth side of the oblong, is a colossal female figure holding a crown of laurel above her head at arm's length. The head of this colossus is large enough to hold six persons, and is reached

by a winding staircase of sixty-six steps within the body; persons can look through the eyes and mouth over the wide plain which is in front, and see the city of Munich beyond, which I suppose may in course of time cover this plain also. This colossus, which is named Bavaria, has a beautiful, happy countenance, with lips slightly parted. It was cast in bronze in Munich, and is a masterpiece of Schwanthaler. We walked out to see it one afternoon, but did not ascend it; there are sixty-six steps in the pedestal as well as the sixty-six inside the figure. I visited afterwards what is called Schwanthaler's Museum, a place where are casts of his works, and among them one of the head of Bavaria. I said to an old artist who shows the Museum to strangers that "Bavaria looks happy; is she so?" He said, "We are satisfied." It is very pleasant to visit this Museum after seeing so many of Schwanthaler's works as I have done, and examine them closely, though of course they are only in plaster. His portrait busts and statues are very interesting, as well as his ideal works, and there are a great number of them; among the rest a likeness of himself. The Goëthe of Frankfort-on-the-Maine is his work; also, a beautiful Mozart, and a Jean Paul, all of gigantic size, for public places. I advise everybody who visits Munich to go to this Museum. It is in the new city, in Schwanthaler street, through which one can pass to see the Bavaria. Munich is especially rich in sculpture. In the *Glyptothek* there is a large collection of genuine Greek statuary, (a whole room full of it, brought from Ægina,) and an Alexander, which Winckelmann pronounced a genuine likeness, done in Alexander's own time. It is a nude figure, and certainly the perfection of manly beauty as to form, and as stern, unsympathising and cold as he ought to look, but not consciously cruel or fierce. It corresponds well with the masterly delineation in words of Alexander's character and career, by Grote, in the last volume of his *History of Greece*. There is much Roman statuary in the *Glyptothek*, as well as modern. I should think there were a dozen halls; all the Roman Emperors are there, and many of their female relatives; many celebrities besides; also, fine bas-reliefs, Greek and Roman. The building itself is beautiful and beautifully ornamented, both within and without. On a parallel street are the old and the new Pinacothek. The old is devoted to paintings beginning with Byzantine art, and having a large collection of the Cologne masters, and continuing from them up to the present time. There is a small hall nearly full of Rembrandt's paintings. All the masters are well represented. In many of the rooms are seats where one can sit and enjoy the pictures in comfort. But instead of two days one wanted two months to see this fine gallery of as many

as fourteen halls. The building itself, of marble throughout, is a splendid work of art. An arcade on one side is frescoed with the coats of arms of every city in Europe which has afforded great artists, and above in the Loggie is painted in fresco a sort of history of art—its progress—with characteristic scenes and portraits of the great artists of each city over its coat of arms, as, for instance, over Rome the death of Raphael and the picture of the Transfiguration on the wall beside his bed. The arched ceiling of this arcade is painted with exquisite medallions, and not a square inch in which it was possible to put anything beautiful but was used for the purpose. The new Pinacothek is devoted to modern paintings and living artists. There are about twenty-five halls in this marble palace, all lighted, (as the other buildings are,) from the top. Around the outside of this immense building, (from half way up, to the eaves of the roof,) are immense pictures in fresco. On one side are portraits of all the distinguished modern artists, at full length, and larger than life. I should think there were thirty. At the two ends are beautiful allegoric pictures representing the genii of Poetry; of Painting in fresco; of Painting on glass; of Painting on vases; of Sculpture; of Architecture; of Casting in bronze; all conceived in their relations to each other in the most beautiful taste. The rest of the pictures are more elaborate groups, and some of them are humorous. There is King Louis at Rome, surrounded by artists, (all the heads portraits,) each presenting his claims; some are holding in their hands their best works in miniature; some are receiving commissions from him; others are turning away disappointed. In another picture artists on bended knee present to Louis an album. The painting of all this is superb, and in one room of the Pinacothek are the original sketches of these pictures quite beautifully finished up in miniature, so that the whole can be easily examined. I think these works of the modern artists in the new Pinacothek very fine, and that an excellent taste presides over the choice. If it is that of King Louis himself, it shows him to be a true connoisseur. He allows nothing that has not merit to come into his collections. I saw artists copying both in the old and in the new Pinacothek. I do not mention any particular pictures, because to do so would do injustice to the rest, and then I did not stay long enough to do justice to them in any way.

Besides these great marble buildings devoted to art, are many large and elegant buildings devoted to schools of science, and to the city's schools for boys and girls. I saw in the streets young people of both sexes with their books under their arms. The best schools in Germany for the study of engineering and architecture

are in Munich; the price of courses is very moderate, and it is possible to live very cheaply there. The climate is cold in winter and hot in summer. There is not the look of decay and poverty that strikes one so much in Dresden. These modern kings of Bavaria, Louis I. and Louis II., (who is the present reigning king,) are in the full tide of their prosperity; while the present Saxon kings seem to be paying the penalty of the luxury of Augustus II. and III. Dresden lives on what it *has been*; Munich on what it *is*.

When I return home I shall read up the history of Bavaria. I do not understand why it has so much more money to devote to art than Saxony, and some other German states. I was told that its chief resources were its wines and its cattle. Its works of art attract strangers, who contribute much to the prosperity of Munich. It has students of art and science from all parts of the world. E. P. P.

EVENING SOLACE.

BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

The human heart has hidden treasures,
In secret kept, in silence sealed,
The thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,

Whose charms were broken, if revealed.
And days may pass in gay confusion,
And nights in noisy riot fly,
While lost in fame's or wealth's illusion,
The memory of the past may die.

But there are hours of lonely musing,
Such as in evening's silence come,
When, soft as birds their pinions closing,
The heart's best feelings gather home.
Then in our souls there seems to languish
A tender grief that is not woe.
The thoughts that once wrung groans of anguish,
Now cause but some mild tears to flow.

And feelings once as strong as passions
Float softly back—a faded dream;
Our own sharp griefs and wild sensations
The taste of others' suffering seem.
Oh! when the heart is freshly bleeding,
How longs it for the time to be,
When, through the mist of years receding,
Its woes but live in reverie.

And it can dwell on moonlight glimmer,
On evening shades and loneliness,
And while the sky grows dim and dimmer,
Feel no untold and strange distress;
Only a deeper impulse given,
By lonely hour and darkened room,
To solemn thoughts that soar to heaven,
Seeking a life and world to come.

DEEDS NOT WORDS.

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng,
They will condense within thy soul
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
When hearts and will are weighed,

Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
That bloom their hour and fade.

FRIENDS AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

No. XIV.

The following letter from *Cornelia Hancock*, addressed to the Association, and spoken of in last number, possesses so much of interest that it is offered for publication in the *Intelligencer entire*, in preference to mutilating it by giving limited quotations from it, such as is usual in our ordinary summaries. J. M. E.

MOUNT PLEASANT, S. C., Jan. 6th, 1868.

Dear Friends:—I have observed the usual holiday proclaimed in the Charleston schools this year, as last year I attempted to teach through them, and was successful only in having a small school. These people think Christmas is a time of rest, and it is very difficult to overcome their prejudices and get any kind of labor out of them during this season.

I have been visiting schools and teachers in several different places, and what I saw and heard may be interesting to you. At Aiken, in S. C., one of the teachers (Esther Stevens) who was with us last year, is located. She is situated with another teacher, and they have under their care about one hundred scholars. It is a higher portion of South Carolina and less productive soil, and the people, both white and black, are very poor. Most of the so called aristocracy of the South live in this district, and last year the teacher was forcibly driven from the town; this year one of the teachers is a sister of one of the "Bureau officers," and they have been protected in their school so far. While in the depot a display of their ignorant prejudice was made. A negro was standing on a bench beside me, fully one yard from me, and a Southern man came up to him and roughly attempted to make him leave the room; fortunately Major Stone the Bureau officer was present, and protected the colored man in his rights to the room. A soldier was deliberately shot by a civilian while we remained there, and I came to the conclusion it was well for us that we lived near Charleston, where there is sufficient military to keep such men in better subjection.

After finishing our visit in Aiken we went to Augusta, Georgia. And as soon as I arrived there, I felt sure, from the size of the place, there must be some teachers located there; made inquiries, and found there *were* twenty-one, all living in one large family. They are sent out by the American Missionary Society. In the day I spent with these teachers I learned much of the condition of the schools there; they are graded. The buildings are not good, having to use churches, and two teachers teach in a room. They conversed freely upon the man-

agement of their schools, and were intelligent and interesting women, representing nearly every Northern State. I was astonished to find so many here; it is a beautiful, healthy city, containing wide streets, with sometimes three rows of trees in the middle, forming an airy park. They informed me there that prejudice was so against them that some of the inhabitants had moved out of these streets (wide as they are) because the "Yankee Teachers" had their "Home" in the same block. The same testimony was given here in regard to any civility being shown the teachers. I met with a Captain Bryant, who is the editor of the "Loyal Georgian" paper. He is a delegate to the Convention; he said there were some able men in the Convention. I do hope so, and that they may make some wholesome resolutions that may make more prosperity in the State than now exists. I left Augusta, and traveled through to Atlanta at night. Going north and into a higher country, I was surprised at the difference in the weather; by the morning we arrived in Atlanta the snow was falling, and the wind blowing so furiously we could hardly keep our feet. The weather has soon to moderate in the South, however, as the sun shines with such force. The second day was bright and beautiful, except the mud, which was so deep and so impregnated with iron, that on the streets, which are unpaved, it was almost impossible to walk. In the city there are fourteen teachers supported by the American Missionary Assoc'n, and one (M. Jacobs) by the Chester Co. Progressive Friends. The schools were in session two days while we were there, giving me an opportunity to observe them carefully. The buildings here are new, having been built by the Association. Have all the conveniences of the best Northern public school buildings. The order in these schools was truly surprising; their scholars have been in school two years, the same as ours. I think I have ten scholars that can surpass them in scholarship; but I am sure our schools would compare unfavorably in point of order. I was very much pleased with their schools; should think there were teachers there that were the very cream of the profession, either North or South. Mary Jacobs' school is in an inferior building; but her mode of governing was very pleasing, she seemed to be at such ease herself, and the scholars seemed so interested in their work. General Saxton and family are living at Atlanta, and took us to ride to see the interesting points about the city; one place we visited was the "Poor House." I did not expect to see a building rivaling in appearance "Blockley Almshouse," but was surprised to see such a comfortable place; it consisted of a series of huts, all filled to overflowing with old, lame, blind creatures, who were poorly supplied with

everything. One woman there, I am sure she must have been a hundred, had no bed to lie on, and said she always sat up by the fire at night. One blind woman said they had stolen her blankets (the scarcity of comforts lessening the sin of stealing in their minds very much). Mrs. Thompson, Tillie Saxton's mother, was with us. She is known to you all as a faithful Anti-Slavery woman; and she said while conversing with these people, don't thee think the Friends of Philadelphia would send me something for the relief of these people. I said in the first letter I wrote I would mention the destitution I witnessed, and see if a contribution of second-hand clothing could not be sent to her from you. She has much time, and what is more, a deep desire to aid suffering humanity; and I should think if you were sending goods to any portion of the South, goods consigned to Gen. Saxton's care at Atlanta would be most faithfully and carefully dispensed. General Pope has been relieved from duty in Atlanta, owing to the solicitations of rebels. Whenever good men, such as Pope and Saxton, are in power, how short seems their reign. The rebels in Atlanta seem very jubilant, and say in six weeks the military authority in Georgia will be removed. It seemed to me, in my observations, that by far the most *permanent* good that is being done for the South, are the schools; they are of course but a drop in a vast ocean of ignorance, but the instruction that is being implanted in the young minds is a good that cannot be uprooted by the intrigue of any person. I will mention that in Atlanta a number of schools have been opened for the poor whites. These schools are doing good in that direction. While in Atlanta I met with Mr. Leers, the one who is visiting the Southern cities to dispense among them the "Peabody Fund." His accounts of what *had* been accomplished and what was *promised* (through Georgia, in the cities of Columbus, Rome, La Grange, &c.), toward a system of public schools for the education of the masses was very encouraging. In each of these three schools he promised to aid them with one thousand dollars apiece this year, if they would establish after the approved schools of Boston. Since the elections, there seems to be a restlessness on the part of the Southern people, and an unwillingness to bear with the colored people. I think, considering all the disadvantages the colored people labor under, it is a miracle how well they thrive. Poverty is the lot of all here, both black and white. I hope that from what I have written you may conclude that the way you have chosen to aid the South is a permanent good that can never be effaced by any politician or intriguer, and that you may be encouraged to give of your abundance, that the good work may go on. To dispel ignorance is to reconstruct the South,

and although what little is done towards that end in this school is *very little*, yet I hope of all of us it may be said, "We have done what we could."

Our scholars have been taxed this month with good results; I made the amount very low, ten cents a month, but it has been paid cheerfully by every scholar in two schools and nearly all in the other. We received about fourteen dollars in all. I was gratified with the promptness with which it was paid.

We were unable to celebrate Christmas for them on Christmas day, as the ship did not arrive in port until the 26th; so *to-day* we used for that purpose. A generous collection of toys and candies was sent to us by our friend H. M. Laing; the candy was put upon the tree, and three tables spread with the presents for each school. All assembled around the tree, sung some appropriate pieces; then we were able to give to each child a toy of his or her selection, a pair of shoe strings, and a picture or book. We gave them a pair of shoe strings because they are very practical in their desires and want something they can make use of. They all seemed satisfied and delighted. A very important part of the contribution was a stereoscope with appropriate pictures, especially one of our friend Lucretia Mott. The day was so thronged with the other excitements that time was not taken upon the stereoscope; but it will keep, and I shall try to explain to the children the merits of each picture. I have extended this letter much longer than I at first intended, but what I have written was interesting to me as it transpired, and I write it to you, hoping it may interest you as well.

Sincerely your friend, CORNELIA HANCOCK,
Box 19, Charleston, S. C.

ITEMS.

The second Annual Report of Jos. Parrish, M. D., President of the Citizens' Association of Pennsylvania, states that the Sanitarium, for persons suffering from the effects of alcoholic stimulants and opium, was opened for the reception of patients on 6th mo. 18th, 1867, since which time there have been under treatment, twenty-six persons—twenty-four of whom had been addicted to the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants, one to the habitual indulgence in opium, and one to both opium and whiskey.

Eight of the whole number of inebriates had indulged in the use of liquor for ten years or more; twelve for more than five years and less than ten, and five for less than five years.

The average continuance of inebriety in these cases, was seven and one half years each.

Of these, the habit was induced by social usages in eighteen cases; in four it was hereditary, and in three of these it could be traced through two or more generations; in three the appetite was attributed to physicians' prescriptions.

There have been eight cured and returned to usefulness in life (32 per cent.)

In these the average duration of the habit was six years.

The improvement cases are nine; and seven do not seem to be permanently benefitted by the treatment they have thus far received. Two have died.

Among the recoveries none are counted but those who may be relied on, while there are those still under treatment who will probably add to the number.

But few drinking people will submit themselves to treatment within the first year. Indeed, the habit of inebriety is probably rarely established in a single year. The insidious advances of a diseased appetite are almost imperceptible, and the victim feels himself safe, until he realizes, after years have gone by, that he is a captive, and must seek deliverance; but that thirty-two per cent. of cases which have existed, an average of six years each, should yield to suitable treatment in a few months, is satisfactory evidence of the curability of drunkenness.

In his report, Dr. Parrish says:

The first step in the recovery of an inebriate is to remove him from the associations which have surrounded him in his daily life, and at once to promote his self-respect by treating him, not as a vagabond and offcast, but as an unfortunate brother, who is entitled to consideration and sympathy. The next step is to inspire him with confidence in the efforts that are being made for his relief, and thus secure his co-operation in the use of the means that are instituted in his behalf. Having secured to him personal comforts and sympathy in the midst of new and improving surroundings, all of which have drawn out the concurrent efforts of his own will, he can appropriate successfully the medical appliances that are proffered him and be greatly benefitted; though truth demands the avowal of the fact that there are inebriates whose moral strength has been so far prostrated by excesses, as to render recovery an impossibility. The transfer of such a class to an institution, may guard and defend them from hasty destruction, and at the same time be an incalculable relief to their families.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES.—The following statement of the disposition thus far of the Agricultural College land scrip was lately issued from the office of the Secretary of the Interior, at Washington:

"In New Hampshire, the proceeds of lands granted by the acts of 1862, for the encouragement of agricultural and mechanic arts, have been applied toward the establishment of an agricultural and mechanical department in Dartmouth College. In Vermont, the University at Burlington has received the benefit of the grant. Massachusetts has located an Agricultural College at Amherst, separate from other institutions. Rhode Island has assigned her land scrip to Brown University, and Connecticut has given the donation to Yale College. New York has appropriated the funds of the college land scrip to the Cornell University; and Rutgers College, in New Jersey, receives the benefit of the grant in that State. Pennsylvania has an agricultural school near Bellefonte, in Center County, and the annual interest from the proceeds of land scrip, until otherwise ordered, is devoted to this institution. The State Agricultural College of Michigan, established at Lansing in 1855, receives the benefit of the land grant, and in 1866 had a farm of six-hundred and seventy acres, and more than one hundred students. Iowa has a State Agricultural College in Story County; and in Wisconsin the State University at Madison receives the benefit of the grant. Kansas has an agricultural school at Manhattan; Kentucky has a successful institution at Lexington, and West Va. has just established a college at Morgantown.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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THE PENNS AND PENINGTONS.

(Continued from page 756.)

Isaac Penington's religious experience and his religious conclusions, before his settlement at Chalfont, are unfolded by his own words. He says:—"My heart from my childhood was pointed towards the Lord, whom I feared and longed after from my tender years. I felt that I could not be satisfied with, nor indeed seek after the things of this perishing world, but I desired a true sense of, and unity with, that which abideth for ever. There was something still within me which leavened and balanced my spirit almost continually; but I knew it not distinctly so as to turn to it, and give up to it entirely and understandingly. In this temper of mind I earnestly sought after the Lord applying myself to hear sermons, and read the best books I could meet with, but especially the Scriptures, which were very sweet and savory to me. Yea, I very earnestly desired and pressed after the knowledge of the Scriptures, but was much afraid of receiving man's interpretations of them, or of fastening any interpretations upon them myself; but waited much, and prayed much, that from the Spirit of the Lord I might receive the true understanding of them, and that He would endue me with that knowledge which I might feel to be sanctifying and saving.

"And indeed I did sensibly receive of His love, of His mercy, and of His grace, and at seasons when I was most filled with the sense

of my own unworthiness, and had least expectation of the manifestations of them. But I became exceedingly entangled about election and reprobation; having drunk in that doctrine according as it was then held forth by the strictest of those that were termed Puritans, fearing lest, notwithstanding all my desires and seeking after the Lord, He might in His decree have passed by me. I felt it would be bitter to me to bear His wrath, and be separated from His love for evermore; yet if He had so decreed, it would be, and I should, notwithstanding fair beginnings and hopes, fall away, and perish at last."

Under the gloom of that awful perversion of Christ's gospel to man, Isaac Penington's sensitive mind suffered fearfully for years. Gleanings of hope and spiritual brightness at times shone through the clouds, and brought some comfort to his mind; but no settled peace, no full abiding sense of his Heavenly Father's loving care kept possession of his soul, so long as an apprehension of the truth of that God-dishonoring doctrine continued to find any place in his mind. But at length the time arrived when the triumph of Christian truth drove hence that baneful error, which, under one phase or another, had tended in Penington's mind to destroy a right sense of the supreme justice, love, and mercy of the Lord. They who were made instrumental in bringing about this happy change were not among the learned theologians of that day, but belonged to the Christian body

before alluded to, and which in an especial manner rejected the systematical theology taught by the professors of the popular divinity. He describes the result of his intercourse with the Quakers as follows:—

“At first acquaintance with this people, that which was of God in me opened, and I did immediately in my spirit own them as children of my Father, truly begotten of His life by His own spirit. But the wise reasoning part presently rose up, contending against their uncouth way, for which I did disown them, and continued a stranger to them, and a reasoner against them, for about twelve months. By weighing and considering things in that way, I was still further and further off from discerning their leadings by the Spirit of God into those things. But at length it pleased the Lord to draw out His sword against that part in me, turning the wisdom and strength thereof backward; and again to open that eye in me wherewith He had given me to see the things of His kingdom in some measure from a child. And then I saw and felt them grow in that life and spirit which I, through the treachery of the fleshly-wise part, had been estranged from. And now, what bitter days of mourning I have had over this, the Lord alone fully knows. Oh! I have known it indeed to be a bitter thing to follow this wisdom as that which could make me truly to understand the Scriptures. The Lord hath judged me for it, and I have borne a burden and condemnation for that which many at this day wear as their crown.”

In another place he speaks of having “now at length met with the true way, and walked with the Lord therein, wherein daily certainty, yea, full assurance of faith and of understanding, is obtained.” “Blessed be the Lord! there are many at this day who can truly and faithfully witness that they have been brought by the Lord to this state. We have thus learned of Him not by the high, striving, aspiring mind, but by lying low, and being contented with a little; if but a crumb of bread, yet bread; if but a drop of water, yet water. And we have been contented with it, and thankful to the Lord for it. Nor was it by thoughtfulness and wise searching, or deep considering with our own wisdom and reason, that we obtained this; but in the still, meek, and humble waiting have we found it.”

There was in Isaac Penington's religious experience much spiritual feeling; and occasionally we find in his writings an amount of figurative expression which has sometimes been called mysticism. Whether it has a right to be so called, or not, depends on the meaning we attach to the word. If by mysticism in religion, we only mean an earnest longing after, and very high enjoyment of inward spiritual communion with God, and, in writing, frequent

allusions to such spiritual experience, mingled with figurative phrases, we need not demur to its application to Penington. But if, as is more commonly understood, we mean by religious mysticism an ecstatic state of feeling, leading into what is unpractical and mysterious, instead of a calming influence that acts on the conscience and regulates the whole moral life, Penington was no mystic. That mysticism which looks at Bible history and Gospel teaching through a haze that resolves them into fanciful types and figures, dissipating the simple truth and the obvious meaning of Holy Scripture, could not correspond in any degree with Penington's religion. He, though contemplative and retiring, was a true practical Christian. In common with the early Friends, he avoided using terms which had originated in the dogmatic theology. With them, he wished to keep to Scripture language, and to avoid artificial terms which were liable to unscriptural constructions.

It will be observed that he regarded that which is now called Calvinism as having led his mind into serious error, and away from the reverential caution of his earlier days. It is in relation to its teachings that he says, “I have known it, indeed, to be a bitter thing to follow this wisdom as that which could make me truly to understand the Scriptures.” In some other instances he uses still stronger language, when describing the mental suffering and perplexities which had resulted from his having been influenced by such doctrine, instead of seeking and waiting reverentially and trustingly for the enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit. This he afterwards found to make clear whatever was necessary to be cleared, in order to “God's will being truly made known to the heart—savingly, livingly, powerfully.”

The unsatisfied feeling with regard to spiritual communion with God, which for so many years was endured both by Isaac Penington and his wife, does not appear to have arisen out of, or to have been accompanied by, a sense of unforgiven sin. Circumstances indicate that in both cases the Lord was leaving them to pass through necessary experiences, until that degree of insight was acquired which prepared them to fill their allotted positions in the church. Isaac Penington became an eminent preacher of the Gospel among the Friends, and also an indefatigable writer. He was ever ready to put forth his literary powers and gentle persuasive influence, in defence of that spiritual religion and Gospel Truth which had brought so much comfort to his own soul. Mary Penington seems to have been in an especial manner fitted to be a true helpmate to him; her practical business capacity supplying what was less active in him. Unitedly they went forward with abiding trust in their Heav-

only Father's love and care, their spiritual life being made strong in the Lord. To the inquiry, years after he had joined the Friends, if he were yet truly satisfied with the spiritual privileges he enjoyed, Isaac Penington replied, "Yes, indeed; I am satisfied at the very heart. Truly my heart is now united to Him whom I longed after, in an everlasting covenant of pure life and peace."

Of the early Puritans he retained a high appreciation and affectionate remembrance; but he regarded them as having eventually missed their way in some religious matters of great importance to spiritual life. He says, "There was among them great sincerity, and love, and tenderness, and unity in that which was true; minding the work of God in themselves and being sensible of grace and truth in one another's hearts, before there was such a rent among them. By degrees forms and different ways of worship grew among them, and the virtue and power of godliness decreased, and they were swallowed up in high esteem of, and contending each sort for their own forms, whilst themselves had lost a sense of what they were inwardly to God, and what they had inwardly received from God in the days of their former zeal and tenderness. Oh! that they could see this. Oh! that they could return to their early Puritan state, to the love and tenderness that was then in them. May the Lord open again the true spiritual eye in them, and give them to see therewith!"

When Isaac Penington had anchored on what he felt to be Gospel Truth, he was indefatigable in his efforts to draw others into that state which had brought him so much consolation and clearness of spiritual vision. Especially dreading that teaching which did not dwell on or lead to a consciousness of the absolute necessity of the purification of the heart and conduct, he became very close and earnest in pressing home the worthlessness of *religious belief* which did not bring forth *holiness of life*. Many of his letters addressed to acquaintances under these feelings are still extant. Some of them were to persons now quite unknown, and various others to his own relations. Those letters to his father which have been preserved are remarkable productions. They seem to have followed each other uninterruptedly, but only two of them have dates, and these belong to 1658, the year in which Isaac Penington and his wife fully joined the Friends. I shall place those which I select in the order of time, as nearly as this can be ascertained from internal evidence. The manuscripts from which I have copied these letters are preserved in the Friends' Library, Devonshire House, London. Believing that if given in full they would be found tedious by the general reader, I have avoided the repetitions and omitted some para-

graphs. Their character and tone of deep feeling will, I trust, be appreciated from the following copious extracts:—

No. I.—*Isaac Penington to his father, Alderman Penington, on the religion of the latter.*

"Ah, dear father, how strong and tender my affections have been to thee from my childhood, and how they have grown upon me of late years, the Lord knows and will in due time make manifest. My breathings have been strong after thy soul, my sorrow great concerning it, my prayer constant and very vehement for thee. Indeed there was somewhat in my heart which still caused me to fear concerning thy religion, through its beginning and its growth, of its not being what thou took it to be, nor able to effect in the end what thou expectedst from it. Now let my love speak freely, and be not offended, for the Lord knows I would not speak one word to grieve or trouble thee, were there not an exceeding great cause.

"Thy religion began in the wrong part; thy fear was raised, and thy affection stirred, so thou didst bend thyself to seek after God to avoid the wrath thou wast afraid of. By this means thou fell in with that religion which was obvious to thee, and hast taken up duties and practices which the understanding and affections have drawn into. Here thou hast raised up a building, and here lies thy life and thy hope; thy confidence arises but from the temper of the natural part in thyself.

"Now, dear father, what hath thy religion effected? Is thy soul redeemed from sin? Art not thou a captive to this day to many lusts? If thou knewest that power wherein is the lawful strife against sin, thy bonds would be broken. But striving against sin in the part wherein sin's strength lies can never bring victory. But oh! dear father, there is power in the death of Christ; power to bridle the tongue and the passions; power to bridle prejudices; yea, and to cut down that in which these things stand. If thou knewest the Truth of Christ, the living Truth, which the Apostles knew and preached, thou wouldst say by experience, this is able to make free from sin, for it takes possession of the heart where sin's throne is; it is stronger than sin, and its strength would appear if it were but hearkened to and turned to.

"Oh! that thou knewest that Egypt, that Sodom, that Babylon which the Lord calls out of, and that Canaan, that Sion, that Jerusalem which He calls to, that thou mightest set thy face thitherward; for thy soul must leave the one, and come to the other, or thou wilt miss what thouapest for in the end. Therefore [seek] to know the word in thy heart, to know the living Christ, to know the voice of the living God; to know that which smites thee in secret; and let not the wound be healed slight-

ly. Let not the deceiver cry, 'Peace! peace! where there is no peace;' but know the destruction of that wicked one in thee to whom God will never be reconciled. And do not hearken to teachers who teach in the wisdom which is out of the life, which is in the fallen understanding; for in that state they themselves cannot but perish, and their doctrine is not able to save any. Therefore, dear father, seek the true Teacher, which is He that amitteth in secret. Oh! how often hath he knocked at the door of thy heart: do at length let Him in. He comes with the true knowledge, with true life, with true power. Do not thrust Him away, but make peace with Him; give up His enemy to Him; let Him beat down the high and lofty one, and raise up the poor, the meek, even that of God in thee which is in captivity. Let not thy talent lie hid in the napkin, or thou wilt not be able to answer for it to God.

"I remain thy dearly loving son, filled with grief and sorrow for thy soul. I. P."

(To be continued.)

In the morning say to thyself, What shall I do this day which God has given me? How shall I employ it to His glory? In the evening consider within thyself, and recollect, What have I done this day, and how have I spent it?

AMONG THE INDIANS.

A Review.

(Continued from page 741.)

As the steamer *Twilight* returned down the river, she halted at Fort Atkinson, and H. A. Bollar, in pursuance of his engagement there, landed, in order to make it his temporary home and place of business. It had been for years his cherished project "to penetrate the heart of the wilderness and see the Indians as they really were; those too far beyond the pale of civilization to have felt the corrupting influences of its overflow."

It can hardly be assumed, however, that any of the Indian tribes within our territories have entirely escaped the corrupting influences that usually attend their intercourse with the whites; for there are few places which have not been penetrated by the adventurous traders, trappers and miners of the Far West. Savages not being trained to control their appetites or passions, and lacking many of the incentives to virtuous effort which are operative in enlightened communities, very readily adopt the vices, without imbibing the virtues of civilized life, and unhappily they have, in the example of many of the whites who mingle with them, but little to encourage them to lead a life of self-denial.

On the prairie, near Fort Atkinson, was a village of the Manitarees, usually called the Gros Ventres, where they spent their summers.

A description of their every-day life as seen from the Fort is not without interest. After a lively description of daybreak, and of the barking of dogs as heard from the Indian lodges, our author thus proceeds:

"This canine matinee rouses up the sleepers; a stir is evident in the village, and soon the curling smoke from the lodges floats in the morning air. The squaws, old and young, followed by the usual retinue of dogs, hasten down to the river to fill their kettles, while the warriors from the tops of the lodges anxiously scan the prairies to discover 'signs' of enemies. Everything appearing quiet, the horses are driven forth, each band guarded by a young brave, who takes them where the best pasture is to be found, and brings them back at sundown. As the horses in the course of a day often stray to a distance of five or six miles from the village, the guards act also as scouts, and ranging over the surrounding hills, serve not only to discover game (i. e., buffalo), but also the approach of a war party. Timely alarm can thus be given, and the horses hurried in, while the warriors prepare for battle. As horses constitute the principal wealth of an Indian, and are the chief incentives to depredations by one tribe upon another, the untiring vigilance used in guarding them is an imperative necessity. An Indian without horses is reduced to a pitiful strait indeed: crippled in hunting, and unable often to carry home the meat he may kill, or to move his family when the camp travels."

"Sundown approaches, and the day's work is over. In the eddy at the base of the bluff quite a number of Indians of both sexes and all ages are indulging in an evening swim, and a variety of aquatic sports extremely amusing to the lookers-on, if their hilarious mirth be any evidence. Crowds gather on the banks to watch the gambols of these water-sprites, and a line of squaws is constantly passing and re-passing to and from the river, with their kettles for water to cook the evening meal. Drove of horses cover the prairie, slowly driven towards the river; when they approach, the bathers leave the water, and their places are quickly filled by the restless, half-wild horses, who, urged by the yells and cries of their drivers, rush pell-mell in. After drinking and swimming about, they scramble out, and forcing their way through the incoming droves, quickly rejoin their companions. When each band is collected again, they are driven up to their owner's lodge and secured for the night.

"Further down the bank several men are fishing. The one that appears to have the best luck among them is a blind Mandan, who goes regularly twice a day, following the path along the edge of the bank, and avoiding with wonderful skill all unsafe places. I have never

known him to miss his favorite spot, and he always found with unerring accuracy the rod which he had hid in the bushes after using it. The Indians claimed that he was gifted with supernatural powers—that he was 'Medicine.'

"Warriors who have completed their evening toilet now make their appearance on the roofs of the lodges. With paint and feathers, bright blankets, and tinkling hawk-bells, they stand, their gaze apparently fixed on some far-distant object, but in reality fully alive to the interest they excite among the young squaws, who eye them with ill-concealed admiration.

"Tall forms stalk through the area of the fort with proud and measured tread, or leaning carelessly against an open door, observe all that passes, with seeming indifference. But let them catch sight of any preparations for cooking, and they will quickly enter and seat themselves upon the floor; a pipe is sure to be forthcoming and passed around, while they converse with one another with great animation upon the ever fresh topics of war and hunting. Thus they sit and talk and smoke, and are sure to remain until the cooking is done, when, after eating the portion given to them, they rise, uttering a satisfied 'how!' and take their departure, usually turning their steps toward the village to tell their comrades, without loss of time, of the feast they have just eaten in the 'white man's lodge.'

"The sun has long since gone down, but the rays of his departing splendor illumine everything with a soft golden light. The tall cottonwoods across the river look fresh and green as in early spring-time. The prairie is deserted; the last band of horses has disappeared within the picketed enclosure of the village; the gates of the fort are closed and locked, and the sounds of life in the Indian camp grow fainter and fewer. Will night and darkness ever come? It is late, quite late, yet so pure is the atmosphere that one is still able to read by the light of the stars glittering in the calm, clear sky.

"A woman is wailing by the dead body of her husband on one of the scaffolds. The sound is mournful in the extreme, as if her heart was broken with a grief that could not be comforted.

"Her husband had fallen in a battle with the Sioux. More than twelve moons have waxed and waned since he started with his warriors on that fatal war-path. Her eyes are tearless, and there is little real sorrow in her lamentation. When she has cried long enough she will return to her lodge and enter into any domestic occupation or amusement that may be going on. Should there be a dance in the village, she will quickly rub a little vermilion on her cheeks and join in the revelry, to all appearances as gay as the gayest."

This picture of an Indian widow is not very creditable to her constancy and affection, but what more can we expect when we take into consideration the life of a squaw, and the treatment she generally receives? Like all savages, the Indians subject their women to a life of drudgery, and husbands seem to make no effort to relieve the toils of their wives.

From the work before us, we learn that the only wild-prairie Indians who raise corn are the Riccarees, the Mandans and the Minneturees. It is a species of Canada corn, very hardy and quick of growth, of variegated colors, red, black, blue, yellow, purple and white. "When boiled green with rich buffalo marrow spread on it (instead of butter), it is very sweet and truly delicious."

In the spring, as soon as the frost is out of the ground, the women break up their patches of land. It is done with the hoe, a slow and painful operation. To protect it from the horses, they make slender fences of willow, the materials for which they have to carry on their backs a long distance, a few at a time, until a sufficiency is collected. While thus engaged in planting and fencing, they have to bring, in the same laborious manner, their fire wood, for warming their lodges and cooking. Day after day, until it is gathered, the corn has to be hoed to counteract the effects of drought, for on these elevated prairies rain seldom falls after the spring has passed.

"All these duties," writes the author of this work, "devolve upon the women: hence it will be seen that when an Indian has a plurality of wives, he is enabled to live by the distribution of their labor in comparative ease and comfort."

In the autumn, when the corn is ripe, from early morn till sunset, the squaws, old and young, may be seen passing to and from their cornfields with willow baskets slung on their backs, carrying the corn to their lodges. Some of the ears are selected to make sweet corn for winter use. It is first parboiled, and then the grains, being carefully picked off the cob, are dried and put into skin bags. The rest of the corn is *cachéd*—that is, hid in the ground. A hole is dug some six or eight feet deep, small at the top and widening as it deepens, like a jug in shape. Hay is strewn over the bottom and placed in the sides, the corn is packed in and covered with hay, and then dirt is thrown in and trodden down so that every sign of the deposit is obliterated. Each family has one or more of these *cachés*, and as they leave their summer village early in the fall for winter quarters, the corn generally remains undisturbed until their return in the spring.

We are informed by the author that "they also raise black beans, pumpkins and squashes, but in spite of these vegetable resources, hemmed in as they often are by enemies, and

consequently unable to obtain by hunting a full supply of buffalo meat, they sometimes suffer greatly for food. Well may the season of green corn be one of festivity and gladness, for it is then only that the women enjoy a brief respite from their severe toil.

(To be continued.)

We reprint from the Friends' Quarterly Examiner, part of an Essay which we think suggestive, and worthy the attentive perusal of those for whom it appears to have been especially written.

The privileges enjoyed by the women of the Society of Friends are not appreciated by many who are familiarized with them by birthright, and it is only when they are contrasted with those awarded to the same class in other denominations that they are brought out in their true lustre.

A WORD TO OUR SISTERHOOD.

In these days, when the subject of social progress is so popular, it is impossible not frequently to take an inquiring glance into the agencies through which so much is being effected. In this the impress of woman's hand upon the work is unmistakeable; indeed, in some departments it is seen in such multiplying forms, it would seem that womanhood had arisen as one individual into the sphere of its responsibility, its power, and its service. But a little closer inspection reveals the fact that the laborers even of this class are not yet at all proportioned to the harvest, or to the numbers who are still standing "here all the day idle," too many regardless of the call they had distinctly received.

Now, it is not in the spirit of sectarian pride that we hail conspicuous among the band of workers, the women of our religious Society. We rejoice that they are joining hand to hand with many others from noble families of Christians, sometimes finding their path amid the clearings that former travellers have made through the bush of human frailty. This is only as it should be.

That Friends, as a body, should be forward in all onward movements, follows of necessity where the practical nature of our principles is fully recognized, and the truth received, that they do not merely foster our own welfare as individuals, or as a Church, but are essentially a medium of evangelization to the people at large. And where woman's work is so greatly needed, it is natural that women taught within a society that accords them so much liberty and training for conducting it, should take a prominent position.

Unquestionably, wherever the Society of

Friends plants its standard, there is an element in the success of its operations, but little appreciated within its own borders, but conspicuously set before the minds of a few there, by the varied experience of years amongst other sections of social life: it is the recognition by the Society of the equality of man and woman, the perfect balance of male and female, as weighed by the Great Creator when He completed His creation of the perfect *Man*. The terms truly imply distinction, but it is that of difference in physical power, consequently in the departments of duty, not in importance as regards the work assigned to man in that universal family of which he is chief,—as there is none, according to the expressed terms of sacred scripture, in Christ Jesus, in that spiritual existence the eternal distinctions of which we know not now, but only that amongst them are "neither male nor female."

The admission of this truth is the first link in that chain of order that has characterized our Society from its organization. It commenced with the ministry of women as preachers of the Gospel: through this they became sharers in suffering with the brethren, and so sealed the *proof* of their capacity to assist or advise in the minutiae of those regulations that were necessary for the body in general.

It is not intended here to enter upon a revision of the progress of our discipline. The longing desire that has given rise to this paper, is to set before our sisters themselves, more generally, a view of their especial privilege as agents in that discipline. To some this has been so purely one of birthright, and their association has been so exclusively amongst those likewise situated, that they are scarcely conscious of occupying any vantage ground at all in the field of female labor. They may even at times judge other women by an unfair standard, not appreciating how the free course allowed to the springs of Christian love in their own hearts, by means of an authorized system of sisterly working together, has, in the case of others, been turned aside or wholly repressed, by the want of just such a channel. A woman accustomed all her life to periodical meetings of women, the business of which from year to year is subject to distinct rules laid down with the authority of law by the governing assembly of the most gifted brethren in the Church; which business she sees transacted in Christian harmony and with instructive intelligence, probably taking her own part therein; such an one cannot but acquire, insensibly, a training of character, a sense of responsibility, and consciousness of power, utterly foreign to the generality of women. On this principle is founded her ability to lead in philanthropic or social movements; also her readiness with the pen at committees, and knowledge of routine in

their proceedings. There is another view of this right as accorded to women Friends. Their relative position with regard to the men in their Church government has accustomed them to a respectful consideration from the latter, and an equality of treatment, very different to the tone pervading a large portion of general society.

It is, indeed, time for the women of this section of Christians to comprehend the fact, that they form a peculiar and important portion of the community, not from any intrinsic superiority or value in themselves as individuals, but as a representative body to whom is entrusted the proving of a principle, that of the truthful division of this life's work into its male and female departments. In this respect they are a type not only for the world, but for themselves, too, in the so-called secular arrangements and provisions to which they with others are subject; and thus, undoubtedly, a mission is entrusted to them of far wider importance than they have generally supposed.

They have formed and are nobly working the philanthropic duties of it, as philanthropy is popularly understood: that is, they are laboring with no stinted energy in behalf of the poor and needy, and many are seeking to find out "him that hath no helper." But they might do more even here than at present, in extending those helping hands above and around them to draw others forward to aid in reaching down to the crushed and fallen. It is amongst the shackled women upon their own levels in society that an especial work seems to be provided for our favored sisters amongst those who are bound down by forms of opinion to the most contracted spheres of influence, and regarded less as helps meet for man than as his protégées or tools. True, there are individuals amongst women Friends who feel that they too are affected by this worldly ban, but they are never entirely ignored as co-workers with men; and, undoubtedly, the principles upon which the constitution of our Society is founded do shelter its female members from the tyranny of it.

Its influence, however, is not limited to wealth or rank; it is the rule amongst various classes; it has been the rule so long, that many women have sunk beneath it to the point of not believing themselves capable of many things, and are thus hiding their talent in the earth, or of not daring to arouse themselves to the consciousness of their abilities, lest the result should expose them to the charge of eccentricity, or the laugh of ridicule. It is impossible to estimate the talent, the intellectual and moral worth and power, that have been subverted or altogether lost, and that might have poured themselves out in rivers of life and beauty upon the field of human happiness, had they

not been held back by the restraints of a false appreciation of women. There are not many who can rise superior to it, and of these fewer still who can exert their independence, beneficially or availingly, as a stimulus for others. For, however we may accept the idea that the Lord can cause circumstances which to our sight bear no mark of His hand to turn to purposes of His own glory, we cannot but acknowledge the rule of His wisdom, that neither man nor woman can take any work of lasting usefulness in the earth without first entering upon some position in the Church Universal, the Gospel Church of Christ, undefinable and unnoticed though this may be; while those who have effected this, know how much the ease of carrying out such usefulness and the efficiency of it are increased, by the sympathy and co-operation of Christian fellowship.

What then must be the obstacles surrounding women who are subject to social laws that, on the one hand, place many barriers across their hearty entrance into that Church, and on the other, admitting them, deny them any part therein save that of lookers-on or listeners.

There are gradations in the severity of these church restrictions, but can any doubt their existence? Let them first remember the numbers that are born into a world which, as it were, has *no church*, dependent only on fashionable life and the influence of wealth; and consider the little, happily, that they know of the imperative laws by which such are controlled. If possible they know nothing about these, no description calculated for this paper could inform them. But they can prove the fact by a slight intercourse amongst the female members of other churches, whether those connected with the Establishment, or those usually classed as Dissenters. In all, with very little exception, no woman is authorized to engage in the work of spiritual teaching; while such as are employed in any philanthropic object, have usually a kind of official mission, not from their church, but their clergyman or minister, based upon fixed rules, and tending to the strengthening of their congregations. The most part of the women thus circumstanced are only too glad of the limitations that appear to relieve themselves of responsibilities that might otherwise prove arduous; but if any, of more independent feeling, detect error of any kind, as, for instance, that of sectarian teaching in tracts, dare they to introduce their own broader views of Gospel truth? Certainly not, for—as they find directly—they are not employed as teachers, but merely as the disseminators of instruction. And if in this fact of their office, or with regard to other regulations, they see a mistaken course of action, what is their resource, or to whom their appeal? They have nothing to do in such matters. As

a consequence of this, many sit still without the attempt to labor, while others suffer silently. Some few in the more liberal churches have attempted to force their position by using the right of opinion, and even speech, nominally allowed them in the church meetings open to their attendance, and have only met with the humiliation of being virtually ignored. Repulsed from every point, no wonder they yield at last to the imputation of incapacity, and believe themselves shut out from the service of the Christian church as of the Jewish temple.

But we will not leave this portion of our subject without reference to the many who are toiling against the tide with an influence and strength of purpose, which even those who deny such qualities to woman cannot but see and admire. These may be passed by, wishing them with ourselves "God speed" in sisterly love. Yet what if we pause a moment, and take a lesson in humility from the contrast of them with ourselves. They are women highly gifted with spiritual and intellectual energy, very likely far beyond our own. They are perhaps working lonely in a course of their own forming, for their career is not hailed forward as ours might be by the love of sympathizing friends. What would some of the more spiritually exercised not give for the cheering aid of a church to start them on their way, to smooth their path with worldly gifts where these were required, to watch over their labors and sympathize in their progress, to bring them to their homes as with songs of praise, to join its thanksgivings to theirs, while listening to their story of mercy, guidance, and peace; and amid the sublime stillness of the flesh to help them to set up the spiritual Ebenezer? But we know such have a church, and are as surely numbered with its royal priesthood, as though human record bore witness to the fact.

Is it asked how we shall proceed in the work which is here indicated? It may be answered, by cultivating acquaintance with those from whom we have been so prone to hide ourselves. The influence derived from social intercourse, is the strongest motive-power in the human machinery. We see all public efforts for the help of the Poor, producing little adequate return, and private ones often failing of any lasting result. It is only as the agents or agencies employed, approximate to a participation in the daily life and personal interests of those to be assisted, that the work assumes a self-acting vitality. The same rule applies to any attempt for those in higher life (according to this world) than ourselves. In either of these cases there are barriers between us and our best intentions not easily surmounted; but how plainly the principle comes home to our conscience, with reference to the thousands immediately surrounding us; why has it been so

often overlooked, so that they and we have become accustomed to pass each other by, or at the most to content ourselves with a friendly smile in passing?

The fault has been regarded by the world as entirely on the side of Friends, and not without reason, for here, as in many other cases, the originally pure motive that may have led at one time to such a course of action, has been lost in the perversions of an objectless custom. The care to avoid the contaminations of sin, by avoiding those more certainly exposed to it than we are, has become a habit of living within ourselves quite at variance with the terms of that Holy Prayer, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil." The making to ourselves a world of our own to any extent, is only an attempt to subvert the very object of our lives here,—to do by our own contrivances, that which is to be done by the power of omnipotence through us; and in proportion as the principles of our Christian profession are vitally our own, we have this power, and have it for use amid the evils of the world.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 8, 1868.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We again remind contributors, that to ensure insertion, their communications must be accompanied by the names of the authors—not for the public, if that be objectionable, but for the information of the Editors.

NOTICE.—A few more numbers will complete the present (24th) volume of our periodical; and it is desired that those of our subscribers who wish to continue, will notify our Agent, *before* the close of this volume, (on the 29th instant,) in order that their names and address may be properly registered, &c., in our subscription list for the next volume. This will promote the safe and sure delivery of the papers.

Those of our subscribers (if any) who may wish to *discontinue*, will please give such notice, *fully two weeks* previous to the close of the volume (or year) paid for. All subscribers who *omit giving this notice*, will be considered as *wishing to continue* for another year.

We would again request, on behalf of our agent, that where a change of name, or post-office address, is proposed, *that heretofore used*, as well as that *hereafter to be used*, should be

given, *plainly written in full*; using initials, leads to confusion and trouble.

The death of two dear and valued friends occupying prominent positions in the same Monthly Meeting, whose remains were interred on the same day, has called forth much feeling on account of the loss sustained.

JAMES MOTT.—This dear friend was a native of Long Island, N. Y., and came to Philada. in 1811, since which time he has actively participated in the business and philanthropic movements of his adopted city.

As a merchant, he was an example of uprightness and integrity, and when he had acquired a moderate competency, resigned the cares of business, and devoted much of his time to the benevolent movements which have conspicuously marked the present century. He was foremost among the public advocates of the abolition of slavery and the rights of the colored race, at a time when such advocacy was met by odium and reproach, and was always ready to contribute liberally of his means for the relief of the suffering and oppressed. Carefully educated in the Society of Friends, he was firmly attached to its principles. Through a long life, he was a faithful and exemplary member, and while remarkable for the liberality and breadth of his views, and an enlarged Christian charity towards all, firmly but meekly maintained his own religious convictions. His judgment, matured by long experience and extensive intercourse with his fellow-men, rendered him a safe counsellor, not only in the administration of the Discipline of the religious Society of which he was a member, but also in the practical affairs of business. His remarks in meetings for Discipline were marked by clearness and brevity, closely bearing upon the point to which they were directed. He was deeply concerned for the preservation and maintenance of the testimony against War, and in the application of our Discipline to the cases which came before our Monthly Meetings his clear judgment and correct views were of especial service to his friends. In the spring of 1866, he mentioned to his friends a prospect he had of visiting the Monthly Meeting, belonging to Philadelphia Yearly Meetings. Those who were present will remember the feeling which attended the offering of this

evening sacrifice. Unity and encouragement were given, and he engaged in the service, during which he administered much wholesome and judicious counsel which rendered his labors peculiarly memorable and precious. On returning his minute, several months before his death, he expressed the satisfaction he felt in having nearly accomplished his mission. The remembrance of this visit, and the impressions left by his loving spirit, will not soon be effaced from the minds and hearts of his fellow-members in religious profession.

While on a social visit to his relatives in his native State, he was attacked with pneumonia, which in a few days terminated his long and useful life, and like a shock of corn fully ripe, he was gathered into the Heavenly garner.

SAMUEL PARRY.—The death of this valued friend leaves a void in the domestic circle, in the meeting to which he belonged, and in the community in which he lived, that will long be felt. Having yielded in early life to the restraining influence of Divine Grace, he was remarkable for simplicity and integrity of character, circumspect deportment and consistent conduct and conversation. Of a domestic and retiring disposition, he yet possessed a clear and discriminating mind, which gave weight to his judgment, and rendered him especially useful in the various services which devolved upon him in religious society. For many years, he was engaged in an extensive business, which it is believed was never suffered to prevent his attention to religious duties, and when of ability, he was rarely absent from our religious meetings. About eighteen months before his death, he had a hemorrhage from the lungs, the recurrence of which gradually exhausted his strength, and mostly confined him to the house. He was enabled to bear this dispensation with patience and resignation to the Divine Will, and as the messenger of Death approached, he was not alarmed at the summons, but looked forward to a blessed immortality beyond the grave. His remains were interred at Abington on the 29th ult.

DIED, on the 29th of First month, at Crosswicks, N. J., JOEL H. MIDDLETON, in his 69th year.

—, on the morning of the 25th of First month, at Newtown, L. I., SUSAN S., wife of Wilson Evans, in her 47th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

DIED, on the 19th of Eleventh month, 1867, of jaundice, near Richmond, Ind., THOMAS SOOT, in his 76th year; a member of White Water Monthly Meeting, Ind., formerly a member of Wilmington (Del.) Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 25th of First month, 1868, at his residence in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., SOLOMON V. FROST, in the 78th year of his age; an Elder of Oswego Monthly Meeting of Friends.

—, on First mo. 1st, near Friendsville, Susquehanna Co., Pa., JOHN HUDSON, late of Philadelphia, formerly of London, England, in his 73d year.

—, on the 15th of Third month, 1867, SUSAN CARMALT, wife of John Hudson, aged 77 years.—These friends removed from New York State about 1845, where they were members of Scipio Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 18th of First month, MARY CARPENTER, in the 73d year of her age, widow of Wm. Carpenter, of Salem, N. J.

—, on the 23d of First month, at Lumberton, Bucks Co., Pa., JOHN E. KENDERDINE, in his 69th year.

—, on the 28th of First month, in West Philadelphia, DAVIS R. PRATT, M. D., in his 34th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

—, on Sixth-day, the 31st of First month, SILAS YERKES, Sr., in his 89th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green street, Philadelphia.

—, on the 5th of 1st month, 1868, at the residence of her uncle Samuel Duell, Salem Co., N. J., KEZIAN, daughter of Joshua and Abigail Duell, of Ohio, in the 28th year of her age. An affection of the heart, with which she had long been afflicted, terminated her life. Although her privations and trials were many, still she was favored with much patience and quietness, and we believe her end was peace.

—, on the 13th of First month, 1868, at his residence and birthplace, Harrison, West Chester Co., N. Y., SAMUEL BURLING, in the 70th year of his age, a member of Purchase Quarterly Meeting: after an illness of three weeks, occasioned by a fall. We feel the assurance that few will leave a record more unsullied. He was a consistent and truly upright man, generous in his dealings with the poor, and the hospitalities of his house will long be remembered. He ever manifested a strong aversion to the abuse of liquor, and often felt constrained to labor with those who were enslaved by it, either as dealers or consumers. We shall miss him as our oldest settler, and as a kind neighbor.

—, on the 11th of First month, 1868, at Rensselaerville, Albany Co., N. Y., MARTHA RUSHMORE, in the 82d year of her age; a member and minister of Rensselaerville Monthly Meeting. The deceased through a long life was unwaveringly devoted to the Society of which she was a member. Her childhood was marked with more than usual gravity. A steady attender of religious meetings, taking an early interest in those for Discipline, in which she was usefully active for about threescore years. She was early appointed an elder, in which appointment she acceptably served for many years. The last twenty-five years of her life she occupied the position of a minister. Her communications were brief, but pertinent and acceptable to her friends.

—, on the 6th inst., at her residence in Woodbury, N. J., in her 53d year, SARAH B. OGDEN, widow of the late Samuel Ogden. She was a consistent member of Woodbury Meeting, esteemed by her

neighbors and friends as one possessing a good judgment and a fervent spirit, devoted to her Master's cause.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The Committee of Management will meet on Fourth-day evening, Second month 12th, at 8 o'clock, in the Library Room.

JACOB M. ELLIS, *Clerk*.

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION FOR THE POOR.

Stated meeting on Seventh-day evening next, Second month 15th, 1868, at 8 o'clock.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., *Clerk*.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Second month 7th, 1868, at 3 o'clock.

LYDIA H. HALL, *Cerk*.

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

The Executive Committee of the First-day School Conference will meet on Third-day afternoon next, 11th inst., at 3 o'clock, at Race Street Meeting-house (Monthly Meeting Room).

WM. W. BIDDLE, *Clerk*.

Information as to the organization of Schools, &c., should be forwarded to the Correspondents, Lydia H. Hall, West Chester, or Jos. M. Truman, Jr., 717 Willow St., Philada. Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, Jos. Powell, 3120 Chestnut St., Philada.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 16.

(Continued from page 766.)

I have not yet described the king's palace. It was built on the plan of the Louvre, and seems to me to be more spacious, for it is built round four great squares and in front of it is a garden, on two sides of which is an arcade, which is beautifully frescoed. First there is a series of historical pictures—Bavarian exploits—the figures being as large as life and very spirited. Then there is a series of landscapes—eight feet by five—most beautiful views of and about the Italian cities—promising us, who are on the way to see the reality, immense pleasure; and there are many scenes we shall not see, as Mount Etna, Palermo, and others. After these come scenes of the war of Independence in Greece, the studies for which nearly fill one of the sides of one of the small halls of the new Pinacothek—done in miniature. There are besides these frescoes, gigantic figures in niches, of Hercules performing eight of his twelve labors. The ceiling of this immense arcade and some part of the walls are also painted à la Pompeii. One side of the arcade backs on the street, and makes a splendid series of shops called the Bazaar. This street is named Ludwig's-strasse, and extends from the church of the Theatines, (which is opposite the gate of the palace,) straight out to the walls of the city, and ends at the gate of Victory, which is surmounted by a figure of Bavaria on a car drawn by four lions—a work of Schwanthaler, I think. The other side of

the arcade backs on what is called the English Garden, which I did not explore, but which seemed to be an extensive park. Opposite that side of the arcade is the portion of the palace which is adorned with fresco paintings from the *Odyssey*. Several large halls are covered with these, and the work is not finished. Is it not enough to say that these representations are very delightful to a lover of Homer, and of Flaxman? The coloring is magnificent beyond description. What felicity it must have been to the artists to have had such an opportunity! Schwanthaler designed and Hittensperger painted it. I do not wonder that if men ever kneel to men, the artists knelt to king Louis when they presented their album, for when did ever modern man give such patronage to art as he? In the Ancient Residence, (as a part of the palace is called,) there is another series of halls whose walls are covered with frescoes of the song of the *Nibelungen*. This too was a splendid opportunity for the artist, (Schnorr,) and well did he improve it. Many years ago I read that charming book of Mrs. Jameson's, "Five Weeks in Germany," in which she describes Munich and its treasures, and having then recently read the *Nibelungen* for the first time, I was very much impressed by her description of these frescoed illustrations, so I expected a great deal, and truly I was not disappointed. The powerful characterization of the poet is reflected in the forms of Hagen and the rest, with wonderful *veri-similitude*. Another series of halls contains frescoes of history,—Charlemagne in all his principal exploits and scenes, and the other emperors in their most important exploits—including the taking of cities, the reception of surrenders, and some battles. All the halls are of beautiful architecture, and the ceilings as well as the walls, are frescoed superbly; but the most splendid thing of all is the throne-room and the throne, with two rows, on either hand, of gigantic figures in golden bronze, (they looked like pure gold,) of all the dukes of Bavaria, including those who had been emperors, and Charles XII., of Sweden—all, I believe, by Schwanthaler. These figures stand between the twelve colored marble pillars that uphold the roof of this magnificent hall, which is in perfect taste, which cannot always be said of royal halls, for generally they are too gorgeously ornamented, distracting the mind with their variety. There is perfect unity of effect in this one,—the carpet, throne and canopy of rich crimson velvet, trimmed with gold, and the seemingly golden court of Colossi on either hand.

There were many things in Munich that we did not attempt to see, on account of the cold and snow, and we were dreading the journey through the Tyrol which proved so charming, the day we left Munich being the first pleasant one which had risen upon us there, where we were,

however, as comfortably bestowed as possible at the hotel D—. Quite a new impression was made upon us by Verona, the first Italian city in which we sojourned. It was built at first by the Etruscans, but I suppose gives one a good idea of a Roman city, the plan being that of several large squares connected by narrow streets. Our first object was the Amphitheatre, which we reached by a short walk to the left from our hotel. This immense structure is the best specimen remaining of a Roman amphitheatre. The mass of the building is still intact, with its dungeons for prisoners, and its cages for wild beasts; its aqueducts for conveying water into the arena, for the representation of naval combats; and its seats for spectators, (fifty rows in all,) rising one above another, the upper one being one hundred feet above the lowest one. Then there is a space where it is supposed was once a wooden gallery, running fourteen hundred and seventy feet round—nearly a quarter of a mile. Back of this gallery was once a wall from the ground with seventy-two immense arches in it, all of which was thrown down by an earthquake, except about four of the arches, which are carefully preserved now by iron supports, and which enable one to construct the original building in the imagination. Think of this wall, more than one hundred feet in height and a quarter of a mile in circuit! The debris of the fallen wall has been gradually carried off, and forms parts of other buildings, but the government has checked the further demolition of it; and thus it stands as a specimen of the gigantic Roman architecture. It could seat twenty thousand spectators. The lower stories are now used for shops, and the coarser kinds of merchandise are stored where formerly wild beasts and prisoners dwelt, in immense stone cages with grated doors. The visit to this amphitheatre was the great object we accomplished at Verona, though we looked into some churches and inspected the Mausolea of the S., which are close by the Piazza di Signori, surrounded by palaces, on one of which are the statues of Pliny, Cornelius Nepos, Catullus and others, all of whom are claimed by Verona as her sons. In the middle of this square, which is paved with marble, is a statue of Dante, in white marble. It was in this city that Dante found refuge in his banishment, and here his family continued and held important offices for many generations. This city is full of splendid architecture, but in one day what could we do? At noon we left for Venice, where we arrived before dark, and were taken by a gondola, which apparently belonged to the house, to the Hotel de Ville, on the Grand Canal, formerly the palace of the Doges of a certain family. The hall of entrance is paved with marble, and is about twenty feet broad; on one side of it is the dining hall, and on the other are the reading

rooms; marble steps wind up by the side of the reading room for two stories, leading into a large hall which is the back one of three, the front one opening on a balcony over the Grand Canal. This third front room is furnished magnificently, as magnificently as royal apartments generally are. I think our landlord has collected into this room all the handsomest pieces of furniture that were in the house; it is not *let*, I think, but it is open to the inspection of guests, who can go out upon the balcony. The other two rooms also have pictures and grand furniture, and are lighted either from the front room or the orangerie, which is back of the hall of entrance, and lighted by a glass roof. There are four stories of rooms that open on this orangerie. The orangerie has in it large tubs with orange trees in them, and statues of marble. There are three galleries above, upon which thirty chambers open, which are for guests, and ours are among them; they are very nicely furnished (even to pens and ink) with carpets on the floors, and muslin curtains to the beds. I never was so sumptuously domiciled before, though in almost every house in which I have been on this side of the water I have been very comfortably and often elegantly bestowed.

Ever since we have been in Venice it has been cloudy, and most of the time too rainy to go out. The second day after our arrival we went to the Place and Church San Marco, which looks older and more injured by time than I had expected; a part of it was bombarded in the late war, and is covered with staging in order to be repaired. It has five *domes*, and is lower than the other buildings round the square, but I will not speak of it till I see it in the sunshine. I ascended the Campanile, which is double its height, if not more, and while on the top the sun shone out, and I saw the city below quite well, but the mountains to the north were wholly invisible. We have not ventured into any building except the Cathedral, on account of the dullness of the weather, for we could not see the mosaics of San Marco to any advantage; we have not had a good day for the gondola, but have walked about the queer little lanes that connect the squares. We are near the Rialto.

Since writing the above we have changed our quarters to a hotel less sumptuous within, but which is more pleasantly situated, with rooms looking over the Adriatic, and very sunny when the sun shines, so that after all it is much pleasanter, and the house has a better cuisine. It is named "The City of Munich."

E. P. P.

The best evidence of *merit* is a cordial recognition of it whenever and wherever it is to be found.

Selected.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the woe and heart-ache,
Waiting for us, down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?
If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?
Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by-and-by!
Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!
Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.
Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessing of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from out the way.

THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.
Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes on:
So be my life,—a thing felt but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.
Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name of the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for,—let them be our story,
We but remembered by what we have done.
Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages; all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.
So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered;
Yes,—but remembered by what I have done.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF AN ARTICLE ENTITLED "THE INFLUENCE OF FORESTS ON CLIMATE."

In Friends' Intelligencer of 12th mo. 14th, is an article on the influence of forests on climate, credited to the "Ledger." The article makes assertions, and assumes as facts, that which appears to me to be contrary to reality. It assumes that when a country is covered by forests, the rainfall "is taken up and held largely by the soil." Whether the soil of a forest can take up more moisture than a soil under cultivation, is a question that may be disputed. Land freshly plowed and kept mellow, as it always is under good cultivation, will certainly receive and retain as much moisture as forest land; and crops of grain or grass will certainly be as effectual against evaporation as forests. It is admitted that "a gentle exhalation of moisture from the leaves tempers the heats of summer;" now if there is more moisture given off from forest leaves than from grain or grass, there must of necessity be more taken from the soil, thus rendering it drier; while that from grass or grain would stand an equal chance to be returned in rain.

If we take experience as a test; on the waters of the Potomac, for instance, we must conclude that the assumptions here made are incorrect. In the last sixty years in Loudon county, Va., there has been a great deal of land cleared of its timber, and yet our streams do not now fail in the fall of the year as much as they did in the first twenty five years of this century. It was then often difficult for our mills to supply breadstuffs for our families, and sometimes they could not do it; but of latter years such difficulty is unknown. The reason seems to be this: we have here very many small springs, the water from which used formerly often to spread over a considerable space of ground at the foot of our hills, and thus there was large evaporation in dry weather; but now these springs are conveyed in drains into the larger streams without so much evaporation.

The article says, "Suppose now the forest to disappear; with the same rainfall the moisture, instead of being largely absorbed, passes off rapidly from the surface dried hard by the sun or wind." Here again the imagination is at fault. Land under cultivation is not "dried hard;" roads only can be so termed, and they are but a very small part of the surface; most of the surface is prepared to receive the rain as it falls, quite as effectually as forest lands.—After enumerating various results as flowing from this supposed cause, the essay goes on, "Excessive droughts become common, and the absolute amount of rainfall, which, in a temperate climate, is more or less the measure of productiveness, is greatly diminished." This conclusion is contradicted by facts. The United

States government has, for many years, had its officers in different parts of the country at its military stations, reporting upon the temperature, rainfall, etc.; and the Smithsonian Institute is now doing the same thing on a more extended scale. The result is, that no diminution of rainfall can be perceived as a general thing anywhere. It is true that if we take a few years in particular places, there would seem to be a diminution; and yet at the same place other few years would show an increase. Between 1850 and 1860 we had several dry summers; and many began to argue that the clearing of forests was the cause, but the wet summers since has fully made up the average; and thus by taking a large number of years together no diminution is perceived. The same is true of Europe, where experiments have long been made.

Writers on this subject have instanced parts of Europe, Africa and Asia, as proof of the position that destroying the timber impoverishes the soil. The Southern shores of the Mediterranean sea, Syria and Turkey have been instanced, but these are under Mahomedan rule, and the Turks and Moors being no encouragers of agriculture, under their rule no improvement takes place. We know enough to assert that poor cultivation will always impoverish a soil, however rich originally, and we need therefore look no further for the cause of its impoverishment: this will take place whether timber is in the vicinity or not.

I think it was Bayard Taylor who, in writing of Palestine, asserted that in view of the rank weeds growing in the valleys there, he had "no doubt that if a proper system of agriculture was inaugurated, it would still be a fruitful region," and no doubt he was correct. Spain has been referred to as proof of the theory in question: but we need go no further to refute this, than to refer to her system of compelling the farmer to turn his land out to the public after securing his crops, in order to aid the owners of sheep, in their migrations to and from the mountains, where they go in summer; returning in autumn to the low lands. This was formerly and is probably still the practice. All have to bow to the sheep interest, and it is no wonder that the agriculture deteriorates.

There is one view of the case that strongly militates against the theory in question. Look at any large river at its outlet into tide water, and see the vast amount of water constantly discharging. This amount then must have its origin outside the basin of that river; there is no possibility of its source inside, and the question may fairly be asked, can any operation of man inside of that basin change the course of this supply? The amount of rain in that basin is much greater than the amount of discharge, as water evaporates and falls again as rain; but the amount discharged must come from else-

where. The Carribean sea, gulf of Mexico, and Atlantic ocean are sources of supply for nearly all the rain that falls eastward of the Rocky Mountains; and natural causes operate to produce more in some places than others.

There is another proof still stronger. On both sides of the Mississippi river, for hundreds of miles, there are hundreds of thousands of square miles of prairie, with but very little timber, yet with an exceedingly rich soil. Why is not this barren, if want of timber promotes barrenness? At Leavenworth, in Kansas, the rainfall in summer is about equal to what it is in the same latitude farther east; while in winter the fall is less. Farther west the rainfall is less, and immediately as it were under the lee of the Rocky Mountains and clear of the Black hills, which are covered with timber, there is a belt of country too dry ever to be a good agricultural region, though it may serve as a pastoral region in some measure. At Santa Fee, only about eight inches of water falls on an average in a year. There is a natural cause for this; the general current of air in the temperate zone is from west to east, and that from the Pacific ocean, by the time it reaches the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains, has most of its moisture frozen out of it in the shape of snow in crossing that range; and there is no course of wind that can carry the moist air from the gulf of Mexico, or the Carribean sea, so far to the west and northwest, but it spreads itself over the Mississippi valley farther east, and over the Atlantic slope.

Some fifty years ago it was no uncommon thing for old people to say "we have now no such winters as we used to have," and instancing some about the time of the American revolution; but the severe winters we had some years ago silenced such remarks. There seems to be sometimes a kind of cycle of season either wet or dry, or cold or warm, for some years together; but to take a few of these as a general rule would be erroneous.

The driest season in this country, here, was that of 1806; the streams and springs failed much more than they have ever done since, and tradition reports that the Potomac river was higher previous to that season than it has been since. Thus, leaving out theory and resorting to facts, there is no reason to suppose that, taking the average, there is any diminution of rainfall in our country.

Since writing the above I have read Lorin Blodgett's essay on the "Agricultural Climatology of the United States compared with that of parts of Europe." In that essay the writer treats of the climate as connected with the various cultivated crops of the United States, and amongst other things the amount of rainfall, as important. Under the head of "Permanence of Climate," he gives several tables of districts

in Europe where records of rainfall had been kept. At Paris, for 109 years, between 1689 and 1884; at Milan, 60 years, between 1704 and 1824, and likewise the basin of the Rhone, for 40 years, between 1778 and 1817; in all these cases, so far from there being any decrease of rain, the latter years show an increase; while he says "other localities show a slight decrease;" he then says, "The balance of these various results leaves the general result an unchanged quantity, for the whole comparisons." He then says, "In America no evidence of change in the amount of rain has yet been obtained." See Patent Office Report, 1853, part 2d, pages 3, 4 and 5.

YARDLEY TAYLOR.

Lincoln, Loudon Co, Va, 1st mo., 1868.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS WITH PLACES AND NAMES.

Next to the love of home, the *true* home, which is the presence of father, mother, brothers, sisters and friends, no matter in what spot, whether lofty or lowly, is the love of the spot itself, for the associations which the presence of these loved ones have thrown around it. And so deep is this feeling, that it is often difficult to separate it from its parent, so that at the word *Home*, the image called up is that of the well remembered, dearly loved old house that sheltered our childhood, the venerable trees under whose shade we have played, the orchard, the garden,—whose fruits were sweeter and fairer than any have been since,—the barn, with its wide open doors, framing landscape pictures more beautiful than artist ever painted, the close packed mows of fragrant hay, where treasures of untold wealth lay hidden, to be revealed to our eager search,—for every egg there found was a golden egg, and every nest a gold mine,—the woods, the fields, and all the outdoor and indoor aspects of the place where childhood and youth were passed.

Widening the circles of associations, they embrace and bring within our fond remembrance the features of the neighborhood, the school-house, the pond, the coasting hill, the very look of the roads winding to different houses, to store, and post office, and meeting-house; the meeting-house itself, with quiet, peaceful graveyard; a collection of pictures painted on memory's canvas, not one of which we *could* lose, if we *would*, for memory, though she overlays one picture with another, never erases any, and the first picture on her canvas, may at any time start forth from under the added ones, and startle us by its vivid coloring; not one of which we *would* lose if we *could* for all the gems of art displayed in royal picture galleries. So, too, the love of country is the spreading out of the circles of associations, till they

extend beyond the scenes where our eyes have gazed, and our feet have trod, and the *mental* eye beholds the mountains, the prairies, the forests, lakes and rivers, and all that make up the natural outlines of what we call our country, which we still associate with all that we know of security and prosperity, home loves and joys, national pride and glory; and for the sake of these, which really constitute our country, the same as the love of parents and children constitute the true home, we love the inanimate earth, the unconscious air, and believe there is no other land so fair, as none other can be so dear. Still farther does the influence of associated ideas extend, till they take in the whole earth; and for the sake of that little corner of it where we have lived and loved and suffered, we love it all, believe it to be the one of all the universe where man can be most supremely blessed, and even, as I have sometimes thought, might from the eternal world look back, with something of longing love, upon the scene where all the associations of our mortal life so richly cluster. The power of associated ideas to move the heart is a power greater than all beside. It bestows life upon inanimate nature, and gives it a voice "to utter eloquent teachings;" it inspires the love of home, the love of country; it is the secret of the mother's influence upon her erring, wayward child; it has never been, it can never be perverted to evil. No heart was ever hardened by the association of ideas connected with time or place, even though the association might be of evil; and how often has the unaccustomed tear been forced from the eye, and the sinful heart softened, by some association of the past, involuntarily recalled by some object or incident simple even to insignificance. Does it not then become us to deal tenderly with whatever is connected with the past, nor ruthlessly trample upon associations that are dear to the hearts of many, and which none can feel, in their full force and beauty, without being refined thereby. Want of veneration is the lamentable characteristic of the age, and is especially our national characteristic. It is shown in nothing more forcibly or more unpleasantly than in the disposition to change old-established names of places, on some plea of greater convenience, —often on no better plea than that of mere euphony. Thus names, picturesque and expressive even in their oddity, have been transformed into names signifying nothing; names, connected with our early history and familiar in our annals, have been changed to names that convey no idea to us when we hear them pronounced; and we are in such a state of transition, that we might as well suspend the publication of geographies and maps, till the nomenclature of the country can be settled on a more permanent basis. Jamestown, Plymouth

and Bunker Hill yet remain untouched, but the march of improvement may at any time convert them into River Ville, Leaside, Hill Top, or something equally indefinite or sentimental. Here, in Westbury, we read in the papers of these changes, and lament over them, but we fondly thought we were safe in our quiet neighborhood, nor dreamed that any one could venture to disturb a name, in itself so simple and unobjectionable, and which had descended through so many years. But here, too, the mania has spread, and much we fear that we shall lose a name endeared to us by innumerable associations. In a place where property is continually changing hands, it is not to be expected there will be much veneration felt for a name that is destitute of association to every new resident; but here, where the land is owned by the descendants of those who first settled it, and where the seventh generation cultivate the fields of its ancestors, and hopes that their children to the seventh generation may cultivate the same fields, a name that has come down with the property, associated with all the memories and traditions of our ancestors, should be held as sacred as we hold whatever is most precious to us. Still other associations are connected with it, which should render it dear to a community composed chiefly of Friends and the descendants of Friends. The name of Westbury is associated with the history of the Society for nearly two hundred years. Here is a meeting-house, old and venerable in appearance—a landmark on the road is Westbury Meeting-House—though not the original one, this having been built only about 70 years, (my father well remembered being taken by his father when only three years old, to see it raised), with grave-yard older, wherein lie buried the fathers and mothers of the Society, the ancestors of all the neighborhood. And must we ever learn to know so dear a spot by any other name than that which has sounded so pleasant and familiar, through all the bygone years, in the ears of those now sleeping in its calm enclosure, and which our own earliest recollections embalm and consecrate? Oh, venerable trees, older yet than house or yard, beneath whose shade perhaps our ancestors first met in silent worship, whose forest companions were cut and hewn to form the first enclosed place of devotion,—who have waved your branches over those who met here in the solemn services of religion, and who now wave over their graves,—never, never, may you cast your shadow over aught but the Friends' Meeting-house and graveyard at Westbury. Never, so long as the living meet within the ancient building, or the dead are laid to rest in the quiet graveyard, or other trees, sprung from the parent stem, stand in the olden places, may that name fade out of our earliest love or

latest recollection. Our parents for many generations were born, lived, died, and were buried in Westbury; do not let us be transported to some foreign country to die, like the poor Indian, forced from his fathers' home and graves; for, known by any *other name*, it is not our dear native place, where we too had hoped to end our days, and be laid away to peaceful rest. Let this quiet spot remain unchanged, nor destroy the old associations that cling around its ancient and honored name.

Westbury, 1st mo. 20th, 1868.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER, &c.

FIRST MONTH.

	1867.	1868.
Rain during some portion of the 24 hours,	1 days.	2 days.
Rain all or nearly all day,...	0 "	1 "
Snow, incl'g very slight falls	15 "	10 "
Cloudy, without storms,.....	5 "	3 "
Clear, as ordinarily accepted	10 "	15 "
	31 "	31 "
TEMPERATURE, RAIN, DEATHS, &c.	1867.	1868.
Mean temperature of 1st month per Penna. Hospital,	25.89 deg.	30.12 deg.
Highest do. during month	40.50 "	45.00 "
Lowest do. do. do.	9.00 "	11.00 "
Rain during the month,.....	1.70 in.	3.82 in.
Deaths during the month, being for 4 current weeks during each year,.....	1082	1014

Average of the mean temperature of 1st month for the past *seventy-nine* years 31.15 deg.
 Highest mean of do. during that entire period,..... 1790 44.00 "
 Lowest do. do. 1869 22.37 "

It will be seen by the above exhibit, that we have had *five* more clear days during the month under review, than we had last year, with more than double the amount of *Rain*, while the *temperature* in all its phases has been more moderate, and just about the average of the means for the past *seventy-nine* years. The *Deaths* have also decreased.

Philada., Second month 3d, 1868. J. M. E.

The Treasurer of Friends' Association for the Aid and Elevation of the Freedmen has received, during the past month,

From City contributions,.....	\$380.00
" Friends of Alloway's Creek, N. J.	21.50
" " Abington, Pa.	4.00
" " Newtown, N. J.	10.00
" " Darby, Pa.	13.50
" " Kennett, Pa.	7.75
" " Horsham, Pa.	88.00
" " Center, Del.	7.78
" " Byberry, Pa.	3.00
" " Abington, Pa.	5.00
" " Upper Greenwich, N. J.	30.00
" " Warminster, Pa.	24.00
" Jane Hall, West Chester,	2.00
" Sarah P. Croser, Upland,	25 00

From Emma Croser, Upland.....	25 00
" Elizabeth Brown, Upper Greenwich,....	5.00
" A Friend, Wilmington, Del.....	15.00

\$666 53

Also, donations of three Barrels, Jane Hall, West Chester; one Barrel, Mary Beans; one Box, Anne Wright, Adams Co.; one Box, unknown, Christianna, Pa.; Shoes, Mary C. Browning, Camden, N. J.; Clothing, Hope Owen, Upper Greenwich; Clothing, Sarah Hunt, Moorestown, N. J., and one Box, Geo. T. Atkinson, Mullica Hill, N. J.

HENRY M. LAING, Treasurer.

PHILADA., 1st mo. 31st. 30 N. Third St.

ITEMS.

It is stated that in Europe the daily consumption of matches is estimated at two thousand millions a day, although the use of these useful articles dates back to only 1832. In the course of a year, the estimated consumption would require only about one hundred and ten tons of wood, and if in a solid block would amount to only one hundred and twenty cords. The weight of phosphorous used and wasted in the process, it is said, is greater than that of the wood on which it is placed.

THE GATHERING OF SPONGE among the Bahama Islands for conversion into bedding, cushions, &c., or for use in general upholstery, is becoming a business of much magnitude. The *Nassau Herald* of the 8th instant speaks of no less than fifty-seven vessels engaged in the trade, and says there had been recent sales of 12,500 strands of sheep-wool sponge at \$1 per strand. This trade originates in the success of a new American patent, and its growth would be still more rapid if adequate machinery for manufacturing were in readiness.

HALOXYLIN IS A NEW BLASTING POWDER which has recently been introduced into Germany, to which they gave that name, and which is much superior, in many respects, to that in use, on account of its greater comparative safety, and in that it cleaves or splits apart the rock, instead of blowing it to fragments, an important consideration in coal mining. It does not ignite spontaneously nor by friction or percussion, and its combustion gives out no suffocating or opaque gases, a very useful characteristic in military and engineering applications. It is twice as bulky as common powder, but it is one-half more powerful. It is formed by thoroughly mixing nine parts by weight of sawdust, obtained from a light and non-resinous wood (poplar or cottonwood would answer well), or wood from which the resin has been extracted; three to five parts of charcoal, and forty-five parts of saltpetre, and, if required to be quick, one part of ferro-cyanide of potassium. The mixture is moistened with one quart of water to each hundred weight. It is granulated by stamping or crushing, and the grains may be polished in the ordinary way, if desired. It will be observed that one of the usual ingredients of gunpowder, the sulphur, is omitted in the manufacture of haloxylin.

A BOSTON NEWSPAPER says a good way to preserve cut-flowers is to put a pinch of nitrate of soda into the water every day when it is changed. This, it says, will preserve flowers for a fortnight. Nitrate of potash in powder has nearly the same effect.

EXTRAORDINARY COINCIDENCES.—The diameter of the earth multiplied by 108 gives the diameter of the sun; the diameter of the sun multiplied by 108 gives the mean distance of the earth from the sun; and the diameter of the moon multiplied by 108 gives the mean distance of the moon from the earth.—*Presbyterian Banner*.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

VOL. XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 15, 1868. No. 50.

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THE PENNS AND PENINGTONS.

(Concluded from page 772.)

Isaac Penington to his father, Alderman Penington, on gospel ministry.

"Dear Father,—The gospel is the power of God unto salvation; it is the glad tidings of freedom from sin, and of the baptism of the Spirit, that we may serve God in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life. The ministers of the gospel are those who in the spirit of Christ, by the gift and inspiration thereof, preach these tidings to the poor and needy, to the captives, to those that groan under the pressure of the body of corruption.

"This gospel, through the great mercy of God, I have at length heard preached. Though thou, through prejudice, calls this speaking of the Spirit through servants and handmaids, *prating*, yet the Lord forgive thee; for surely if thou knew what thou didst herein, thou wouldst not thus offend the Lord—extolling preaching by man's wisdom, from a minister made by man, for gospel preaching; and condemning the preaching of persons sent by God under the immediate inspiration of his Spirit.

"As for those whom thou callest ministers, if I were to speak concerning them the very truth from the Lord, thou couldst not receive it; yet I am far from accounting them the 'off-scouring of the earth;' for I look upon them as wise and knowing, and as of great beauty in earthly learning and wisdom; but surely not as having 'the tongue of the learned,' in the gos-

pel sense, 'to speak a word in season to him that is weary.' [Yet they abundantly examine] the Scriptures, and toss them about, and wrest them in their uncertain reasonings and guessings concerning the sense, and in the various doubtful interpretations they give.

"And whereas I am blamed for not putting a difference between the profane and scandalous ministers and the reverend and godly sort, my answer is: they are united in one form of ministry. The question is not concerning the persons, but the ministry, in which they are one, and their standing and power of government one, which is not by the power and presence of the Spirit, but by the strength of the magistrate. The true gospel ministry is spiritual, and cannot be upheld by that which is carnal in its call, its maintenance, or its government. When Christ came in the flesh, the severe words He pronounced were not so much against the profane and scandalous among the Scribes and Pharisees, as against those that appeared most strict, and were accounted among the Jews the most reverend and godly. And were it not for the appearance of godliness in these men, the persecution of the present times had not been so hot, and the good old work of reformation so much overturned as it is at this day."

From the foregoing letters it will be evident how diametrically different were the religious views and feelings of the father and son. Two other letters also exist from the latter to the former; but to enter into their details would.

rather fatigue than edify most of my readers. One of them is very long, and from the tenor of both it seems that the Alderman had continued to speak disparagingly, even fiercely, of the Friends and of his son's religion, and had proceeded to show how much of Holy Scripture he could cite in behalf of the religious views which he himself relied on as sustained by Gospel Truth. Isaac Penington makes very plain remarks to his father on his religion, as not producing the fruits of righteousness—such remarks as no proud or self-satisfied spirit could patiently bear, and then he takes up each of the texts referred to, and gives that exposition which he thinks the true one. With the following words he enters on the consideration of the texts in his fourth letter: "My father in his letter mentioneth many Scriptures which raise his confidence. It is upon my heart to consider of them in dear love to my father's soul."

No one can doubt the earnest, loving, truthful feelings which induced Isaac Penington to write the letters in question to his father; though some may doubt the probability of such letters producing conviction under the circumstances, whilst others will question the correctness of Isaac Penington's assertion in the first letter, that his father's religion "began in the wrong part." Doubtless it began very differently from what his did. His did not begin in fear of divine wrath, but in longing after purity of heart. But the first spiritual awakening and early religious convictions of various minds begin so variously, that it does not seem to be for any one to speak dogmatically as to where or how they must begin.

But we are certainly warranted in judging the tree by its fruits, and judging the genuineness of religion by its results. Our Lord has expressly directed our attention to the test, *men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles*. Any one who is living under the influence of the Holy Spirit must in life and conduct be governed by truth.

It is quite evident that the dominion of the Spirit of Truth, and the absolute truthfulness which accompanied that dominion in the hearts and lives of Isaac Penington and his wife, suffered no compromise in judging their own conduct or that of another, whether that other was father, friend, or enemy. To speak to his father with the plainness which marks his expressions in these letters, must have been to such a nature as Isaac Penington's a great difficulty. But, being among those whom Jesus had "sanctified through the Truth," he was ready to sacrifice all that he believed it called for. A writer of eminence in our own days truly expresses, in the following declaration, what such sacrifice involves:—

"The sacrifice which God requires from us

first and foremost is the sacrifice to Truth. Not to authority, not to freedom, not to popularity, not to fear, but to Truth. It is no doubt a hard sacrifice which is thus required. Long inveterate custom, cherished phrases bound up with some of our best affections, the indolent respect of persons, or acquiescence in common usage—these are what Truth again and again compels us to surrender. But this is precisely the sacrifice which God demands from us at His altar, this is precisely the sacrifice which in our solemn act of self-dedication we declare that we are ready to offer—"that we will always prefer Truth to custom;" that we will give to Truth not the second or the third, but the first place; that antiquity, novelty, prejudice, fashion must give way before the claims of Truth, wherever it be found. Dear no doubt is tradition; dear is the long familiar recollection; dear and most sacred in its own place and measure is venerable antiquity on the one hand, or bold originality on the other; but dearer than any of these, dearer and higher in human things, dearer and higher yet in things divine, is Truth; the duty of seeking and speaking the Truth in love, in the unshaken faith that Truth is great and will in the end prevail. And may He whose name is Truth be with our humblest efforts to teach the Truth, and honor the Truth everywhere!"

The latest date in any of Isaac Penington's letters to his father is in the last month of 1658. An event was then approaching in the nation's history which must have claimed the utmost attention and interest of Alderman Penington. Whether amid that anxiety the correspondence between him and his eldest son extended any further, or was ever renewed, it is now impossible to ascertain.

When Richard Cromwell had proved himself unequal to the task of holding the reins of government which had been placed in his hands, one popular change succeeded another without any consolidation of central authority. Most of those who had sat as the late king's judges could read in the signs of the times the probable restoration of the Stuart dynasty. That thought brought more terror to many hearts than they were inclined to manifest. At length the crisis came, and on the first day of May 1660, the famous declaration of Charles the Second from Breda was presented by his commissioner to both Houses of Parliament; and also to the city authorities, and through them to the nation. The royal promise of indemnity which it contained raised for a few days the drooping hopes of those who had most to fear. Thus the indemnity clause announced:—"We do by these presents declare that we do grant a free and general pardon, which we are ready on demand to pass under our great seal of England to all our sub-

jects whatever, who within forty days after the publishing hereof shall lay hold on this our grace and favor, and shall by any public act declare their doing so, and that they return to the loyalty and obedience of good subjects; excepting only such persons as shall hereafter be excepted by Parliament—those only to be excepted. Let all our subjects, how faulty soever, rely upon the word of a king, solemnly given by this present declaration, that no crime whatsoever committed against us, or our royal father, before the publication of this, shall ever rise in judgment, or be brought in question against any of them, or to the least endamage of them either in their lives, liberties, or estates, (as far as lies in our power) or so much as the prejudice of their reputations."

Of the original members of the Parliamentary High Court of Justice, which condemned the late King, forty-eight were still living; and nineteen of these, relying upon *the word of a king* so solemnly set forth, delivered themselves up as accepting pardon and promising allegiance to Charles the Second. Of the remaining twenty-nine, who could not rely on the royal promise as sufficient to ensure pardon, a few secreted themselves in England—the others immediately went abroad. Alderman Penington was one of the nineteen who, relying on the word of the King, came in before the expiration of the forty days. On the 8th of May the two Houses of Parliament proclaimed Charles the Second, King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and on the twenty-fifth he arrived at Dover.

Before the arrival of the King, the Parliament, anxious to prove to him its great loyalty, decided that all they who had sat as his father's judges should be imprisoned and brought to trial; and also every one who in an official capacity had had anything to do with his accusation or execution. About three months after the kingdom was restored to Charles, twenty-nine persons were brought to trial, and condemned to death as regicides. Included in the twenty-nine were the nineteen trusting ones who had given themselves up on his declaration of indemnity. Of the nineteen, fourteen were respited from death, the punishment being changed to imprisonment for life, and all their property and estates were confiscated. Ten, among whom were six who had signed the king's death-warrant, and four officials, were condemned to death, and suffer execution.

Alderman Penington, with the thirteen others, was committed as a prisoner to that Tower over which he once ruled as an honorable and executive governor; but his duration there was cut short by hard usage. Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, was devoid of humanity and of principle; and the treatment to which he subjected the prisoners was

consistent with his character. Lucy Hutchinson, in the memoirs of her husband, Colonel Hutchinson, says:—"The gentlemen who were the late king's judges, and who were decoyed to surrender themselves to custody by the Houses' proclamation, were kept in miserable bondage under that inhuman, bloody jailor, the Lieutenant of the Tower, who stifled some of them to death for want of air; and when they had not one penny but what was given them to support their families (all their estates being confiscated), exacted from them rates for bare unfurnished prison rooms; of some, forty pounds for one miserable chamber; of others, double; beside unjust fees, for to raise which their poor wives were obliged to engage their jointures, or make other miserable shifts. And yet this rogue had all this while three pounds a week paid out of the Exchequer for every one of them." This unscrupulous man, Sir John Robinson, will come under our notice again.

It was in October that the regicides were condemned and their estates confiscated. In the State Papers belonging to that period, which have recently been published, I find this entry:—"December 7th, 1660: Petition of George, Bishop of Worcester, to the King, for the grant of a lease of tenements in Whitefriars belonging to the bishopric, value eighty pounds a year, forfeited by Isaac Penington, late Alderman of London." And again, "August 8th, 1661; Grant to George, Bishop of Worcester, of five houses, etc, in Whitefriars, near Fleet-street, lately belonging to Isaac Penington, attainted of treason." In the *Gentlemen's Magazine* it is stated that Alderman Penington's estates, among which was the seat of the Sharlows, called The Place, being confiscated, were given by Charles the Second to the Duke of Grafton.

Finally, we have in the State Papers, under the date of "Dec. 19th, 1661; Warrant to Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, to deliver the corpse of Isaac Penington, who died in prison there, to his relations."

Neither record nor relic, beyond what has been introduced, have I been able to discover of the condemned alderman, Isaac Penington, except that his silver drinking cup has for many years been in possession of his American descendants. It is now the property of Edward Penington of Philadelphia. It has on it the Tower stamp, the initials I. P., and the date 1642, the year in which he was chosen Lord Mayor of London.

For every sacrifice, which was offered up to God, was to be seasoned with salt; so every sacrifice now that is to be offered up to God, must be seasoned and made savoury with this heavenly salt of his heavenly spirit, so that all

may give a good savour to Him, and be as a sweet smelling sacrifice to the pure, holy God, that made all to His glory.—*George Fox.*

AMONG THE INDIANS.

A Review.

(Concluded from page 774.)

Having given a sketch of Indian life in spring, summer and autumn, I proceed to compile from the work before me a condensed account of their mode of living in the winter. The author, Henry A. Boller, accompanied by some other white men, went with the Indians to their winter quarters, taking a supply of goods for trading, which he expected to exchange for buffalo robes.

"November," he says, "set in raw, cloudy and cold, presenting a very great contrast to the delightful Indian summer we had just enjoyed. The Indian soldiers having given us permission to travel on independently of the movements of the camp, we made an early start, intending to reach the proposed wintering-place near the mouth of Rising-water by sundown."

They found a heavily timbered point, sheltered by high bluffs, and having adjacent to it secure and excellent pasturage. There were several cabins still standing where the Indians had once wintered, and taking possession of one of them, until they could build for themselves, they ate their evening meal of venison, stored away their goods, and betaking themselves to their robes and blankets slept soundly.

"Towards noon of the next day, the Indians arrived, and then all was bustle and animation. As soon as the lodges were pitched, the squaws began chopping down trees, and the deep silence of the forest was rudely dissipated by the clattering of hundreds of axes.

"A child of the Red-Tail died, and the body was placed in a tree on the edge of the forest by the sorrowing parents.

"The squaws worked diligently, and lodge after lodge filled the gap left by the destruction of trees.

"Some of the hunters went out to reconnoitre, and reported buffalo plenty, moving in towards camp; and a general surround was talked of in a day or so.

"I found life in the winter camp very enjoyable; the constant stir and bustle, and the pleasures and excitements of the chase, causing time to pass by almost unheeded.

"Early on still, cold mornings, at the hour when the lodge-fires were being rekindled, the thick, white smoke would rise up in a heavy column, and float away lazily, with scarcely any motion, resembling, except in color, the smoke from the busy foundries in the haunts of civilized man. The effect was striking, and visible for a great distance.

"Before the sun was up, bands of horses were driven out to the most sheltered places among the hills, and the beautiful prairie across the river, which, admirably protected as it was from the winds, and abounding with rich grass, afforded the best winter pasturage for miles around. The whole face of the country was now well covered with snow, and when the sun's morning beams tinged with crimson the whitened hills and valleys, the frozen crystals sparkled and glistened with indescribable brilliancy.

"While the hunters ranged over the hills in quest of game, or watched their horses, the squaws went off to cut fuel for the lodges, and peel cottonwood bark for the food of the horses at night. They commenced their preparations by belting their robes around them in such a manner that, while affording a complete protection for their whole bodies, the free use of the arms was not interfered with.

"Then harnessing up some eight or ten dogs to as many *travées*, they shouldered their axes and led the van, followed by the dogs trotting demurely along in single file."

The *travées* alluded to consist of two poles, the small ends of which are fastened to a horse or dog,—the large ends trail on the ground, a cross-piece lashed on with strings keeps them in place, and the load is placed across, sometimes supported by a sort of basket or hurdle.

"Several hours later," continues the narrative, "the squaws are seen coming back in parties, with a retinue of dogs, all loaded as heavily as possible.

"Each woman carries on her back, supported by a band passed around the shoulders, a bundle of wood of such size and weight that two would make a fair load for an Indian pony. Yet the women think nothing of it, and travel along, talking and laughing, as if it was play. Every day, year in and year out, this must be done; and if the lodge is large, and the weather very cold, it is often necessary to make two, and sometimes three trips a day. A large camp will very soon consume all the small, dry wood in the vicinity, and the women are then compelled to go a long distance, often two miles, before they can obtain the needed supply.

"When they reach the lodges, the wood is thrown down and piled, the kettle put over the fire, and cooking goes on again. Then the cottonwood bark is to be thamed, and peeled in thin strips to feed the horses; moccasins have to be mended, and skins and robes dressed or handled. After a hunt, the labor is greatly increased, as the meat must be cut up and dried, and the fresh skins prepared for future dressing.

"An Indian who has three or four wives, gets along very comfortably, for, provided the

women do not quarrel too much, they divide the labor between them. The Bear-Hunter, in whose lodge I lived the whole of one winter, had five squaws; but as they were all sisters, there was very little discord among them. His family lived well; they had abundance of horses, and could always command the services of a good hunter.

"Each of these five sisters belonged to a different 'band,' or society; and as the lodge was one of the largest in the village, it was in great demand as a rendezvous. The band of Bulls, the White-Crows, the Goose band, and other associations frequently assembled, and made night hideous with their vocal and instrumental accompaniments, while tripping the 'light fantastic toe,' putting sleep entirely out of the question.

"While the women patiently performed their daily drudgery, the men who were not guarding the horses visited from lodge to lodge; feasting, smoking and relating long anecdotes of war and hunting exploits. Sometimes they gambled, playing their favorite game of hand, in which they would get so excited that time passed unheeded, until the sharp voice of an old squaw, vexed and angry at the losses her husband was sustaining, berated him so severely that they were often glad to bring their sports to a close."

The author of this work informs us that during the whole time he lived among the Gros Ventres he never missed a single article, although he took no trouble to prevent thieving. His house was often crowded with Indians, yet if he was called away he felt satisfied he would find on his return everything as he left it. But when the Riccarces or Crows were about he found it was very different. They would steal everything they could lay their hands on, and the Gros Ventres frequently complained of their thieving propensities.

The last chapter of this work is devoted to the consideration of "The Indian Question," in which the author takes the ground that our Indian wars have generally sprung from the encroachments and cupidity of the whites. "In what single instance," he asks, "has the Government carried out in good faith and to the letter the promises made through its accredited agents? Has not even the Flag of our Government been stained with the blood of defenceless Indians, men, women and children, who had voluntarily placed themselves under its protecting folds, only to be cruelly murdered by the monster Chivington?"

After showing that Indian wars are enormously expensive to our Government, and might be remedied by a just and humane policy, he makes the following suggestions:

"I see no reason why the condition of the Indians should not be greatly ameliorated.

Not by making treaties and extravagant promises, which would be either imperfectly kept, or wholly ignored; nor could it be done in a day, or in a year either; the confidence so cruelly abused must be restored, and this would be of itself a work of time. It would be impossible to bring the roving Indians at once to the dull routine of civilized life. But they may be persuaded to take the intermediate step; and in the course of time, being reconciled to a new mode of life, they may become a pastoral people. Furnish them with flocks and herds; they could then travel as of old; their stock would increase on their hands, and they would not be wholly dependent upon game for their subsistence. Then in time they would, *if fairly dealt with*, appreciate the advantages to be derived.

"This experiment must be made on a liberal scale, and with an ample supply of stock, to command their attention, and persevered in faithfully,—not for a year or so only, but until the end has been accomplished. The money spent in waging war against them for *one month*, would go very far toward a successful experiment.

"I consider the Gros Ventres, Rees, and Mandans the best fitted to commence with. They have a permanent village, raise corn, and regard the whites as their allies. They are ripe for the experiment. Protection against other nations would be necessary and should be afforded."

I cannot close this article without calling attention to the report of the Indian Peace Commission recently addressed to the President of the United States.

It traces clearly the causes of the Indian wars; ascribing them to injustice and robbery, on the part of the whites,—to violations of our treaty stipulations, encroachments on the Indian lands, withholding or diminishing their annuities, and even in some cases slaughtering in cold blood men, women and children.

The candor and straightforward honesty of the report is very remarkable, and the humane suggestions it contains are worthy of all praise.

It is a long and well written document. The following passage may suffice to show its spirit:

"In making treaties it was enjoined upon us to remove, if possible, the causes of complaint on the part of the Indians. This would be no easy task. We have done the best we could under the circumstances, but it is now rather late in the day to think of obliterating from the minds of the present generation the remembrance of wrong. Among civilized men war usually springs from a sense of injustice. The best possible way, then, to avoid war, is to do no act of injustice. When we learn that the same rule holds good with Indians, the chief difficulty is removed. But it is said our wars with them have

been almost constant. Have we been uniformly unjust? We answer unhesitatingly, yes! We are aware that the masses of our people have felt kindly toward them, and the legislation of Congress has always been conceived in the best intentions. But it has been erroneous in fact, or perverted in execution. Nobody pays any attention to Indian matters. It is a deplorable fact that members of Congress understand the negro question, and talk learnedly of finance and other problems of political economy. When the progress of settlement reaches the Indian's home, the only question to be considered is: 'How best to get his lands' When they are obtained, the Indian is lost sight of.

While our missionary societies and benevolent associations have annually collected thousands of dollars from the charitable, to be sent to Asia and Africa for purposes of civilization, scarcely a dollar is expended or a thought bestowed on the civilization of Indians at our very doors. Is it because the Indians are not worth the effort at civilization? Or is it because our people, who have grown rich in the occupancy of their former lands (too often taken by force or procured by fraud) will not contribute? It would be harsh to insinuate that covetous eyes have possibly been set on their remaining possessions, and extermination harbored as a means of accomplishing it. As we know that our legislators and nine-tenths of our people are actuated by no such spirit, would it not be well to so regulate our future conduct in the matter as to exclude the possibility of so unfavorable an influence?"

In conclusion, I can commend H. A. Boller's book, "Among the Indians," as being written in a lively and attractive style. The publisher has also acquitted himself well in the quality of the paper, printing and binding.

HENRY IV. Emperor of Germany, used to say, "Many know much, but few know themselves."

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 13.

(Continued from page 780.)

MURREN, 9th mo., 1867.

From this one of the most beautiful spots in Switzerland, where all is so beautiful, I commence again the jottings of our course for the past week. The morning we left Andermatt was magnificent, and we enjoyed immensely our wild drive of three hours across the St. Gothard Pass, surrounded as we were by the grandest and rudest of mountain scenery, and after leaving the Hospice at the summit, we were whirled swiftly along down a splendid road, very remarkable for its twistings and turnings; backward and forward it went, making forty-six

curves in less than an hour, and in one or two places where we could catch a glimpse of its course before us from above, it looked like the windings of a great cable carelessly thrown down the mountain side. At Airola, an uninviting Italian looking village, our drive terminated, and after satisfying ourselves there was a bridle path across the mountains to Tosa Falls, and negotiating for horses, we found it was too late to commence the expedition that afternoon, so we spent the remainder of it in a delightful stroll, not *through* the village, but as far from it as we could get, among the fragrant hay-fields, and along the peaceful and quiet valley. Before long a bare footed Swiss lassie strode quickly past us, a broad straw hat on her head, and a huge basket strapped on her back, and we soon discovered that she was intent on gathering in her hay harvest. We were walking at the time on the brink of a very steep and stony hill, covered with brambles; but the lassie, after stopping for an instant at a way-side fountain, gathering up her dirty apron into the fashion of a bowl, and taking from it a hearty draught of the sparkling water, dashed down the declivity, leaping like a chamois from point to point, and in a few minutes was in a little field in the valley below, her basket unstrapped, and she engaged, without a moment's pause, brisk as a bee, in loading it up. Her motions were so blithe and nimble, that she interested us as we seated ourselves to watch at a distance the progress of her operations. On she went, with unflagging industry, raking up one row after another, gathering the hay in monstrous armfuls, pressing it down and piling it up, until the whole produce of the field was in her huge basket, which stood heavy and solid a foot higher than her head. She then commenced binding it with two long ropes, that her sturdy arms formed into a kind of net-work over the top; after it was all secured, and her broad hat fastened on the summit, she had her load upon her back, without the loss of a single second, and bending almost double under its weight, was on her way up the hill again in a twinkling; and though she did sit down for a few minutes at the top, to wipe her hot face, we noticed that her breath came just as quietly and freely as our own, though we had only been passive spectators. It was evidently to her no unusual exertion, though to us it seemed perfectly herculean for a girl of sixteen. Verily, the female portion of creation in this part of the world are not exempted from the law that ordains they shall earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, for in Germany as well as throughout Switzerland, hard work seems to be their universal lot. We see women sawing wood, and women digging and breaking stone on the public roads—and women carrying bricks and mortar for the builders—and women reaping and mowing and

doing all sorts of field labor. Even the poor cows suffer from the general oppression of the sex, for they are worked just as hard as oxen, and the meekness and kindness with which they bear their toilsome lot, have many a time excited our sympathy. They are almost universally beautiful animals, much prettier than our cows, and both they and the goats are a perpetual source of admiration to us, as we clamber among the hills. On the morning of the 7th, we mounted our horses, and with a man for each, commenced our ride across the St. Jacoma Pass to the Falls of Tosa. My nag was the *bell* horse and led the van, and he proved himself a very dependable one—but his good qualities were not shared by his companions; however, we had on the whole a delightful excursion. Our way for some distance was across an immense plain, covered with stones of all sorts and sizes—most uninteresting, certainly; but we almost forgot our rugged path, in admiration of the magnificent mountains by which it was everywhere surrounded; and the intense solitude of the whole route, during which we scarcely saw a human habitation, except the little shanty where we stopped for dinner, was a novel and agreeable feature in our Swiss travel. At Tosa, where we arrived by quarter past five, we found a nice little inn and an obliging hostess, and though the Falls were not the finest we had seen, we did not regret visiting them. Next morning, we were off again for Obergestelen, under a splendid sky, and over a trackless waste, along the side of one mountain after another, the road wilder and ruder than that of yesterday, so that we soon all preferred walking most of the distance. The scenery was grand and stupendous beyond all conception, and in the whole day's tramp there was not a house to be seen, and scarcely a solitary cheese hut, except miles away on the side of some distant hill.—So, under "the shadow of a great rock," where a little mountain rivulet bubbled by, we made our mid-day bivouac, and discussed our sandwiches and hard boiled eggs. Before evening, we reached Oberwald, and were accommodated for the night in a large, unfinished house, just being erected to serve as a hotel. The next morning, we left in a wagon for the Rhone Glacier, arriving about eleven—when, finding it impossible to make satisfactory arrangements for horses to Handeck Falls, we decided to walk, and by twelve were on our way to the Grimsel, reaching the Hospice in two hours. We lunched, and then another delightful two hours' walk brought us to the Falls. Handeck had been held up to us as a desirable abiding place for several days; therefore, I believe we both looked a little blank when, on approaching the "hotel," we found it was a low one-story log cabin, containing a *salle à manger*, kitchen and *stable*, through which we were con-

ducted to our lodging-room, in a little out-building. However, it afforded us all that was necessary for a good night's rest. I wonder that nothing better has been provided for visitors to these magnificent Falls, the finest we have seen in Switzerland, partly because so *different* from all others. Instead of a single stream, as is most commonly the case, *two* torrents come dashing over the rocks on opposite sides of a frightful abyss; one, a glacier river, of a turbid greenish-white appearance—the other pure and sparkling as crystal; and these, tumbling over the brink, meet each other in a cloud of foam, *it is supposed* about half-way down the gulf. But no one has ever estimated its tremendous depth; and as we stand on the bridge immediately over the Falls, the bottom is entirely invisible. It is a superb spectacle. We only waited next morning to see the rainbow on the foam, and then started for our walk to Meyringen. . . . We are now at the Wengern Alps, at the new hotel which last summer was just being built. It is splendidly situated in front of the mighty chain of snow mountains, and ever and anon the thundering of an avalanche is heard among them, and we have had the pleasure of seeing as well as hearing several that were very large and beautiful, even more beautiful than any we saw last summer. . . .

AOSTA, 10th mo., 1867.

On the third morning of our stay at Courmayeur, the sun rose brilliantly, and though the weather was cold, we were tempted by the assurance of our landlord that it was "the finest weather possible" to carry out our plan of an excursion to the Col de Seigne, via the Alleé Blanche, (ten hours there and back;) so fortifying ourselves by a good breakfast, we were off on our mules by half past nine o'clock, thinking we would have a charming day. Gradually, however, a sense of increasing chilliness stole over us, with an uncomfortable aching feeling; and after we had passed one or two mills where the wheels were fringed with icicles as thick as a man's arm, and several mountain cataracts that were *frozen solid*, we could no longer disguise the fact that we were very cold. As we neared the summit of the Pass, which is about 8000 feet above the sea, the wind increased in violence, and my companions dismounted to warm themselves by exercise, but as I was well wrapped up, I preferred to jog on as before. We greatly enjoyed the magnificent southern aspect of Mont Blanc, surrounded by his "Aiguilles." The Alleé Blanche, too, was very wonderful and curious, filled as it is from base to base of its enclosing mountains, by a vast moraine, left year by year by the receding glacier. Our path was in some parts extremely romantic, and on a pleasant *summer* morning would be, I have no doubt, very delightful;

but by the time we had proceeded three hours, and reached the Lac de Combal, from which we had a full view of the Col, (two hours further,) covered with snow, as well as the path before us, we were quite ready to acknowledge our enthusiasm satisfied for the present, and were willing to exchange the ten hours' excursion for one of six. So, then and there, sheltered in some measure from the wind by the walls of an old hut, our guides soon built a fire, borrowing a blazing log from some chamois hunters, who were awaiting their prey not far off; and after enjoying that and our luncheon of bread and meat, seasoned with laughter, we very quietly and wisely retraced our steps, and walking very briskly, as we were able to do in descending, reached Courmayeur in a very comfortable glow. Our day's experience had warned us that the season would soon be over; so next morning we returned to this place, with the intention of making our way as soon as possible across the St. Bernhard on our way to Geneva.

(To be continued.)

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 15, 1868.

NOTE.—Correspondents who fail to regard our notice in relation to communications sent without the name of the writer, need not be disappointed if their articles do not appear. Four of such communications have been received this week, and laid aside.

FOREIGN TRAVEL.—Unusual facilities have presented within the past year for furnishing our readers with vivid descriptions not only of the wild and mountainous regions of Switzerland, the vine-clad and castellated borders of the Rhine, but also with an insight into the chief attractions, to strangers, of many European towns. Conspicuous among these descriptions has been the rich ornamentation of massive Cathedrals, with the pageantry attending some of the public ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and graphic narrations of the wonderful genius exhibited in both paintings and statuary.

In availing ourselves of the opportunities for transmitting such information, we have not been unmindful of a class of our readers, who may possibly have felt that too much space has been allotted to subjects in which Friends have felt a restriction as regards the indulgence of taste. But by possessing a knowledge of the state of things as they exist in both hemispheres, may

we not be instructed from the contrast which is exhibited? Are we not able the better to appreciate the advantages of a Republican form of government, and the free institutions with which we are blessed?

Our religion, too, is happily free from the superstitions which encumber the Romish Church, and that contribute so largely to the lavish expenditure of means and time in the decoration of their temples, and in acts of reverence for their saints. In reference to liberty of conscience it may be well, however, even for us of this "highly favored land," to take heed that we bind not any with a formal religious faith; but rather, in the language of a modern writer, "let us teach that great truth which is the seminal principle of a virtuous freedom, and the very foundation of morals and religion; we mean the doctrine that the voice of God in every heart is to be listened to, above all other guides and lords."

The wealth of our nation has generally been used for useful purposes; and amid its most creditable efforts has been the design to elevate man and place him in a position to think and act for himself—to awaken in him a consciousness of the powers, purposes and greatness of human nature, and to inspire a spirit that should exert a beneficial influence upon daily life. We would therefore hope that the increased intercourse which has recently been established between the two continents may not have a deleterious effect upon our comparatively unsophisticated people. Let us profit by whatever is worthy of imitation, and beware of the follies and vices which often emanate from and around the seat of royalty, and spread themselves throughout the domains of earthly kings.

DIED, near Harveysburg, Warren Co, Ohio, on the 12th of First month, 1868, of dropsy and heart disease, REBECCA P. JESSOP, wife of Richard W. Jessop, in the 66th year of her age; a member of Miami Monthly Meeting. The patience and submission with which her many weeks of suffering were borne were living testimonies of the work of faith.

—, on the morning of Second month 3d, at his late residence, Marshall Road, Twenty-Seventh Ward, Phila., CHAS. CADWALLADER, in his 74th year.

—, on the 7th of Second month, 1868, at the residence of her son-in-law J. Willis Martin, West Philadelphia, LYDIA S. REGESTER, in her 89th year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends held at Green St., Philadelphia.

—, on the 7th of Second month, 1868, BUSHROD W. KNIGHT, in his 61st year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, held at Spruce St.

NOTICE.

T. BURLING HULL is now our AGENT for Baltimore and vicinity, in place of James Baynes, resigned.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Second month 18th, 1868, at 7½ o'clock, Lecture by Dr. JOHN S. PARRY. Subject,—"Life."

FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION FOR THE AID AND ELEVATION OF THE FREEDMEN

Will meet on Fourth-day evening, Second month 19th, at 7½ o'clock, at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room.

J. M. ELLIS, } Clerks.
ANN COOPER, }

Friends' Association for Moral and Intellectual Improvement, and in aid of Swarthmore College.

An Association has lately been formed under this name in Philadelphia, for the object set forth in the title, as well as for promoting social intercourse. Stated meetings are proposed to be held at Race St. Meeting-house, on the first Fourth-day evening of each month, and special or adjourned meetings at other times and places as may be from time to time determined.

An Adjourned Meeting of the Association will be held in the Monthly Meeting Room at Race St., on Fifth-day evening, Second month 20th, at half-past 7 o'clock. The attendance of Friends and others interested is invited. It is expected that exercises of an interesting and improving character will render these meetings worth the attention of the old and young.

THOMAS H. SPEAKMAN, *Secretary.*

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY BENJAMIN HALLOWELL TO J. AND E. M. OF BALTIMORE.

SANDY SPRING, Twelfth mo. 29th, 1867.

Dear friends,—Your kind letters of 23d of last month were duly received, and fully appreciated; but owing to my having been from home more than usual, and when at home, having had an uncommon press of writing to do, in regard to the Indians and some other subjects, I have been unable to acknowledge your kindness in writing. The criticism upon the two points specified, in the Manual, I value, and I trust they have had that influence which they were designed to effect, to bring me nearer to the Truth. Should an opportunity ever occur to make them actively available, it will be cheerfully embraced. All that I can claim in writing that Manual is integrity of purpose—an humble and earnest desire to do no harm, and, perhaps in some little degree, to serve my Divine Master, by doing what might be useful, and, through His blessing, of service to some. I did not expect it would be perfect, or free from errors and failings which attach to humanity; but no sentiment was advanced which was not the honest conviction of my heart, and which, by the best evidence I had access to, was not sanctioned by the Teacher of hearts, in the meaning I was concerned to convey.

Under these circumstances, I felt willing to suffer for what I believed to be the Truth, so far as such suffering was or is needed, in the belief that in suffering there are refinement and progress. I am encouraged to hope, too, that although the Manual may contain a few things which may not be entirely approved, it contains some which the heart must own, and which will more than counterbalance the others; so that if the general tenor of the work is faithfully regarded and lived up to, the hearts will be drawn very near to God and to Heaven.

The delegation that went to Washington to present the memorial in regard to the Indians, were favored to have a very satisfactory engagement. The petition was presented to both Houses of Congress, and a copy laid on the desk of every member. We had, two, very interesting and encouraging personal interviews with the President, Gen. Grant, Secretary of War, O. H. Browning, Secretary of the Interior, N. G. Taylor, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; and we were invited to meet with the Indian Peace Commission, consisting of N. G. Taylor, who was President of the Commission, J. B. Henderson, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Indian affairs, Generals Sherman, Harney, Terry and a number of others. By them all, we and our memorial were received with marked attention and respect. President Johnson gave us an assurance that his efforts would be directed to the benevolent objects the Friends have at heart. He adverted feelingly to the difficulties which embarrass the Indian question, arising from the class of unprincipled adventurers that crowd upon the frontier, commit depredations upon the Indians, and then escape, leaving the certain retaliatory measures to fall upon innocent victims. Upon the conclusion of our interview, he said he was "very much gratified that we came." Gen. Grant received us very kindly and cordially, and conversed much more freely than I had expected him to do; said the great difficulty was with the reckless, unprincipled persons that collect upon the border between the Indians and the whites, and were unscrupulous in their intercourse with the Indians, being desirous of an outbreak with them, in order that a military force might be brought into requisition, and they derive benefits from the disbursements which would ensue. He expressed a deep interest in the welfare of the Indians, and that they should be treated with humanity and kindness, and remarked that no class of persons were more nearly interested in maintaining peaceful relations with these people than were the officers of the army: for the disturbance of these relations immediately involves these officers in practical duties of great hardship and privation. We were encouraged to believe,

from the tenor of the remarks of all those with whom we had interviews, that a desire obtains on the part of all the officers who are charged with the interests of the Indians to do them justice, and act towards them with kindness and humanity. One of them said that the Government was finding that it could not afford longer to be unjust to these people—it costs the Nation too much money and too many lives. There is ground to believe that the black cloud that has so ominously hung over the destiny of the Red Man for many years, is acquiring a silver lining from a light behind it, inducing the hope that the cloud will soon pass away, and let the rays of prosperity and enjoyment rest once more upon them. So be it.

LECTURE OF PROFESSOR AGASSIZ.

The best method of imparting instruction to the young mind is a subject of general interest, and one which continues to claim the attention of some of the most philosophic and learned among us. From a synopsis of a lecture delivered by Professor Agassiz, before the Teachers Institute of this city, on the 5th inst., as reported by "*The Press*," we make the following extracts:

Referring to the profession of teaching the young, the lecturer said that he had practiced it from his childhood, having been all his life alternately student and teacher, and he had not known of any better or more delightful avocation. He stated his subject to be, "The objects best suited for the first instruction of children," and proposed to indicate the advantages to be derived, both by the teacher and the pupil, by a simple and natural method of instruction in the elementary education of children—premiering his remarks with the observation that his recommendations were the result not of mere theory, but of actual experiment. By way of expressing his subject in a way more likely to be generally understood, he remarked that it had been pronounced a lecture upon Nature vs. Grammar and A, B, C.

There was too much of book-learning in the world. We went to work to study books before we could see, and were expected to appreciate things before we had mastered the use of the tools with which that appreciation was to be attained. The early instruction given to children should be substantial rather than learned, of a kind which they would not only understand but like, and in which they would delight, so that the school-room should be the place to which they preferred to go; that study should be to them as precious as play, and that while growing up they should lay by information which they would not have to unlearn be-

fore they entered the practical walks of life. This was the demand of our day, and the work to which our teachers should devote themselves. Homer and the Greek sages never learned grammar, and yet they spoke that language which, because of its perfection, has come down to us as the mother of all scholarly culture. We might be philosophers without knowing how to read and write, but we could not be philosophers without knowing something of the great phenomena of nature; and the lecturer, therefore, advised that elementary, primary, or first instruction should be borrowed from nature, and that all the human faculties should be equally trained. The proper training of the organs was alike essential.

The lecturer exemplified by practical illustrations the meaning he desired to convey. He argued that by means of practical experiments of a simple character the youthful mind would receive more readily that instruction which it had been vainly sought to impart by means of our school books. He next referred to the capacities of our school-teachers generally, and contended that the teachers in our elementary schools should be persons of ability equal to that of teachers in the universities and colleges.

What was needed was a compensation which would be sufficiently large to justify a greater number of persons in devoting themselves to the work to which they were called. What could be dearer to us than the education of our children, and yet how few men were there in any community who were willing to spend on the education of their children one half the amount which they applied to the preservation of their fortunes? How few are there who would renounce the luxury of their table in order to improve their children's education?

We must come to understand that the education of our own descendancy was of more value than all our possessions. But there was one great wrong inflicted upon teachers, and that was in compelling them to do more than they were able to do. The work put not alone upon the shoulders, but upon the head of the teacher, was entirely too oppressive, for the head would not work beyond a certain limit any more than would the muscles. Our teachers were required to teach too many children, and this was an evil which should be speedily corrected.

Alluding to the present method of school instruction, the speaker said that he had invariably discovered among young children a dislike to the study of geography. This was simply because they did not understand the meaning of the various colored maps which were presented to their notice, but which might be made attractive to them by practical demonstration. That which was necessary was simply to engage the

attention and enlist the sympathies of the young; and without the teacher being successful in that, he could not hope to implant in the mind of the pupil any liking for or actual knowledge of the subject about which he was ostensibly being instructed. The main object should be not to make study a thing that might become odious to the child, or cause the child to look upon his book as an instrument of punishment rather than the means of his elevation. There were many things about us, and which we looked upon daily, of which we virtually knew nothing; trees, plants, vegetables, were all articles about which very few knew anything of that which they should know about those things, and the information pertaining to things of that character might be imparted to children with great profit to them. The difference between the different varieties of trees, of lumber, of the leaves of trees, and matters of that kind, were also subjects of great importance, when made use of for the instruction of the young and as a means of establishing a foundation for a proper understanding of general studies.

One bad habit in our schools was the teaching of every child the same thing in the same way. The effort should be to vary our method of instruction, and make it conform to the propensities, capabilities, and natural disposition of the pupil.

The speaker continued substantially as follows: The animal kingdom furnishes still more extensive material for interesting elementary instruction; and here we are enabled to prepare for a better appreciation of ourselves. The structure of an animal is infinitely more complicated than that of any plant, yet the interest in watching them increases in proportion as the object becomes more complicated, and perhaps more difficult to watch. The very fact that they are difficult to watch will bring out the best powers of the observer. I wish that in America the habit of hunting insects or chasing butterflies, or making collections of shells, was as common among children as it is in Europe. I believe that in common and in public education that fact furnishes the only advantage which European boys and girls have over those of this country—that they run about in fields to a greater extent, and are made to feel an interest in the objects which surround them. In the humblest dwelling houses there you may find little collections of insects, especially all through Germany. No country has produced so large a number of elementary works, in every department of human knowledge, than has Germany, and I am perfectly satisfied that the reason why this is so is owing to this habit of her people at an early age of watching nature, of observing insects and shells and the like. Our boys here pursue only one

object of this kind, and that is hunting bird's nests—a cruel occupation. The study of insects by children should be encouraged by our teachers.

In conclusion, the speaker suggested that in the education of children both parents and teachers should not too soon turn the attention of the little ones to the consideration of religious subjects. Matters of that character were too frequently brought to the notice of children before their minds were sufficiently matured to appreciate their bearing. In approaching this subject, the speaker said that he stepped beyond the field of his ability, and would therefore stop, thanking his hearers for their attention.

From The Anti-Slavery Standard.

PETER STILL.

PETER STILL, "The Kidnapped and Ransomed," died in Burlington, N. J., January 10th, 1868, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, after a brief illness, of pneumonia, of twelve days.

Scarcely twelve years have elapsed since the thrilling narrative of Peter Still was published and widely read by thousands of Abolitionists in different parts of the country. It may not, therefore, be amiss now, after the final termination of his eventful career, to briefly recall a few of the sad phases in his history which rendered his narrative so surpassingly interesting. How, when a little boy, only six years of age, he was torn away from his mother and his home by a tyrant's hands, and thus, separated from them for forty-one years, was compelled to wear the yoke of bondage; the unceasing throbbing of his heart for freedom; the varied methods he resorted to to regain his lost liberty. Although unable to read, how he marked, with exceeding minuteness, yearly, the changes which seemed to darken his prospects or encourage his hopes for the future; and, towards the close of forty years, slavery manœvered to enlist the sympathies of a few to purchase him; the diligence with which he summoned his energies while accumulating the final hundred dollars to pay for himself; also the zeal he further evinced in laboring to earn money to enable him to start on an expedition in search of his relatives; the success and joy he realized in finding his mother, etc. Yet his joy here was only to last for a brief time. His wife and children, whom he was compelled to leave behind in bondage in Alabama, dear as they had been to him in slavery, seemed now to demand a far greater share of his affection than ever before. Forty years of suffering having failed to conquer his determination to be free, he of all others was the very last man to feel that he could be comforted while his companion and children were still in bonds. Hence, when the efforts of Seth Conklin to rescue his family

failed, and he was murdered for his Christ-like love in the cause, and when the owner could not be prevailed on to take a farthing less than Five Thousand Dollars for them (wife and three children), and sixteen hundred miles intervened between him and them, notwithstanding all these apparently insurmountable difficulties, his faith and affection demanded that he should make an undying effort to rescue them at all hazards. And with characteristic singleness of purpose he applied himself to the task of raising the required Five Thousand Dollars. And, to the astonishment of all his friends, at the expiration of four years' labor, he raised the entire purchase money, and, with his family again reunited to him, immediately settled in Burlington, N. J.

Being fully inured to toil, and withal possessed of rare qualities as a good manager, he was not long in finding a lot of ground which contained some ten acres, well adapted for raising truck of all description, and likewise inviting as a home. This piece of ground he purchased, and on it built himself a comfortable cottage, barn, etc., which gave evidence of taste, industry, and prosperity. But this property could not be paid for and his home made comfortable without the most untiring exertions. However, for his own benefit he was now to labor. Therefore with commendable industry very early in the morning he would be up and hard at work, eating no idle bread all the day long. His little farm, though made to produce under his culture full double its usual quantities, was much improved, as was generally observed, and the town people all being acquainted with "Uncle Peter," it was not hard work for him to induce them to buy his fine crops of early vegetables, poultry, etc.

During the past fall, feeling that he had about finished paying for his place, he remarked to "Vivia" his wife that he might not be with her long, and as the house needed some repairs, he concluded that for her comfort he should attend to the matter immediately. Hence he engaged workmen and had the desired improvements made. But barely had the work been completed ere he was suddenly taken ill and died, leaving his faithful companion, ill in her room at the time, and a son and daughter, besides brothers and sisters, to mourn his loss. Nor were these relatives the only mourners. For in addition to the sympathies which his sufferings had naturally awakened, his unparalleled perseverance, integrity, sobriety and Christian deportment, absolutely commanded the admiration of the community generally.

He was connected with the Colored Baptist Church of Burlington, and was looked upon as one of the leading men in it. But seeing that the accommodations of his church would in all probability prove too limited on the funeral ser-

vice occasion, the First Baptist Church (white) magnanimously volunteered their commodious chapel, and the pastor thereof, in a truly Christian spirit, extended the utmost kindness throughout; and among others who spoke on the occasion, he made an impressive address bearing on the life and character of the departed.

The concourse at the funeral was very large, consisting of white and colored persons indiscriminately. W. S.

Selected for the Children.

THE TWO BROTHERS; AND WHAT ECHO SAID TO THEM.

Once on a time, two little boys,
And naughty ones you'll say,
Resolved, before they'd go to school,
That they would go and play.

The spot they chose to linger at,
And seat themselves to chat,
Re-echoed, or sent back the voice—
But they did not know that.

Said William to his brother Dick,
"We shall not be found out;"
But Echo mocked the naughty boy,
And answered, "*Be found out.*"

"I fear," said Dick to little Will,
"That some one overhears;"
He looked to see, and Echo then
Cries, "*Some one overhears.*"

"O! never mind," said William, then,
"Come, do not be afraid!"
So when they both began to play,
Said Echo—" *Be afraid.*"

"What can it be?" said William,
"O! let us go to school;"
For he began to be afraid;
Said Echo—" *Go to school.*"

Then, softly whispering, they said,
"O! if our master knows;"

But Echo, answering every word,
Said, softly—" *Master knows.*"

"What shall we do!" then William said,
"We must not tell a lie;"
And then they heard the Echo's voice
Say—" *Must not tell a lie.*"

So Dick began to cry, and said,
"William, you brought me here;"
Said Echo, in a mournful tone,
"*William, you brought me here!*"

"I never will do this again,
If master will forgive,"
Said Will to Dick; and then the voice
Said—" *Master will forgive!*"

• "Then let us go," said little Will;
"Come, Dicky, do not cry;"
And in the same tone Echo said—
"*Come, Dicky, do not cry.*"

"We shall not be so very late,
If we make haste away;"
And Echo, with a warning voice,
Cried out—" *Make haste away!*"

Then Dicky dried his tears, and said,
"I will do so no more;"
And Echo, in a cheerful voice,
Then said—" *Do so no more.*"

"Then we'll be off to school," said they;
And off they quickly ran;
And, happily, were just in time,
Before the school began.

Remember, then, my little friends,
Though Echo nothing knew,
There's One above who always knows,
Both what you say and do.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.

THE SUMMIT OF THE SIERRAS.

How the Central Pacific Railroad is Built.

SUMMIT OF THE SIERRAS, Nov. 2, 1867.

Having been scrambling over the "backbone of the continent" for a few days, I can testify feelingly that its spinal column is rigid and likely to endure.

The ridge of the Sierras is not so abrupt as many imagine, but stretches its great flanks on the west for nearly a hundred miles. On the east there is a secondary ridge, called the Eastern Summits, and between these repose Downer Lake and Lake Tahoe, which flow out through the narrow, deep cut canon by which Truckee river makes its rapid way to the plains where it stagnates in Pyramid and Mud Lakes. These plains are only three thousand feet below this summit, till they rise up into the Humboldt range, then sink and rise again into the Rocky Mountains. On the west, the coast range rises out of the Sacramento valley and breaks off abruptly into the Pacific. These are grand waves of the earth's crust, yet the general features of the topography are often seen on a smaller scale. On the western flank of the Sierras, the streams, seeking the line of greatest descent, flow quite nearly parallel and westward, cutting deep chasms, and thus dividing the side of the range into great ribs, making out from the main column.

Down the steep sides of these ribs, as before, the waters chase, till they, too, are deep seamed with gloomy canons, opening to the north and south. An engineer would see at once that, with such a topography as this, it would be impossible to keep to one of the main valleys, or rather gorges, that come down from the mountains. The canon crossings would be too heavy, all along, and the ascent near the head waters would be too abrupt. The Central Pacific Railroad engineers have overcome the difficulty with a skill which does them great credit. They threw their line along the crest of one of these rib-like ridges, which comes down between the Yuba and Bear rivers to the north and the North Fork of the American river on the south. Where this slopes off into the valley they climbed up on it by seeking ground which, within thirty miles of Sacramento, enabled them to use a grade of over fifty feet to the mile. Thus they were able to utilize nearly the whole distance, and overcome a total ascent of 7,042 feet in only 105½ miles, and over

6,600 feet of it in eighty miles, without exceeding anywhere their maximum grade of 116 feet to the mile.

But clambering along one of these rugged ribs of the Sierras was not by any means a simple and easy achievement. Each rib's anatomy is quite like that of a backbone, and now and then its back goes up in servile imitation of the parent ridge. It becomes necessary in these cases to slide off on one side or the other, and climb carefully along, winding in and out of the canons that seam its sides. Then the road breaks through a gap and takes to the other side of the rib. Sometimes these canons on either side, beginning at a common point, quite divide the ridge, and then a heavy bank or high trestling and bridge is necessary. Within 85 miles of Sacramento there is a rock cut 68 feet deep and 800 feet long. It is mountain work almost from the start; and this fact justifies President Lincoln's location of the base of the Sierras at 7½ miles from Sacramento, whereby the mountain appropriation of \$48,000 per mile was secured to the company, instead of only \$16,000 a mile on the plain.

One of the trestle works is 960 feet long and 115 feet high; another is 1,100 feet long and 93 feet high. Along several steep-sided canons retaining walls of stone, from fifty to a hundred feet in height, have to take the place of bank. One of the cuts reaches a greatest depth of 125 feet, and is 680 feet long, and this and nearly all others, some of them 1,500 feet long, are through rock. One embankment is 88 feet high and 530 feet long; another 105 feet high and about 400 feet in length. Tunnels are frequent, though not long; there are fifteen in a distance of 60 miles, with an average length of about 400 feet.

The contrast of scenery to be seen in a day's ride on this road is remarkable. Starting from Sacramento in the morning, you pass over a plain like that around Chicago. One estate—or ranch, as they call it here—the track traverses for ten miles without a dividing fence. It belongs to owners who refuse to part with an acre. Beyond this, the level plain begins to undulate. Then small hills rise on either hand. You pass through little valleys, and twist around larger hillsides. By and by you note a lack of grass land, and the presence of pines. As you rush through a cut, of which the material answers to the description of Agassiz's moraines, you are struck with the sight of hillsides washed away, with only little pyramids of yellowish earth standing here and there like sentinels in a camp. These are the gold diggings; and the water you see led along the road in ditches and wooden aqueducts is the excavator which has torn the ground to pieces in such ragged fashion. Along the bottoms of the creeks you notice where the ground was dug

up and "panned out" by the earlier gold hunters; and you cannot help sighing to think how much suffering and want were experienced here in that terrible crusade after fil by lucre.

Not many miles have slipped beneath the wheels before you observe in the cuts that the rocks are set on edge, sometimes bent over beyond the perpendicular; and you know you are riding over the upturned strata that once were buried deep below the earth's surface. You begin to realize that you are climbing a mountain range. Down on your right the American River is seen hiding itself in a gloomy deep ravine. Now you break through a heavy cut, and pass out upon the north slope of the ridge, and see, beyond, the valley of the Bear River, and looking far away across Sacramento valley, you note the singular peaks called the Marysville Buttes, and still further, the coast range. Then you are diving around again and passing to the south side of the ridge; you find yourself running up "Long Ravine"—a deep canon with two forks, each of which you round over heavy banks of trestling

As you come out upon the promontory which separates the two forks, you find yourself looking down into a gorge one thousand two hundred feet deep, through which the American River runs. You sweep around this point by a sharp curve and rush into the hills as if shunning the fearful gloomy depths. This is called "rounding Cape Horn;" and the scenery at this point is very impressive. It is not beautiful; there is no valley, no meadow, no life to make it so. It is terribly grand in its ruggedness, its vast outlines and its dreary solitude. Beyond this the scenery continues mainly of this character. The road keeps up on the crest as nearly as it can; but the canons grow deeper and steeper, and it sweeps up and around them with heavy curves. At Emigrant Gap it breaks through again into Bear Valley, and for a moment you have a glimpse of what seems like an Eden amid the surrounding desolation.

From this point the road traverses the north sides of the ridge to the summit, and you see no more of the American. Below you, amidst the tumbling mountains, flow the Bear and the Yuba nearly side by side. The former heads not far beyond, and you follow the south fork of the Yuba to the summit. When at Emigrant Gap you see where the Yuba breaks away from the Bear river, and passes off through a deep gorge to the west. Now you are amongst the mountains, bare and grim. There is little vegetation on their steep sides, except trees, and those not very large or plentiful. They rise up into abrupt peaks on every side of you. Amid such scenery you find yourself landed by the cars at Cisco, where at present the road ends.

Taking an early start from Cisco, we came a few miles on a locomotive to where the track-layers were at work. There we found horses awaiting us. Our ride over the grading was by no means a smooth one. Every little culvert had to be dodged, and the large bridges, though passable on foot, had to be circumnavigated by the equine race. Now and then the roadbed itself was not quite finished, and once we had to dismount and lead our horses over the steep shelving rocks. Strange to say, as you approach the summit the work lightens. Several miles from here begins a pretty valley, called Summit Valley, covered with grass, and smiling serenely amidst the arid mountain peaks. These *thalbergs* or rather *berghs*, are not uncommon. All along the crest of the Sierras they are found, with little lakes of clear pure water, set like mirrors in their bosoms, in which the firmament becomes a fundement, and the circle of the heavens is made complete. One of these little lakes is just over the summit tunnel, and its crystal water did not object to being turned into steam for the shaft engine.

At the summit, after enjoying some refreshment at the hands of Messrs. Strobridge & Ayers, the former, who superintends the construction, accompanied us on the remainder of our journey. We had to walk a few miles, and have our horses sent around beyond some unfinished tunnels. The ground becomes very rugged and abrupt the moment you pass the summit. On either hand the peaks, some of them said to have been volcanic, tower up above you thousands of feet in height. Eleven hundred feet below you sleeps Douner Lake, so transparent that the mountains reflect themselves in its waters. It is three miles off, but it seems to be at your feet. Back behind Cisco you see Black Butte, very prominently advanced heavenward, notwithstanding its color, and composed, I am told, of pure hornblende. Near Ashland, to the north, Castle Peak, one of the highest, and formerly of bad reputation for belching forth in a very heated manner, and unexpected times, has apparently sealed its lips in eternal silence. Off to the east, the eastern summits of the Sierras bound the vision.

(To be continued.)

The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through, the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world; threatening voices within—health gone—happiness gone—even hope that remains the longest gone—I would fain leave

the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came.—*Longfellow.*

We have recently met with the following simple essay on Duty, from a Jewish newspaper, "The Israelite," of Cincinnati. We present it to our readers for their perusal.

Written for The Israelite.
KNOW YOUR DUTY!

It is the duty of every husband and father to provide for his family to the best of his ability, and to do that well, he must be very careful not to overrate his abilities physically, scientifically, and above all, financially, for on this calculation depends the welfare of him and his; to be careful not to overreach yourself, is the very foundation of success; not to take a heavier load than you can comfortably carry, and make due allowances for the burning hot sun, (viz.: disappointments;) the flood of rain that makes the crooked hilly road muddy and slippery, (viz.: dishonorable competition;) make also due allowance that the older we grow, the weaker we are apt to become, and the more oppressive it is to carry a heavy load.

Make, therefore, your load as light as possible; be not too ambitious in your enterprises; train yourself and your family to be contented to live in a plain house, on plain food, and be only plainly clothed; remember that it is a big income, to be used to live on small expenses.

It is the duty of every husband and father to provide for *rainy days*, to which he must solicit the full co operation of his better half, and set a good example, by giving up the smoking of costly tobacco, slipping in some saloon, and partaking of the niceties and gayeties of the season, or under some pretense going out evenings, playing billiards and cards, and losing a few dollars.

Make it your rule whatever you enjoy, enjoy it in the company of your wife and family, and by all means, spend your evenings at home.

Know your duty, to pay your debts as contracted, and if the force of circumstances makes it impossible to meet the whole promptly, then pay all you can, and strive honestly to pay up the rest quickly; remember, the greatest wealth that you can bequeath to your children, is

Your honored name;
Therefore protect that
With might and main.

Know your duty, ye wives and ye mothers; know it is your duty to be faithful and true to your husbands; it is your duty to make his home attractive; it is your duty to spread for him well prepared meals, and serve them good naturedly; it is your duty to see that the buttons on the shirts are not missing, and the

clothes of the children are clean and mended, if necessary.

Remember, that you are, by the grace of God, and by the rules of civilization, the *Ministers of the Interior*; let, therefore, peace and plenty prevail in your dominions; do not be too fault finding, and bear in mind, it is easier to find fault than to do it better yourself; instead of reproach, speak words of cheer to wh: is good and noble.

Know your duty, by setting a good example—to your children, of loving and honoring sincerely your husband; to look up to him as your best protector, and that his word is to be law to you and yours; never allow any one to ridicule and lower your husband in your esteem; look upon such as your most deadly enemies, who mean to destroy your peace, and glory over your fall, and enrich themselves in your misery.

"If your husband has faults, try to mend them in the *spirit of love, wisdom and patience.*" The Spanish say:

Sufre por saber, y trabaja por tener,
Sufre in order to be wise; and labor, in order to have.

It is a mission worthy of a true woman; her husband and her children are the elect to become the good and the great. MILOTIZ.

THE TEA TOPERS OF RUSSIA.

The tea-houses of Russia are quite as characteristic a feature in the manners and customs of that country as those of Japan. M. Lumley, her majesty's secretary of embassy at St. Petersburg, states in a recent report that in the capital alone there are six hundred and ninety-seven common tea-shops, besides the cafes and restaurants of superior description—the daily consumption of tea at some of these places being from eighty to one hundred pounds. They are the resort of the drosky drivers, carters, and laborers of every description; and it is not without interest to witness the orderly behaviour and polite demeanor of those poor peasants. As they enter the long room in which the tea is served, each man greets the bar-keeper, and as he passes the sacred image which is to be found in every Russian room, and before which a lamp is always burning, he reverently doffs his cap, and while in the room all remain uncovered. Numerous tables are ranged along the apartment, at each of which may be seen groups of six or eight sturdy monjiks wrapped in their sheep skin pelisses, which are worn with the fleece inward, and which, no matter what the heat of the room, are seldom taken off, or even opened. A large teapot of boiling water, and a smaller one containing an allowance of tea for each man, are placed upon the table; a saucer of very small lumps of sugar, cut like dice, one for each man,

and a glass of corn brandy, constitute the repast. Both teapots are generally replenished as soon as the larger is emptied, but occasionally the larger one alone is refilled, and the liquid becomes tea only in name. The tea is drank out of saucers, and the sugar is not put into the tea, but is held into the mouth. Some poor fellows who are still more economical will put a piece of black bread in the saucer, place a lump of sugar on the bread, pour in the tea, and after drinking two or three cups in this way, wrap the slightly diminished piece of sugar in paper, and carry it away with them. Time seems to be no object with the tea drinkers, and at a sitting, many will take six or eight, and even more, cups of tea before turning the cups down in the saucer as the sign that they have had enough. The effect of the atmosphere, heated by a stove to seventy-five degrees or eighty degrees of Fahrenheit, in a low room from which the air is carefully excluded by double windows, combined with these numerous cups of hot tea, on a body wrapped in a sheep-skin pelisse, may be easily conceived. The tea drinker, while imbibing his favorite beverage, is literally taking a modified vapor bath. Some men will go on steadily until they have reached a condition which is denoted by the term "*Pey do trelavo pota*," to drink to the third degree, of transpiration; on which they will sally forth into a temperature of perhaps twenty degrees below the freezing point, and, throwing themselves on their sledges, fall asleep enveloped in steam, having thus imbibed, and this no doubt intentionally, a sufficient amount of caloric to last them to the next halt, where a repetition of the tea drinking takes place on the same scale, and with the same effect.

ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL.

At a festival party of old and young, the question was asked, which season of life is most happy? After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of four score years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said: "When the Spring comes and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and covered with blossoms, I think, how beautiful is Spring! And when Summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are all among the branches, I think, how beautiful is Summer. When Autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their gorgeous tint of frost, I think, how beautiful is Autumn! And when it is sore Winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up and through the leafless branches, as I could never until now, I see stars shine through."

ITEMS.

THE NINETY-FIFTH ASTEROID has been discovered. Dr. Robert Luther, of the Observatory of Bilk, Dusseldorf, Prussia, announces the discovery of another Asteroid, on the 23d of last November, at 9 o'clock in the morning. He gives a report of it to the Scientific Association of France, and records it as the fifteenth which he has discovered.

On the 1st of the present year, five first-class magnetic and meteorological Observatories in Great Britain, established for the purpose, began their labors. The stations are Falmouth, Kew, Stoneyhurst, Armagh and Glasgow; and others will be set in operation during the year. They are provided with self-registering apparatus of the best character, and it is expected that important problems in meteorology will be solved by their aid.

EXPLORATIONS IN ALASKA.—An Exploring Expedition sent out last summer to Alaska, by the U. S. Coast Survey, has recently returned, and the officer in charge has made his report. The principal discovery made was that of a vein of excellent coal, over five feet in thickness, not far from Sitka, said to be the best on the Pacific coast, and indications at least of others of equal value. The fisheries were found to promise still greater importance than estimated at the time the treaty of cession was confirmed by the Senate.

THE REPORT of freedmen's affairs in North Carolina, for 12th mo., has been received, from which it appears that the close of the year has brought with it a more than usual number of complaints in relation to breaches of contract and non-payment of wages for labor performed, arising from indifference to settle honest debts, or inability to fulfil obligations by reason of failures of crops. The system of working for a share of the crop has been so universal, and the almost entire failure of the same, that but few laborers have realized anything, and are now without means of living by their own resources, and employers are not in a condition to provide for them during the long interval before their labors can be made available. In this unfortunate state of affairs, the writer says it becomes a serious question as to the steps to be taken to provide in a measure for the relief of the suffering. The promiscuous distribution of money, food or clothing, effects but a very limited portion of the good designed. It leads to imposition, fraud and idleness, and hundreds of undeserving obtain what those who really suffer should receive. Various suggestions are made with a view to adjust the operations of labor. There are 230 schools in the State, with 12,500 scholars.

THE Southern freedmen deposited in their savings-banks during 12th mo., \$262,138 61, and withdrew for land purchases, sustenance, etc., \$233,641-79. The amount on hand due depositors was \$585,770 171. It is evident the black men will take care of themselves.

It is said that at Stirling Castle, Scotland, flowers are still in full health and vigor which were planted by Mary Queen of Scots, three hundred years ago. The daffodil and polyanthus still survive the ruin of the parterre, spring up among weeds and grass, and contend for existence with plants of "baser quality." The peony will grow in the same spot for a thousand years, and well merits the name of "everlasting;" and among woody plants some varieties of the rose, even when subjected to neglect and maltreatment, are exceedingly tenacious of life. There have been many new varieties introduced into this country yearly for general cultivation.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From "Penns and Peningtons." THOMAS ELLWOOD IN PRISON.

A sudden storm, arising from I know not what surmise of a plot, the meetings of Dissenters (such, I mean, as could be found, which perhaps were not many beside the Quakers) were broken up throughout the city, and most of the prisons filled with our friends. I was that morning, which was the 26th of the Eighth month, 1662, at the meeting at the Bull and Mouth by Aldersgate, when on a sudden a party of soldiers of the trained bands of the city rushed in with noise and clamor, being led by one called Major Rosewell, an apothecary, if I misremember not, and at that time under the ill name of a papist. As soon as he was come within the room, having a file or two of musketeers at his heels, he commanded his men to present their muskets at us, which they did; with intent I suppose to strike terror into the people. Then he made a proclamation, that all might depart if they would, who were not Quakers.

"It so happened that a young man, an apprentice in London, whose name was Dove—the son of Dr. Dove, of Chinner near Crowell—came that day in curiosity to see the meeting, and finding me there whom he knew, sat down by me. As soon as he heard the noise of the soldiers he was much startled, and asked me softly if I would not shift for myself, and try to get out. I told him no; I was in my place, and was willing to suffer if it was my lot.

When he found the notice given, that they who were not Quakers might depart, he again solicited me to go. I told him I could not, for that would be to renounce my profession, which I would by no means do. But as for him, who was not one of us, he might do as he pleased. Whereupon, wishing me well, he turned away, and with cap in hand went out. And truly I was glad he was gone, for his master was a rigid Presbyterian, who in all likelihood would have led him a wretched life had he been taken and imprisoned among the Quakers.

"The soldiers came so early that the meeting was not fully gathered when they came, and when the mixed company were gone out, we were so few in that large room that they might take a clear view of us all, and single us out as they pleased. He that commanded the party gave us first a general charge to come out of the room. But we who came thither at God's requireing to worship Him, like that good man of old who said, 'We ought to obey God rather than man,' stirred not, but kept our places. Whereupon he sent some of his soldiers among us, with command to drag or drive us out, which they did roughly enough.

"When we came into the street, we were received there by other soldiers, who with their pikes holden lengthways from one to another, encompassed us round, as sheep in a pound; and there we stood a pretty time, while they were picking up more to add to our number.

In this work none seemed so eager and so active as Major Rosewell. Which observing, I stepped boldly to him as he was passing, and asked if he intended a massacre: for of that in those times there was a great apprehension and talk. The suddenness of the question somewhat startled him; but, recollecting himself, he answered: 'No; but I intend to have you all hanged by the wholesome laws of the land.' When he had gotten as many as he thought fit, in number thirty-two, whereof two were caught in the street who had not been at the meeting, he ordered the pikes to be opened before us; and giving the word, 'March,' went himself at our head, the soldiers with their pikes making a lane to keep us from scattering.

"He led us up St. Martin's, and turned down to Newgate, where I expected he would lodge us. But to my disappointment he went on through Newgate, and turning through the Old Bailey, brought us into Fleet-street. I was then wholly at a loss to conjecture whither he would lead us, unless it were to Whitehall; for I knew nothing then of Old Bridewell; but on a sudden he gave a short turn, and brought us before the gate of that prison, where knocking, the wicket was opened, and the master with his porter stood ready to receive us.

"One of those two who were picked up in the street being near me, and telling me his case, I stepped to the major and told him that this man was not at the meeting, but was taken up in the street; and showed him how hard and unjust a thing it would be to put him into prison. I had not pleased him before in the question I had put to him about a massacre; and that I suppose made this expostulation less acceptable to him from me than it might have been from another. For, looking sternly at me, he said, 'Who are you that take so much upon you? Seeing you are so busy, you shall be the first that shall go into Bridewell,' and, taking me by the shoulders, he thrust me in.

"The porter, pointing with his finger, directed me to a pair of stairs on the further side of a large court, and bid me go up them, and go on till I could go no further. Accordingly I went up the stairs; the first flight whereof brought me to a fair chapel on my left hand, which I could look into through the iron grates, but could not have gone into if I would. I knew that was not the place for me; wherefore, following my direction, and the winding of the stairs, I went up a story higher, which brought me into a room that I soon perceived to be a court-room or place of judicature. After I had taken a view of it, observing a door on the further side I opened it, but quickly drew back, being almost affrighted at the dismalness of the place. For, besides that the walls quite round were laid all over

from top to bottom in black, there stood in the middle of it a great whipping-post, which was all the furniture it had. In one of these rooms judgment was given, and in the other it was executed, on those who for their lewdness were sent to this prison and there sentenced to be whipped. It was so contrived that the court might not only hear, but see, their sentence executed. A sight so unexpected and withal so displeasing gave me no encouragement to rest there; looking earnestly around, I espied on the opposite side a door which gave hopes of a further progress. I stepped hastily to it, and opened it. This let me into one of the fairest rooms that, as far as I remember, I was ever in; and no wonder; for though it was now put to this mean use, this house had for many ages been the royal palace of the Kings of England, until Cardinal Wolsey built Whitehall, and presented it as a peace-offering to King Henry the Eighth, who till then had held his court here; and this room was called the King's Dining-room. In length it was threescore feet, and had breadth proportionable. On the front side were very large bay windows, in which stood a large table. It had other very large tables in it, with benches round, and at that time the floor was covered with rushes.

"Here was my *nil ultra*, and here I found I might set up my pillar. So, having followed my keeper's direction to the utmost point, I sat down, and considered the rhetorical saying that 'the way to heaven lay by the gate of hell;' the black room being regarded as bearing some resemblance to the latter, as this comparatively might in some sort bear to the former. But I was quickly put from these thoughts by the flocking in of the other Friends, my fellow-prisoners; amongst whom, when they were all come together, there was but one whom I knew so much as by face, and with him I had no acquaintance; for, having been but a little while in the city, and in that time kept close to my studies, I was by that means known to very few.

"As before hinted, it was a general storm which fell that day, but it alighted most heavily on Friends' meetings; so that most of the men Friends were made prisoners, and the prisons generally were filled. And great work had the women Friends to run about from prison to prison, to find their husbands, their fathers, their brothers, or their servants; for, according as they disposed of themselves to the various meetings, so were they dispersed to the various prisons. And no little care and pains had they, when they had found them, to furnish them with provisions and other necessary accommodations.

"An excellent order, even in those early days, was practiced among the Friends of

London, by which there were certain individuals of either sex appointed to have the oversight of the prisons in every quarter, and to take care of all Friends, the poor especially, that should be committed thither. This prison of Bridewell was under the care of two honest, grave, discreet, and motherly women, whose names were Anne Travers and Anne Merrick, both widows. They, as soon as they understood there were Friends brought into that prison, provided some hot victuals, meat, and broth, for the weather was cold; ordering their servants to bring these things, with bread, cheese, and beer; came themselves also, and having placed all on a table, gave notice to us that it was provided for those who had not others to provide for them, or were not able to provide for themselves; and there was no deficiency among us of a competent number of such guests.

"As for my part, though I had lived as frugally as possibly I could, that I might draw out the thread of my little stock to the utmost length, yet had I by this time reduced it to tenpence, which was all the money I had about me, or anywhere else at my command. This was but a small estate to enter upon an imprisonment with; yet was I not at all discouraged at it, nor had I a murmuring thought. I had known what it was moderately to abound, and if I should now come to suffer want, I knew I ought to be content; and through the grace of God I was so. I had lived by Providence before when for a long time I had no money at all; and I had always found the Lord a good provider. I made no doubt, therefore; that He who sent the ravens to feed Elijah, and who clothes the lilies of the field, would find means to sustain me with needful food and raiment.

"Although the sight and smell of hot food was sufficiently enticing, for I had eaten little that morning, and was hungry, yet, considering the terms of the invitation, I questioned my being included in it, and after some reasoning concluded, that while I had tenpence in my pocket I should be but an intruder to that mess, which was provided for such as perhaps had not twopence in theirs. Being come to this resolution, I withdrew as far from the table as I could, and set down in quiet retirement of mind till the repast was over, which was not long; for there were hands enough at it to make light work of it. When evening arrived, the porter came up the back-stairs, and opening the door told us that if we desired to have anything that was to be had in the house, he would bring it to us; for there was in the house a chandler's shop, where bread, beer, butter, cheese, eggs, and bacon might be had for money. Upon which many went to him, and spake for what of these things they had a

mind to, giving their money to pay for them. Among the rest went I, and intending to spin out my tenpence as far as I could, desired him to bring me a penny loaf only. When he returned, we all resorted to him to receive our several portions; when he came to me, he told me he could not get a penny loaf but two half-penny loaves. This suited me better; wherefore, returning to my place again, I sat down and eat up one of my loaves, reserving the other for the next day. This was to me both dinner and supper; and so well satisfied was I with it, that I would willingly then have gone to bed, if I had one to go to; but that was not to be expected there, nor had any one bedding brought in that night. Some of the company had been so considerate as to send for a pound of candles, that we might not sit all night in the dark. Having lighted divers of them, and placed them in several parts of that large room, we kept walking to keep us warm.

"After I had thus warmed myself, and the evening was pretty far spent, I bethought me of a lodging, and cast my eye on the table which stood in the bay-window, the frame whereof looked, I thought, somewhat like a bedstead. Willing to make sure, I gathered up a good armful of the rushes wherewith the floor was covered, and spreading them under the table, crept in on them in my clothes, and keeping on my hat, laid my head on one end of the table's frame instead of a bolster. My example was followed by the rest, who gathered up rushes as I had done, made themselves beds in other parts of the room, and so to rest we went. Having a quiet easy mind, I was soon asleep, and slept till about the middle of the night. Then awaking, and finding my legs and feet very cold, I crept out of my cabin and began to walk about. This waked and raised all the rest, who finding themselves cold as well as I, got up and walked about with me till we had pretty well warmed ourselves, and then we all lay down again and rested till morning.

"Next day all they who had families or belonged to families in the city, had bedding brought in of one sort or other, which they disposed at the ends and sides of the room, leaving the middle void to walk in. But I, who had nobody to look after me, kept to my rushy pallet under the table for four nights, in which time I did not put off my clothes; yet, through the goodness of God to me, I rested and slept well, and enjoyed health, without taking cold. In this time divers of our company, through the solicitations of some of their relations or acquaintances to Sir Richard Brown, who was at that time Master of Misrule in the city, and over Bridewell more especially, were released; and among these one William Mucklow, who lay on a hammock.

He having observed that I only was unprovided, came very courteously to me, and kindly offered me the use of his hammock. This was a providential accommodation to me, which I received thankfully, both as from the Lord and from him. From thenceforward I thought I lay as well whilst I staid there as ever I had done in my life.

"Among those that remained, there were several young men who cast themselves into a club, and laying down every one an equal portion of money, put it into the hand of our friend Anne Travers, desiring her to lay it out for them in provisions, and send them in every day a mess of hot meat; and they kindly invited me to come into their club with them. They saw my person, and judged me by that, but they saw not my purse, nor understood the lightness of my pocket. But I, who alone understood it, knew I must sit down with lower commons. Wherefore without giving them the reason as fairly as I could, I excused myself from entering at present into their mess. And before my tenpence was quite spent, my Heavenly Father on whom I relied sent me a fresh supply.

"William Penington, a brother of Isaac Penington, a Friend, and a merchant in London, at whose house before I came to live in the city I was wont to lodge, having been at his brother's that day on a visit, escaped the storm, and so was at liberty; and understanding when he came back, what had been done, bethought himself of me, and hearing where I was, came in love to see me. In discourse amongst other things he asked me how it was with me as to money: I told him I could not boast of much, and yet I could not say I had none; though what I then had was indeed next to none. Whereupon he put twenty shillings into my hand, and desired me to accept of that for the present. I saw the Divine hand in thus opening in this manner to me his heart and hand; and I received it with thankful acknowledgment, as a token of love from the Lord and from him.

(To be continued.)

"Oh come, let us worship and bow down. Let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker, for He is our God." That spirit of association which works so mightily in secular things is charged with a yet more potent influence when applied to the things of God. Association in the public celebration of united worship, also infuses order to the soul in its private retirement, and quickens the individual sense, even apart from anything we may hear or do when thus assembled.

The Society of Friends at its rise accepted, and scrupulously carried out, one grand principle in relation to public worship, viz., that

under the new covenant, its various exercises were all to be spontaneous, and admitted of no pre-arrangement. Assembling in His name, with Christ in the midst, was their only formula. When thus met, waiting upon Him, they believed, nay, they *knew*, that He condescended to feed His people with the heavenly manna—often directly with "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," often mediately through His Spirit operating in the hearts of His servants, dividing to every man as He severally willed. This was their ideal of congregational worship, and marvellously blessed was it in its fruits. As in private worship, so in public, the spiritual service was engaged in each for himself, and for all, not by one person for the rest; and they could no longer depute others, systematically, to sing for them, to utter prayers for them, to break bread for them, or to approach "God's altar" for them. In public, as in private, He who was in their midst, saw their inmost hearts, supplied their inmost needs, and fed them together at His table.

For Friends' Intelligence.

THE PROPER USE OF TIME AND TALENTS.

"Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leads to life, and few there be that find it." Discouraging as this may seem, the authority is such we cannot gainsay it. And my heart sickens at the efforts continually being made by lukewarm professors, to open a highway between the narrow and the broad, that will lead to the Celestial City, in which the hosts can carry with them the frivolous amusements and pleasures that only gratify the senses. This can never be. The heart must be weaned from these things, and its affections purified by self-sacrifice and self-surrender. Christ and Belial have no more affinity now than in olden time. "No man can serve two masters." Some may say these things are innocent;—not when they divert us from meditating on the law of God, written upon the heart, and draw away our attention from the inspeaking word. We must as virtually lay down the life we have in the enchanting things of this world, however specious, as Jesus of Nazareth laid his life down upon the cross, and suffered his hands and his feet to be nailed there. This, I well know, is a severe ordeal to flesh and blood,—any thing else but this crucifixion, anything so that the "strong man armed be left at ease in his possessions." O yes, how often have I said when passing through this conflict between flesh and spirit, most willingly would I give up my natural life, could I be spared the sacrifice in little things. Why should we yield up what was not sinful? We cannot choose our own way, nor is it wise for us to trifle with Omnipotence. "He that will

save his life shall lose it, but he that will lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, shall keep it unto life eternal." These great truths are as unchangeable as the source whence they originated. Good and evil are before us, and our best welfare in this life, and that which is to come, depends on the choice we make. I feel to invite my young friends to be wise while it is called to-day," "and choose the Lord for their portion," and what he pleases to bestow, as the lot of their inheritance; then they will know His favor is better than life, and at His right hand are rivers of pleasure forevermore. Give him the whole heart; keep back no part of the price of the land. Suppose you have to give up dancing parties, opera going, theatrical exhibitions, card playing, and dissipation of all kinds, you will only be parting with that which occasions a waste of time and leaves a sting behind. In the place of every evil spirit that is driven out of the temple, an angel will enter, and employ you in its ministrations, every one of which will draw down heavenly blessings upon you; and you will be so happy in these as never to be "*weary in well doing*." When the will is given up to the Divine will, when we cease to reason, then obstructions are removed,—mountains skip, hills vanish, seas roll back, and a smooth and easy path is opened before us. "A path that no fowl knoweth, which the vulture's eye hath not seen, the lion's whelps have never trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it."

Turn not to the right hand nor the left; the goal is reached by perseverance,—heaven's smile is the propelling power,—a crown of triumph is in store,—the palm of victory is sure. "Those who become thus submissive shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more; the sun shall not shine on them, nor any heat; the Lamb shall dwell among them, and lead them to fountains of living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

We are placed here in a world of realities. Surrounded by them on every side, we are entrusted with solemn duties; our very existence in our threefold being imposes high responsibilities. Let us reflect upon these things and be faithful to our trust, so that we fail not to stand among those who used the talents given them, and when called to a final reckoning could come forth and say, "Lord thou gavest me five talents, behold I have gained other five."

S. HUNT.

THE NIGHT PRAYER.

A father came home from his business at early evening, and took his little girl upon his knee. After a few dove-like caresses, she crept to his bosom and fell asleep. He carried her himself to her chamber, and said, "Nellie

would not like to go to bed without saying her prayers?" Half opening her large, blue eyes, she dreamily articulated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord—"

then adding, in a sweet murmur, "He knows the rest," she sank on her pillow, in His watchful care who "giveth his beloved sleep."

For Friends' Intelligencer.

YEARLY MEETING APPOINTMENTS.

A few weeks ago there were some remarks in the Intelligencer on the weariness and too great labor often experienced by some, in the attendance of Yearly Meetings. Cannot this trouble be remedied in a measure? There are in all our Yearly Meetings, some remote Quarters from which but few persons are in attendance. We may observe that when committees are to be appointed, the meetings are in the habit of nominating a certain number of Friends from each Quarter. Consequently where there are but few from these remote meetings, they must be appointed on all committees. We should consider whether this habit is really necessary. Should we be so jealous of our rights in a fraternity like ours, that we must follow this plan instead of making selections out of the whole body. We can see how unevenly the burden rests on the members. A large Quarterly Meeting, all the members of which are of easy access to the Yearly Meeting, may comprise more than half of those in attendance, and yet the four or five from the distant Quarters, who have come a long distance, and had hoped to enjoy the society of their friends both socially and religiously, have so much labor to perform that they are overburdened, and instead of being refreshed, they return wearied and oppressed. We have long noticed that too often we fall into a routine in our nominations. Year after year a certain class of Friends are set apart for certain duties, such as writing epistles, &c., while others, perhaps equally as well qualified, are seldom brought forward. It is not with a fault-finding spirit these remarks are made, but an observation of over thirty years has convinced me that Friends too much neglect bringing the younger part of the Society forward on committees, by which a mutual loss is sustained. We have seen Friends, especially those whose duty required them to attend the meetings of ministers and elders, so overburdened by their appointments that their company in the social circle (one of the great benefits arising from the mingling of kindred minds) could scarcely be enjoyed. If their labors had been shared by others who frequently have nothing to do in business affairs, this would not have been the case. I. H.

The fit word must be fitly spoken.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE
CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 15.

(Continued from page 792.)

BOLOGNA, 11th mo., 1867.

From what was once a princely palace in the old city of Bologna, this goeth greeting to the home at ———, the comforts of which I can assure thee were remembered with something very much like a sigh, when, two hours ago, we returned from a chilly drive, and found our frescoed ceilings and immense mirrors a poor compensation for the absence of a good fire. We had omitted ordering one made in our chamber before setting out, and the stoves that are almost universally used in these countries take so long a time to heat, that we were summoned to the table d'hôte before we had had the least benefit from the fire—but now it is roaring comfortably. During the dreary weather that kept us bound for a week at Milan, we half resolved, as the season was so far advanced, to postpone seeing Venice until spring, but a bright warm sunshine made everything appear quite differently, and it was decided we should at least pay the "Queen of the Sea" a short visit, and we have not since regretted our decision, though we look forward with pleasure to seeing Venice under a more genial atmosphere than we have enjoyed since being within the geographical limits of "sunny Italy." After the first day, our party engaged a valet de place, who was quite a well-informed man—spoke English tolerably well, and being an Italian and a devout Catholic, furnished us with a number of interesting legends in the history of Venice and of the Church. The names of every picture and of every artist in the city were at our service whenever we wanted them, but his patriotism was so excessive, that he was quite unwilling to acknowledge some of the atrocities that we had been accustomed to associate with the days of the Doges. He insisted that the Austrians, while they governed Venice, had destroyed some of the cells in order to represent them as having been much worse than they really were, and as to the dungeons we used to read of as below the level of the canals, the water of which oozed through their walls, he declared they had never existed, and that those he showed us on the ground floor were as bad in every respect as any in olden time. They need not indeed have been much more horrible to satisfy even the brutal cruelty of those barbarous ages; and as we groped about among them by the feeble light of a candle, where no ray of sunshine ever penetrated, and stood on the Bridge of Sighs, just where Byron and scores of other tourists had stood before us, it required no very vivid imagination to call up images of those fearful scenes of blood that centuries

ago were there enacted. We had all seen so many pictures of Venice that many parts of it looked quite familiar, but it is totally different in most of its features from any other city we have yet seen. Very few of the streets that are not canals are wider than the sidewalks in Philadelphia, while the greater number are much narrower, in fact so narrow that we were often obliged to walk single file to avoid brushing constantly against one wall or the other; but these little alleys are lined with shops of every kind, and all the streets are paved with broad flag-stones, and so clean and tidy-looking as greatly to astonish us, as we were prepared to expect quite the reverse. As gondolas are the only carriages, horses are never seen; and certainly while we were there, no quadruped but an occasional cat or dog was ever visible. The deficiency is, however, fully made up by the pigeons, which are under the especial protection of government; and as no one is allowed to shoot them, they have increased to an immense number. Many years ago, a legacy was left by some distinguished individual for their support, and every day at 2 o'clock their dinner is served them on the Grand Piazza, in front of San Marco. We were there on one occasion before the hour, and it was very amusing to see how, at the first stroke of the clock, they made their appearance from all directions, flocking toward the corner where they were always sure of finding their repast. There were several hundreds, and they were as plump as partridges and as tame as kittens, appearing to know as well as any of us the immunity they enjoy. One of our mornings in Venice was devoted to a voyage along the Grand Canal and through several of the others, that are as dark, and narrow and crooked, as that is broad and splendid; and during this excursion, we made acquaintance with a number of suburb palaces, some few still inhabited by grandees and still radiant with frescoes, but by far the greater number turned into hotels or warehouses, and only to be known, as the former abodes of princes and nobles by the tall painted posts that are driven into the canal in a semicircle, around the entrance, I suppose, to prevent intrusion by the commonalty. We were shown the palace of the Foscari, the home of Desdemona and one or two others, and in another part of the city the place where Shylock's shop once flourished. Besides making repeated visits to the magnificent Cathedral of San Marco, the one great feature of Venice, only rivalled by the old palace of the Doges, we took every day a "course of churches," of inferior rank, but all containing something to admire in the way of painting or statuary or mosaic. We think we shall appreciate all these more thoroughly in milder weather—so we left the remainder of our enjoyment until

we revisit Venice in the spring, and came on to Bologna. We find the temperature much the same—very fine for exercise, but a little chilly for picture galleries. The gallery of paintings in Bologna is one of its celebrities, and contains several exquisite masterpieces. Yesterday in walking to one of the churches we were attracted by a broad arched entrance, covered with frescoes, and upon walking through it, found on the other side a large court surrounded by arcades, the walls of which were all closely covered with coats of arms of every imaginable device, and bright as paint and gilding could make them. On inquiry, we were told it was a building where the very celebrated University of Bologna had once been. We had ourselves ushered up stairs, where were twelve immense apartments, now containing the public library, and all lined like the arcades below, with coats of arms. We thought there must have been thousands, and we were informed they were the armorial bearings of the students of the University. These rooms also contained a number of busts and statues of former Professors, among which was that of a young and beautiful woman, who frequently filled her father's chair. We learn she was eminent in several branches of science, and that the school of Bologna was famous among other things, for its Female Professors. From here we were taken into the Anatomical Hall, now no longer in use, and shown the statue of the man who, in the early part of the fifteenth century, and I believe in this very room, had first practiced the dissection of the human body. The same University also produced Galvan, the originator of Galvanism; so we found ourselves quite accidentally in what had been the very hot-bed of science and learning. Our afternoon was pleasantly occupied in a drive to the cemetery, a short distance out of the town. The tombs are arranged some of them in the cloisters of an old monastery, and the remainder in long vaulted galleries, of more recent construction. In some instances, the monument or inscription being on the wall, and the body under the pavement beneath it, but generally the tombs were in the walls, which were of marble, divided into panels just large enough to contain one coffin. Those arcades were very extensive, looking as though they had been used for centuries, while many of the more recent tombs were ornamented with wreaths and bouquets, very much in the style of "Pere le chaise." Some of the monuments were very fine, but in this country of art we hardly see anything in the way of statuary that is not so. From the cemetery, we drove to the summit of a high hill, whence we had a splendid view of the city and its surroundings.

(To be continued.)

CONFIDENCE.

The child leans on its parent's breast—
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by its nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud and doth not heed;
By flowing stream, or grassy mead
He sings, to shame
Men who forget, in time of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that *trusts*, for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs,
Come good or ill;

Whate'er to-day—to-morrow brings—
It is his will. *British Herald.*

RELATION OF THE SEXES.

It may be laid down as a general rule that amusements which separate the sexes are dangerous. I would not press the truth too narrowly and literally; but undoubtedly it is a general truth that where women seek their amusements in one way by themselves, and men seek theirs in another way by themselves, there is in both ways a tendency to degeneration and temptation. God meant that men and women should live together, work together, and, in all the functions of life—civil, social, religious, artistic, and intellectual—co-operate with each other; and their mutual relations are harmonizing and balancing, and nowhere else more than in the seeking and prosecution of amusements. I believe that boys and girls should go to school together. As they sit together in the household, so I think they should sit together in our temples of learning. Colleges should not be for all men or for all women, but the same buildings and the same professors should be provided for both in common. And as it is in everything else, so it should be in amusements. There is much greater liability to temptation and immorality where amusement is sought in the isolation or separation of the sexes.

Therefore, all exhibitions of pictures and statues, all provisions for public recreation, all institutions for public amusements, should be such as to enable the people to go in groups and families.

I do not think amusements can be good generally in a community in which a man is ashamed to take his whole family to them. If there is anything you would not like your wife and children to participate in with you, the presumption is that it is wrong; and if there is anything you would like them to participate in with you, the presumption is that it is right. And this might be made a rule of judgment far more widely than it now is.—*H. W. Beecher.*

The conversation of many people consists in

great part of "said I," and "said he"—said he generally having decidedly the worst of it.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 22, 1868.

NOTICE.—One more number will complete the present (24th) volume of our periodical; and it is desired that those of our subscribers who wish to continue, will notify our agent, *before* the close of this volume, on the 29th instant, in order that their names and address may be properly registered, &c., in our subscription list for the next volume. This will promote the safe and sure delivery of the papers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We think the suggestions of our correspondent R. on the subject of Swarthmore College are given at too late a period to be of any practical benefit.

The essay on "Mother, Home and Heaven" is too redundant in style for our paper.

"ONE GENERATION PASSETH AWAY, AND ANOTHER GENERATION COMETH." (*Eccl. i. 4.*)—There are those among us who we believe are becoming more and more conscious of the force of this Scripture text. It has been familiar to them from childhood, but not fully appreciated until by passing events they have been pressed forward, and found themselves standing in the places made vacant by the removal of their valued predecessors in the cause of Truth.

Those thus brought into service, and who feel the importance of bearing the vessels of the temple before the altar of the Lord with hallowed hands, may be ready to inquire, Who shall be found worthy?

We rejoice in the conviction that with a call to labor there is ever bestowed the requisite qualification. Our Divine Master "knows us far better than we know ourselves," and abilitates his servants with special reference to the work required. As their "day is, so shall their strength be." The same power with which the disciples were invested when they were commanded to go forth without purse or scrip, and to take no thought what they should say if arraigned before men, will be manifested for the help of every dedicated child of God. We cannot suppose that the removal of those

who "have finished their course" and are now reaping the reward of well-doing can affect the momentous cause in which we are alike called to labor; a cause without beginning or end, but ever bearing upon its banner the necessity of *present* and *individual* effort. The faithful in every age have accomplished the work of their day, but they could not do the work of ours, any more than we can roll back the wheels of the car of Time and perform what they may have left undone. We feel a concern that in the sorrow which is natural and allowable to be felt because of the passing away of those we have loved and honored, we may not lose sight of the *increased* necessity, if we may so speak, for those who are left, to seek wisdom rightly to discharge the duties devolving upon them. Let none excuse themselves under the plea of unworthiness, and look toward others to fill positions which they may esteem too high for them. In the Lord's service there is no high, no low, no rich, no poor. "Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low." All are called with an high and holy calling. They who hear His voice and obey the call are made heirs of his kingdom.

The proneness of the human mind to depend upon others has a tendency, if indulged, to weaken individual effort and paralyze energies which, if supplied with vital force, would in self-concentration elevate man and place him in a position designed by his great Creator. To disparage the powers which God has given us, or to question the certainty of the knowledge which he has seen fit to place within our reach, savors of ingratitude and impairs our confidence in the guidance of His spirit.

Our liability to err should lead us to use our powers with the caution which true humility inspires, but not to neglect or undervalue them. We may regard the faculties with which we have been endowed too lightly as well as too boastingly. We quote from one of deep experience, who said, "To confide in God we must confide in the faculties by which He is apprehended, and by which the proofs of His existence are weighed." "Nothing is gained to piety by degrading human nature, for in the competency of this nature to know and judge of God all piety has its foundation."

The power of discerning between justice and

injustice, excellency and its opposite, is the highest faculty bestowed upon us, and forms the basis of our responsibility. As man acts in concert with his highest sense of right, and forms his life according to the manifestations of duty as conveyed through an enlightened conscience, he is brought under an influence which will guard him from evil and establish him in the love of good.

The love of goodness is not only essential to happiness but to the perfection of every virtue. It is an important truth, we think not sufficiently recognized, that the ultimate reliance of a human being must be upon his own mind and not upon another. He cannot reason or act without a secret confidence that he is endowed with an understanding and qualification for so doing. But self-government, without a sense of divine superintendence, would hardly extend beyond a life of outward and partial purity. He cannot be the perfect man who does not constantly refer to the Divine will for counsel. "A good man's steps are ordered of the Lord," is a text which, though often referred to, can never lose its significance and truth.

DIED, on the 18th of First month, 1868, MARY, widow of the late Wm. Carpenter, in the 73d year of her age; a highly valued member of Salem Monthly Meeting of Friends. In the domestic circle she was a wise counsellor, a devoted wife, a tender and affectionate parent, and a true and steadfast friend. Sympathetic in her nature, she ever felt for suffering humanity, and her hand was often extended to alleviate those ills she could not cure. Mild and unassuming in her deportment, she was nevertheless firm to her convictions of duty, and few have left behind a more shining example of unobtrusive virtue. Surrounded with much to endear her to life, yet her desire was to depart and enter into that "rest prepared for the righteous from the foundation of the world."

—, suddenly, at her son-in-law's, Robert Bunkers, Rochester, N. Y., on the morning of 22d of 1st mo., 1868, SUSAN BILLS, widow of Thos. Bills, Jr., (deceased,) in the 72d year of her age; a member of Rochester Monthly Meeting. So peacefully she resigned her life to Him who gave it, that we feel a word is due her memory. She evinced by her daily and inoffensive walking that she was desirous to be found one of the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. We believe she died the death of the righteous, and, as a shock of corn fully ripe, has been gathered into the heavenly garner.

—, at her home in Salem, N. J., on the 2d of Eleventh month, 1867, ABIGAIL GOODWIN.

By no one was ever more constantly and practically remembered that saying of our blessed Saviour, "The poor ye have always with you." Always with this dear friend were present the wants, the sufferings, the claims, of the needy and the lowly: her life was truly one long sacrifice of self and all self-indulgence,

on their behalf; when she died, they lost indeed a helper. The innumerable works of love and mercy which filled up her daily life of seventy-three years, the labors of her hands in services of charity, the consecration of literally almost the whole of her small income to deeds of benevolence, are known to few save the sharers of her bounty and her intimate friends: but by these they can never be forgotten on earth. Have they not also gone up to bear blessed witness for her before the throne of Heaven? And can we not therefore fully believe that the divine and joyful welcome has been accorded her, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

A. W. M.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The attention of Friends is called to the advertisement in this paper of the list of Agents of this Association having Books for sale.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 17.

RATISBON.

The future of Germany interests me very much, but I feel discouraged about it. Here in this old city (where the Diet sat so long, and which exhibits signs of such decay as I have seen nowhere else, and yet which intimates so much of former power) I feel deeply how completely the experiment of a great Christian Empire initiated by Charlemagne has failed. I wish I could remember (sufficiently well to do it justice by a report) a lecture which Dr. Solger delivered upon Charlemagne, in a course of lectures which he read to a class of ladies in Boston. He severely criticised Mr. Hallam's analysis of Charlemagne's character and power as entirely inadequate; and gave credit to the great Emperor for a grand idea, viz., that of making all Europe a union of nations under one Emperor, whose prime minister should be the Pope of Rome, at whose instance his father Pepin had just conquered Lombardy. He said Charlemagne (notwithstanding his French name), was a German with nothing Gallic in his nature or ideas; consequently that he never dreamed of destroying the right to their own institutions, of each of the several nations that he conquered; but he did not see that the Church in becoming secularised under Constantine had involved in it, inextricably, the Roman principle of *absolutism*, which (when his own personal influence should no longer be present, and it should be acted upon by such a spirit as was afterwards realized in Gregory the Great) would assail and crush those germs of human freedom which were so inadequately protected by the loose confederation of the German nations; each of which had committed its own interest to its leading family, with no adequate safeguard against the possible personal ambition or frivolity of its accidental head.

The history of Europe, that has grown out of the antagonism and struggle for power of the

Church and the Empire, therefore necessarily ended in the supremacy of the Church, inasmuch as the Empire was weakened by the struggle of its several parts with each other for predominance. I turn from the perplexing task of unravelling this web of contending tyrannies, to consider the experiment which was initiated in 1776 in our own country, where first, it seems to me, Christianity really has organized Empire, and has shown that Liberty and Love may have a political organization, and become a material fact, and that they were not always to be a disembodied *hope* crucifying all the best human life; but were to make a kingdom of *Heaven on earth*. Not that this is realized yet in the United States of America, but it is shown to be possible, though we must not disguise from ourselves that it is also possible that the realization may be put off another cycle, by the prevalence of that doctrine of State Sovereignty which is the antagonistic principle to that of Federal Union. I think that the idea that made the Federal Union was a true Christian idea. The people of the United States, not their several State governments, united to form a general government which should protect every citizen in the rights and relations that were common to them all, viz., the right to worship God, each in his own way, neither hindering nor hindered by others in this respect; the right to freely circulate in all the States, none of which was to make any laws or nourish any institutions that should hinder this free communion. The religious side of this Federal Constitution ensured it a free development, which shall more and more cherish the germs of prosperity peculiar to the locality and circumstances of each State; and more and more powerfully repress whatever in each State shall threaten the prosperity of the others and of the whole. The governmental officers were to be held for such limited times, and the tenure of office to be so weak, that it was to be hoped that *governing* would be hardly an object of personal ambition; and thus that the energy of men would be turned into other more benignant and fruitful social functions, and it would be proved that "that country was governed best that was governed least."

It seems to me that Abraham Lincoln is the only American who conspicuously acted on the principle or showed that he fully comprehended it. He administered the government *by* the people, *for* the people, and under the most difficult circumstances, too; steadily refusing to exercise any powers but those that were legitimately *his* during the term of his election, whether urged on the one hand by cunning and selfish politicians, looking to their own private interests, or, on the other hand, by generous philanthropists who felt as if a beneficent

and sanctified even so questionable a means as arbitrary power. That Mr. Lincoln instead of emancipating the slaves by Presidential proclamation, at the beginning of the war, educated the people to emancipate them by an amendment to the Constitution, is the guarantee of the Emancipation's being beyond the reach of a destructive reaction. It is an immense fact that such a man as Lincoln, whose instinct was identical with the idea that formed the Constitution, had the conduct of the American nation, in so formidable a crisis.

Charlemagne's Christian empire therefore involved two errors. One was that of committing power to hereditary rulers, who can never be sufficiently checked by the ruled; and the other, that of embodying the spiritual interest in a material government which must needs have finite aims. There is no more material embodiment of the spiritual interests of man than *love* such as breathed through Mr. Lincoln's second Inaugural; the exercise of power over men should never be made exciting to the personal passions of him who exercises it; but merely tolerable to his sense of duty. On one occasion during the war, Mr. Lincoln said that when he had "finished this business" he expected to "fall to pieces;" and his parting words at Springfield showed plainly that he considered the exercise of the Presidential power not a privilege to be enjoyed, so much as a duty to be done. This is the true spirit in which our government should ever be administered. But how few have looked on the exercise of power in this light! According to the biography of Alfred the Great, he so looked upon it, and hence the beneficent influence his reign still exerts over England, in spite of the different spirit of his successors, not one of whom has ever risen to the height of his idea, except perhaps Cromwell. Even Charlemagne, Stephen and Louis of Hungary, Louis IX. of France and Henry the IV., made it their first object to secure their own personal power and transmit it to their posterity, and second to it, that of benefitting their people. Conrad of Germany and the first Henry were more personally disinterested, but their scope was much less than that of governing "for the people by the people;" it was only to oblige the barons and kings under them, so far as they could do so by violent means, to govern their respective peoples instead of fighting each other. They did not think of revising the plan of Charlemagne; and even when the Pope was Lord paramount in Europe, and made the crowned heads bow to what they called the Church, he never did it in the interest of humanity, considered as rising from the tomb of the Past and ascending beyond the present conditions; because he was *only in name* the spiritual Power, and in fact was a temporal sovereign, with temporal interests, to

which the general interests of humanity are still made secondary. I believe, in a certain union of Church and State as I do in the union of soul and body; but the true church, like the soul, must be not outward and temporal, but invisible and spiritual.

The plan of Providence is to produce a union of all men. When that union shall be brought about, man will be an Image of God, and not before. All arbitrary government, all personal aggrandizement of one man above another, hinders that union, and it can never be brought about by such means; as, among others, Charlemagne proved, by his failed experiment. Humanity was created to subdue the earth and make it a throne. Its history began by letting the earth subdue man, and in endeavoring to recover itself from this error, humanity has been constantly tempted to regain its lost sovereignty by wrong means, and has accepted the method of the Evil One, rather than that of Love divine. But the latter still calls to Humanity:—"Why wilt thou not come unto me that thou mayest have life?"

The Americans are beginning to understand this call of mercy. The method of Divine Love is to give to every one the means of pursuing life, liberty and happiness in his own way, so long as it shall interfere with no other man's way; and the human government which shall be the image of the divine government, will secure equal privileges to all, and give monopolies to none, whether singly or in bodies. And is not *this* the creative principle of the American government? Of course this will not make a "communion of the just" at once, because all are not just, but it will produce a growing communion of the just in proportion as each man keeps up an honest and independent communication with God, as the Father who appoints to him his business, by the peculiarities of his organization, which in the last analysis is his only inalienable inheritance and capital, and always a sufficient one, provided he is at perfect liberty to employ it according to his own judgment, in the field of nature—material and intellectual,—the one being the counterpart of the other. For I believe the bosom of the earth contains riches enough to put into full activity and employment all its inhabitants; and that the intellect of man has resources enough to develop the earth's resources; and that the conscience of man, when it shall have become a universal conscience, will keep sweet and wholesome the reaction of the one upon the other. Though hitherto the universe has seemed, generally speaking, to be a stumbling block to man, it does not disturb my faith that it is to be his stepping stone and footstool; and otherwise the prophetic promise of giving to Christ "the uttermost parts of the earth for his inheri-

ance" is the dream of a fond fanaticism and not divine Revelation. E. P. P.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

FRIENDS AMONG THE FREEDMEN No. XV.

Our Teachers continue to furnish us with material for an interesting summary, and, if the readers of the Intelligencer appreciate these extracts as much as some of us do, they cannot but be amply repaid for the perusal.

MARY A. TAYLOR writes from *Charleston, South Carolina*, that stormy weather has interfered with the average attendance of her pupils, and yet an average of 35 out of 40 ought not to be complained of. (An error occurred in giving the average last month. It should have been 42 out of 45.) She further informs, "We have a flourishing sewing school, of fifty of the largest girls. This is a goodly number to fix and cut out for, but two or three good dressmakers (colored) have volunteered to help us. During the first hour of evening school, I teach the boys *drawing*. Some of them make excellent attempts, and are deeply interested."

CORNELIA HANCOCK, at the same place, also alludes to the wet weather interfering with her school, although she, too, had a good "average"—and gives a fuller account of their "Industrial School," which has interested their minds for some time, but which they have been unable to carry into effect before, stating that "a lady from Boston visited the school, and presented us with a whole piece of muslin and one of calico; and so far, that has helped us in material, but now we are out and want more. To talk about these people providing themselves with new clothing until another crop grows is simply absurd, for they only have a precarious living. In regard to food, they seem full of hope, however, and are making all kind of exertions to procure land on which to plant.

I think in your Association there may be some who feel a particular interest in their learning to sew; if so, I will promise their contributions shall be directed to good account. I think it an important matter myself, and although hardly a proficient in the art, I will do all I can to aid in the enterprise."

In reference to the school, she says, "Since visiting the *Atlanta* schools, I have talked a great deal to my scholars about *speaking* in school, and have promised them when they could go through the month without "conduct marks," I would report the fact to you. One class has accomplished the feat without any punishment being connected with failure to comply."

"I have two scholars who *compose sentences* correctly, and one who understands *Fractions* thoroughly, and *ten* ciphering in *Compound Numbers*. These thirteen scholars could enter

any Grammar school in Philadelphia,—all bright and thorough scholars, as far as they are advanced.*

Of the school of ISABEL LENAIRE, the colored Teacher, also located at *Charleston*, we have a very good account. She has 54 pupils enrolled, all between 6 and 16 years of age, 41 of whom are *reading*, 35 *write* and 25 in *arithmetic*. The reduced average attendance is thus accounted for: "The planting season has commenced, and a large number of families have moved four, and five miles into the country, and the larger children walk that distance, but the little ones cannot. In some cases, the children are left in the village with some member of the family who is too old to work, while the parents go up country to work."

CATHARINE E. HALL writes, from *Vienna*, that her school has increased, and now numbers *forty* pupils, with none in the Alphabet—24 reading 34 writing, and 30 in arithmetic.

MARY McBRIDE, at *Fairfax Court House*, states that her "pupils are almost entirely new scholars, I think only about fifteen of the original ones. Some days I have from forty-eight to fifty present. In stormy weather my school is small, but, every thing considered, I have a very good school. I have 51 pupils on the roll, all of whom spell, 44 read, and 45 write."

The letter from SARAH M. ELY, at *Lewinsville*, has been mislaid, but the report shows 36 scholars on the roll—23 of whom are between 6 and 16 years of age, with only 2 in the *alphabet*. All are in both *arithmetic* and *geography*, while their progress and conduct are recorded as "*very good*."

FRANCIS E. GAUZE writes, from *Herndon*, "I have had two difficulties to contend with this month, which have caused my average attendance to be much smaller than it would have been.

The first is, inclement weather and severe colds; the next, a very poor stove, with which it is impossible to make the school-room comfortable. (It may be proper to say, she was immediately authorized to purchase a stove without delay.)

My class in *history* is very interesting; they seem to take a great interest in it. I think our six months expires about the first of the Fourth month. Do you propose closing the schools at that time. I shall feel very sorry to have to part with my pupils so soon."

PHILENA HEALD has been temporarily recalled from *Falls Church*, while the school-room is made more comfortable, this being apparently the only method of overcoming the

procrastination which has been so culpably manifested in this matter. In reference to the proposed closing of the school for this purpose she wrote us, "Ah! how earnestly I wish it may not be long: very near they are to me, and the moments seem to lengthen into hours when they are detained from school, and I feel as though I cannot endure a long delay."

SARAH E. LLOYD writes from *Woodlawn, Va.*, "You will observe that my school is not as large as last winter. I think the cause is chiefly owing to the want of sufficient clothing, especially for the feet. Scholars who came last winter, but not through the summer and fall, were, without exception, when they commenced the present season, to enter advanced classes: and a better behaved set of scholars I could not wish for in any school."

No letter accompanied the report of, DEBORAH K. SMITH, at *Gum Springs*, but from the latter we learn that the school has increased to 38 pupils. Of these 21 *read*, 26 *write*, with one in the *alphabet*.

MARY K. PERRY, at *Manassas*, states, "The weather has been very much against us; there has been snow nearly all the time, and many of the children have over two miles to walk—some over three. We have the most intelligent colored people here that I have ever met with in this State; no thieving amongst them; but they need educating, as very few of the grown people can read. I think the school here will be of more benefit than almost any other place.

SARAH ANN STEER writes from *Waterford, Va.*, "My school is larger now than it has ever been, and I think quite as interesting as ever. I have a number of new pupils this month, most of whom are men, who seem very anxious to learn, and appear to be making the most of the short time they expect to have at school. Some of the colored people are quite anxious to devise means to support one, when the present help is over, and they will have to depend upon themselves.

They have appointed an evening to meet, and consider the subject, but I fear there are not enough who are able to do much towards it. The "*minister*" spoken of in my last has attended school as regularly during the month as his Pastoral duties would permit him to. He has told me something of his history, which may, perhaps, not be uninteresting.

He was a slave, belonging to a man in one of the lower counties of *Maryland*, and became free a short time before the war, and then went to Baltimore, when the Baltimore Conference appointed him to this Circuit. He is about thirty-five years of age, is a very intelligent, well informed man, and quite eloquent in the pulpit, although he never went to school any until now, and has but little knowledge of books. He is particularly anxious to improve

* In regard to their admission "into any Grammar school in Philadelphia," the compiler feels disposed to make a homely quotation—"Doubts arising about that!"

his pronunciation, and to learn something of Arithmetic and Geography, in which he is making good progress; while his application to study, and general deportment as a pupil, is having a good effect in the school.

Two weeks ago we organized a *Temperance Society* in school. We have had but two meetings since, and now number *fifty-two* members. I have always prohibited the use of *tobacco* in the school, and as soon as the cause of Temperance is firmly established, I intend to try to organize an *anti-tobacco* society; but think best to do one thing at a time—so begin with the greater evil.

My *sewing-school class* has been very busy working on the new calico sent by the Association at Christmas. I cut out twenty aprons, and gave them out to the girls to make in school. Two sew very neatly, and have some idea of cutting out and fitting work. These I appoint to assist me in superintending the work, which pleases them very much. The First-day school is doing well. The packages of papers sent are very acceptable, and are highly prized by the scholars.

CAROLINE THOMAS, at *Leesbury, Va.*, gives a good account of her school. She has 64 names on the roll, of whom 44 *read*, 50 *write*, 40 are in *arithmetic*, 5 in *history*: while 53 are between 6 and 16 years of age, with only 2 in the *alphabet*. To show with what rapidity they get out of this elementary branch of education, it may be well to say that one month since she had 10 pupils struggling with this starting point. I was gratified with a visit from Captain Smith to my school, a few days since. He expressed himself pleased with the advancement of some of my pupils, particularly my *history* and *grammar* classes. The same afternoon he had a call from a strong secessionist, and in conversation mentioned the progress of these children. He acknowledged he knew of no white children who had made as much progress in so short a time. So much for the "inferior race!" In taking a general view of this enterprise she remarks:

"I think the good work is progressing. Living as I do in the family of the *Bureau Office*, I have an opportunity of knowing much of what is going on in the affairs of the colored people at large. I see all the reports that are sent in, as every teacher of a Freedman's school has to report to Captain S. There are *nine* schools now in this (London) county for Freedmen; *six of which are taught by colored Teachers*. According to reports for the past month, there are 858 colored children attending schools in this county, and but *thirteen* of that number are in the *alphabet*."

"The colored people are complaining of not getting employment readily since the election. I suppose "the rebels" think that by letting

them feel in this way the weight of their displeasure, they will secure their votes at the coming election; but I doubt their success. My faith is still strong in the Freedmen; they have fought their way thus far under too many difficulties to falter and turn back now. May the Father above shield and guide them through this trying season."

In closing these extracts from the letters of our teachers, it may be well to mention, that several who have heard of the decease of our dear friend *James Mott*, expressed in feeling terms their sense of the bereavement we have experienced.

The condition of the *thirteen* schools under our care, as exhibited by the reports for *First month*, may be summed up thus: A total of 628 pupils, 529 of whom *read*, 533 *write*, 890 are in *arithmetic*, with *only seven in the alphabet*, although 500 of the entire number are between 6 and 16 years of age!

At this point, it becomes an interesting question (and particularly so, as the stipulated period for which our teachers were engaged will soon expire,) Will Friends suffer these schools to be closed for want of funds? In other words, can they suffer it and allow over *six hundred children*, most of whom it is evident are thirsting for an education, to be turned adrift, to pick it up as they best can, as well as to become the easy prey of numberless impositions on account of their ignorance? The liberality or otherwise of our Friends at this particular crisis will determine the matter.

J. M. ELLIS.

Philada., Second mo. 19th, 1868.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

THE MEETING.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The elders shook their hands at last,
Down seat by seat the signal passed.
To simple ways like ours unused,
Half solemnized and half amused,
With long-drawn breath and shrug, my guest
His sense of glad relief expressed.
Outside the hills lay warm in sun;
The cattle in the meadow-run
Stood half leg deep; a single bird
The green repose above us stirred.
"What part or lot have you," he said,
"In these dull rights of drowsy-head?
Is silence worship?—Seek it where
It soothes with dreams the summer air,
Not in this close and rude-benched hall,
But where soft lights and shadows fall,
And all the slow, sleep waking-hours
Glide soundless over grass and flowers!
From time and place and form apart,
Its holy ground the human heart,
Nor ritual-bound nor templeward
Walks the free spirit of the Lord!
Our common Master did not pen
His followers up from other men;
His service liberty indeed,
He built no church he framed no creed;

But while the saintly Pharisee
Made broader his phylactery,
As from the synagogue was seen
The dusty-sandalled Nazarene
Through ripening cornfields lead the way
Upon the awful Sabbath day,
His sermons were the healthful talk
That shorter made the mountain-walk,
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,
Where mingled with his gracious words
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree
And ripple-wash of Galilee."

"Thy words are well, O friend," I said;
"Unmeasured and unlimited
With noiseless slide of stone to stone,
The mystic Church of God has grown.
Invisible and silent stands
The temple never made with hands,
Unheard the voices still and small
Of its unseen confessional.
He needs no special place of prayer
Whose hearing ear is everywhere;
He brings not back the childish days
That ringed the earth with stones of praise,
Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and laid
The plinths of Philæ's colonnade.
Still less He owns the selfish good
And sickly growth the solitude,—
The worthless grace that out of sight,
Flowers in the desert anchorite;
Discovered from the suffering whole,
Love hath no power to save a soul.
Not out of Self, the origin
And native air and soil of sin,
The living waters spring and flow,
The trees with leaves of healing grow,
Dream not, O friend, because I seek
This quiet shelter twice a week,
I better deem its pine-laid floor
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;
But here, in its accustomed place,
I look on memory's dearest face;
The blind by-sitter guesseth not
What shadow haunts that vacant spot;
No eye save mine alone can see
The love wherewith it welcomes me!
And still, with those alone my kin,
In doubt and weakness, want and sin,
I bow my head, my heart I bare
As when that face was living there,
And strive (too oft, alas! in vain)
The rest of simple trust to gain;
Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay
The idols of my heart away.

Welcome the silence all unbroken,
Nor less the words of fitness spoken,—
Such golden words as hers for whom
Our autumn flowers have just made room;
Whose hopeful utterance through and through
The freshness of the morning blew;
Who loved not less the earth that light
Fell on it from the heavens in sight,
But saw in all fair forms more fair
The Eternal beauty mirrored there,
Whose eighty years but added grace
And saintlier meaning to her face,—
The look of one who bore away
Glad tidings from the hills of day,
While all our hearts went forth to meet
The coming of her beautiful feet;
I ask no organ's soulless breath
To drone the themes of life and death,
No altar candle-lit by day,
No ornate wordsman's rhetoric-play,

No cool philosopher to teach
His bland audacities of speech
To double-tasked idolators
Themselves their gods and worshippers,
No pulpit beat by ruthless fist
Of loud-asserting dogmatist,
Who borrows for the band of love
The smoking thunderbolts of Jove.
I know how well the fathers taught,
What work the later schoolmen wrought;
I reverence old-time faith and men,
But God is near us now as then;
His force of love is still unspent,
His hate of sin as imminent;
And still the measure of our needs
Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds;
The manna gathered yesterday
Already savors of decay;
Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown
Question us now from star and stone;
Too little or too much we know,
And sight is swift and faith is slow;
The power is lost to self-deceive
With shallow forms of make-believe.
We walk at high noon, and the bells
Call to a thousand oracles,
But the sound deafens, and the light
Is stronger than our dazzled sight;
The letters of the sacred Book
Glimmer and swim beneath our look;
Still struggles in the Age's breast
With deepening agony of quest
The old entreaty: 'Art thou He,
Or look we for the Christ to be?'

God should be most where man is least;
So, where is neither church nor priest,
And never rag of form or creed
To clothe the nakedness of need,—
Where farmer-folk in silence meet,—
I turn my bell-unsummoned feet;
I lay the critic's glass aside,
I tread upon my lettered-pride,
And lowest-seated, testify
To the oneness of humanity;
Confess the universal want,
And share whatever Heaven may grant.
He findeth not who seeks his own,
The soul is lost that's saved alone.
Not on one favored forehead fell
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,
But flamed o'er all the thronging host
The baptism of the Holy Ghost;
Heart answers heart; in one desire
The blending lines of prayer aspire;
'Where in my name, meet two or three,'
Our Lord hath said, 'I there will be!'

So sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.
The sphere of the supernal powers
Impinges on this world of ours.
The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer;—
That all our sorrow, pain and doubt,
A great compassion clasps about,
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.
Then duty leaves to love its task,
The beggar Self forgets to ask;
With smile of trust and folded hands,
The passive soul in waiting stands

To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The One true life its own renew.
So, to the calmly-gathered thought
The innermost of truth is taught,
The mystery understood,
That love of God is love of good;
That to be saved is only this,—
Salvation from our selfishness;
That Book and Church and Day are given
For man, not God,—for earth, not heaven,—
The blessed means to holiest ends,
Not masters, but benignant friends;
That the dear Christ dwells not afar
The king of some remoter star,
Listening, at times, with flattered ear
To homage wrung from selfish fear,
But here, amidst the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind,
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life, he lives to-day."

THE SUMMIT OF THE SIERRAS.

(Continued from page 798.)

At Crested Peak the rugged precipice towers above you a thousand feet, with its shattered sides looking dreadfully as if they wanted to drop an immense fragment of rock on your head. The engineers were fain to tie themselves with ropes as they surveyed along here. When the Chinese were brought to begin the excavation, it is said the Celestials mildly remonstrated. They would not object to anything reasonable, but a thousand feet of precipice below them, with a thousand more above them, and hanging on by the skin of their teeth, was a heroism of labor to which they did not aspire. They were encouraged, however, to begin at the beginning, and as the nitro-glycerine hurled the gnarled rocks down the mountain and far into the valley, Chinese courage rose again to its maximum.

In winter, however, work here is simply impossible. Avalanches accumulate on crested peak, and breaking away, no one knows when come crashing down the mountain side. The wagon road, which in summer winds along just at the foot of this mountain, betakes itself in winter to a respectful distance. Twenty-two in all of the railroad workmen were lost last winter from this cause. One of the contractors, who had taken a retaining wall to build along this steep mountain side, concluded to work at it under the snow. He actually dug a tunnel through the snow, on the line of the wall, and worked at masonry there in the cosiest manner imaginable. The accumulation of drifted snow above him was somewhere from forty to a hundred feet, and it was packed so closely that a pick was found convenient in making his tunnel. No difficulty was experienced in that Siberian retreat, but some of the masons met with their death from incautiously exposing themselves in their house by the roadside to an avalanche about to fall. Fifteen were buried, and so caught between the timbers of the building that, though only a few were killed, three

only were able to get out of their "bunks," and try to dig their way out. These were found by a rescuing party, and the others also were saved.

You will listen to such stories as this, as I did, with some astonishment, on the first of November. You will recall your wonder as you came up, why these are called the "Snowy Mountains," when there is no snow on them worth mentioning. But if you go down along the wagon road, which is now deep-rutted and dusty (though sprinkled every day) from the effects of the heavy business done upon it in double wagons and ten to fourteen mule teams, you will notice along the sides of the road poles about fifteen feet high, with pieces of board nailed on the top. These are guide poles when the snow falling to the depth of ten to twenty feet has obliterated ordinary landmarks. At such times as this the Sierras are in their glory. Viewed from a distance, their snowy sides and sharp summits glitter in the sunlight, and by night have a strangely sad and solemn look. Life in the Sierras at such a time, however, is a serious affair. Still the energy of man overcomes all difficulties.

You will be surprised to learn, however, that the temperature here in the daytime is mild and more equable than in New York. Rarely in the daytime does the thermometer sink below zero. Just now I find the sun is hot enough to blister a skin unaccustomed to exposure. The average temperature at the summit in winter during the day is considerably above zero, and during storms it rises to 32° above zero. It is colder, in fact, down in the canons, where there is less sunshine and less moisture suspended in the atmosphere. The snows, however, it must be admitted, are disagreeable blankets: the thicker they are the more objectionable. To guard against obstruction from this cause the railroad in exposed places is covered with sheds. Probably the whole road between what is called the "snow lines" on either side will be thus protected, and the traveller over the Sierras will pass through pretty much a perpetual tunnel.

The business of tunneling, to which engineers usually object, is, on this line, one of the luxuries. That can be carried on summer and winter when nothing else can be done. Hence, instead of running over the summit, as might have been done (though with a worse location beyond), the engineers started a down grade several hundred feet back, and run down through a tunnel one thousand six hundred and thirty-six feet long. The road is scarcely out of this before it enters another one of three hundred feet, and then another and another, till within two miles it has treated itself to seven tunnels in rapid succession, having a total length of three thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine feet.

Summit Tunnel is No. 6; and we walked down through Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12. Tunnel No. 13 is where the nose of the promontory looking out on Donner Lake is pierced. Tunnel No. 12 behaved badly, the middle of it caving in and making a timber casing necessary. Tunnel No. 11 was still worse, and required casing all through. The material is so loose that it is necessary first to run a small "heading," supported by timbers; then to work down on each side, and put in temporary shores, till the core is taken out, when the permanent timber arch is put in, and carefully filled over. A hundred feet or so of this core remained in when we came along, and it was necessary to clamber over it by the light of tallow dips. Where the Judge and S. could go, I was sure there would be a hole left big enough for me; so I followed in their trail. The workman crouched aside as we passed in attitudes necessarily respectful, from the limited accommodations afforded there for the human form divine.

(To be continued.)

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

STICKING TO YOUR PROFESSION.

You have probably just chosen your profession, or are about to make the choice. It is not my purpose to discuss that subject with you. The one duty which I do urge upon you, in connection with it, is, stick to your choice when made. I do not say, stick to it, right or wrong; but having begun on any course of action, let it not be an even weight of argument against it, which shall lead you to abandon it. Do not give up what you have deliberately chosen, unless the arguments for receding are a great deal stronger than those for going on. To change from one profession or business to another, is in a great measure to throw away all the progress you have made in the one already begun. It is to go back to the beginning of the course for a fresh start. The different professions in this respect are not so much parallel tracks, where you can be switched from one into another, without loss of progress, but rather tracks radiating from a common centre. To pass from one to another, you must in each case go back to the original station. You must begin your career anew. The comparison of course cannot be applied with rigor. In many particulars it is not true, yet it has substantial truth. The man who is tinkering away, first at one thing and then at another, rarely succeeds. It is not in the nature of things that he should succeed. On the other hand, a man's choice of a profession must be very bad indeed, if patient, persistent, tenacious

continuance therein do not crown him with success.—*Prof. Hart's "Mistakes of Educated men."*

ITEMS.

A letter from Niagara Falls gives the following description of the remarkable phenomena of low water at the Falls and elsewhere.

"The strong easterly gale sent the waters of Lake Erie westward, leaving the Niagara river and its tributaries lower than it was ever known before. Buffalo Creek was so low that all the vessels in it were grounded, and Niagara Falls was a rivulet compared with its native grandeur. The bed of the American branch was so denuded that you could travel in its rocky bed without wetting your feet, and mysteries that were never before revealed came to light on that day. Rocks that heretofore were invisible appeared in their full-grown deformity upon the surface, and great was the consternation among the flinty tribes. The Three Sisters were accessible to foot passengers, and many traversed where human foot had never trod, with perfect impunity and dry feet. Below the falls was the wonder of wonders. The water was full twenty feet lower than usual, and the oldest inhabitant gazed in wonder at the grand transformation. Near Suspension Bridge, the celebrated rock at Witmer's mill, upon which a drowning man caught and was rescued several years ago, which barely projects its head above the water, was laid bare twenty feet above the surface."—*Buffalo Courier.*

IN SWITZERLAND, at Neufchatel, there is an observatory organised on an extensive scale and provided with the very finest instruments. Besides purely scientific results, it renders immense service to chronometer makers, by enabling them to produce watches which are every day becoming more perfect. This is important to the branch of industry in question, which can only exist by constant improvement. Prizes are given to makers whose watches approach as nearly as possible to perfection. To give an idea of the wonderful precision that has been obtained in this branch of industry, a marine chronometer lately tested gave the mean variations from day to day, in two months' trial, sec. 0.164. Common watches become more perfect every year. In sixty-seven watches tested since 1866 the mean variation was only three-quarters of a second in twenty-four hours. In 1862, the mean variation was sec. 1.61; 1863, 1.28; 1864, 1.27; 1865, 0.88; 1866, 0.84. On more than three-quarters of the chronometers observed in 1866 the mean variation was less than half a second. These practical results show the importance of such observatories as that of Neufchatel.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY of London, during the five years of its existence, has carried eighty millions of passengers, at an average speed of sixteen miles per hour, and without the loss of a single life. Twenty-one millions of passengers were carried in 1866, and twenty-three millions in 1867. About 3000 trains run over it per week, running the greater part of the day every five minutes.

A new sect terming themselves "Non-fighting Men" have appeared among the sailors of the British navy. Some of the ten years' men of this sect, on claiming their discharge, were asked why they wished to leave the service, and replied, "For the love of the Lord and liberty." There are a number of the non-fighting men in the Mediterranean fleet at the present time.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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From "Penns and Peningtons."

THOMAS ELLWOOD IN PRISON.

(Continued from page 504.)

"On the Seventh day he went down again as usual to Chalfant; and in discourse gave an account of my imprisonment. Whereupon, on his return the Second-day following, my affectionate friend Mary Penington sent me forty shillings, which he soon after brought me. Not many days after this I received twenty shillings from my father, who, understanding I was a prisoner in Bridewell, sent me this money to support me there. Now was my pocket, from the lowest ebb, risen to a full tide. I was at the brink of want, next door to nothing, yet my confidence did not fail nor my faith stagger; and on a sudden came plentiful supplies, shower upon shower, so that I abounded; yet in humility could say, 'This is the Lord's doings.' And without defrauding any of the instruments of the acknowledgments due unto them, mine eye looked over and beyond them to my Heavenly Father, whom I saw was the author thereof, and with thankful heart I returned praises and thanksgivings to Him. And this goodness of the Lord to me I thus record, to the end that all into whose hands this may come may be encouraged to trust in Him whose mercy is over all his works, and who is indeed a God near at hand to help in the needful time. Now I durst venture myself into the elub to which I had been invited, and accordingly (having by this time gained

acquaintance with them) took an opportunity to cast myself among them; and thenceforward, so long as we continued prisoners together I was one of their mess.

"The chief thing I now wanted was employment, which scarcely any wanted but myself, for the rest of my company were generally tradesmen, and of such trades as could set themselves to work there. Of these, divers were tailors—some masters, some journeymen—and with these I most inclined to settle. But because I was too much a novice in their art to be trusted with any of their work, I got work from a hosier in Cheapside; which was to make night-waistcoats of red and yellow flannel, for women and children. And with this I entered myself among the tailors, sitting cross-legged as they did; and so spent those leisure hours with innocency and pleasure, which want of business would have made tedious."

Thus circumstanced, these prisoners were continued in Bridewell for two months, without being brought before any magistrate to have accusation made against them. And when at last they were brought up, it seemed merely to have the oaths of allegiance and supremacy tendered. The prisoners complained of the illegality of their imprisonment, and desired to know what they had lain so long in prison for. To this the Recorder replied, "If you think you have been wrongfully imprisoned you have your remedy at law, and may take it if you think it worth your while. The court

may send for any man out of the street, and tender him the oath; so we take no notice of how you came hither, but, finding you here, we tender you the oath of allegiance, which if you refuse to take we shall commit you, and at length premunire you." Accordingly, as each of the Friends was brought up, and declined to take the oaths, he was set aside and another called. The final process of declaring them outlaws, to be imprisoned for life, was left for a future occasion. When all were gone over, instead of being sent back to Bridewell, they were committed to Newgate, where a circumstance occurred which I shall leave Thomas Ellwood to narrate. His description brings strikingly before us the crowded state of the London prisons, showing the recklessness of that spirit of religious persecution which filled them. No marvel that, eventually, at its culmination, plague and pestilence swept over the city. He says:—

"When we came to Newgate we found that side of the prison very full of Friends, who were prisoners there before us; as indeed were all the other parts of that prison, and most of the other prisons about the town; and our addition caused a still greater throng on that side of Newgate. We had the liberty of the hall, which is on the first story over the gate, and which in the daytime is common to all the prisoners on that side, felons as well as others. But in the night we all lodged in one room, which was large and round, having in the middle of it a great pillar of oaken timber, which bore up the chapel that is over it. To this pillar we fastened our hammocks at one end, and to the opposite wall on the other end, quite round the room, in three stories one over the other; so that they who lay in the upper and middle row of hammocks were obliged to go to bed first, because they were to climb up to the higher by getting into the lower ones. And under the lower range of hammocks, by the wall sides, were laid beds upon the floor, in which the sick and weak prisoners lay. There were many sick and some very weak, and though we were not long there, one of our fellow-prisoners died.

"The body of the deceased, being laid out and put in a coffin, was set in a room called 'The Lodge,' that the coroner might inquire into the cause of his death. The manner of their doing it is this. As soon as the coroner is come, the turnkeys run into the street under the gate, and seize upon every man that passes till they have got enough to make up the coroner's inquest. It so happened at this time, that they lighted on an ancient man, a grave citizen, who was trudging through the gate in great haste, and him they laid hold on, telling him he must come in and serve upon the inquest. He pleaded hard, begged and

besought them to let him go, assuring them he was going on very urgent business. But they were deaf to all entreaties. When they had got their complement, and were shut in together, the others said to this ancient man, 'Come, father, you are the oldest among us; you shall be our foreman.' When the coroner had sworn the jury, the coffin was uncovered, that they might look upon the body. But the old man said to them, 'To what purpose do you show us a dead body here? You would not have us think that this man died in this room! How shall we be able to judge how this man came by his death, unless we see the place where he died, and where he hath been kept prisoner before he died? How know we but that the incommodiousness of the place wherein he was kept may have occasioned his death? Therefore show us the place wherein this man died.'

This much displeased the keepers, and they began to banter the old man, thinking to beat him off it. But he stood up tightly to them: 'Come, come,' said he, 'though you made a fool of me in bringing me hither, ye shall not find me a child now I am here. Mistake not; for I understand my place and your duty; and I require you to conduct me and my brethren to the place where this man died. Refuse it at your peril!' They now wished they had let the old man go about his business, rather than by troubling him have brought this trouble on themselves. But when he persisted in his resolution, the coroner told them they must show him the place.

"It was evening when they began, and by this time it was bed-time with us, so that we had taken down our hammocks, which in the day hung by the walls, and had made them ready to go into and were undressing, when on a sudden we heard a great noise of tongues and trampling of feet coming towards us. By and by one of the turnkeys, opening our door, said: 'Hold! hold! do not undress; here is the coroner's inquest coming to see you.' As soon as they were come to the door (for within it there was scarcely room for them to come) the foreman who led them, lifting up his hands, said: 'Lord bless me, what a sight is here! I did not think there had been so much cruelty in the hearts of Englishmen to use Englishmen in this manner! We need not now question,' said he to the rest of the jury, 'how this man came by his death; we may rather wonder that they are not all dead, for this place is enough to breed an infection among them. Well,' added he, 'if it please God to lengthen my life till to-morrow, I will find means to let the King know how his subjects are dealt with here.'

"Whether he did so or not I cannot tell; but I am apt to think he applied himself to the

mayor or the sheriffs of London; for the next day one of the sheriffs, called Sir William Turner, a woollen draper in Paul's-yard, came, and ordering the porter of Bridewell to attend him to Newgate, sent up a turnkey amongst us, to bid all the Bridewell prisoners come down to him; for they knew us not, but we knew our own company. Being come before him in the press-yard, he looked kindly on us, and spake courteously to us. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I understand the prison is very full, and I am sorry for it. I wish it were in my power to release you and the rest of your friends who are in it. But, since I cannot do that, I am willing to do what I can for you. And therefore I am here to inquire how it is. I would now have all you who came from Bridewell return thither again, which will give better accommodation to you; and your removal will give more room to those that are left behind; and here is your old keeper, the porter of Bridewell, to attend you thither.'

"The sheriff bidding us farewell, the porter of Bridewell came and told us we knew our way to Bridewell without him, and he would trust us; therefore he would not stay nor go with us, but left us to take our own time, so that we were in before bed-time. Then went we up again to our friends in Newgate, and gave them an account of what had passed; and having taken a solemn leave of them, we made up our packs to be gone.

"We walked two and two abreast, through the Old Bailey into Fleet-street, and so to Old Bridewell. It being about the middle of the afternoon, and the streets pretty full of people, both the shop-keepers at their doors and passengers in the way would stop us, and ask what we were, and whither we were going. When we told them we were prisoners going from one prison to another, from Newgate to Bridewell, 'What!' said they; 'without a keeper?' 'No,' said we, 'for our word which we have given is our keeper.'"

This was indeed a welcome change to the Bridewell prisoners, though in connection with it Thomas Ellwood felt deep sorrow in leaving behind in Newgate some of his very dear friends, especially Edward Burrough, who, though a young able man when sent there, in a few weeks from this time fell a victim to the pestilential atmosphere of the place. Just a few days before his death the Bridewell prisoners were liberated, without any further examination or explanation; the probable inference being that the King had interfered on having had his attention drawn to it by the earnest appeal of Margaret Fell. Her letter to the King at this juncture, and her allusion to the liberation of the Quaker prisoners, will be found in the sixteenth chapter of *The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall*. Before many weeks of

1663 had passed, all the prison doors of the metropolis were opened, and the Quaker prisoners suffered to return home. But the respite was only a short one; their enemies found means of again assailing them, and giving the King to understand that the city authorities and episcopal clergy would not put up with his interference in connection with the metropolitan prisons and their inmates. Till the plague came with all its horrors, the King never again interfered; but then at last, when pestilence had overspread the city, he authoritatively declared, probably at the instigation of the court physicians, that no more Quakers should be sent to the metropolitan jails.

I must allow Thomas Ellwood to finish his personal history for 1662 in his own words. He says, "Being now at liberty, I visited my friends that were still in prison, and particularly I visited my friend and benefactor William Penington, at his house; and then went to wait upon my master Milton; with whom I could not yet propose to enter upon my intermitted studies, until I had been in Buckinghamshire, to visit my worthy friends Isaac Penington and his wife, with other Friends in that country. Thither therefore I betook myself, and the weather being frosty, and the ways by that means clean and good, I walked it through in a day, and was received by my friends with such demonstrations of kindness as made my journey every way pleasant to me.

"I had intended only a visit hither, and therefore purposed, after I had staid a few days, to return to my lodging and former course in London; but Providence ordered it otherwise. Isaac Penington had at that time two sons and one daughter, all then very young; of whom the eldest son, John Penington, and the daughter, Mary, the wife of Daniel Wharley, are yet living while I write this. And being himself both skilful and curious in pronunciation, their father was very desirous to have them well grounded in the rudiments of the English tongue; to which end he had sent for a man out of Lancashire, whom he had heard of, and who was undoubtedly the most accurate English teacher that ever I met with or have heard of. His name was Richard Bradley. But as he pretended no higher than the English tongue, and had led them to the highest improvement they were capable of in that, he had taken his leave of them, and gone to London to teach an English school of Friends' children there. This put my friend to a fresh strait. He had sought for a new teacher to instruct his children in the Latin tongue, but had not yet found one. Wherefore, one evening, as we sat together by the fire in his bedchamber, he asked me, his wife being by, if I would be so kind to him as to stay a while till he could hear of such an one as he aimed at, and in the

meantime enter his children in the rudiments of Latin.

"This question was not more unexpected than surprising to me; the more because it seemed directly to thwart my former purpose of endeavoring further to improve myself by following my studies with my master Milton. But the sense I had of the manifold obligations I lay under to these worthy friends of mine shut out all reasoning, and disposed my mind to an absolute resignation to their desire, that I might testify my gratitude, by a willingness to do them any friendly service I was capable of. And though I questioned my ability to carry on the work to its due height, yet as only an initiation was proposed, I consented; and left not that position till I married, which was in the year 1669, near seven years from the time I came thither. During which period, having the use of my friend's books as well as of my own, I spent much of my leisure hours in reading, and not without improvement to my private studies; which, with the good success of my labors bestowed on the children, and the agreeable conversation which I found in the family, rendered my undertaking the more satisfactory.

"But alas! not many days had I been there, ere we were almost overwhelmed with sorrow for the unexpected loss of Edward Burrough, who was justly very dear to us all. This not only good, but great good man, by a long, and close, and cruel confinement in Newgate, was taken away by sudden death, to the unutterable grief of very many, and the unspeakable loss of the Church of Christ in general."

Thomas Ellwood gave expression to his sorrow in sundry verses on the death of his venerated friend, one of which was an acrostic, *Ellwood's Lament for his endeared Edward Burrough*, for which the reader is referred to the author's autobiography.

A religious education does not consist in teaching children those abstract opinions and speculations which have given rise to unprofitable disputations, nor in directing them to creeds and confessions of faith which man has set up for a standard of religion, because such a course is calculated to darken the spiritual understanding and oppose the full development of the spiritual nature which Christianity is intended to produce. The minds of children should be directed to principles, not opinions; to the heavenly operations of Truth, and not to words and theories about them. The truths of religion are all plain and simple, easy to be understood, as the soul by obedience advances in righteousness, and is prepared to receive and obey new disclosures of the Divine will. As the minds of children are directed to these

important truths, they learn to cultivate an acquaintance with themselves, and understand their relation as accountable creatures to the Author of their being. JOHN JACKSON.

MORTALITY.

BY S. M. JANNEY.

When the good and the gifted, whom we have long regarded as the servants of the Most High and the friends of humanity, are called away by death, we cannot repress a feeling of deep regret, although we may be conscious that our loss is their gain. It is reported that when John Quincy Adams, in his old age, had delivered one of his great speeches, a steamboat captain who was present exclaimed, in admiration, "O that we could put that engine into a new hull!"

The desire thus manifested to retain among us, for the benefit of humanity, those gifted minds whose wisdom and virtue have shed a lustre over their lives, is, I suppose, very generally felt, and doubtless is often accompanied by a feeling of sadness to think that the inevitable hour draws nigh when death will claim his victim and dust shall return to dust.

If this world were the only scene of our existence, and death the end of our race, then indeed there would be cause to repine at the loss of those whose long experience and accumulated knowledge have fitted them to be the leaders and counsellors of nations; but still more for those virtuous and gifted minds, who in the prime of life and in the midst of their usefulness are snatched away by death. But when we view this subject in the light of the soul's immortality, and the glorious future revealed in the gospel of Christ, we discover that this life is only the infancy of our being,—the preparatory stage,—where we are placed to be educated for the duties and enjoyments of a higher sphere.

Like seedlings in a nursery, human souls are placed here, to be grafted with a heavenly principle that will enable them to bear fruit forever in the Paradise of God. The appropriate time for them to be transplanted from earth to heaven is known to Him only who placed them here and who supplies them with all that is needed for their growth and fruitfulness. But the soul may be grafted with evil instead of good, and then the fruits brought forth will correspond with the earthly nature that gains control.

It is a solemn consideration that all the human family, while in this state of being, are receiving an education; some in virtue, and others in vice. In infancy the soul is unpolished, but human nature has propensities which, if not restrained by divine grace, will lead to sin, and "sin when it is finished bringeth forth death." This death, or depriva-

tion of divine life in the soul, must, so long as it continues, exclude the impenitent from the only source of pure and lasting happiness. The apostle Paul in addressing the Corinthians says, "We are laborers together with God; ye are God's husbandry." I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase."

The noblest employment in which a human being can be engaged, is to be a co-laborer with the Author of all good, in planting and watering the principles of righteousness. This work is not confined to those who are called to the Gospel ministry; it is common to all the servants of the Lord; for to every one he will assign a sphere of labor, and to each will give a liberal reward. There is in every community a great field for varied and useful labor,—to instruct the young and the ignorant, to elevate the degraded, to comfort the mourners, to visit the sick and to relieve the indigent. These and other kindred works of charity bring the reward of peace and promote the growth of those benevolent affections which enrich the soul.

When we see those who have been fruitful in good works called away from the toils of time to the rewards of eternity, let us not be discouraged; for the same Good Being who qualified them for His service, can and will qualify others, and cause a succession of standard bearers in His church. In connection with this subject, I have remembered with instruction the early religious experience of John Fothergill. During his minority, the meeting to which he belonged was favored with the services of an ancient and truly valuable minister, and the query often arose in the mind of John Fothergill, "How shall we do, and what will become of us when he dies?" This led him to consider the means by which that minister became so valuable, and he saw that others, by obedience to the teachings of divine life and power, would be fitted for similar services. The minister on whom, perhaps, they leaned too much, being removed by death, there was soon after an abounding of divine life in the meeting, and within two years five persons appeared as ministers of the Gospel, to the satisfaction and comfort of their friends. Among these John Fothergill was one, who became afterwards widely known and highly appreciated for his spiritual gift.*

Two persons cannot mutually impart their knowledge or compare and rectify their conclusions, unless both attend to the true intent and force of language. . . . I hold it as a great point in self education that the student should be continually engaged in forming exact ideas, and in expressing them clearly by language.

* History of Friends, vol. iii. pp. 42, 43.

Such practice insensibly opposes any tendency to exaggeration or mistake, and increases the sense and love of truth in every part of life.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

Our country at this time is flooded, as it were, with newspapers, novels, and other unprofitable publications, calculated to attract the attention and enlist the feelings of our youth and those of riper age, who do not feel restrained from the perusal of those popular productions. It is therefore highly important that the younger part especially of the reading community should be supplied with books adapted to their mental capacity, and abounding in subjects tending to enlighten and expand the intellect and promote advancement in the way of happiness and peace.

As many members of the Society of Friends are too little acquainted with its principles, testimonies and discipline, it was pleasing to me to find a work entitled the "Young Friend's Manual" had been published, not doubting from the well-known character of the author and the title of the work, that it would in good measure supply what was wanting; and since reading it I can say, with a few exceptions, my anticipations are realized. These exceptions are as follows, viz.: In the work under review it is asserted, "against music in itself, Friends, as a Society, have no testimony. Their testimony is against its *abuse* in those practices with which it is often accompanied." The Discipline of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting advises thus: "As our time passeth swiftly away, and our delight ought to be in the law of the Lord, it is advised that a watchful care be exercised over our youth to prevent their going to stage-plays, horse-races, music, dancing, and such vain sports and pastimes." In the Discipline of Baltimore Yearly Meeting it says, "Friends are affectionately exhorted to watch carefully over the youth and others of our Society who may be so inclined, to prevent them from frequenting stage-plays, horse-races, *music*, dancing, and other vain sports and amusements." *Music* is included in the Discipline of both Yearly Meetings among the "vain amusements," and nothing said, as in the "Manual" about its "*abuse*"—nor can we suppose that in using the word "*frequenting*" in the Discipline, it was meant to give liberty *sometimes* to indulge in any vain amusements.

The Discipline further states in relation to those amusements quoted above, that "those practices have the tendency to alienate the mind from the counsel of Divine wisdom, and to foster those impure dispositions which lead to debauchery and wickedness."

How do these sentiments and advices of the body of Friends agree with the further assertion in the "Manual," viz., "the *quality* of being

gratified with melody is a most important element, in developing, refining, and elevating the soul, and fitting it for the performance of some of its most important functions and duties of life." But then, again, it is stated in the "Manual," "nevertheless, there is a state attainable in sweet communion with God, where music of any artificial kind would be rather an annoyance than a gratification."

How then is it that this "important element" in "elevating the soul" becomes an "annoyance" when the soul becomes thus elevated? If the quality of being gratified with music, according to the "Manual," is so important an element, it is strange to me that its cultivation has not been highly recommended by Jesus Christ or his apostles the great reformers in former ages, George Fox or some of our early faithful Friends, or Job Scott or Elias Hicks of more modern times.

Can the still small voice we profess to listen to be better heard where there is music? Is the highest enjoyment of a rational, intelligent being experienced by listening to unmeaning sounds? Is that which is used to drown the feelings of the warrior in his march to kill his fellow man in battle the effect of a "perfect organization resulting in refining and elevating the soul? Is that which is considered so important an attendant of all extravagant parades, civil and military, and an important accompaniment of all the vain exhibitions so popular in our day,—I say, is that the result of the development of that important element which if we do not possess, our organization is defective?

Whilst indulging in music may be considered an innocent amusement compared with many others, yet considering the time occupied in its study and practice, and the expense of costly instruments, that it is not particularly beneficial to health, but a mere pastime, I believe the Society of Friends consistently advise against it as an unprofitable amusement.

It is also asserted in the work under review, that "plainness or simplicity of dress has no connection with any peculiar mode or color." Although this is the author's sentiment, I think the advices in the Discipline of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting give a different view of it, which says, "advised that all Friends avoid all kinds of stuffs, colors and dress that are calculated more to please a vain and wanton mind, than for real usefulness."

Philadelphia, 1st mo 27th, 1868. T. W.

To the Editors of Friends' Intelligencer.

In No. 38 of the Intelligencer, reference is made to the recent publication of the "Young Friends' Manual," which you "commend to the notice of Friends as a work calculated to meet a want which has been felt in many places." I have read the work with

much interest; the author's name being sufficient to attract attention to it, and give influence to the views he has advanced on the different subjects he has treated upon. One chapter will commend itself to many Friends who will be gratified to have such good authority to sustain them in their course. I allude to the remarks on music, and dress and address, which I regretted had been treated in the manner they were.

"At no time have circumstances more loudly called upon us than they now do, to review the ground on which we stand in relation to music. In the present day, music is a theme of almost constant conversation and extravagant eulogy. The young hear its praise with pleasure, and the aged listen in silence; so that in some families there is danger that our testimony against its use should either be trodden under foot, or cast into utter oblivion."

In looking over some numbers of "Friends' Intelligencer," my attention was arrested by an article on Music, in the 8th volume, first page, over the signature of "Aquila," (a highly valued friend recently deceased,) from which the above is an extract. P.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

The simple yet striking idea embraced in the above figure comprehends the foundation principle (if I may use the term) of the Society of Friends. We have implanted within us a germ of Divinity, and this germ can never grow until we are brought into a submissive or passive state, analogous to the grain sown in the ground. The "corn of wheat" must die before the germ can burst forth and bear fruit. This is in conformity with another metaphor used by Jesus, that "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John iii. 3. The apostle Paul declared, "I die daily." 1 Cor. xv. 31. Why did he rejoice in this? Because, as he realized this death of self, the Divine life within him grew stronger and stronger, until in this daily death there was known the hope of life everlasting, and he finished his course with joy.

When we consider that these quotations from John were the language of inspiration, and that the ways of the Lord are unchangeable, and remember that holy men in every age of the world (as far as history informs us) have realized this death of the creaturely will, can we expect an exemption from the path of self-denial and yet hope for the glorious reward that they obtained? Is there not need for us individually to bow in submission to the regenerating influences that God has thrown around us—to surrender our wills to His will—to know His love to flow into

our hearts, casting out all fear, that thus we may cultivate the germ of Divinity within us until it overshadows all the animal nature, and becomes the master spirit, having dominion over all our desires, and directing us in every good word and work.

On comparing primitive Friends with primitive Christians, we find them almost identical in faith. They alike labored to enter into the "city not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and regarded not the sacrifices and sufferings it cost them. But many of this age, while greatly desirous of wearing the crown, are counting the cost and trying to devise some easier way. We want to be set down, some on the right hand and some on the left hand, in Christ's kingdom. But are we able to drink of the cup which He drank of? Are we prepared, like the apostle Paul, to die daily to accomplish this blessed end?

May not the inquiry be, Is knowledge wanted among us, or is it faithfulness to what we already know that is needed?

Byberry, 1st mo. 31, 1868.

From *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL RELIGION.

BY FRANCIS FRITH.

What are their distinctions? How far can they be disconnected? In what sense, and in what degree are they truly and legitimately independent of each other? I offer this as a fine subject for a thoughtful essay. My space will only permit me a few general remarks.

First, as regards the essential *individuality* of religious life. The Christian dispensation undoubtedly extended and deepened this principle. It is but quoting almost literally the words of Scripture, to say that, under it, the soul of each believer is a distinct temple for the worship of God, in which He Himself is sole worshipper and priest. There is an isolation about religious experience which, although very grand, and necessary to the idea of a *thorough, practical* religion, is yet very solemn—almost appalling! Even the little child must walk very much alone, learning his own weakness and his heaven-bestowed power; and the strong man has often need of all his strength to bear his own burden. A man may be equally a Christian in the desert as in the crowd.

What, then, do we gain by association as a religious body? What obligation rests upon me to concern myself with church polity, or with the private religion of my fellow-Christians? How can these be any portions of my own individual religion? Will it be any the deeper, quieter, or more availing, by rising to the troubled surface to mingle in its tossings and its storms? Inevitably, and very naturally, we shrink into ourselves; and, assuredly, a

limited experience of social action does not help us. Its responsibilities, its perplexities, the clashing of sentiment with men whom we love and honor, and, above all, the little that we seem likely to accomplish, are enough to make "Quietists" of all but the naturally restless and insensitive, *if it be a matter of feeling and of choice*.

Ab, my brethren! for how many of you am I not now writing? how many of you would, if you dare, and if it were possible, subside into merely *individual* Christians? How often, after a fresh commingling with the elements of social religion, do your spirits eagerly fly home to their arks, in the depths of the heart? How often do they then find some feathers ruffled that take time and patience to smooth, —some pulses beating that do not instantly subside?

Yet, you are not selfish in your religion, nor careless of your neighbor's welfare. It may be far otherwise! He was not an indolent, nor an unfeeling religionist, who wrote (paraphrasing, be it remembered, the prophet Jeremiah), "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness," &c. Thankfully have you welcomed, from time to time, an impulse to help in ever so trifling a degree, an individual or the church. And when you have beheld their needs, you have often and earnestly cried, "Here am I, Lord, send me!" Notwithstanding all this, you and I are called "Quietists;" and we are rather inclined to accept and love the term, than to quarrel with it. Possibly we Friends may have cherished an extreme of Quietism, and no wonder, when we see the opposite tendency so lamentably rife. But, if Quietism be an unsleeping jealousy, not to run unless we are sent; if it be a deep appreciation of the doctrine, that "creaturely activity" and "head wisdom" can never do the Lord's work, nor tend to our own substantial good; then may the day be far distant when Friends shall cease to be "Quietists!"

But this is, confessedly, an imperfect statement of the case. We would by no means ignore the claims of social religion. We know well that Reason and Scripture and our own convictions forbid that we should regard personal safety and happiness as the sole end and use of our religion. In the first place, the glory of God must be recognized. We were created—and surely no less redeemed—for His pleasure. True, He has all power, and could, if it so pleased him, promote His own glory and pleasure by means altogether independent of our help. But I will not deny that He has clearly ordained that His work upon earth shall be promoted by human agencies. Then, the individual question is this, What has he for me to do? Now I can safely and confidently answer a large portion of this question

for every man and woman living. Thy first and chief and last business is to perfect individual religion! All other work that may be assigned to thee is, so to speak, incidental, and to a large extent accessory to thy own great personal task. I think I may venture to add another general answer: It is in vain for thee to look for work abroad until thy affairs are in a satisfactory state at home; else, thou wilt not be truly commissioned. Let us not expect it; let us not be straining our eyes into the darkness for work to do there—neglecting the ray that shines upon our own hearthstones; showing that our own houses are not yet in order. Let us never desert this great and true Quaker principle. I am afraid of no social activity that oversteps not this boundary. That which a really pure-hearted man does publicly, will never be much, if anything, to the hurt of the Church; that which a man does who is himself but half what he should be is almost certain to be,—like his own character—at any rate a mixture of right and wrong—of good and evil. I know for certain, by the bitterness of my own feelings, that I have written a truth of mighty import. Let us take it earnestly to heart!

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SECOND MONTH 29, 1868.

Some time ago, our views were given in relation to the "growing custom" of obituary notices among Friends. Having done this, we have endeavored to meet the feelings of those who seem not to have united with our sentiments, or who in their individual cases have forgotten them, and we have often given more extended notices of deaths than seemed in our judgment to be of general interest. It would appear from communications which we have received on this subject, that we are not alone in believing that the affection with which our friends have been regarded may, upon their removal, lead to a desire to embalm their memory with the narration of their virtues. The hints to which we have alluded we offer our readers with the hope that they may receive due consideration. It will be observed that one friend brings into view the written and the other oral notices of the departed.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

It is natural when those we love are consigned to their final rest, to speak in terms of praise of their lives and conversation. But the query presents, is there not a danger that what will

interest a few of the nearest friends may not be edifying to those less interested. The object should be in giving publicity to their virtues to benefit others. It has occurred to me that when any feel a desire to send an obituary notice, giving details of the life of a friend, it would be well to consider if it will be profitable to the general reader, or useful to the surviving relatives. In some instances, where individuals are widely known, or where they may have been eminent for their usefulness and virtues, well-written memorials are of general interest.

We know it will be difficult to draw a line, but we have feared that the habit of giving an extended notice of deceased friends was growing upon us. We know that the dead receive no benefit from our eulogy, and if not of general interest, the publication of them may be unprofitable.

I. H.

EULOGIES.

There is a growing custom among us of what I call obituary adulation, of which I sincerely disapprove, and which must be repulsive to surviving relatives. I have heard so much of it of late, that it amounts to a surfeit. I love my dear friends too sacredly to want them made the subjects of public discourses after they are removed. My friendships are among my priceless jewels that I count my private property. Should my life be long or short—(it will be short at the longest)—I hope to be allowed to rest enshrined in the memory of those who love me, when called to leave them; for after all is said, it amounts but to this with any of us—that we were born on such a day, and were buried on such another day. The world cares to know but little more of "the innumerable throng that move to the pale realms of shade." Here and there a radiant star shines forth with unusual brightness—but we are too apt to magnify the orbs that light up our little horizon. ***

"SANITARIUM."—No benevolent organization appears to us to be more deserving public sympathy and encouragement, than the "Citizens' Association for the Relief of Inebriates." The deplorable increase of crime, originating in the indulgence of alcoholic stimulants, calls loudly for well directed efforts, to save the unhappy victims who, by yielding to temptation, have acquired the demoralizing habit of imbibing the deadly poison.

This call has not been heard in vain, as is proved by the erection of a Hospital for the benevolent purpose of shielding from their subtle enemy this class of our fellow men. The "Sanitarium" is now proffering its preserving and restoring influences to such as are

laboring under this terrible malady. May they enter its walls with the prayerful desire to be healed—and can we not believe it will be to those who thus enter, in accordance with their faith.

We extract the following statement from an interesting report by Joseph Parrish, M. D., the President of the Citizens' Association.

"A Sanitarium for persons suffering from the effects of alcoholic stimulants and opium was opened for the reception of patients, on the 18th of June, 1867. Since that time 26 persons have been under treatment, 24 of whom had been addicted to the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants, one to the habitual indulgence in opium, and one to both opium and whiskey."

In 18 of these cases the habit was induced by social usages, and in 3, the appetite was attributed to physicians' prescriptions.

Eight of the above number have been cured, and returned to usefulness in life. One of these had been a confirmed inebriate for 10 years. The others, from five to seven years.

"The improved cases are nine. There are seven who do not seem to be permanently benefited by the treatment which they have received. Two have died." One of the two had been addicted to the use of opium and whisky in "enormous quantities" for 20 years, "so that great depression of physical power and a corresponding failure of moral susceptibility rendered the chances of recovery entirely beyond the reach of human agency." In the other case, the constitution had been shattered by previous disease. Among those who are numbered with the recovered, there are none who cannot be relied on; and there are others under treatment who will probably add to this list, but as their admission into the Institution has been recent, no decision could be reached at present.

The sad accounts which we have recently seen in relation to the increase of the habitual use of opium in excessive quantities, are confirmed by Dr. Parrish, in his report. He says:

"It is estimated that there are four hundred millions of opium eaters upon the globe, and though the practice has been for centuries mainly confined to Oriental countries, its growth among our own excitement loving and impulsive people, is alarming to a degree that is but little thought of."

The same advantages are offered to the victims of this habit as to persons who are suffering from the effects of alcoholic stimulants, with equal hopes of success. The report continues:

In the present state of our knowledge upon this subject, it is impossible to determine how much the duration of the disease has to do with recovery. In insanity, the terms "recent," "chronic," and "incurable" are used, as indicating the probable advantages to be derived from hospital treatment. It is claimed by authorities on this subject, that seventy per cent. of "recent" cases—by which is meant those of not more than one year's standing—are curable; while "chronic" cases, or those of longer standing than one year, cannot be cured in greater proportion than ten or fourteen per cent; and the term "incurable" explains itself.

But few drinking people will submit themselves to treatment within the first year. Indeed, the habit of inebriety is probably rarely established in a single year. The insidious advances of the diseased appetite are almost imperceptible, and the victim feels himself safe, until he realizes, after years have gone by, that he is a captive, and must seek deliverance; but that thirty-two per cent. of cases which have existed an average of six years each, should yield to suitable treatment in a few months, is satisfactory evidence of the curability of drunkenness. The percentage will be larger another year, as a fair proportion of those marked "improved" will recover in time.

We use the word "cured" in this connection as it is used in its application to other forms of disease. If a person is discharged as cured, from a hospital for insane, there is no guarantee that he will never again be overtaken with insanity.

If one is cured of any other disease, as intermittent fever, he is not certain that the same infirmity will never come upon him again. They are both cured, and if prudent persons, they will avoid future exposure to the exciting causes of disease. In our list of cured, we have not estimated a single case in which there has been a relapse, though there are three of our patients, not counted thus, who have voluntarily returned to the Sanitarium for a short time, either to avoid a threatened relapse, or to be recovered from one. And this is a fact in our experience that is particularly noteworthy. Men who cannot leave their business or their families long enough to recover entirely from the appetite for drink, when they feel the "passion" coming upon them, and know that without protection they may be overcome, and run into a debauch, seek the retirement and

defence of the Sanitarium for a short time, and are thus saved from danger and public reproach.

In the few cases noted above, the philosophy of the whole subject is to be found; what is true of them, is true of all who are given to intoxication, either by alcohol or opium. They have found themselves overtaken by a fearful enemy, and have experienced no dishonor in the attempt they have made to find relief in our quiet home; for there is really no more odium to be attached to a person who goes to a Sanitarium to be recovered from the effects of intoxicants, than there is to a person who goes to Saratoga to be cured of dyspepsia or liver complaint, which is the result of excess in eating unnecessary or unsuitable food; or to one who goes to the sea shore to be relieved of nervous prostration induced by excesses of other kinds; or to one who is committed to an asylum to be relieved of insanity.

The first step in the recovery of an inebriate, is to remove him from the Associations which have surrounded him in his daily life, and at once to promote his self-respect, by treating him, not as a vagabond and off-cast, but as an unfortunate brother who is entitled to consideration and sympathy. The next step, is to inspire him with confidence in the efforts that are being made for his relief, and thus secure his co-operation in the use of means that are instituted in his behalf. Having secured to him personal comforts and sympathy in the midst of new and improving surroundings, all of which have drawn out the concurrent efforts of his own will, he can appropriate successfully the medical appliances that are proffered him, and be greatly benefited; though truth demands the avowal of the fact that there are inebriates whose moral strength has been so far prostrated by excesses, as to render recovery an impossibility. The transfer of such a class to an institution, may guard and defend them from hasty destruction, and at the same time be an incalculable relief to their families.

Without endowment or State patronage we have been unable to do as much as we desired to do for a class of persons, who, having spent their substance in excesses, and feeling the need of retracing their steps, seek assistance under our roof. We have, however, in several instances, given homes for months at a time, to such persons, and have the satisfaction of saying, that in no instance have we had reason to regret the award of such a gratuity. Besides this, we have employed persons, who, for years, have been accustomed to occasional attacks of inebriety, and believe that the influence of the establishment has been favorable to their improvement, and that they might, under different circumstances, have been led into stronger temptation, with less power to resist it.

It is due to the inmates and officers of the house, that I should refer to the gentlemanly and courteous manner which has uniformly marked their intercourse with our family and with each other. No formal obligations or textual requirements have been exacted, but the common tie of mutual respect, based upon mutual confidence, has not only kept our household from a single unpleasant jar, but has united all in a bond of cordial fellowship.

Relying upon your continued sympathy and co-operation, and upon the promised blessing of the Good Father and Provider, we will continue to labor and hope.

JOSEPH PARRISH, *President.*

For *Friends' Intelligencer.*

QUERY.—Can the Editors of *Friends' Intelligencer* inform their readers whether the Society of Friends ever bore a testimony against music, either vocal or instrumental, and in what that testimony consisted.

A SUBSCRIBER.

In the recent agitation of this question, there appears to be a diversity of sentiment in relation to it. Several communications expressive of this diversity will be presented to our readers.

DIED, on the morning of the 1st day of Second month, 1868, at her residence, near Pylesville, Md., after a long and painful disease, which she bore with Christian fortitude, MARY S. PYLE, wife of David Pyle; a member of Fawn Particular and Deer Creek Monthly Meeting.

—, on the 4th inst., SARAH T. ZELL, in the 53d year of her age; daughter of the late Anthony Zell, of Lower Merion, Montgomery Co., Penna.

—, on the 8th inst., ASA T. JOHN, aged 79 years and 2 months; a member of Roaring Creek Monthly and Shamokin Particular Meeting.

—, on the 19th inst., at the residence of her parents, near Salem, N. J., after a short and severe illness of scarlet fever, LILLA MARY, only daughter of Edward H. and Hannah P. Bassett, aged nearly nine years.

—, on the 9th of Second month, in Philadelphia, JOSEPH D. WILLIAMS, in his 62d year.

—, on the morning of the 20th of Second month, at the residence of her grandfather, Howard Williams, Germantown, in her 22d year, ANN WILLIAMS, daughter of Henry P. and Annabella W. Lloyd; members of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, held at Green street.

—, on the evening of the 19th of Second month, after a short illness, CHARLES KAIGHN, in his 62d year; a member of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia.

—, on the 2d of First month, 1868, at his residence in Benjaminville, McLean Co., Illinois, JOSEPH MAROT, (formerly of Philadelphia,) in the 76th year of his age.

—, on the evening of the 24th inst., ELLA J., daughter of the late Thos. H. Yardley, M.D.

"Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is the fitting of soul to its sphere;"

FRIENDS' FUEL ASSOCIATION FOR THE POOR.

Stated meeting on Seventh-day evening next, Third month 7th, 1868, at 8 o'clock, at Race Street Monthly Meeting Room.

JOS. M. TRUMAN, JR., Clerk.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Third month 3d, 1868, at 7½ o'clock, Lecture by Dr. J. GIBBONS HUNT, illustrated by the Stereopticon.

FRIENDS' PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee will meet on Sixth-day afternoon, Third month 6th, 1868, at 3 o'clock.

LYDIA H. HALL, Clerk.

The first Annual Meeting of the First-day School Association of Baltimore, will be held in Lombard street Meeting House, Baltimore, on Seventh-day, Third mo. 7th, at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

All interested are cordially invited to attend, and communications from any unable to be present, will be acceptable. It may be remembered that this meeting is preparatory to the general Conference to be held in Philadelphia in Fifth month next; and it is hoped that all schools within the limits of Baltimore Yearly Meeting will send delegates or reports.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

No. 6.

PRACTICAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

The tendency of religious worship generally among all denominations, is too much toward what may be termed ethereal sanctity, instead of practical goodness in the every day affairs of life. There would seem to be a disposition in the minds of people under the influence of devotional feeling, to soar above the realities of life and to practice and indulge in arbitrary forms of devotion and speculative theology, rather than to treat as proper objects of religious exercise, things which may have for their immediate object the making of men and women wiser and better as regards their daily conduct. The reason of this may probably be found in the fact of there being so large a number of persons, and from their position exercising so vast an influence, who are interested to make religion a mysterious thing. Those who make preaching a professional occupation, are very naturally inclined to magnify the importance of their calling, by imbuing the minds of the people with feelings such as have been described. Professional ministers may not always intend or even be conscious of the inclination on their part, by artificial forms and a peculiar manner, to make religion a mysterious and speculative, instead of a simple and practical thing; but such is the inevitable tendency of a system founded, as Friends believe, on wrong principles.

It is to be feared that Friends have allowed themselves to be warped from the simplicity and integrity of their testimonies, by these surrounding influences; and it is the purpose of this communication to call attention to this

subject, and endeavor to inculcate the importance of practical righteousness over all forms, ceremonies, and devotional exercises, which tend to make religion a thing above the common understanding. The sermons and precepts of Jesus were essentially practical, and related so much to every day life as to seem common place compared with the lofty theological disquisitions that are now sometimes heard. A few quotations will serve to illustrate this:

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

"Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of judgment."

"Agree with thine adversary quickly while thou art in the way with him."

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

"Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

"Judge not that ye be not judged."

"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

It will be seen from these passages that good works, righteousness, avoidance of anger, love for enemies, returning good for evil, kindness, seeing and correcting our own faults before accusing others, doing as we would be done by, and other matters relating to every day life, were held up by Christ as the most essential means of glorifying our Father which is in heaven. He was not content however with inculcating practical goodness affirmatively, but spoke in the most decided terms of disapprobation of everything like sanctimoniousness and pretension.

"When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men."

"When ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast."

"Take no thought, saying what shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the Gentiles seek."

"When ye pray, use not vain repetitions as

the heathen do; for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking."

"Not every one that sayeth unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

It is not by saying Lord, Lord, and making high professions, and trumpeting them to the world, nor by any form of pretension that we are to worship the Father acceptably, but by doing his will in meekness and simplicity, and his will is shown by the previous quotations to consist chiefly in our attention to works of practical goodness in the common affairs of life.

In our every day experience of human nature we learn instinctively to suspect any one who undertakes to herald his own virtues, abilities, or acquirements, and this is by virtue of a law of nature, founded in Divine wisdom, which gives the reward only to honest exertion and true merit, and which makes humility a virtue; and nature cannot be cheated. True religion consists then in what men and women are in their daily lives and intercourse with their fellow beings, and not in what they may seem or profess to be; and neither does it consist in adherence to or belief in particular creeds or dogmas.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

It may be remarked, that it is difficult to see how any one can reflect dispassionately upon these things without being convinced of the correctness of the view entertained by Friends, that the highest source of religious impressions is the monitor within, the ever present guardian of our daily conduct; and this, while a conclusion from, also reflects additional force upon, what has before been said as to the practical character of true religion.

Most persons will doubtless concede that the general principles before enunciated are correct; but a query will arise as to their application to the subject of the condition and prospects of the Society of Friends. If religion be the practical thing it would seem, considered rationally and by the light of the precepts of Christ, have not Friends got somewhat off the track by relying too much upon forms and professions? and are we not too much exalted in our own estimation, endeavoring to make our high professions pass for works of active righteousness, thus vainly attempting to cheat Divine wisdom?

Every attempt to counterfeit, or substitute anything else in the place of genuine righteousness but recoils on whoever attempts it. The law that intrinsic merit shall have its due, is inexorable. Mere forms and ceremonial usages and observances can be practiced alike by the worthy and unworthy, and to depend upon

these, however long they may have prevailed, or however firmly established, is to set up a false standard and endeavor to circumvent the wisdom of the Deity. Prosperity can no more be attained by our society by lifeless inaction, or what is perhaps worse, by the practicing and keeping up a routine of mere forms, though we adhere to them with geometrical precision, and the tenacity of life itself, than a man can become either rich, or learned, or skilled in any art, without labor and exertion; this law is immutable.

If an impartial observer were to be asked in what Quakerism consists, it is to be feared the answer would not be very flattering to us. Those who are regarded as the more exemplary among us, go to meeting twice a week with great regularity, and are distinguished in our streets by a peculiar dress, but beyond this, there is little appertaining to us strictly as a religious society that the world sees or hears of. We hold views as to the nature and objects of religion and religious worship that are of great value, tending as they do to the advancement of practical righteousness and the good of mankind; but even our own members very generally know and hear but little of them, and the surrounding community of course still less.

It is true that many of the members of our society individually, and in the way of associations under various names, are actively engaged in many good works; but our Society proper seems to have become too ethereal to engage, except in a limited way and for necessary purposes, in anything of a worldly nature. Religion is not with us a science or professional occupation, but, according to our doctrine in its purity and simplicity, it is a thing for all, and adapted to the capacities of all; no superiority of one over another being acknowledged; and it is essential that we keep to the simplicity of our faith, and allow not surrounding influences to divert us from it.

Some of the foregoing criticisms may seem harsh, but they are submitted in sincerity, and with due deference, and the hope that they may lead to profitable reflection. T. H. S.

LITTLE SINS.

The Spanish have a proverb "*peccadillos son pecados*," peccadilloes, or little sins, are after all, *sins*. A foreign proverb which we might profitably naturalize and elect to an important office among us. For how often do we forget that little sins are to be regarded, that we are accountable for them, that they are our most dangerous enemies. One man commits a great sin, and though he repent of it, he is denounced as a vile criminal; another goes on committing what are called "little sins," and never even heeding them, much less repenting of them,

but he is accounted a *respectable man*.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

For Friends' Intelligence.

REMARKS ON THE WAR SYSTEM.

I have never yet seen a treatise, written with the design to show that war was justified by Christianity. This to me is an evidence that people generally view it as being indefensible on such grounds; then why be reconciled to such a system, or manifest indifference on the subject? Is it because war inflicts no injury? Witness the late civil war, its enormous destruction of human life and property, by millions! Witness the continual tax and labor to maintain the system, even in times of peace; and this is but a small item of the whole, to say nothing of its sinfulness—and still it remains a legalized institution. Doubtless a large portion of the community deem it a necessary evil; such a conclusion being based on its popularity, on its having the legal approval and sanction of all nations, and strengthened by the powerful influence of custom. Under these circumstances, many, very many, are indisposed to take up the war subject, and give it a candid, impartial examination on its own merits. They do not ask themselves the questions, Is it right? Is it just? Is it reasonable? Is it Christian? Fairly tried by these tests, it must ever be found wanting—and if wanting in these points, so essential in the conduct of man to his fellow man, for the promotion of harmony and enjoyment, as the children of one common Parent—is it not time to pause and reflect? Indeed, a great point would be gained, if those who are not maintaining a faithful testimony against war could be induced candidly to consider the subject; in doing this they could hardly fail of coming to a right decision in the case, and thus discover their individual responsibility for the share of support given by them to the barbarous system.

Individuals make up communities, and communities nations. Hence, faithfulness to individual convictions tends to enlighten and reform communities, thus preparing for associated labor and influence in national reform.

The Society of Friends, at its rise, felt constrained to bear its testimony against all wars, offensive and defensive; this testimony has remained down to the present time a prominent feature in its character. Much has been done by the Society and its faithful members to enlighten the public mind on this great subject; but it is well to recollect that the services pertaining to the present have not been performed by past generations; each generation is held responsible for the execution of the services of its own day. Then, with the enormous evil of a war system still resting upon all nations, is there not a large field of labor open

to every well-wisher of man, both in and out of the Society of Friends, on this interesting subject?—a subject embracing such a vast amount of good, or evil, according as it is disposed of. I believe the present to be an auspicious day for the spread of this dignified testimony against war. O! how many, up and down in the land, would be found bearing it aloft, could they only be disabused of the influence of custom; and to such as these, those already convinced of the unrighteousness of war may, if faithful, be truly useful by inciting them to the just witness in themselves, a submission to which would give a right understanding of the subject, so that these in their turn might be instrumental in awakening others to a sense of the odiousness of man's becoming the destroyer of his fellow-man.

Now, in reply to the question, "Is war right?" we must say, No! unless it is right to retaliate injuries, and this being a direct violation of the good rule of doing to others as we would that others should do to us, is therefore wrong. How is the justice of a question determined by a resort to physical force and the destruction of human life? Does victory in war establish the rectitude and justice of a claim? Not at all—therefore the unreasonableness of war for the settlement of national disputes. It seems to me that it would be difficult to devise a mode of settling national disputes more directly in conflict with Christianity, because this enjoins kindness to all men, the return of good for evil; "if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," etc. I trust no one will pretend to say that the example and precepts of the blessed Jesus are not decidedly against war. Christianity strikes at its very root, and enjoins a subjugation of those passions, without which wars must cease. Surely a change in the public mind and practice is wonderfully needed on this subject; interest, morality, and Christianity, imperatively demand it.

Who would not rejoice if measures were established, on moral and Christian principles, for the adjustment by arbitration of all such controversies as nations could not settle between themselves. Truly, this would be a reform of vast magnitude; but not so great but that it is susceptible of accomplishment, if the people choose to have it so, and are willing to apply the means necessary for bringing it about.

The following lines of the poet very fitly apply to the war-system:

Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Have we not embraced this monster, war, long enough? Have not the millions expended in support of a military system for centuries

proved insufficient to secure a permanent peace? Has the enormous sacrifice of human life on the field of battle proved any security against further like demands, so long as preparations for war continue? We are compelled to say, No! Then why continue such a system, as if man was designed to be a tormenter and murderer of his fellow-man; for truly is not war a legalized murder on the most extended scale? Not many years since it was popular among many, especially in the slave States, to fight duels, it being there no violation of law; on this subject some reformation has taken place; the combatants now make themselves liable to punishment, and their conduct is despised as degrading and barbarous, entirely unbecoming good citizenship. This improvement should prompt to renewed earnest efforts for the extinction of the war-system. Success in the one case gives promise of success in the other, if we only apply the appropriate labor. D. IRISH.

Dutchess Co., N. Y., 1st mo. 80th, 1868.

See to it that we keep up a constant acquaintance and communion with God, converse with Him daily, and keep up stated times for calling upon Him, that so, *when trouble comes*, it may find the wheels of prayer a going.—*M. Henry.*

For Friends' Intelligencer.

DISAPPOINTED.

"Heights we've sought, we've failed to climb,
Fruits we've failed to gather."

Ah! how often re-resolving,
We our sandals bind anew,
For a time press on with vigor,
Keeping still the goal in view.
"Onward!" "onward!" still our watchword,
Though our feet oft weary grow,
As we journey in the thorn-path,
Where no fragrant flowers blow.

Till, at length, we reach the mountain,
Up whose side our pathway lies;
Find that we must gain the summit,
If we would obtain the prize.
At the sight dismayed, and weary
With the rough, the tedious way,
At the mountain's foot we linger—
Cast our pilgrim-staff away.

Many a vineyard we have planted,
Tended in the early day—
But grown weary, have neglected,
Fainting 'neath the noon-tide ray,
And the tendrils lacking training,
'Round the trellis fail to twine;
And the canker-worm unheeded,
Feeds upon our beauteous vine.

For ourselves, we hew out cisterns
Broken, that no water hold,
And because no fountain gushes,
Murmur, like the race of old;
Who, forgetting Elim's palm-trees,
And the wondrous path they'd trod,
Murmured when they came to Horeb,
To the fearful Mount of God.

Longing like the Syrian leper,
Some "great thing" to do or dare,—
In some higher, holier mission
Gladly would we have a share.
Rather would we join the reapers,
As the golden sheaves they bind,
Than alone the seed to scatter
In the humble field assigned.

O'er our selfish sorrows brooding
Go we, weeping, on our way;
In the darkness blindly groping,
See no promise of the day.
Vainly wishing—weakly yielding—
Oft we leave the path of Right—
Thus we fail the fruit to gather,
Fail to climb the mountain-height.

A. R. P.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

"YE DID IT UNTO ME."

Is there no good that thou canst do?
Hast thou no power to bless?
Is there no aching, burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press?

Our Lord has brethren here below,
The poor and the despised,
In them He may be clothed and fed,
But ALL, give ALL to Christ.

Go, enter thou yon humble home,
With aid and love, for him
Who there a friendless stranger lies,
Whose eye with want is dim.

Go to that poor neglected child;
Perhaps thou'lt to him give
Peace, from the bosom of thy God,
And one more soul may live.

Offer a kind supporting arm
To him oppressed with grief;
With words of high sustaining hope,
Go thou and give relief.

But, for CHRIST'S SAKE, thine alms impart,
"For THOU hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward."

Thy face, with reverence and with fear
We, in thy needy see;
Whate'er we give of great or small,
We but give back to Thee.

K. B.

AN ICE CAVE.

Nearly all the ice used on the Pacific coast is obtained from a never failing ice cave in the northern part of Oregon. This remarkable subterranean cavern, where the ice remains in a perfect state the year round, is situated on a stream known as the white Salmon, which empties into the Columbia river, on the Washington territory side, about thirty miles below the Dalles. The entrance to this icy chamber is near the base of Mount Adams, which stands twenty miles from the Columbia, and whose melting snows constitute the water of the White Salmon.

The dimensions of this cave are vast, extending many miles under the snowy mountain, and the scenery is supremely grand. The ice is found in columns formed by water falling from above and congealing as it falls. These col-

umns are cut out in blocks and conveyed on pack animals to the Columbia river, and from thence are shipped to all the markets on the coast.—*N. American.*

THE LAST OF THE OLD BRITISH PARLIAMENTS.

Within the last week (on the 14th instant) has opened the last session of the English Parliament of the ancient class. For a thousand years, liberty has gradually evolved itself in Great Britain, through the free discussions of Parliament, a term formed, as Coke says, from *parlare la mente*, "to speak judiciously the mind." By slow degrees, and after many and fierce contests, an amount of freedom has grown out of these Parliamentary debates which has become the basis of the practical liberties which Englishmen enjoy in measure, but which in these United States we have carried out so much more consistently. So far, classes only, and not the people as a body, have been fairly represented in the British Parliament; and this is to be the last meeting under the old regime. In 1869, a House of Commons chosen by much larger masses of the people themselves, will, for the first time, meet in the Halls of Westminster.

The real foundations of the liberty which has thus been the slow growth of ages can only be very imperfectly traced now in spite of all the labor that has been bestowed upon the investigation. In England, there has been a sort of general council held from time immemorial, under the several names of great council, great meeting, *winagemote*, or meeting of the wise men. Courts of this kind were held under the several kingdoms of the heptarchy. After the union of these, King Alfred, it has been said, ordained such a meeting twice a year. When a king was popular and strong he paid but little heed to any Parliament. Yet in Edward III.'s time, an act of Parliament made in the reign of the Conqueror was pleaded in Court, and allowed. But from the days of King John and the great charter forced from that king by the Barons, parliamentary rights and liberties have been explicitly established, and there are still extant writs to summon knights, burgesses and citizens to Parliament as far back as 1266.

But at that time, and for long after, the House of Commons was in fact only a court, registering the assent of the deputies to the taxes, and it was only by refusing to vote the supplies until their wishes in regard to all other laws were complied with, that the liberties of the nation were enlarged. When the king became poor and wanted to tax the people for money, he became full of explanations and conciliation. But when the government was in funds, liberty suffered. Even to this day, if the two Houses of Lords and Commons differ on a bill, and a conference is held of

committees, the Lords sit covered while the commoners stand bare-headed, and discuss the bill. These discussions used to take place in the Painted Chamber for centuries. By degrees, the power of the purse has made the House of Commons the ruling power in the State. But the question of late years has been, whether the people or only the wealthy and selected few shall be represented in the House of Commons. The last reform bill has pretty well settled that question, and next year the House of Commons will, to a larger extent than ever, represent the masses.

The last session of the old-fashioned house commenced on the evening of the 13th, and it is clear all parties are anxious to prepare for the coming change. The condition of Ireland will be thoroughly discussed, and the Church of England, which hardly numbers more than a fifth of the population of Ireland, will probably be no longer allowed to claim tithes from the other four fifths as heretofore. The ministers seem disposed to allow all proposed reforms in anticipation of the coming change, and all that the present Parliament refuses to grant will be carried over in expectation of a more radical sway next year. This is the last session of an old British Parliament. Henceforth England will be governed by a Legislature far more advanced and representatives of the whole people, like our National and State Legislatures.—*Philada. Ledger.*

THE SUMMIT OF THE SIERRAS.

(Concluded from page 816.)

Mr. Lin Sing made some remark to Mr. Ah Pong as I passed, which, not being familiar with broken China, I did not comprehend. Messrs. Ah See, Ah Yew, Ah Hee and others took up the muttered strain as we went along. Perhaps it was to the effect that the lineal descendants of the sun, moon and stars were at that particular moment passing through that hole in the ground shorn of the beams to which their illustrious parentage legitimately entitled them. At any rate, we were not sorry to come out of eclipse. After walking through the next tunnel we mounted our horses, but found that the grading soon came to an end.

We followed the line around on the natural surface, scrambling through brush, pitching into and out of gullies, and seeing as much of the country as could be seen under such embarrassing circumstances. Fortunately the surface here is much gentler in slope, and covered with more soil than the canons on the other side of the summit. It has been a volcanic region, and abounds in such rocks and soil as might be expected in such a locality.

The excavations are frequently through lava, some of it honeycombed, some solid, and of the color of the lava cameos we get from Italy

The topography of this part of the route is simple. Two long canons, nearly parallel, empty from the south, one into Donner Lake, the other into the outlet of the lake which runs east into the Truckee. The line of the road is thrown into these canons in two great loops, so fitted to the ground that little excavation or embankment is necessary, except where the sharp promontories looking on the lake are rounded. We rode around the concave of the first loop, but took advantage of a gap (so my guides said) to cross over the mountain and save passing over the curve and through the tunnel by which the road comes into the second canon.

From the way in which we went up and up into the hills, and after riding for an indefinite period in the woods and bushes, finally came down a side hill so steep that the rider had a strong tendency to pitch over his horse's head. I am sceptical about the saving of distance. I am unable to see how a hoop is made any shorter by setting it up edgewise. On the second loop we found more work completed, and after riding several miles came to the high bridge crossing the outlet of Donner Lake. There we descended into the depths again and zigzagged our way up the other side, where we found a bevy of Chinamen prying at the lava rocks which had been thrown out by the blast. The Celestials were using some profanity, I fear; for that portion of the English language which consists of expletives more vigorous than polite, is amongst their earliest acquisitions. This is not owing so much to any special depravity in the Celestial mind, as to the fact that the Anglo-Saxons put over the workmen make free use of curses, as in fact nearly everybody does, in this country.

These Chinese, however, are model operatives. Their industry is wonderful, and they are frugal and orderly. They get a dollar a day and board themselves, and can be worked eleven hours a day, and seven days in a week if necessary. Five hundred dollars is a fortune to them in their own country; and they sometimes return there, after laying up that amount. They are invaluable to the railroad company and to this region generally, where cheap labor is so scarce, and yet so necessary.

Fifteen miles from the summit brought us to Truckee river, where there is a town or station called Coburn's. From this point for nineteen miles the track is laid to Truckee Canon. Having sent down the road for the locomotive, we had to wait some time. About 4 o'clock it arrived, and mounting on the tender we backed down to tunnel No. 15, where we hooked on to the platform cars, and brought the workmen back to their camps.

The Central Pacific has conquered its worst obstacles, while the Union Pacific has been hurrying over the plains to reach its heavy work.

Henceforth, if properly pushed, the former will make rapid progress. In a few weeks, if the weather is favorable, one hundred and thirty-eight miles of track will be laid; and forty miles more may be finished during the winter. Beyond that, progress will be limited only by the number of men employed. There is a race between the roads for Salt Lake, and I join in the Irish wish that they will both reach it first. The Central Pacific even sets its stakes at Fort Bridger; but it is to be hoped the passage of the Rocky Mountains will not hinder so long as that of the Sierras. This Pacific coast sadly needs the railroad, and with all its natural charms, will languish until it is completed. M. T. T.

ITEMS.

Prof. Wickersham, Superintendent of Common-Schools in Pennsylvania, urges upon the Legislature the adoption of a system whereby the Colleges of the State may receive aid from the public treasury. He proposes that colleges possessing, as a minimum, accommodations for two hundred students, a library of three thousand volumes, apparatus worth three thousand dollars, a President and four Professors, a full College course, and an income of five thousand dollars, receive from the State an annuity of three thousand dollars, on condition of granting free tuition to one scholar from a free school for every fifty dollars. Of twelve Pennsylvania colleges, only eight report an income reaching five thousand dollars.

BAYARD TAYLOR and family it is said have narrowly escaped death from a land slide at Naples, which destroyed a large number of houses. B. Taylor happened to be absent at the time. Eighty persons lost their lives. The falling in of the mountain is attributed to the disturbed state of Vesuvius.

RAIL EXPANSION.—The expansion of the rails on a railroad, 500 miles long, amounts in a hot summer's day to nearly a quarter of a mile from the extreme contraction in winter. Of course this expansion is all taken up by the joints.—*Amer. Artisan.*

THE CHEMICAL TOYS called Pharaoh's serpents enjoyed but brief popularity, on account of the poisonous nature of the materials from which they were formed. According to a Paris chemist, a harmless variety of this toy may be manufactured by using the black liquor resulting from the purification of coal oil and sulphuric acid, and treating it with fuming nitric acid. The dark colored resinous matter which swims on the surface of the mixture is to be collected, washed and dried, when it forms a yellowish brown mass, having about the consistency of sulphur which has been melted and poured into water. When this mass is ignited, it undergoes a wonderful increase in bulk, so that a cylinder one inch long will make a snake about four feet in length.

THE RESISTLESS POWER of frozen water is illustrated in a lecture on heat and cold, delivered by Professor Tyndall before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Among his experiments, an ordinary bombshell was filled with water, securely plugged, and then placed in a bucket filled with pounded ice and salt to freeze it. In about half an hour the bombshell was burst into fragments by the freezing of the confined water.

At the University of Zurich, Switzerland, it is reported that recently a Russian lady received the degree and diploma of Medical Doctor.



